

THE ALPHABET MOSAICS

Dana Redfield

Edited by Carla L. Rueckert



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The Alphabet Mosaics

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DEDICATION

This book is dedicated to the Light Workers of Tabernacle Earth
and
To the Tomorrow Tree.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

In diverse and timely ways, many people helped me complete this project. While society might judge some kinds of help more valued than others, such as considering anything that involves the gift of money as most valuable, I cannot. For instance, when my cousin Lynn Oyler, whom I barely knew, encouraged me strongly over the telephone to complete this work, it was as helpful to me as John Andrews giving me a very good used computer when the old one crashed.

Without these kinds of help, and the ongoing encouragement of family and friends, I could not have survived to finish this work, which was started in 1993 with the curious thought, "I want to know every letter of the alphabet intimately." I could not have imagined the doors that would open, once I began this quest.

Along the way, although in no way do I mean to belittle the practical helps I received, the greatest gifts were not of the material kind. It was the love that was experienced between myself and the many other people who graced my path and helped along the way that will follow me to the Other Side. As this project began in 1993, forgive me if I've forgotten to list you here. In reality, nothing is lost or erased; everything is "recorded," everything counts, and everything is finally brought into the light, I believe.

With deep gratitude, I thank my parents, Nolan and Yvonne Morse, my brothers Paul, Mike, Tim, Steve and Phillip Morse, my sister, Sue Baldwin, and my daughter, Michelle Tomburello.

I thank my friends, Jerri Lillibridge, Dan Star, Jane and Moshe Melkior, Mary Rodwell, Martin Law, Roman Vodacek, Elihu Edelson, Carla L. Rueckert-McCarty and Jim McCarty, Frank DeMarco, Nancy Dorman, Jill Roe Bennet, Marlene King, Donna Levy, Ila Lee Swanburg, Joan Thomas, Jim Veitl, Bob Friedman, Connie and Ed Mills and Taunya Jones.

Thanks also to the many "friends of Bill W." who were such a joy and inspiration to me over the years, helping me stay strong and grateful as we "trudged the happy road of destiny" together. If I tried to name all of these friends, it would fill a whole chapter.

I am very grateful, also, to all of the people who helped me stay alive to complete this project; otherwise I could not have finished this ABC book, which was to have been delivered to Hampton Roads Publishing Company in the summer of 2003. Unfortunately, cancer interrupted this book's planned completion.

Thanks to Dr. Douglas Rock and the staff at St. Mary's Hospital in Grand Junction, Colorado. Also, thank you, Dr. Kelley, for the biopsy when it was unclear how you would be paid.

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Last, but hardly least, thank you, God, whom I may fathom barely through the love of Jesus Christ. Thank you Rowah, The Servants of EI, and the flower bringers!

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PREFACE: JOURNEY THROUGH THE ALPHABET

It is a puzzle what drives one to take one's work so devilishly seriously. For whom? For oneself? One soon leaves, after all. For one's contemporaries? For posterity? No, it remains a puzzle.¹

Because I can no better describe my initiation into the journey through the alphabet than I did in 2000, I am including, below, this excerpt from pages six through nine of my book, *The ET-Human Link: We are the Message*.²

Over the years, from the dreams of extraterrestrials, to the communications, through the catalyst, and afterward, I was always of two minds, one skeptical, logical, and analytical—the “daylight mind,” which tenaciously clings to taught knowledge; the other, the part that “just knows” things, but has no words to communicate the knowing until I wrestle with angels to give voice to the mystery.

It began innocently enough in August 1993, as an excitement building in me as I prepared to host a writer's workshop for a Seth Conference in Colorado. I wouldn't be talking about writing in conventional ways; instead, the focus would be on the magic of communication, which I had stumbled upon like a crystal rose left on the path by fairies.

As was stated in *Summoned*³, it began when I noticed certain correlates of letters in names and words that were meaningful to people in personal ways. For instance, the letters MO were strung like pearls on an unseen string around my life. My birth name was Moore, I was adopted by Morse, I was living on Moenkopi Street, in Moab, Utah, and my best friend's name was Montgomery. These were hints of something profound that seemed to overlay our lives like an invisible template.

As I prepared my presentation for the conference, my mind was galvanized by the mystery. I hoped to show aspiring writers something of the enchanted forest of communication beyond the concrete city of language. I was seeing something of the blueprint and inner architecture of communication, a mechanics of meaning hidden within the outward structures, like seeing, in a wooden rocking chair, the tree from which it emerged.

