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Angel Ayahmah

And the Search for Gabriel

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The angel said to him, "I am Gabriel. I stand in the presence of God, and I have been sent to speak to you and to tell you this good news."

Luke 1:19

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Gabriel's Watch

Oh, that was a beautiful meeting with dear God, with Jesus, with the archangels Raphael, Michael, and Uriel – no trouble, no stress, no hustle and bustle. Ayahmah wallows in her memories and is happy. Ayahmah is a female angel with long, thick, blonde hair and bright blue eyes. The feathers of her angel wings are mostly bright white, except for a very few individual ones; other celestial beings had given them a different color, each with its own meaning. Ayahmah wears a pink angel's robe, a long-sleeved dress that reaches from her shoulders to her calves. A rather narrow, golden-yellow belt wraps around her hips. On her left she has tied a loop in this belt, in which she carries her angelic sword Santa Mare, given to her by the good Lord.

"Akamaniyu, Fred, are you here?" asks Ayahmah, tapping her backpack as a precaution.

"Of course!" Fred and Akamaniyu reply in unison. Once again, they are accompanying Ayahmah in her backpack: Akamaniyu, the blue crustacean with antennae, at the ends of which there are small stars; Ayahmah once named him her little lucky star from the planet of the ostalgics, and Fred, a gnomina from the Stone Planet, with his pointed hat, who likes to call himself a discoverer because he discovered Ayahmah's sword when she lost it one time.

"Oh – have you found harmony between yourselves?"

"Yes, we have, so you don't always have to wonder which of us is speaking."

"But you can both still think for yourselves?" Ayahmah asks with interest.

"Of course!" they answer again in unison. Ayahmah has to laugh. She likes how well the two get along now, and what

good friends she has in them. I want to return to Jesus, Ayahmah thinks, because I must ask him something. I don't know exactly what happened on the planet where I met Fred and got my sword Santa Mare back. I only have very faint memories of it. Afterwards, they had all met at Raphael's. They celebrated, drank, ate, and talked. But now I'm no longer with Raphael on the planet. I don't even know where I am here, Ayahmah reminds herself. Where are all the others? Did I fall asleep – and end up somewhere else? Ayahmah turns to look behind her. She notices that she casts a long shadow. She turns back and looks forward again into a big, bright, beautiful sun. When I look forward, it's much more pleasant than when I look back and see this elongated shadow, she thinks. Crystal Ball Watch, where is it? I gave Gabriel's watch this name. I want to find Gabriel. I'd like to ask Jesus, I'd like to talk to God the Father, and I'd also like to ask Uriel something. Ayahmah sits down and notices a rumbling in her backpack.

"Hey, what's wrong? Are you arguing?" asks Ayahmah.

"Yes, we are," Fred replies angrily.

"What's the matter? Why? Get out of my backpack! I need to know what it's all about. You were just getting along really well. Once I had an argument with Frederico, which wasn't good at all, not for either of us. You shouldn't argue, it's not good for you." Frederico is Ayahmah's camilloman friend, who has accompanied her since her angelic childhood in the kingdom of heaven. Camillomans are beautiful animals. They have huge, cute saucer eyes, a tiny knobbly nose, small ears, a long snout, and four legs. And they have a tail in the middle of their back. This is very unusual, and they use it to steer when they fly. Camillomans come in many different colors. Frederico, for example, is red. Fred, the gnomina, holds up a finger:

"Look, he pinched me!"

"Really? Akamaniyu! Did you pinch Fred?"

"Yes, I did!" he replies succinctly.

"Why that?" reprimands Ayahmah.

"Because he didn't pay attention to me. This was my spot. Then he came along and said he'd lie down there now, but I was already lying there and it hurt me when he spread out so much," explains Akamaniyu.

"Why didn't you just move a little bit?" Ayahmah tries to understand.

"Because I was lying there so comfortably."

"Fred, why did you want to lie down exactly where Akamaniyu was?"

"Because the spot looked very comfortable." Ayahmah looks at them:

"But you know that it's much more harmonious when you coordinate with each other," she says.

"Of course, we know that's nice," Fred agrees, "but I also want to..."

"What do you want?" asks Ayahmah.

"I'd also like to lie like Akamaniyu in your backpack," explains Fred.

"But you've got a completely different body shape than Akamaniyu. You'll never lie in there like he does. It'll always look different with him than with you!" Ayahmah explains.

"I guess you're right," Akamaniyu grumbles.

"Akamaniyu, show him, let him lie in your spot for a while. He'll notice that he doesn't like your hollow at all, and he will lie down again where he first lay, in his own spot. After all, we don't have time to argue about where we're going to lie." The moment Ayahmah says this, she feels a pang in her heart. "Of course," she corrects herself, "we must be able to talk about everything. We must get everything out of the way, because

we still have a great mission ahead of us. We absolutely must find Gabriel! Will you seek him with me? Could you come to an agreement? That's very important!" Akamaniyu and Fred take a deep breath, look at each other critically, but then they start smiling at each other, and finally they both have to laugh. Ayahmah is happy and is completely absorbed by the situation, which is why she jumps when someone taps her on the shoulder.

