

***Enoch and the Dark
World***

**By Howard Michael Riell
Author of the
Enoch Chronicles**

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No More'*

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Riell Truth: Stay Angry!

"The Lord said to Raphael, 'Bind Azaz'el hand and foot (and) throw him into the darkness.'"

- 1 Enoch

"Those people took me and led me up onto the second heaven, and showed me darkness, far darker than earthly darkness. There I saw prisoners hanging, watched, awaiting the vast limitless judgment, and these angels were dark looking, far darker than earthly darkness, and they were constantly crying all the time. I said to the people who were with me, 'Why are these ones constantly tortured?' They answered, 'These are God's renegades, who did not obey God's commands, but took their own advice, and turned away with their prince, who also is bound in the fifth heaven.'"

- 2 Enoch

"How art thou fallen from heaven, O Lucifer, son of the morning! How art thou cut down to the ground, which didst weaken the nations. For thou hast said in thine heart, 'I will ascend into heaven, I will exalt my throne above the stars of God: I will sit also upon the mount of the congregation, in the sides of the north. I will ascend above the heights of the clouds; I will be like the Most High.' Yet thou shalt be brought down to hell, to the sides of the pit."

- The Book of Isaiah

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You're Not Crazy At All

Friday, May 31, 2013

I was talking about my books with a friend who has been a colleague of mine since the early 1980s. She said this (below) to me on the phone, and I half-jokingly insisted she write it down and email it to me because I wanted it in writing. After a hearty chuckle, she did:

“Dear Howard: It's odd how although the things you tell me are crazy, you're not crazy at all.”

M Theory

Saturday night, June 1, 2013

Sitting and chatting with a rabbi/scientist in *shul* this evening, talking about, among other things, the existence of different dimensions as presented in the Bible and Apocrypha—Elijah, Enoch, etc. He's very familiar with it, and starts talking to me about something called M Theory. Of course it was over my head, but when *Shabbas* ended I looked it up on Wikipedia. Here's some of what it says:

“In theoretical physics, M-theory is an extension of string theory in which 11 dimensions of spacetime are identified as 7 higher-dimensions + the 4 common dimensions (11D st = 7 hd + 4D). Proponents believe that the 11-dimensional theory unites all five 10 dimensional string theories and supersedes them. Though a full description of the theory is not known, the low-entropy dynamics are known to be supergravity interacting with 2- and 5-dimensional membranes. This idea is the unique supersymmetric theory in 11 dimensions, with its low-entropy matter content and interactions fully determined, and can be obtained as the strong coupling limit of type IIA string theory because a new dimension of space emerges as the coupling constant increases.”

So—it's possible.

Arming for War

Sunday, June 2, 2013

Gathering my weapons of war. Here's the arsenal I'll be bringing into 'battle' with me:

One: the names I was told to speak:

- *Ahazariah.*
- *Azaryahu.*
- *Amaziah.*
- *Yirmeyahu.*
- *Amaziyahu.*

Two: My *tzitzis* (small prayer shawl) and *tallis* (large prayer shawl). It goes without saying, of course, that my head is covered out of reverence for God at all times anyway.

Three: The *Book of Raziel*, which normally sits right here on my desk.

Four: the *Chumash* (the Five Book of Moses, the *Torah*)

Five: The texts of *Psalms* 20, 91, 94, 109, 121.

Six: This quote from Psalm 18:38: "I pursued my foes and overtook them, and did not return until they were destroyed."

Seven: this quote from *2 Kings* 19:35: "An angel of Hashem went out and struck down 185,000 people of the Assyrian camp."

Eight: "When you go to war against your enemies" (Deuteronomy 20). What is meant by your enemies? (after all, one does not go to war against his friends!). Said the Holy One, Blessed be He: Go against them as enemies; just as they do not have mercy upon you, have no mercy on them." (*Midrash Tanhuma, Shoftim* 15).

Nine: the text of *I Samuel*, Chapter 17 (David slaying Goliath)

Ten: *Bamidbar (Numbers)* Chapter 8:1-3.

Also: I asked a friend just yesterday to get me a copy of a movie I haven't seen in years: *Michael*, in which John Travolta plays the angel Michael. Today, I found it playing on TV.

Temple

Tuesday, June 4, 2013

From *The Inner Temple* by Yehoshua Starrett:

"The Third Temple, which will be built as Yaakov's 'home' will be a Place that all peoples can related to."—from Rabbi Yosef Caro's *Maggid Mesharim*, the great sage's chronicle of messages he and his students received from angelic beings.

"There is no light to be seen save that which emerges from darkness."—*Zohar* 2:184a

"What greater bliss can there be in Creation than experiencing how the Infinite Maker of the cosmos and beyond is ultimately concerned with me?"