And so in a fire of excitement like nothing I had ever felt before, I whipped together charts and posters and handouts, marked up with the formulae and hieroglyphics of my discovery.

I was a child discovering a new face in the mirror, a soul behind the silver shining through.

By October, the presentation was a vague memory of kindergarten stuff, as I sat at my kitchen table, day and night, a student in the invisible college of communication.

It was both me bringing up into the light of consciousness memories, it seemed, of a long forgotten science of language, and also angel energies attending, as if hovering over my

¹ Albert Einstein, *Einstein; A Portrait*: Corte Madera, CA, Pomegranate Artbooks, 1984.

² Dana Redfield, *The ET-Human Link: We Are the Message*: Charlottesville, VA, Hampton Roads Publishing Company, c2001.

³ Dana Redfield, *Summoned; Encounters with Alien Intelligence*: Charlottesville, VA, Hampton Roads Publishing Company, c1999.

shoulder, instructing, guiding, inspiring. The rightness, the passion, the ecstasy I was feeling made it seem that I was born to do this work, with everything else quickly receding into a pale memory of a life spent stumbling in the shadows of the sparkling world I was penetrating at my kitchen table.

The essence of the light was discovered in the letters of our alphabet, their very lines hiding mysteries of designs and energies unseen by eyes trained to recognize only the outermost meanings taught and recorded in the dictionaries and thesauruses.

I was rediscovering the music of language and her minstrels were talking to me. The form of the genius came not as melodies on the page, but rather as a hidden design glimpsed in the numbers behind the letters. These were discovered by analyzing the geometric shapes of the letters and how each related to the others, revealing an esoteric mathematical design that I sensed underlay every created thing on Earth. I had studied quantum physics, and the geometry of fractals was speaking to me. Like Benoit Mandelbrot, who discovered the mirror world of fractals, I was seeing, in the glimmer of language, the art forms of the letters generating pictures in the conscious mind that translated to meanings in the subconscious beyond the reach of the intellect.

As a cloud cannot be captured and studied under the lens of a microscope, it was impossible to record on paper everything I was seeing in the door of light between two worlds. The complex letter and number formulae were but chicken scratchings on the ground compared to the vision in my mind. The complexity evolved into drawings that captured the essence of concepts too large to be contained in words. Sometimes I felt a force moving my hand to draw at a level of artistry beyond my normal abilities. It all made for a suspicion in the minds of observers that I had cracked my beam and gone over the edge.

But I knew it was not so. I discovered I was not alone in knowing about the hidden design in language. A friend, Magda MacIver, recognized in my work a similarity to Kabbalah, an ancient and esoteric system of teaching practiced by Jewish mystics. Ordering a couple of books on the subject, I confirmed that, indeed, my work resembled that of Jewish mystics. And some of the stories emerging from my work with letters and numbers were Jewish in tone and flavor, persuading me to believe that the ease and familiarity that had attended me at the table was suggestive that I had done this work before in a past life.

The above was written approximately three years before I contracted with Hampton Roads Publishing Company to write *Alphabetech and Contact: Tools for Revolution of Mind, Life and Spirit*. Ten years of working with the letters had not made it any easier to imagine a product that might appeal to other seekers, but finally I managed to write a proposal that passed muster, and I was offered the contract in February 2002.

The trouble with making proposals and contracts for creative products is that creation has its own mind and is not subject to time constrictions. Soon after the contract was signed, the idea of the Mosaics presented itself to me, and the longer and deeper I worked with the letter Mosaics, the more clear it became that the Mosaics would be the heart of the book. There was no way I could have made a proposal to create the Mosaics, as the idea did not communicate itself to me until after the papers were signed.

And then came the unplanned event of illness. In 2003 there were signs of cancer in my right lung. Having no insurance, and not qualifying for charity at the local hospital, I did what I could for myself. I began a fierce health program that included quitting smoking. I had been a heavy

smoker for 40 years. I didn't think I could quit. But with the help of God, as I understand God, and guides and angels, I succeeded in tapering down to 0 smokes per day in 10 months.

I felt fairly healthy then, and hoped that the flashy spot on the x-ray wasn't cancer after all. But I had another sign of it in July 2003. Because I had stopped smoking, I felt I could press for help, and I got it. A CT scan and a biopsy showed that there was a slow-growing tumor in my right lung.

