

**BOOK EXCERPT FROM PETER STERLING'S BOOK,
"HEARING THE ANGELS SING."**

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Chapter 7

The Disk of Phaistos

A dreamer is one who can only find his way by moonlight, and his punishment is that he sees the Dawn before the rest of the world—Oscar Wilde

...Picking up where I left my best friend Peter after traveling together in Europe for two months in a VW Camper van in 1984:

Our magical trans-European sojourn lasted about two months. Then it seemed like time for us to separate and go our own ways. I left Peter in Vienna, and with only a pack on my back, hopped a train to Athens for a solo leg on this epic adventure.

I remember walking through the Parthenon shortly after I arrived and hearing what seemed to be distant echoes of Plato, Socrates, and the other great ones of that era reverberating off the ancient stones. Sacred sites such as these have a way of stretching the mind back in time to the distant past, evoking a vision or a feeling of familiarity that stirs the soul and enlivens the senses to the potency and power of the eternal now. These echoes, carried by a wind that blew by me, reached my ears with their gentle caress of remembrance, and I was touched deeply and felt a new appreciation for the cultures of antiquity and the wisdom that they have left us.

After a few days of exploring the city, I jumped on a boat and headed for the beautiful island of Santorini. With its famous white and blue stucco domed roofs that seem to hang on the cliffside overlooking the sparkling Aegean Sea, it is a dramatic setting that has skipped the heart of many a romantic and mystic. Santorini is the ancient land of the Minoans, full of history, and it is reputed to have ties to the lost continent of Atlantis! It was here that I would make two discoveries that would change the course of my life, although I was unaware of that at the time they occurred.

One day, I was touring the island with a young woman I had met at the youth hostel. We were exploring the interior of the island on our mopeds and came upon a winery with a sign offering free wine tasting, so we decided to stop in and check it out. As I was walking around the tasting room and

sipping the sweet, refreshing Greek wine, I couldn't help but notice the music that was playing on the stereo. It was like nothing I had ever heard before. At the same time, it felt so familiar that I was sure I recognized its other-worldly quality from a place or time I could not identify. I was immediately captivated.

"How could anyone produce such sounds?" I thought to myself. When I asked the young Greek man who was pouring our wine, he told me that it was the music of a Swiss harpist named Andreas Vollenweider. "Harp? That is so cool!" I said, as I wrote the name down on a piece of paper. Could this be the music I was searching for that would transport me to other realities? I decided that I would find out more about him and his magical music when I returned to the States.

My second discovery happened in Fira, Santorini's main town. As I walked through its narrow streets, I noticed an unusual pendant in a jewelry store window. It was in the form of a disk, and had what looked like ancient hieroglyphic-like writing. I stared at it for a while and, intrigued, went inside to inquire about it.

The shopkeeper smiled and nodded. I had the sense that he was used to tourists asking him what it was.

"It's a replica of what's known as the Disk of Phaistos. The original is approximately fifteen centimeters in diameter—that would be about twelve inches by your measurement. It was discovered in an ancient Minoan palace temple on the island of Crete."

"When was that?"

"In 1908. By an Italian archeologist. The original is made of earthen clay. They say it's from sometime around 1700 BC."

Without my having to ask, the man shuffled over to the display window and reached in to take the pendant out. He brought it over and placed it gently on the counter behind which he'd been standing.

The pendant was about one inch in diameter, and made of sterling silver. Peering at the symbols that spiraled from the disk's center outward—or into it from the outer edge; I couldn't tell which—I recognized human figures, fish, birds, insects, plants, a boat, and images of other common items.

I wasn't surprised that he anticipated my next question. "No, nobody knows exactly what it says. Or what its purpose is. The best that archeologists have been able to determine is that it was

written starting from the exterior and moving in toward the center. But I am not certain how they determined that.”

“Well, what do you think it might be for?”

He rubbed his chin and looked off to the left. “There are lots of theories about it out there. Most of them are highly speculative. Anything from a prayer to a geometric theorem to a game to a palace map to an adventure story. Maybe even a calendar. I have heard that some people believe it could be a legal document of some sort.”

The more he talked about it, the more drawn to the little disk on the counter I became. There was definitely a mystical sense radiating from that pendant. I ended up buying it and immediately began to wear it. When I looked at it more closely, I saw that some of the glyphs look like dolphins, and others like spaceships and alien beings. I was intrigued by the mystery of the disk and felt a vague familiarity that seemed to come from some ancient memory. I had an intuitive sense that the real meaning of the disk would eventually be revealed to me.

The following winter, some six or seven months later, a revelation was given to me about the disk’s origins. It was at the time of WinterSkol, the midwinter celebration that happens in Aspen every January. The main event is a brilliant fireworks display over the town and a torchlight descent down the mountain. That night I ate “magic mushrooms” with a friend to enhance the experience, and the two of us joined about a hundred other people, all of us holding flares in our hands, as we skied in a serpentine formation down the mountain.

Exploding fireworks lit up the night sky and cascaded down around us as we skied down to the music of Pink Floyd's *Dark Side of the Moon*, broadcast by a local radio station and amplified through huge speakers at the base of the mountain. Some folks from around town had parked nearby to watch, so the sound was pouring out through their car speakers as well. It was an absolutely spectacular, full sensory experience.