"... and the time will yet come for Jew and non-Jew to build together a Temple for God..."—*Kinat Setarim*, Galanti 4:21

Mahabharata, Ramayana

Wednesday, June 5, 2013

Exactly what the hell was going on here on Earth back in antiquity? This is from the ancient Hindu text the *Mahabharata*:

"Gurkha, flying a swift and powerful vimana, hurled a single projectile charged with the power of the Universe.

"An incandescent column of smoke and flame, as bright as ten thousand suns,

rose with all its splendor.

"It was an unknown weapon,
an iron thunderbolt,
a gigantic messenger of death,
which reduced to ashes
the entire race of the Vrishnis and the Andhakas.

"The corpses were so burned
as to be unrecognizable.

"Hair and nails fell out;
Pottery broke without apparent cause,
and the birds turned white.

"...After a few hours
all foodstuffs were infected...
...to escape from this fire
the soldiers threw themselves in streams
to wash themselves and their equipment."

Also:

"Dense arrows of flame,
like a great shower,
issued forth upon creation,
encompassing the enemy.
A thick gloom swiftly settled upon the Pandava
hosts.
All points of the compass were lost in darkness.
Fierce wind began to blow
Clouds roared upward,
showering dust and gravel.

"Birds croaked madly...
the very elements seemed disturbed.
The sun seemed to waver in the heavens
The earth shook,
scorched by the terrible violent heat of this weapon.

"Elephants burst into flame
and ran to and fro in a frenzy...
over a vast area,
other animals crumpled to the ground and died.
From all points of the compass
the arrows of flame rained continuously and
fiercely."

And then there's this from another ancient text
called the *Ramayana*:

"(It was a weapon) so powerful
that it could destroy the earth in an instant-
A great soaring sound in smoke and flames-
And on it sits death..."

Battle!

Thursday, June 6, 2013

Y'know, after 27 years of this stuff, things are
beginning to get a bit weird.

Last night, on my way into bed, I was suddenly
called into battle against the forces of darkness.

Perhaps I should explain.

I was actually on my way to bed last night at around
12:30 a.m. when I decided to quickly check the computer
before I did. As I sat here a word appeared in my mind,
and even the word itself surprised me.

Wonderful.

This was followed by three more words that also
took me by surprise:

Let us stream.

In my mind's eye I could see what looked like an
auto repair shop; the large garage door in the front
was open. A car slowly rolled out. It was an old jalopy,

which for some reason made me think of the setup I've been planning for when I finally decided to go into psychic battle: four *chumashim* (Bibles) arranged to the north, south, east and west of me, and the *Book of Razel* and papers bearing psalms and Bible verses sitting on the desk in front of me. I got the connection: this jalopy coming out of the garage was some sort of Rube Goldberg set-up—tinkered with, jury rigged, banged and slap-dashed together just enough so that it works—just like this arrangement of mine. It almost seemed like going into battle with a giant, armed only with a slingshot. (In fact, I'd been mildly concerned about this. No supernatural agency had told me what to do or how to arrange things; I had come up with it myself, and what the hell do I know?)

In moments, this junky old jalopy morphed into a plane, and immediately into what I recognized as a stealth fighter, all silver and high-tech and lethal and gleaming in the sun.

I bowed deeply here at the desk, my face now turned toward the floor. Suddenly, the metaphor being streamed into my mind changed: I saw a knight in armor kneeling, his sword in his hand standing inches from his face (the inner edge of my own hand was pressed against my nose and forehead, as I often do to help me concentrate). Then, more words.

You are a lethal weapon.

Stealth attack. (I saw this stealth aircraft once again)

Elude capture.

Mission embarked upon.

Raising hell.

Salt Flats proving ground (a reference, obviously, to a place where military hardware is tested).

A hand—the king’s, I guess, suitably covered by armor and chainmail—now rested atop this knight’s head.

Go in peace.

Return in peace.

Go now.

I thought, ‘Now? I was just on my way to bed!’ I glanced at the time on my computer screen: 12:27 a.m. Was *that* the point? By doing this after midnight, when I’d been planning to go to bed and whoever or whatever was watching me might *no longer* be watching me, I could, so to speak, sneak up on them? Catch them unawares? When their defenses were down? (This is compellingly consistent with other references to stealth regarding these creatures, as previously noted.)

I girded up my loins, as they say, and snapped into motion.

I went downstairs, got the *chumashim* and printed sheets and brought them upstairs, placing each where it belonged. I washed my hands according to Jewish ritual. Then I remembered my *tallis* (large prayer shawl), and went downstairs to fetch it. I draped it over my shoulders and head, stood under the overhead light in my hallway, overlooking the staircase, and began to recite the psalms I’d selected. At one point I opened my hands with my palms facing the ceiling, and a moment later got a mental picture of two other hands resting on top of them.

I realized, as I read, that what I was doing was weird—my God, that’s an understatement—but I was not afraid; not in the slightest. Compare this to the nights in my old Brighton Beach apartment nee-nee-nawing with “Roselyn” when the slightest sound made me jump.