I was already past deadline for the *Alphabetech* book, but that was the least of my problems. Radiation treatments were recommended and I agreed. This meant a 234-mile round trip by automobile from Moab, Utah, where I lived, to St. Mary's Hospital in Grand Junction, Colorado, 5 days a week for 8 weeks. St. Mary's was the radiation treatment facility closest to Moab. St. Mary's is a charity hospital, so I was able to get help while the slow wheels of Social Security Disability, and Medicaid turned, finally qualifying me for financial assistance three months after treatments began.

In December 2003 I was declared free of cancer, but the exhaustion of radiation kept me working on the Mosaics at a much slower pace, and as the days, months and years passed, it became increasingly clear that the end product was going to be much less than I had bargained to create in 2002 when I signed the contract.

It also became clear that the smaller book was going to be the better book, because it became something I am passing on to you, the readers, to work with, to use for inspiration and as tools to expand your consciousness.

Ironically, I am exerting myself to write these pieces of the book, the Preface, the Introduction and so forth, all the while knowing that the less I say about the Mosaics, the better. Because they are designed by Spirit to serve as tools for your journey, not mine. I am simply functioning as Spirit's scribe. My journey is nearly done, in this body-personality. And what a journey it has been!

This is a good place to encourage you, the reader, to listen carefully to your own inner guidance as to whether or not these Alphabet Mosaics will be helpful tools for you. While the Mosaics are not creations of Kabbalah, there are similarities enough that I want to caution you.

Kabbalah is ancient and its secrets are closely guarded. In the Jewish Talmud there is a famous story of four scholars who embarked upon the path that is called Kabbalah today. The four scholars were overwhelmed with experiences. Cooper says, "... one [scholar] died, one became demented, one gave up his faith, and only one, Rabbi Akiva, survived unharmed."⁴

It didn't surprise me to learn that the general attitude in Judaism is that to pursue mystical wisdom is a dangerous proposition. I was quick to understand in some deep way that I was working in fields and realms that could result in mental imbalance and who knew what other dangers. At times, I *was* overwhelmed.

But I wasn't in that much danger, really, because I had no intent to gain mystical wisdom or secrets. I was following my heart, and it was made clear to me early on that I was guided and protected.

⁴ Rabbi David A. Cooper, *God is a Verb: Kabbalah and the Practice of Mystical Judaism*: New York, Riverhead Books, 1997, p. 169.

I never felt I was doing a work that would “change the world” or anything so grandiose. Nevertheless, I respected the gift of all that was being shown to me, and I felt I should make an effort to share it with others. That turned out to be a daunting task. But it fits, too, my feeling that it was all mostly a personal journey, and as such, not much of it could be shared.

And that is the beauty of the Mosaics: they are not definitive markers on a map to expanded consciousness, but “fingers pointing,” a rather vague wave of the hand—what you seek is over there—somewhere. And this is in keeping with the great tradition that honors the path of the individual. While we share collective archetypes, and all is/are connected, we are each as unique as snowflakes.

Imagine the letters of the alphabet as realms we pass through in our journey through life. The linear progression, A-Z, 1-26, helps for order and organization in the brain, but of course letters are in essence larger than life, and cannot be forced into set patterns. Words are proof of that. Like life, letters are lived in the words and experiences that compose creation in the making.

One of the gifts of working with the letters, and the numbers they represent was that I came to respect and see the genius behind form and organization. As a wild-eyed creative artist and poet in my youth, I was of a mind to throw off all of the constrictions of forms and rules. The inner pull to individuate was particularly strong in me and rebellion was the weary road I would naturally take before I realized that life was way more mysterious than I had imagined.

Any true journey will come to a place/event/time where old ideas will be shattered. This is represented in my “House of Life,” found in the Mosaics and Appendix, as a catalyst about three-quarters of the way up the structure. How we respond to the life-changing catalysts will determine the golden years of our life—the maturity and integrity one can gain if the ego is not so inflated as to end the life there at the challenge, either in death or in an increasing number of failed attempts to try and force one’s narcissistic beliefs upon the world. Inevitably there will be another catalyst, if the ego survives the first, life being designed to help guide us toward resolution and freedom.

In the Tarot deck, the Tower card and the Wheel of Fortune card illustrate the idea of the catalyst in “The House of Life” drawing. As the journey progresses through the alphabet from A to Z, keep in mind that this is a rudimentary exploration of the concept fields and realms within the linear order as a mental guideline, like the rope and harness the mountain climber is wise to use.

