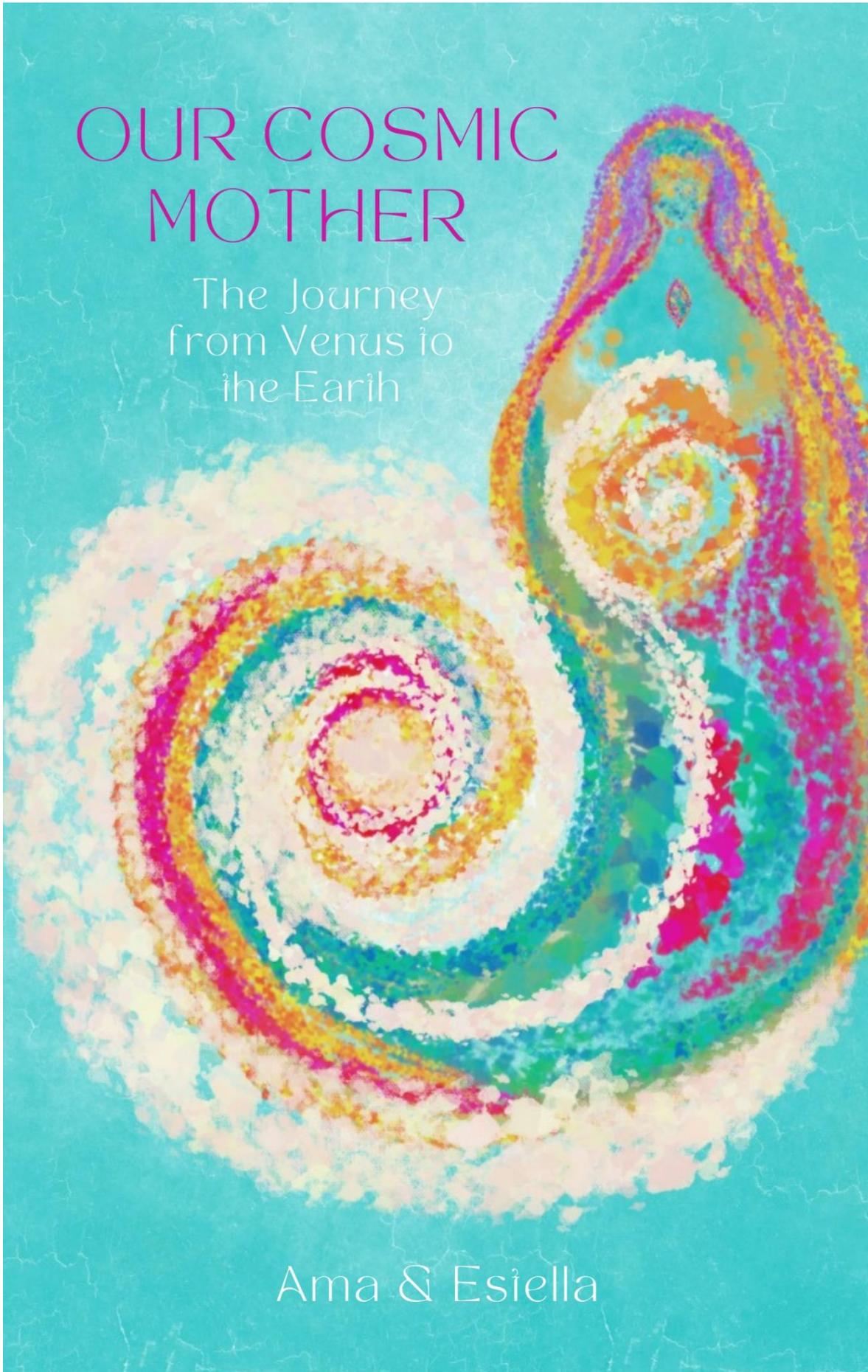


OUR COSMIC MOTHER

The Journey
from Venus to
the Earth



Ama & Esiella

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Fjäril Förlag



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OUR COSMIC MOTHER
The Journey from Venus to the Earth

Astera

Astera sits in the summer cabin in the countryside, though it is winter now, and she must keep the fire alive to avoid freezing. She is here to write a book about motherhood, but she doesn't yet know exactly what it will be about—only the theme has revealed itself to her. She would be turning 40 this year and had been a mother for ten years. She and the children's father were divorced, and the children stayed with her every other week. This was their father's week, and as usual, she took advantage of her child-free time to write as much as possible.

Astera was an immigrant to this part of the universe. It wasn't immediately obvious—she looked much like the people here. But if one looked closely, they would notice that her skin was different. It was not as compact as that of the native inhabitants of Earth; instead, it shimmered slightly—most noticeably under the moonlight.

Her skin became somewhat like fish scales, with the shimmering dancing across its surface. But very few noticed this difference, so for the most part, she passed as just another person.

Astera had to add more firewood to the stove. It was cold, and though she had grown somewhat accustomed to it, she didn't like the cold. The landscape of her childhood was entirely different—white beaches, the ocean, a sun that always hung high in the sky. She had left her homeland 24 years ago as a young woman. It had taken seven months to travel by ship.

Her time on the ship was a blurry memory, and the recollections she had from her childhood came in fragments. A psychologist once explained to her that trauma could cause such memory gaps and that it was common among refugees. But she had never fully understood this explanation—she remembered no trauma, nor did she consider herself a refugee.

Yet, that was how everyone saw her, and she had grown accustomed to this label. In truth, she couldn't find a better word herself and had resigned herself to carrying this identity marker.

Astera wrapped a wool blanket around herself, pulled on thick socks, and settled in front of her laptop to write.

"This is what I want to tell. There is a land with turquoise waters and dolphins swimming in the sea. A queen lives in a grand palace. She is our Mother, but not in the way you perceive a mother here. She is the mother of

all and hosts grand balls in the palace, where everyone is welcome to dance. She herself dances, spreading such joy when we gather."