When I read the section from the Torah about Aharon lighting the *menorah* in the *mishkan* (tabernacle) I saw him—I’m pretty sure it was supposed to be him, in

profile, facing to my left, *tallis* draped over his head, as well. I reflected that this was the first time that, to my knowledge, he had appeared to me since Brighton Beach.

When I was finished reciting I sat at my desk, surrounded by Bibles, said a prayer asking for God's protection, envisioned a glass enclosure around me and said to God, "Okay, please transport me."

I had the sense of being on one of those moving walkways at the airport, slowly gliding along, but with the distinct sense that there was an entire entourage behind me. I was being accompanied and given a send-off.

Next, I saw the by-now-familiar scene: standing in semi-darkness in front of a tall, thick, heavy beige curtain. This, I knew from previous instances, represented the portal or entranceway to this other dimension. I could actually sense the heaviness of the cloth. Now, in previous visions these creatures had slipped between folds in these curtains, and so that's what I was expecting. But what happened next was, yet again, unexpected.

I began to move forward, passing directly through the curtain itself. I was now in a dark and deserted place. Quite. Still. No one around. I had apparently arrived, in mere seconds, in their dimension, like passing through some sort of Stargate.

I wasn't about to waste time: I grabbed the sheets describing the *menorah* light and God's declaration, "Let there be light" and read them. Then I placed them back down and—I was going on instinct at this point—cupped my hands in front of me. I said, "Let there be light," then opened my hands and swept them out and up almost over my head, and held them there.

I envisioned an explosion of bright yellow light splaying out in all directions. I murmured "Let there be light" a few more times, then just concentrated on the light. Any Hollywood-inspired ideas I'd had about what this might be like—these bizarre creatures shrieking,

flailing, trying to get at me, cursing me—failed to materialize. In fact, I remember feeling almost disappointed that there wasn't at least some drama going on. Rather than a warrior clashing with the armies of darkness, I felt like some guy sitting in a dark office with his hands up in the air feeling mildly silly.

Was this how it was supposed to go? Was I accomplishing anything?

After several moments it was over—I knew it was over—and it was time to pack up my *tallis* and books and go to sleep. *Was that it?* I wondered. I had to ask, and so I did: "God, did I accomplish anything?"

There was no answer per se, but after a brief moment another picture began to form in my mind. It was a murky room covered in white tile—my first thought was that it was a locker room. It was deserted. As my field of vision panned back I suddenly saw something: a hand (connected to someone I couldn't see) lying on the floor. Whoever it belonged to was—*what?*—out cold? Dead? I didn't know which, and couldn't tell. But there was nothing more. The show was, apparently, over. I felt kind of like, 'That... was it?' And then I went to bed.

A brief observation: as odd and non-climactic at this ritual had been, it must have had some sort of unconscious emotional effect on me. I noticed that when I went into my bedroom I quickly grabbed the clothes lying on the bed and tossed them onto the floor so I could lay down as quickly as possible. Were my true emotions somehow being suppressed? Was that part of the protection being afforded me?

Whatever. I fell almost immediately asleep.

Also: you know how I like to play with numbers. Look at today's date: 6/6/13. But if you add the integers in 2013 ($2+0+1+3$) it comes out to 6, turning today's date into 6/6/6.

Oy!

Also: today on my show, my guest will be a former remote viewer and psychic warrior named Lyn Buchanan.

Later: it's 10:26 p.m. and, of course, I'm alone. The sequel to last night's (early this morning's) one-man war against inter-dimensional bug invaders nearly 24 hours later is that I asked for a coincidence and just got one.

Even after 27 years of this craziness, this latest turn—battling the Enochian Watchers in their own dark and terrible dimension—is simply too *nutso* for me to connect with. How could anyone reading this help but laugh at it? I can hardly take it seriously myself, *and I'm living it*. I needed something to help me get my mind around it.

What I did was grab *The Fiftieth Gate*, the latest volume of Rebbi Noson of Breslov's prayers in English. The book is 649 pages long and includes 110 separate prayers on a wide variety of topics. The topic I was hoping for was how to believe in things that are too unbelievable. Failing to find that in the table of contents, however, I went for prayer number 110, titled *Learning Torah in a State of Holiness*. To my surprise, however, when I got almost to the end I found this:

"Remove Satan from before us and behind us. Conceal us in the shadow of your wings, for we have no one on whom to rely except for You, our Father in Heaven."

"Remove Satan?" Didn't I pray to God when I started last night's ritual to protect me from the dark and evil forces?

"Conceal us in your shadow?" Wasn't stealth stressed as far as my attempting this in the middle of the night when I was already on the way to bed? Wasn't it a stealthy aircraft that I was shown? And wasn't I, so to speak, hiding in shadow when I arrived in that dark place?

When I read this I knew I had gotten the coincidence—the confirmation, the validation—I had asked for.