I hope that, if you are a fellow quester who finds appeal in this journey through the alphabet, that the Mosaics will serve as a centering device at those times when you feel lost, confused or afraid. It’s not the “knowledge” in the Mosaics that is important, but paradoxically it is what emerges in the spaces around the images and words that will be your find—something to calm or inspire, something to restore faith that you/me/we are here for a purpose, and that no matter how rough the going, you/me/we will find our way, and in the end won’t regret the soul investment in this arduously difficult world.

Imagine consciousness as a map to use as you find your way across the untamed land- and ocean-scapes of Earth, and as you seek the shining bodies in the sky you hope to explore. Like conditions on Earth and in the sky, our consciousness is constantly undergoing changes. Nothing is fixed; everything is in flux. But these bodies and brains are brilliantly designed to allow for focus, in order to carry out our purposes, known and hidden, in the human becoming story.

In *The ET-Human Link*, I wrote about human life on Earth as composing three stories: the belonging story, the gathering story, and the becoming story. I hoped to make clear in that book that for me the contact and encounters experienced were part of the fabric of my whole life, though admittedly the awakening process was at times shocking. But if a person, or a people, were to undergo an expansion of consciousness, couldn't we logically expect some surprises and shocks?

And that is the rub, of course—the argument as to the true nature of the ET/contact/encounter phenomenon. As an experiencer and as a writer, it was made clear that my task was to do my best to understand the mysteries of my own experiences, and to communicate these to others in hopes of helping to reduce the fear that is only natural when we are faced with something new.

The good news is that although experience that defies age-encrusted beliefs can be shocking or frightening, through courage we begin to develop the precious gift of discernment, particularly in recognizing the difference between beliefs and truths.

This Preface is not meant to expand on discussions about the ET-UFO phenomena, except to make it clear that my sudden interest in the alphabet in 1993 turned out to be the key that would open the doors through which I needed to go in coming to terms with these changes in my life. I apologize for being so vague about it here, but I did write two books to share my experiences and thoughts on the subject, and it would be impossible to summarize in a paragraph, or even a page, the depths I was able to explore in the writing of those books.

It is also impossible to write to any depth of my experiences in exploring the alphabet over the past 14 years. The Mosaics are a kind of summary of my journey, but of course words, spoken or written, no matter how artfully rendered, are not substitutes for experience. The purpose for creating the Mosaics was to leave a kind of map of my experiences for any who would feel the pull to journey, using the letters as guides, into unexplored realms of consciousness.

There is so much more to be said about the Alphabet Mosaics, but I will have to leave it to others to say. After the lung cancer was healed, a different kind of cancer came up in my kidney and spread to the spine before the surgeon removed the kidney. After a very painful operation to remove a chunk of bone from my spine, the cancer still spread, and there was no medical way of stopping it.

After the shock faded, I resolved to finish the Mosaics as thoroughly as I could, and I am amazed that I've been able to do this much in such a short time. Family, friends, doctors, nurses and hospice workers have all helped me enormously so that I could assemble the parts of the book that will survive me, the body-personality-shell. And that will satisfy my soul and Spirit that I did all I could to preserve the letters, the symbols for the energies that make the words that create our world. (Word + L = World.)

Below is a message that came to me on May 8, 2005. I was writing about the roots of Kabbalah. I don't recall the context, but it found its way up through the piles of papers to belong in this Preface:

Now, if I look to religion—my own Judaic roots—then the door to my creativity shall shut. I will have to bow to religion. The religion has all been worked out. Surely, Rabbis and others continue to think with the Torah as the hub in the wheel of their thoughts. But in the purest concept of Kabbalah, the wisdom is in the letters, which are ever-changing, you see, and with words that come, forming the knowledge and wisdom that guide our walk at any given time/space.

This means that at any given space/time, we can go back into the letters to find new knowledge to guide us. And does not wisdom guide us to do this, from time to time? All knowledge becomes brittle after it has been handled too much—manhandled by the manipulators, by those who are selling it as a product.

“Knowledge is power.” When you hear this, it is like chimes in the mind of those who have ears. In the words, between the letters and all around the words, there is a sound of shattering. The vessel that has been the container for the knowledge that has guided your way has cracked and will soon explode as if by the thunder of God’s voice, uttering a new Word. The shards of the vessel scatter like seeds blown by the winds of autumn. Winter comes like death in a cold white cape, arms out wide over the whole world.