Now, Astera hears something. There is a sound outside the house, but she cannot see properly—it has grown dark. A knot of anxiety forms in her stomach, but she shakes off the fear and steps toward the window.

There, in her yard, stands a hind, scraping its hoof against the hard snow. The moonlight illuminates the deer, and Astera meets its gaze. She is captivated by its beautiful eyes, and for a moment, it feels as though time has ceased to exist.

But the moment is broken when the hind suddenly leaps and disappears into the forest.

Mårten

The next morning, there was a knock at the door. How long had she slept? Astera threw on a robe and went to open the door. It was Mårten, her neighbour, who often helped her shovel snow or mow the grass in the summer. Mårten was an incredibly kind and helpful person, and sometimes Astera felt a little guilty accepting his help. But she had come to understand that some people simply found joy and fulfilment in assisting others.

This time, however, Mårten had not come to offer help—he needed help himself. He looked a little shy as he stood in the doorway, as if he wasn't sure how to start.

"Do you have time to talk for a bit? I need to talk to someone who understands, and I got the feeling I could turn to you. I've made some coffee at home, if you have time to come over? But I see you just woke up..."

"No, it's fine. Give me ten minutes, and I'll get dressed. I'll come over. Do you have oat milk?"

"No, sorry. I drink it black, but I have regular milk and sugar."

"Okay, then I'll bring some oat milk with me. Be right there."

Astera pulled on leggings and layered them with harem pants, a warm wool sweater, and stuffed her thick wool socks into her pocket to put on once she got to Mårten's house. She brushed her teeth, tied her long, dark brown hair into a bun, and glanced at herself in the mirror. She was still very beautiful, even though she had started to get wrinkles and was no

longer youthful in the same way. Her large, sparkling blue eyes and long eyelashes stood out—the combination of those intensely blue eyes with her dark hair was unusual. She had pale skin, almost translucent at times, and never tanned much in the summer. But strangely, she never burned either—it was as if she could tolerate the sun in a way that other fair-skinned people couldn't.

Mårten's farm was much larger than Astera's little cottage. As she stepped inside, she was greeted by the aroma of coffee and freshly baked bread. Mårten lived alone, so he must have baked it himself. She wondered why he lived alone—was it difficult to meet the right person in the countryside, or did he simply enjoy solitude? They had never talked about deeper matters before, so Astera didn't know much about him.

Mårten poured coffee and set out the fresh bread, butter, cheese, and homemade marmalade. He had set the table nicely and lit candles. The kitchen was large and old-fashioned, like many homes in the countryside. There was an old wood-burning stove alongside the modern one and a kitchen bench with large cushions. The big, multi-pane windows looked out onto a field. Mårten had inherited the farm from his parents, who had moved to the city in their old age. It had once been a working farm, but now there were no animals except for a cat and a few hens. Mårten worked as a programmer and managed his job remotely from a country in Asia.

"If you're hungrier, I can make an omelette if you want?"

"Thank you, but this is perfect for breakfast. It smells amazing!"

They sat down at the table, but Mårten looked troubled, as if he didn't know how to begin.

"What was it you wanted to talk about? Has something serious happened?"

"No, nothing serious in that way. It's just that I had an experience I can't explain. I have no one else to tell, and to be honest, I feel a little embarrassed telling you too. But I have this feeling that you might understand."

Astera's curiosity was piqued. "Now I'm really interested. You can't just leave me in suspense—tell me right away!" She laughed playfully.

"Okay, I'll just say it. Last night, while I was making dinner, I heard a sound outside. I didn't recognize it, so I went to the window and looked out. There was a deer standing there, staring at me. She wouldn't look away, and at the same time, inside my own head, I heard a voice saying, 'It's time

to start living and activate your gifts.' I've never experienced anything like it."

Astera felt a shiver run through her entire body. "I got chills hearing you say that. I saw a deer last night too—she was standing outside my window. I didn't hear a voice, but we made eye contact, and for a moment, it felt like time stood still."

"Do you think it was the deer that spoke to me, or was the voice something else? Maybe it was just a regular deer wandering between our houses, and I happened to hallucinate at the same time?"

Just then, Astera and Mårten heard a snorting sound outside the kitchen window. When they looked out, the deer was there again, staring at them intently. This time, a faint, shimmering turquoise-blue light surrounded the animal. Astera and Mårten looked at each other in amazement, both in a state of shock.

Changed Plans

That night, Astera had vivid dreams. She dreamt that she was flying high above the Earth's surface and then landed in a place covered in ice and snow. The landscape was breathtakingly beautiful, and the white snow sparkled in all the colours of the rainbow. She landed barefoot in the snow but didn't feel any cold.

Wait—she realized she was dreaming and out of her body. She saw tents and a campfire where people were sitting and quietly talking while working on some kind of craft. Astera was there, yet not there. She stood close but still apart, watching the people.

It must be because I'm dreaming, she thought to herself. Even though everything was so clear and vivid, just as if it were real.

When she woke up, she felt as if she had slept for 40 days. She had been in the cabin for five days now, and the next day she would return home to be with her children again. She hadn't written as much as she had hoped, but at least she had gotten some alone time and a change of scenery from everyday life.

There was a loud knock on the door. It was Mårten again. He told her he had found a group trip focused on personal development to Svalbard. Two

spots had just opened up due to a last-minute cancellation. The flight was leaving in three days, and they would make it if they left the next day.

"I know this sounds crazy, but I just know that you and I are meant to go on this trip."

Astera laughed at Mårten's enthusiasm—she had never seen him this excited before. But she felt the same way. For some reason, she just knew she had to go on this journey.

She called the children's father, who, surprisingly, was very accommodating and agreed to keep the kids for another week despite the short notice. Sometimes things just worked out.

Instead of packing up and cleaning the cabin, she now had to rethink everything. A trip to Svalbard. Astera gathered warm clothes she usually kept at the cabin, and for some reason, she also packed a sheer summer tunic in all the colors of the rainbow—without knowing exactly why.