After the fireworks and celebration, my good friend and I were flying high on the mushrooms, so we decided to take a drive toward Independence Pass, on the outskirts of town, where the road is closed for the winter. We parked the car, turned off the lights, and ducked into the bitter cold. As we walked around the car and took in the diamond stretch of the Milky Way from one end of the horizon to the other, the only sounds we could hear were our breath and the crunch of snow underfoot. We would not have been able to see if it were not for the light of the firmament above that shone down upon us and only dimly illuminated our surroundings.

After a few minutes, my friend wandered off by himself, and I was left alone. As I looked up into the night sky, I noticed that the constellation of the Pleiades was directly above my head. As I gazed at this luminous configuration of the Seven Sisters, I felt a strong energy emanating from them. It was coming directly toward me. At the moment it connected to my third eye, I felt a powerful influx of energy that somehow guided me to spin in a circle; it was somehow clear that I was to do this as I continued to look up at its point of origin. As I began to spin, my arms outstretched for balance, the stars in the night sky began to swirl into a spiral of light that suddenly transformed into something I immediately recognized. To my astonishment, laid out across the night sky and formed by the stars was a hologram of the Disk of Phaistos.

I was seeing the disk with fourth-dimensional vision.

Immediately, I started to receive information about its meaning. It seemed as though I were receiving a download directly into my brain from some sort of cosmic intelligence. I was told that the disk is, in fact, a star map that was left by the Pleiadians many thousands of years ago. It was given to the ancient Minoans who built the temple on the island of Crete. The disk was left as a reminder for the people to remember their starry origins. I was also shown how extraterrestrial lightships travel through dimensional portals and are able to fold time for space travel, and how that relates to the spiraling motion that I was both seeing in the sky and experiencing in my body.

It was as though I were tapping into some sort of automatic pilot that took control of the spinning and was assisting me to align perfectly within my spiraling vortex. I felt like a human gyroscope. I could sense each atom in my body, with its spinning electrons around the nucleus beginning to come into resonance and synchronization with the velocity of my spinning body. My consciousness expanded into the quantum field of unified awareness as the disk and its relationship to distant star systems and civilizations was revealed to me. It was like accessing the universal mainframe computer within a fifth-dimensional holographic matrix of light. This matrix held all knowledge within its luminescent hypergeometrical light grid, created by the light waves emanating from the billions of stars within the galaxy.

I could feel all of my chakras begin to spin faster and faster. It seemed as though all my biological and neurological systems had been activated and were being recalibrated to function at a higher octave of what they had been just moments before. I could sense a luminosity emanating from my energy field as my capacity to embody and synthesize higher frequencies and stronger currents of light was increased and upgraded. The fifth-dimensional lightbody was revealed to me in that moment

as a prophetic vision for the next step of human evolution. The quantum leap into the higher dimensions of light!

Some years later, I came upon a book that confirmed the connection between the disk and the Pleiades that had been revealed to me that cold winter night. *Message from the Pleiades* was full of photographs taken by Swiss farmer Billy Meier, who is perhaps the most well-researched and documented extraterrestrial contactee in history. For several years in the mid-1970s, he was contacted by a group of stellar emissaries from the Pleiades star system, with whom he was allied with prior to incarnating on the planet. Their mission, they said, was to help awaken humanity to our cosmic origins and galactic affiliations.

Billy was in telepathic communication primarily with one Pleiadian extraterrestrial, Semjase, with whom he developed a trusting relationship over many years. She would guide Billy telepathically to remote locations in the Swiss countryside where he was able to take photographs of and videotape the Pleiadian lightships that would appear.

Apparently, their lightships can travel from the Pleiades to Earth in approximately seven minutes—a journey of 440 light years! On more than one occasion, he was purportedly taken aboard the ship for a short ride around the planets of our solar system. Billy would return home after his adventures and sit at the typewriter taking down volumes of technical and cosmic information, which were telepathically dictated to him. The information is extremely advanced scientifically and far-reaching in its spiritual and philosophical perspectives, which include the origins and destiny of humanity and our location within the greater galactic community.

At the very end of the book, I discovered to my surprise a large photograph of the Disk of Phaistos, with a brief description of it and its connection to the Pleiades. Another piece of this puzzle had been revealed and confirmed for me. The disk and its symbology would continue to inspire me for a long time after that and remind me of my starry origins.

It has now been almost twenty-five years since I had my vision of the Disk of Phaistos as a star map in the night sky. Recent research is confirming what was revealed to me long ago on that cold midwinter night in Colorado. The discoveries of Claire Grace Watson, MST (www.diskoftheworld.com), reveal that the disk is indeed a four-dimensional holographic star map and galactic calendar. For further research and investigation into the disk and its cosmic significance, I highly recommend Watson's work. I believe that her insights into this enigmatic artifact will, in time, prove to be the most accurate.

And so, with my discovery in Santorini of the Disk of Phaistos and the subsequent awakening of ancient soul memories within me, I was given a map to retrace my cosmic ancestral lineage as well to chart a course for future travels within the cosmos.

That little boy perched high atop the pine tree across the street from his childhood home, looking out across his neighborhood to the distant horizon and dreaming of exotic far-off lands, could not have known that his wanderlust and innate curiosity would take him beyond this planet into the far reaches of the galaxy and beyond. Still, as far back as I can remember, I always felt that I was just a visitor to this planet. That I had come from another world with a very specific mission—one that I did not know but sensed would be made known to me at the appropriate time. At each step along my mystical journey, synchronistic events, people, or circumstances would appear in my line of sight, designed to wake me up to the truth of who I was and why I was here. All I had to do was keep walking along this magical trail of rediscovery, for I knew that in time all would be revealed.