

# *The Awakening Princess*

Marilyn Barry

An extract



Inner Way

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## Epilogue

*The Awakening Princess* is an accurate account of the strange events prior to and following Sheta Nut's appearance in November 1985. I had travelled to Southern California to study Psychosynthesis, not to write a book about an initiation in the Great Pyramid during the reign of Akhenaten, but within six months I had written a six-hundred-page manuscript, with illustrations. To be more precise, *it wrote me!*

In 1987 I returned to Scotland to build up my Psychosynthesis practice. The manuscript was placed in a cupboard and dismissed as a figment of my overactive imagination. It remained there until January 1989 when I received a mysterious telephone call from Egypt. A stranger, the wife of an English engineer contracted to build a new sewer under Cairo, had met a client of mine on the Giza plateau, and wanted to offer me a house overlooking the Great Pyramid. When I had recovered from the shock, I accepted her offer and travelled to Egypt at the beginning of February. The house, which her family used as a weekend retreat, did indeed overlook the Great Pyramid. It was framed in the bedroom window. I took up residence in the house, which stood in the grounds of a children's weaving school, on the 4th February 1989. The significance of the children's weaving school was obvious, but it took eight years for me to discover the significance of this date.

As the Great Pyramid was being cleaned, it was closed to the public. Everyone I knew, including the engineer, applied for permission for me to enter, but the authorities were adamant: absolutely *no* admittance. I was disappointed for several reasons. The Nile did not run anywhere near the Giza plateau and there was no sign of a causeway under the Sphinx. However, I did see a boat similar to the one described by Sheta Nut, which had been found buried in a stone pit beside the Great Pyramid in 1954. It is now in a special museum, and when I saw the boat I cried uncontrollably as I re-

lived Sheta Nut's final voyage along the Nile.

I also met an American Egyptologist who confirmed that Sheta Nut's name in ancient Egyptian means Secret of the Sky. After I found a book in which Herodotus described an underground causeway leading from the Nile to the Great Pyramid, I was even more determined to gain entry. Then I realised that I had not asked the Great Pyramid itself for permission to enter.

I arrived during the workers' tea break and indicated that I wanted to enter. They replied in Arabic which a passerby translated for me. They were telling me to ask the Inspector of Giza, and pointed to a building in the distance. To my astonishment the Inspector of Giza not only gave permission, he accompanied me and insisted on using my camera to take photographs of me inside the Queen's and King's Chambers. Normally cameras are not allowed inside any of the pyramids. He also allowed me to go down into the area beneath the Great Pyramid known as the Pit, which has been closed to the public since it was discovered that it sent people crazy. Ascending through the Grand Gallery to the King's Chamber was the most exhilarating experience of my life, enabling me to understand Sheta Nut's longing for initiation in the Great Pyramid, which has been described as the greatest House of Light on Earth; a record in stone of the history and development of humanity.

When I walked out afterwards into the bright Egyptian sunlight, I was both laughing and crying. Sheta Nut had not failed her initiation. Through many lives and many deaths, she had survived, and her immortal spirit lives on through me.

Later that day I was travelling in a car through Heliopolis when it was involved in a crash. I thought this was bizarre considering what Sheta Nut had told me about her ka (pronounced car) crashing onto the lid of the sarcophagus. The crash occurred in Heliopolis where she had been prepared for final initiation and where her vow of celibacy was broken with Akara.

A recent seismic survey has revealed several unexplored tunnels and cavities beneath the Sphinx, including a large rectangular chamber beneath the monument's front paws. There is also a fresco in a temple at Abydos depicting aeroplanes, a helicopter, and tanks facing an eagle. How else could the ancient Egyptians have known about twentieth-century technology, and America's confrontation with Iraq, but through time-travel? What powerful message were they sending us over three thousand years ago?

Recently I watched the video recordings of Drunvalo Melchizedek's Flower of Life workshop, in which he talks about initiation in the Great Pyramid during the reign of Akhenaten whose mystery school prepared its students for unity consciousness. He also describes the Christ consciousness grid, which he says was completed on the 4th February 1989, the day I moved into the house overlooking the Great Pyramid. At the very end of his workshop, he says the planet's awakening will come through the children acting in unison. Everything Drunvalo describes I have experienced. As he also talks about what I saw beyond the third locked door, I now have no choice but to take myself seriously and go public with what I know.

When the manuscript was being typeset, I found 'The Coming Avatar' in *A Treatise on Cosmic Fire*<sup>1</sup> by Alice Bailey, and realized that this is what *The Awakening Princess* is about.

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Findhorn.  
May 1997

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<sup>1</sup>Published by Lucis Press, 1925.

## *The Coming Avatar*

From the zenith to the nadir, from dawn to fall of night, from the emergence into being of all that is or may be to the passing into peace of all that hath achieved, gleameth the orb of blue and the inner radiant fire.

From the gates of gold down to the pit of earth, out from the flaming fire down to the circle of gloom, rideth the secret Avatar, bearing the sword that pierceth.

Naught can arrest His approach, and none may say Him nay. To the darkness of our sphere He rideth alone, and on His approach is seen the uttermost disaster, and the chaos of that which seeketh to withstand. The Asuras veil their faces, and the pit of maya reeleth to the foundation. The stars of the eternal Lhas vibrate to that sound – the WORD uttered with sevenfold intensity,

Greater the chaos becometh; the major centre with all the seven circulating spheres rock with the echoes of disintegration. The fumes of utter blackness mount upwards in dissipation. The noise discordant of the warring elements greets the oncoming One, and deters Him not. The strife and cries of the fourth great Hierarchy, blending with the softer note of the Builders of the fifth and sixth, meet His approach. Yet He passeth on His way, sweeping the circle of the spheres, and sounding forth the WORD.

\* \* \*

From the nadir to the zenith, from eve unto the Day be with us, from the circle of manifestation to the centre of pralayuic peace, is seen the enveloping blue, lost in the flame of achievement.

Up from the pit of maya back to the portals of gold, forth from the gloom and darkness back to the splendour of day, rideth the Manifested One, the Avatar, bearing the shattered Cross.

Naught can arrest His return, non can impede His Path, for He passeth along the upper way, bearing His people with Him. Cometh the dissolution of pain, cometh the end of strife, cometh the merging of the spheres and the blending of the hierarchies. All then is re-absorbed within the orb, the circle of manifestation. The forms that exist in maya, and the flame that devoureth all, are garnered by the One Who rideth the Heaven and entereth into the timeless Aeon.

*From the Archives of the Lodge*



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