Heading to Svalbard

The next morning, they were in Mårten's car, heading north. He had packed sandwiches and prepared hot coffee in a thermos.

"You know, I've been meaning to ask you something. I hope you don't find it too personal?" Astera said.

"Go ahead," Mårten replied.

"How come you live alone and don't have a partner? I mean, is that a choice, or has it just turned out that way?"

"Good question. I've been asked that before, but I don't really have a good answer. I don't think I would mind meeting someone, but it just hasn't happened. I've dated, but it never really clicked. And over time, I guess I've gotten used to being alone and kind of let go of the idea. It's just fallen off my radar, in a way."

"I see. Like I said, I hope it was okay to ask."

"It's fine, no worries. There's no dramatic reason behind it."

Mårten hesitated for a moment, then added, "You know, I've also wanted to ask you something, but I wasn't sure if I should. Where are you originally from?"

"I'm from Brazil—or at least, that's what it's called here. But we didn't call it that. It's a little hard to explain because I had no concept of Brazil as a country when I was growing up. I didn't know what nations were. Our culture was so different that it's hard to describe. I don't even remember our language anymore—we didn't speak Portuguese—but it has somehow faded away. Sometimes I remember it in my dreams, but when I wake up, it's gone again."

"That sounds really strange. How can someone forget their native language? I've never heard of that before. What language did you speak when you arrived here?"

"I spoke English. We used English on the ship when I came here, and that's where I learned it."

"You came by ship? Why didn't you fly? Haven't you ever gone back to visit?"

"Yes, I came on a large vessel. I didn't know planes existed back then. And no, I haven't been able to go back because of conflicts and wars between different tribes. It would be too dangerous to return."

"Wow. I had no idea you had that kind of background. You're very fair-skinned for being from Brazil. I know there's a mix of backgrounds there, but it still seems unusual for someone to be this fair. Sorry if that's a weird thing to say—I hope I'm not offending you. You're very beautiful."

"No, it's okay. Thanks."

Astera sat quietly for a while, deep in thought. How could she have forgotten her own mother tongue? She didn't really remember her parents either. It was strange because she didn't feel like an orphan—she felt like she had been deeply loved and well cared for as a child. But she couldn't recall a specific mother or father—more like a group of adults and other children, all of whom felt like siblings. There wasn't the same sharp distinction between children and adults as there was here. Some were just bigger, and some were smaller, but they were all the same.

She also realized they didn't talk very much. Mostly, they sang together and danced.

Now it was dark, and she started to worry that Mårten would get too tired to keep driving. She suggested they sleep in the car and continue in the morning. He agreed and adjusted the seats, pulling out two sleeping bags, extra blankets, and pillows. He seemed experienced in camping and living outdoors. That's reassuring, Astera thought. It's good for the trip ahead.

She still didn't fully understand what this journey was about, and even though she had read some information, it was vague. But she felt safe knowing that this was something she was meant to do. She didn't need all the details—things would reveal themselves in time.

Astera woke in the middle of the night to something moving outside the car. It was pitch black, and Mårten was sleeping peacefully beside her. At first, she saw nothing, but then she sensed a turquoise-blue glow growing stronger and stronger.

The deer was there again. Even though they had been driving north all day.

Then Astera heard a voice in her mind.

"Astera, you are beginning to remember your origins. Many of your memories faded during the journey you remember as a boat trip. That was a transition period when you were being prepared to come to this planet. Your memories were erased to protect you, but you still retained pieces of your origin. You were meant to forget, but now it is time to remember."

Astera was confused. *Prepared to come to this planet? What does that mean?*

She didn't understand, but an overwhelming exhaustion washed over her, making it impossible to think. She surrendered to the sleep that took hold of her.

When she woke the next morning, the daylight had returned. She wasn't sure if what had happened in the night had been real or just a dream.

Mårten was driving steadily and confidently. "About seven more hours until we reach Tromsø, where we'll meet the other group members and fly to Svalbard," he said.

Astera felt relieved that they didn't have to rush. At the same time, she felt nervous about meeting the others. Even though she was curious, she had some apprehension about being around too many people at once.

The Group Gathers

There were thirteen people on the trip: one leader, one assistant, and eleven participants. The leader, Ambrosia, was already in Svalbard, but her assistant was meeting them in Tromsø. Astera was glad the group wasn't larger—too many people at once could be overwhelming. She liked meeting new people, but when the environment became too chaotic, she often got drained by all the impressions.

She was both excited and a little nervous to meet the others. Just a few days ago, she hadn't even known she was going on this journey. And now, here she was, about to spend ten days with eleven strangers.

At the airport in Tromsø, they met Ambrosia's assistant, Anita. She was a small, slender woman with dark hair. Despite her petite frame, she seemed grounded and strong. Anita led them inside the airport, where several of the other participants had already arrived and were chatting in small groups. Some of them knew each other from before, while others were meeting for the first time.

Among them were four men from a men's group, a couple—a man and a woman—and a single woman who didn't seem to know anyone. Anita introduced her to Astera and Mårten.

"This is Sofie," Anita said.

Astera immediately felt drawn to Sofie, as if she knew her from somewhere.

"We're still waiting for two more people, Sara and Hanna. They got stuck in traffic but should be here soon," Anita informed them.

The group started checking in their luggage and preparing for the flight to Svalbard. Just as the gate was about to close, the last two members arrived—twin sisters, Sara and Hanna. They looked to be in their mid-twenties, Astera guessed, and their vibrant, youthful energy shifted the entire group's dynamic, making it feel more like an adventurous school trip.

Astera suddenly had the feeling that anything could happen on this journey.

When she settled into her seat beside Mårten on the plane, she felt a tingling sensation in her stomach.

There's no turning back now. This is happening.

In the air, Astera noticed that Mårten looked uneasy.

"Are you afraid of flying?" she asked.