If any of the seeds would live, we think they will grow into freakish, distorted forms with no souls, children of the thunderous rage that broke the vessel and scattered the pieces like useless millet. But spring does come, like an unexpected bride, to awaken man who has forgotten his wedding vows in the hibernation of the pain of his loss of understanding. Like a goddess who touches with a wand of golden light, spring lights on man, giving him rise, showing him again the way of life.

And so it is that we are all keepers of the seed and the faith that sees us from age to age, and world to world. Such is the awe that we feel, dying and living again, in a becoming story no one knows until it is lived.

Dana Redfield
May 10, 2007

EDITOR'S PREFACE

I first corresponded with Dana Redfield using the postal service in the long-ago days of the eighties, before either of us had internet access. Dana loved *The Law of One* series and she and I became friends as we discussed it. In the nineties, when we had both achieved e-mail competency, our correspondence flourished electronically.

Dana appreciated the way I “heard” her. I have been a researcher of the UFO contactee phenomena since the seventies, so the wide range of her contactee experiences did not cause me to see her as anything other than the quite normal and lovely, albeit unique, person that she was. She felt comfortable with me in a way that was hard for her to find among most of those around her, simply because I felt comfortable with her.

She and I shared a mystical Christianity, loving Jesus with all our hearts and being touched often by the Holy Spirit. Our bond was always deepest on Christmas Eve, when we would e-mail each other one word: Jesus.

I watched Dana from afar as she moved to be with one she loved, coming home again to Moab sadder and wiser. Later, I watched her again attempt to form a settled relationship, this time with a volunteer here at L/L Research. Again, she returned to Moab. Her fortune with maintaining the usual man-woman relationships was never as good as her spectacular gift for achieving contact and rapport with unseen beings and essences.

I was with her across the e-mail miles as she sat at her kitchen table for hours on end, day after day and year after year, drinking in the alphabet and all it had to teach her. I watched the Mosaics come through many versions before her final work was done on them. I know first-hand that for all its slenderness, this present volume is the result of an enormous amount of her dedicated study, research, meditation and channeled insight.

And I witnessed her gallant struggle to stave off her physical ending long enough to get this book, in its present form, to L/L Research.

Editing Dana Redfield's writing was interesting and sometimes challenging. Her personal shorthand did not always translate into written English. What I have changed of her introductory text and the text of her appendices is largely a matter of punctuation.

Once in a while I found oddities, such as the ten pages during which she typed “1” instead of “I” when referring to herself. I was tempted to leave such things as they were, charmed by the depth of her whimsy. In the end, I followed her specific instructions to me and brought them into common usage.

I have not touched one iota of the Mosaics and the Wisdoms! This was also per her instructions.

I want to thank Roman Vodacek, who scanned the manuscript so that it could be edited and then printed, and who worked with me to assemble the manuscript.

Thanks also go to Ian Jaffray, who generously helped me with the final tidying-up of this unusual manuscript and making it ready for printing. His artistry is responsible for creating the front and back cover art from Dana's drawings. Thank-you also, Michele Matossian, for working with Ian to conceive of the conversion of the front and back cover Mosaics into the look of tablets.

And I wish to thank Melissa Black, who re-drew Dana's "Master Sheet" for the Appendix, using a magnifying glass, strong sunlight and infinite patience to winkle out the original words, which in many cases were illegible to the naked eye. She also re-inked a faded column of the second page in the part of the Appendix called "Letter Charts" to restore it to legibility.

It has been my privilege and pleasure to ready this manuscript for print. Reader, enjoy this little book! Lose yourself in its highways and byways! And celebrate with me the "desert rose" and wonderful soul who collaborated with Spirit to bring it to life.

Carla L. Rueckert
Louisville, Kentucky
April 13, 2009

WISDOMS AND LETTER MOSAICS

A - ARCHER

Aspiration and action
are the architecture
of the Astral—
as above, so below.

The archetypical Archer
aims the arrow of intent
at the rarefied air over the arc of ages
to be actualized at Z, Zodiac.

Don't bother to analyze.
Art is the abstract language
of the Soul.

Here we are again at alpha—
another New Age.

No self-assembly required.
Be not afraid,
ancestors and angels say—
a great adventure awaits!