"A little. It usually passes after half an hour or so. I don't like the feeling of not having solid ground under my feet. It feels unstable, unnatural—almost like this shouldn't be possible, like it's something supernatural."

"I get that. Hope it eases soon."

Mårten eventually dozed off, but Astera was wide awake and in the mood to talk. Across the aisle, a man named Henrik sat next to her. He had a beard and a strong, masculine presence. When they made eye contact, they struck up a conversation.

"So, how did you end up on this trip?" Henrik asked.

"Good question! I barely know myself. Mårten convinced me to join when two spots opened up. I just had this gut feeling that I was supposed to come, so I didn't hesitate. But to be honest, I don't really know what we're going to do. The information was pretty vague."

"Yeah, that's kind of how Ambrosia works," Henrik said. "Have you heard of her work before?"

"No, not at all."

"She's very unique. Not everyone can handle her methods. But it usually sorts itself out—people who aren't ready for her tend to stay away, and if they do show up, they often leave once they realize what they've gotten into. But that might be a little tricky this time, considering we're heading all the way to Svalbard."

"Now I'm even more curious! And a little nervous. What if I can't handle it?"

"You'll be fine. But be prepared—when you're around Ambrosia, you'll have to face yourself. Sometimes, you'll see the best parts of yourself. Other times, you'll come face-to-face with things you'd rather ignore."

"Wow. Now I really don't know what I've signed up for," Astera said, half-laughing. "I have a feeling I'm going to be confronted with something I wasn't prepared for."

"Probably. But you'll handle it."

Day 1 in the Circle

Astera and Mårten woke up, side by side, in their shared double bed.

When they checked in at *Hotel Svalbard* in the middle of the night, they discovered that the two people they had replaced had been a married couple who had booked a double room. Apparently, the group had assumed that Mårten and Astera were also a couple, and no one had questioned it.

The night before, they had been too exhausted to care. But now, waking up next to each other, it felt a bit strange.

At breakfast, they sat next to the only real couple in the group, David and Tina, to get to know them better.

"Are you also here to work on your relationship?" David asked.

"Actually, no. We're not a couple," Mårten said, shifting uncomfortably. "We're just friends."

"Oh, interesting. What do you hope to get out of this trip, then?" David asked.

Astera frowned. She couldn't recall anything in the trip description about it being for couples. She tried to remember what she had read.

Personal development, sure. But nothing about relationships specifically.

Besides, weren't most of the other participants here on their own?

"But the others aren't couples either, right?" Astera asked.

David and Tina exchanged confused looks.

"No, you're right. That is strange," David said.

The atmosphere at the table became slightly awkward.

First Meeting with Ambrosia in the Lodge

After breakfast, the group gathered at a location called *The Lodge* to meet their guide, Ambrosia. Astera wondered if it was an actual lodge—perhaps an igloo would be more fitting in Svalbard?

But *The Lodge* turned out to be exactly that—a large, circular building made of what looked like clay, though it must have been reinforced to keep the warmth inside in this harsh climate.

Inside the main room, Ambrosia was waiting. She sat on a throne at the far end of the space, and twelve chairs were arranged in a circle.

"I know most people are used to sitting on cushions and yoga mats, but I find that uncomfortable. We'll be doing enough inner work as it is—we might as well sit comfortably," Ambrosia said as everyone took their seats.

"And about this throne," she continued. "It has a purpose. It's not about me being above you in any way, but I *am* the leader here. This is my role in this circle. It doesn't mean I have the right to dominate or control anyone, nor does it mean I'm more important than any of you. But for this gathering, in this unique group, I am holding the space. Each of you has come here for a reason."

She looked around the room, meeting everyone's gaze.

"Oh, right—I'm Ambrosia, by the way!" she said, laughing.

She picked up a short staff adorned with crystals—a *talking stick*.

"We'll pass this around. When it's your turn, say your name and why you're here," she said.

Astera was first. She hesitated before speaking.

"My name is Astera. I came here with Mårten, my neighbour. We joined last minute when two spots opened. To be honest, I don't fully know why I'm here. But my gut told me I needed to come."

Ambrosia met Astera's eyes and smiled warmly.

"Thank you, Astera. It will become clear why you're here. And just so you know—there were never actually any *open* spots. Everyone here is meant to be here."

Next, it was Mårten's turn. He looked nervous.

"My name is Mårten. I'm not sure what to say. I'm not used to things like this. I saw an ad for this trip on Facebook. I just *knew* that Astera and I were supposed to go, but I can't explain why. It said two spots had become available."

Ambrosia looked at Mårten with a warm expression.

"That's a common sales trick. But don't worry—you will gain clarity in the coming days. Thank you, Mårten."

Next up was Henrik. He had come with three other men who were part of a men's group.

"My name is Henrik. I came here with my brothers to deepen our connection with ourselves and each other. I went on a similar journey before and told the guys about it in our group. Now, I'm really happy to be here with them."

"Thank you," Ambrosia said.

One by one, the others introduced themselves. The men from the men's group shared their reasons for coming, Anita explained her role as the assistant, and the twin sisters, Hanna and Sara, introduced themselves. Then came David and Tina's turn.

David spoke first. "My name is David, and I'm here with my wife, Tina. I initially thought this was a trip for couples looking to work on their relationships. But now, I realize that's not the case, so I feel a bit confused."

Ambrosia nodded.

"Some are here to work on their relationships with others. Some are here to work on their relationship with themselves. In my experience, those two things are actually the same," she said.

David still looked a little uncertain, but he nodded.

The First Lesson: Motherhood and Purpose

After lunch at the hotel, the group gathered again in *The Lodge*.

Ambrosia passed around a bag filled with colourful stones, each carved with mysterious symbols. She instructed everyone to take one.

One by one, she explained the meaning of each person's stone.

Astera's stone meant **Mother**.

"You are here to bring something new into this world," Ambrosia said.

"That doesn't necessarily mean a literal child—unless you *want* it to. The child you are carrying could be *yourself* and the life you are about to create.

When the Mother within you is whole, the Child within you feels safe. And in turn, the Child is necessary for the Mother to become who she is meant to be. They need each other.

You have an important mission on Earth. The planet you come from has a deeper connection to the Mother Consciousness, and you have never been able to fully integrate into the earthly idea of motherhood. That's because you aren't supposed to.

You came here to show humans another way. The all-encompassing love of the Cosmic Mother is *inclusive*. She does not differentiate between *your* child and *someone else's* child, because all are equally her children. You are both her child and one of her messengers.

Right now, the world is shifting. A new kind of motherhood is being born on Earth. You are not alone in this mission, but you do hold a unique role. Your task is to *write* and describe your experiences, so that this new consciousness can spread to as many people as possible.

Write this book. Publish it within the next nine months. You are already pregnant with it, and you *know* this. Nurture this creation with time and love."

Astera sat in silence, letting the words sink in.

The other participants looked at her curiously.

Was she the only one carrying this Mother mission? Was she the only one from another planet?

As if Ambrosia had read her thoughts—perhaps she had—she added:

"Sofie is here for the same reason. She has a different role, but you come from the same place. You two have worked together before. This time, Sofie will be your younger sister. As for the others in this circle, they are all from Earth.

So yes, Astera and Sofie, you two are the only true *immigrants* here."

Ambrosia laughed warmly and looked at Astera with love.

"Brazil! How funny that you didn't realize it until now!"

Day 2 in the Circle

The next morning, the group gathered again in *The Lodge*. Today, it was Mårten's turn to take the spotlight.

"I had a really strange dream last night," Mårten began. "I dreamed that I gave birth to a child. I know, that sounds crazy because I'm a man and men

can't give birth... but the weirdest part was that I didn't actually *give birth*—instead, I was incubating an egg in a bird's nest.

I was still in my human body, I think, but at the same time, I was *also* like a hen. Then suddenly, the scene changed, and I was in a hospital, witnessing a birth. And then, I wasn't a hen anymore—I was in a *woman's* body, giving birth to a human baby.

Right before I woke up, I heard a voice say, 'She is hatching now.' Then I woke up in a cold sweat, my whole body aching."

Sofie listened carefully. When Mårten got to the part about the hospital birth, a shudder ran through her body. A deep fear welled up inside her.

She suddenly *knew*—the child that was about to be born was *hers*.

She didn't want this. She didn't want to be responsible for a small child. She had seen what it did to her friends and had decided long ago that motherhood wasn't for her.

At lunch, Astera and Mårten once again sat with David and Tina.

Astera felt it was time to talk to Tina—so far, she had been hard to connect with.

"I'm divorced," Astera shared. "I have two children who are with their dad in the city right now."

"Do you have kids?" she asked Tina.

"No," Tina said quietly. "We haven't been able to."

She hesitated, then added, "That's actually part of why we're here. We've been trying IVF for seven years. We've spent enormous amounts of money on it.

David and I see things differently. He wants to work on *accepting* a life without children. But I still want to try. The problem is, we've run out of money. And I do understand his point. It *is* crazy to keep trying when it hasn't worked after all this time.

But I don't know how to imagine a life without children. I dream about it every night, and it feels so real."

Tears ran down Tina's face.

Astera sat in silence.

She came from such a different place. Her own children had come easily, without much thought. They had simply *appeared* in her life, and then she had to figure out how to take care of them.

"That sounds really difficult," she finally said. "Thank you for sharing. I hope I didn't touch a sore spot by asking."

"It's okay," Tina said. "After all, that's why we're here, even if David and I still see things differently."

The two women looked at each other, suddenly understanding one another in a deeper way.

One woman struggled because she *couldn't* be a mother.

The other struggled because she *was* one.

Maybe both of us think the grass is greener on the other side.

Day 3 in the Circle

By the third day, everyone in the group had started to get to know each other better. Names were becoming familiar, and connections were forming.

When it was Tina's turn to speak in the circle, she finally opened up about her struggle with infertility.

"David wanted to come here to strengthen our relationship," Tina said. "We've been trying to have a child for years without success, and it has really affected our marriage.

I understand David's perspective. I *know* that logically, it doesn't make sense to keep trying after so many failed attempts. But I just can't give up the dream."

Tears streamed down her face.

Ambrosia looked at her gently.

"You said David is here to work on your relationship," Ambrosia said. "But why are *you* here, Tina? What is *your* reason for coming?"

No one is here against their will. David didn't *force* you to come, did he?"

Tina shook her head. "No, of course not. He would never do that.

He's tried to convince me to let go of the idea of having a child. But he didn't have to convince me to come on this trip. I actually felt a sense of *hope* when I heard about it.

It might sound silly, but it was like this trip gave me a renewed belief that something *magical* could happen."

Ambrosia nodded.

"So, perhaps you are here to prepare *yourself* for motherhood?"

Tina looked surprised. "Do you think I *need* to prepare?"

"Yes," Ambrosia said simply.

Tina flushed slightly and laughed nervously. "I never thought of it like that before."

Ambrosia smiled.

"Humans have grown used to creating children easily and without much preparation," she said. "At the same time, you have designed a system where parents are expected to raise children alone, without help. That has made motherhood a heavy burden—when in reality, it is meant to be a shared experience.

When you return home from this journey, you will awaken knowledge that has been sleeping inside you.

Today, I have a task for the group. You will prepare a **motherhood initiation** for Tina.

While you all work together to create this ritual, I will guide Tina through an ancient wisdom practice to help her step into the role of a mother."

Ambrosia instructed the rest of the group to begin setting up for the ceremony. Then she took Tina into a small room at the back of *The Lodge*.

The room was dark—almost like stepping into a womb. Herbs hung drying from the ceiling, and along one wall stood shelves filled with bottles and jars of plant medicines.

Tina had tried everything—herbal remedies, acupuncture, alternative treatments—but nothing had helped her get pregnant.

Ambrosia gestured for her to sit.

"Why is it so important for you to have a *biological* child?" Ambrosia asked.

"I've always dreamed of being pregnant, carrying a baby, and waiting for its arrival," Tina admitted. "I've longed for that experience ever since I was young."

Ambrosia nodded. "That's understandable.

Pregnancy is a unique phase, and it is deeply sacred.

But *motherhood* is so much more than those nine months. The real journey begins after the baby is born.

The problem isn't that you want to experience pregnancy—it's that our modern world lacks a true **culture of motherhood**.

Without that foundation, pregnancy has become a symbol of motherhood itself, rather than just one part of the journey."

Tina frowned. "I'm not sure I understand."

Ambrosia's expression softened.

"Tina, you will not carry a baby in this lifetime. A part of you already knows this.

But you *will* become a mother—just in a different way.

If you are ready, I will guide you to meet the child you are meant to raise."

Tina's breath caught.

"Yes," she whispered. "I want that more than anything."

Ambrosia took out a drum and began to play a steady rhythm.

"Close your eyes," she said. "Let's begin."

Tina felt herself slipping into a trance.

At first, she saw a white beach stretching before her. She was picking up seashells, arranging them into a spiral in the sand.

When the spiral was complete, she stepped into the center—and was suddenly transported to a different scene.

Now, she was in a warm kitchen. She saw David sitting at the table, feeding a small child with golden curls.

She gasped.

It was the same child from her dreams.

The child turned to her, stretched out their arms, and said, "Mama."

Love flooded through her entire body.

Then, Ambrosia's drumming grew louder.

Tina realized it was time to return.

Before she left, she whispered, "I love you. I'm waiting for you, my child."

Slowly, she opened her eyes. Sunlight streamed in through a small window in *The Lodge*.

Tina felt warm, flushed, and more alive than ever before.

Ambrosia watched her carefully.

"Would you like to share what you saw?" she asked.

Tina smiled, tears shining in her eyes.

"I met my child," she said. "The same child I've dreamed of for years.

I don't know if it's a boy or a girl—but that doesn't matter.

I saw them sitting at a kitchen table with David, who was feeding them.

And I *know* it's real. I *know* this child is coming into my life."

Ambrosia nodded.

"Good," she said. "Because today, you will receive a **motherhood initiation**.

It's time for you to step into your role."

The Motherhood Initiation

When Tina returned to *The Lodge* after lunch, she found that the other women in the group had been preparing for her ceremony.

Astera walked with her to her hotel room to pick out something special to wear. Tina had packed a light red dress, along with gold earrings and bracelets shaped like delicate, intertwined leaves.

Back at *The Lodge*, the women were waiting.

Sara and Hanna were in charge of Tina's makeup, dusting her face with golden glitter. Sofie and Anita had transformed the room with flowing fabrics draped from the ceiling. In the center, they had created an altar with roses, crystals, and flickering candles.

Tina was led to Ambrosia's throne, where Anita prepared a warm foot bath.

As Anita massaged her feet, Tina's eyes filled with tears.

"Thank you," she whispered. "Am I really worthy of this?"

Astera felt something stir inside her.

She took a deep breath and spoke.

"This is your preparation for motherhood, Tina.

A mother must learn to *receive* love before she can fully *give* love—otherwise, there will always be an imbalance.

I don't know if you will give birth to a child or if you will raise a child you did not carry.

But I *do* know this: You will become a mother in a new way.

There's an old saying that 'It takes a village to raise a child.' I believe you will experience that.

We have been taught to be independent, to do everything alone. We have been made to feel ashamed when we need help.

But that is not how we were meant to live.

A new way of life is emerging. And you are a part of it."

Tina took a deep, shaky breath.

"Thank you," she said. "Ambrosia told me that I won't carry a child myself—but that I *will* become a mother.

I think... I think I've known that for a long time.

And I think I've been grieving that truth for just as long.

But now... now I feel like I'm finally ready to embrace it."

When the women were finished preparing Tina, the men entered the circle.

Tina was blindfolded and gently guided around the room so that everyone could place a hand on her and whisper a blessing.

A **motherhood ritual** had been created—despite the fact that none of them had ever experienced one before.

At least... not in this lifetime.

Day 4 in the Circle

Sara and Hanna had always been inseparable.

They had grown up in a large family and had taken care of their younger siblings from a young age. But when they were 18, their mother had died of cancer, and since then, they had relied solely on each other.

Now, at 26, they were facing something they had never experienced before: *separation*.

Sara was planning to move in with her boyfriend, which meant that Hanna would be living alone for the first time in her life.

Neither of them really understood why they had been drawn to this trip.

But they were about to find out.

That morning, when they entered *The Lodge*, Ambrosia gave them a simple instruction:

"You two will sit on opposite sides of the circle today."

Hanna's stomach twisted.

Sara's chest tightened with grief.

They sat down as instructed—but their bodies instinctively leaned toward one another, like magnets resisting the distance.

Ambrosia turned to Sara.

"What are you feeling right now?"

"I feel awful," Sara admitted. "I hate sitting away from her. It feels like I'm losing her."

Tears welled in her eyes as she glanced at Hanna.

Hanna's face was pale, her hands clenched in her lap.

Ambrosia's voice was gentle but firm.

"Why do you think you came on this trip, Sara?"

Sara hesitated. "I don't know. I never would have chosen this if I had known it was about separating from Hanna.

I *know* we're about to live apart, but I will never *leave* her. She is my sister. We only have each other."

Ambrosia nodded.

"You were raised in a world that tells you that growing up means being *alone*.

You are conditioned to believe that independence is the ultimate goal.

But deep inside, you know that's not true.

You feel pain because you love your sister as deeply as you love yourself.

And because of your mother's death, you feel like leaving Hanna alone means *abandoning* her.

But tell me this: If you were the one being left behind, would you want your sister to stay with you out of guilt?"

Sara's breath hitched.

She looked at Hanna—and suddenly, she understood.

Ambrosia turned to Hanna.

"What about you? What are you feeling?"

"I feel scared," Hanna whispered.

"I don't want Sara to move away.

But at the same time, I *don't* want her to feel trapped because of me.

So I never told her how much I was hurting. I didn't want to make her feel guilty.

But now, I wish I had told her."

Hanna finally met Sara's gaze.

Tears streamed down both their faces.

Ambrosia took the **talking stick** from Hanna's trembling hands.

"Thank you for sharing, Hanna.

What you are feeling is something that many people experience but rarely talk about.

Humans long for the embrace of the **Cosmic Mother**—for the feeling of being completely safe, held, and cared for.

Without that feeling, we develop walls around our hearts to protect ourselves from pain.

But those walls only make us feel more alone."

The entire circle sat in silence, letting the words settle.

Hanna reached out her hand.

Sara took it.

They had been afraid of losing each other.

But in reality, they were about to discover something new:

Even when they lived apart, they would always be connected.

Meeting Gabriele

That night, Astera and Mårten fell asleep in the same bed as usual.

By now, they were used to the arrangement.

But that night, both of them had **strange dreams**.

In Mårten's dream, he was back at his house. He was sitting in his kitchen, working on his laptop, when suddenly, a figure appeared.

The being glowed with a brilliant blue light.

Mårten's heart pounded. "Who are you?"

The figure smiled.

"I have many names. But you may call me Gabriele."

Mårten swallowed hard. "Why are you here?"

"I have come to tell you that you are going to become a mother."

Mårten blinked in confusion. "A mother? But... I'm a *man*."

*"You see, **motherhood is not an identity—it is a quality**.

You can be a man with a motherly instinct.

You are here to care for the small and the vulnerable.

And soon, you will receive a sacred task."*

Mårten tried to ask another question, but the vision began to fade.

"Follow the signs," Gabriele's voice whispered.

"Your instincts will lead you to where you need to be."

When he woke up, he gasped for air.

His entire body was tingling.

He turned to Astera—only to find her staring at him wide-eyed.

"I had a dream too," she said.

She hesitated.

"In my dream, I was told I would become a mother again. But not in the way it happens on Earth.

On Venus, children are not conceived through sex. They are created through **pure intention**.

The baby then forms inside an egg, which the community takes turns incubating—until the time comes for it to hatch."

Mårten let out a breathless laugh.

"This trip is turning into a science fiction movie," he said.

Astera smiled.

"I know," she said. "But the strangest part?"

I think it's real."

Day 5 in the Circle

Astera didn't want to be a mother again.

She already had two children, and the weeks they spent with their father were her only time to focus on herself and her writing. She couldn't imagine starting over with a new baby.

And yet... she *knew* this was her path.

She *was* a mother in this lifetime. That was her role. Her mission.

She would have to come to peace with that truth.

But she also understood something else:

She needed to build an *inner strength*—a resilience that would allow her to handle the weight of this responsibility.

And that strength could only come from one thing:

Receiving love.

True, unconditional love.

The problem was that to receive that love, she needed to surrender—to become *small* and let herself be cared for.

And once she received it, she would need to *become big* again, to carry others.

She wasn't sure she was ready.

But she also knew that this was exactly why she was here.

That morning, when the group gathered in *The Lodge*, Astera shared her dream.

She told them about Venus.

About the way children were conceived through pure *intention*.

About how the community took turns incubating the egg until it hatched.

Then she took a deep breath and admitted, "I don't understand how I'm supposed to create this child when I *don't* want another baby. I don't have the energy to care for one."

Anita, Ambrosia's assistant, spoke first.

"But you already have children. You're already a mother. How do you care for them if you don't have the energy?"

"I don't do it alone," Astera said. "Their father takes them every other week. If I had another baby, I would have to be with them *all* the time. I wouldn't have any time for myself anymore."

"Maybe you need to rethink what it means to be a mother," Anita suggested.

Astera frowned. "What do you mean?"

"Perhaps motherhood doesn't have to look the way you think it does," Anita said. "You might be meant to mother in a *different* way.

What if the old way of raising children—where one woman is expected to do everything alone—isn't the only way?"

Astera sat quietly, letting the words sink in.

Then Sofie spoke up.

"I think *I'm* supposed to give birth to this child," she said.

Astera turned to her, startled. "You? But I thought you didn't want kids either?"

"I don't," Sofie admitted. "I never wanted to be a mother. I always felt I was better at supporting *adults*, not raising children.

But after hearing what you said... I think I *am* supposed to carry this baby.

I just don't think I'm meant to raise them.

I think... I think that's Tina's role."

Astera's heart pounded.

She reached for the **talking stick** and took a deep breath.

"I've heard of something called embryo donation," she said. "Could that be what's happening here?"

Maybe I *create* the embryo. Maybe Sofie *carries* the child. And maybe Tina *raises* them."

The group sat in stunned silence.

Then Ambrosia smiled.

"That," she said, "sounds like a beautiful way to bring a child into the world."

Day 6 in the Circle

Henrik had been quiet for most of the trip.

But that morning, when the group gathered in *The Lodge*, he finally asked to speak.

"I've been thinking about something," he said. "We've spent so much time talking about motherhood.

But doesn't a child also need a *father*?"

Ambrosia smiled.

"Go on," she said.

Henrik hesitated, then continued.

"I feel the same way that Astera and Sofie do. I don't really want kids of my own. But I *am* good at supporting people.

Could I be a... I don't know... an *uncle* to this child?"

Ambrosia nodded.

"Of course. You are all discovering your roles. The way we create families is changing.

Some of you are meant to embody the **Mother Consciousness**—a deep, unconditional love for all beings.

And some of you are meant to embody the **Father Consciousness**—a grounded, protective energy.

The world needs both."

Then Mårten spoke.

"I had a dream the other night," he said. "A being called Gabriele told me that I was going to become a *mother*.

Which is crazy, because I'm a *man*."

Ambrosia turned to him.

"Do you remember what Gabriele told you?" she asked.

"Yes," Mårten said. "He said that motherhood is not an *identity*—it's a *quality*.

That I could be a man with a motherly instinct."

Ambrosia nodded.

"That's right.

A mother is not just someone who gives birth. A mother is someone who *cares*.

And that care is not limited to women.

It is a universal energy—one that is meant to be shared."

Henrik frowned.

"Then what about me?" he asked. "What's *my* role?"

"You are here to embody the **Father Energy**," Ambrosia said. "That does not mean you must be a biological father.

It means you are here to bring **strength** and **protection**.

You will lead men's circles. You will teach others how to open their hearts.

You will help others feel safe enough to be vulnerable."

Henrik swallowed hard.

"That sounds... really important," he said.

"It is," Ambrosia said. "And you are ready."

Henrik bowed his head, emotion welling in his eyes.

"Thank you," he whispered.

Day 7 in the Circle

Astera woke up early.

A phrase was echoing in her mind:

"O Birth-Giver!"

She sat up, grabbed a notebook, and started writing.

The words flowed through her like a stream:

O Birth-Giver! Our Cosmic Mother.

Focus your light within us and make it useful.

Create your kingdom of union between the Mother and the Father—here and now.

Through our hearts and into our hands.

Help us love beyond our ideals, and help us act from compassion for all living beings.

Help us embody the Earth within us—only then will we feel the wisdom that supports us as we walk upon her.

Untie the knots within us, so that we may mend our hearts and reconnect with one another.

Do not let superficial illusions mislead us. Free us from what holds us back from our true purpose.

**From you, the Eternal One, back to the cosmic light and sound.
Amen.**

When she entered *The Lodge* that morning, Ambrosia was nowhere to be seen.

Astera felt compelled to share the prayer she had written.

When she finished reading it aloud, she realized something.

This wasn't just a poem.

It was a prayer.

And in a way, *aren't all poems prayers?*

Aren't all words **spells**—instructions that shape our reality?

Just as she was pondering this thought, Ambrosia entered the room.

She smiled.

"Thank you, Astera," she said.

"For reading my words."

Day 8 in the Circle – The Cosmic Mother

Astera sat in stunned silence.

"For reading my words," Ambrosia had said.

But... the words had come *through* Astera. She had written them down herself.

Or had she?

She felt something shifting inside her.

For the past few days, her memories had been returning, little by little—memories of a life before Earth, before she had arrived here.

She had thought she was from Brazil. But the more she remembered, the more she realized:

She wasn't from Brazil.

She wasn't even from Earth.

She was from **Venus**.

The others in the circle watched her, sensing that something important was happening.

Ambrosia sat down in her chair and spoke again.

"Astera, do you remember why you came here?"

Astera's breath caught.

"I... I think I do," she whispered.

She closed her eyes, and suddenly, a vision flooded her mind.

She saw herself standing in a great hall, surrounded by shimmering beings.

They were tall and luminous, their forms shifting between light and color.

At the center of the hall sat **the Cosmic Mother**—a radiant presence of infinite warmth and love.

Astera knelt before Her.

"You are ready," the Mother said.

"It is time for you to go to Earth."

Astera's heart ached.

"But I don't want to leave," she said. "I love it here."

The Mother smiled.

"I know, my child. But Earth needs you now. They are forgetting who they are. They have lost their connection to the Great Mother. You must go and remind them."

Tears filled Astera's eyes.

"But how? How will I remind them if I, too, must forget?"

"You will forget at first," the Mother said. *"But one day, you will remember. And when you do, you will find the others. You will guide them back to the Mother."*

Astera felt her body dissolving into light.

The last thing she heard was the Mother's voice, whispering:

"I will always be with you."

Then everything went dark.

Astera gasped and opened her eyes.

The vision faded, but the feeling remained.

She looked at Ambrosia, her heart pounding.

"I remember," she whispered.

Tears ran down her cheeks.

"I was sent here. Sent to Earth. To bring back the knowledge of the Cosmic Mother."

Ambrosia nodded.

"Yes," she said.

"And now, you are awakening. Just as it was always meant to be."

The others in the circle sat in silence, absorbing what had just happened.

Astera looked at Sofie, at Mårten, at Henrik, at Tina.

She saw them *differently* now.

Not as strangers.

Not even as friends.

But as **soul companions**.

They had all come to Earth with a purpose.

And now, they were finally remembering.

Day 9 – The Gathering of the Mothers

The next day, Ambrosia led them to a small hill outside the lodge.

The air was crisp and cold, the northern lights swirling above them.

"Tonight," Ambrosia said, "we will call upon the Cosmic Mother together.

We will open a portal between Earth and Venus.

And you will receive the final piece of your mission."

The group formed a circle around a fire.

Astera stood at the center, holding the **talking stick**.

She didn't need to prepare.

She already knew what to say.

Her voice rang out in the cold air, strong and clear:

**"Mother of Light, we call upon you.
We are ready to remember.
We are ready to return to your embrace.
Guide us. Show us the way back home."**

The flames crackled.

Then, suddenly, the **sky split open**.

A great, shimmering light descended from above.

Astera fell to her knees, overwhelmed by the love pouring through her.

She heard the Mother's voice again, just as she had in her vision.

"My children, you have done well.

The time has come.

The new world is beginning."*****

Astera wept.

She wasn't alone.

She had never been alone.

And now, neither was Earth.

The **Cosmic Mother had returned**.

Day 10 – The Departure

The next morning, everything felt *different*.

The world looked the same, but Astera knew that something had shifted.

She felt lighter. Clearer. More *herself* than she had ever been before.

As they packed their bags and prepared to leave Svalbard, she turned to Mårten.

"What happens now?" she asked.

Mårten smiled.

"We go home," he said.

"And then, we begin."

Astera nodded.

Yes.

It was time to begin.

The new world was waiting.

The End... and The Beginning.