"Yikes! Jesus! " Ayahmah exclaims in amazement, "nice to meet you here. I was about to look for you."

"Greetings, Ayahmah! You called me?"

"Yes, I did. You know, I have a strange feeling in my heart. Can you help me? What was it like for you when you were on Earth? How was it? Were you threatened?"

"Come here, Ayahmah, sit down next to me," Jesus replies, and they both sit down. "Look at the sky! What do you see?" Jesus asks.

"I see beautiful clouds, not as beautiful as Earnest, because he is really voluminous, a special cloud, but the clouds here are still beautiful." Earnest is a cloud and an old friend of Ayahmah. He is ponderous and speaks very sloooowly. As an angel child in the kingdom of heaven, Ayahmah liked to lie down on her cloud Earnest. He always gave her strength. With him, she could always refuel when she was tired. He gave her such a nice feeling of security.

"What do you see beyond that?" Jesus asks.

"I see blue sky," Ayahmah replies.

"What else do you see? What do you see beyond the sky, Ayahmah? Look further on!"

"Beyond the sky?" asks Ayahmah in amazement. "What am I supposed to see beyond the sky?"

"Look into the distance, further and further on." Ayahmah concentrates and tries to see what he means.

"Don't stop searching, look into the distance!" Jesus urges her. The blue of the sky becomes darker and wider; the clouds form an elongated wall, so it appears to Ayahmah. Over time, the blue of the sky mixes with the white of the clouds. But it does not become lighter, but darker and darker until it is night blue. Ayahmah continues to concentrate and sees dots that begin to sparkle more and more.

"Ah, stars," Ayahmah says, "those are stars."

"Yes, Ayahmah, and now look into the far distance. Don't let up!" Jesus urges her again. Ayahmah keeps peering and recognizes something like a moon and other planets.

"Jesus, is this the moon? It looks like a sickle."

"Discover more!" Jesus encourages her. Ayahmah notices a large, yellow glowing orb.

"Is that the sun?" asks Ayahmah, astonished.

"Go on," Jesus repeats, and Ayahmah sees a ship whose color is changing. Initially blue, the color changes to an ochre tone; nevertheless, everything is intertwined.

"Is that Noah's Ark?" asks Ayahmah. Jesus smiles at her.

"You were in geography class, weren't you?"

"Yes, I was," Ayahmah replies, puzzled.

"Why do you think that is Noah's Ark?"

"Well, because it's the only boat I know!"

"You're going to meet another boat. Look further, Ayahmah," Jesus asks her again. Behind the ship, Ayahmah sees how a lake is forming, which is getting bigger and bigger and grows into a sea. Large waves are surging.

"Look Jesus, there are really big waves there!" Ayahmah becomes aware of different animals; she sees dolphins, whales,

octopuses, many colorful fish, seahorses, seals, walruses, crabs, and much more.

"That's the sea!" exclaims Ayahmah enthusiastically. "Are we sitting at the bottom of the sea? But then we wouldn't see the sky." Ayahmah looks down and notices her feet dangling in the air. "Where are we now? Where have you taken us, Jesus?"

"We're sitting on a cloud at the moment," Jesus replies. "Come with me, Ayahmah, I want to show you something else!" Jesus stands up and beckons to her.

"I can't walk on clouds or walk in the sky," Ayahmah doubts for a moment.

"Ayahmah - there's no 'can't' with me!" Jesus answers firmly. "Now come on!" Jesus beckons to her again, offering her his hand as an inviting gesture to follow him. Ayahmah gets up, but immediately falls down again:

"But it's really wobbly, walking in the air here. Why aren't you floating?"

"I'm walking," Jesus replies, "and you walk, too." Ayahmah gets up and tries to run after Jesus.

"Jesus wait, don't walk so fast," Ayahmah calls after him, but Jesus just carries on and doesn't turn around. Ayahmah feels like she is in a waterfall that she must climb to the top of. Underneath her, the ground slides away and she finds no hold. Due to a countercurrent of the waves that pull her down, she is rocked back and forth again and again. She does not want to lose Jesus and calls after him again:

"Jesus, wait, I'm coming, I'm coming!"

"Just walk!" Ayahmah hears Jesus say. She concentrates and tries her best to walk; she doesn't care what it looks like or whether she really moves forward, she just wants to follow Jesus - and suddenly she's close to his side.

"Huh? I thought I hadn't made any progress and yet I'm by your side?" Ayahmah states in amazement – and at the same moment falls back again. This can't be true, she thinks angrily, then gathers all her courage and strength and jumps and runs to Jesus. Ayahmah notices that she now walks without doubt, without asking herself why, and without 'I can't.' Ayahmah walks beside Jesus, the only way she can talk to him. Jesus does not wait, he goes on and whoever wants to follow him, whoever wants to go with him, must stay at his side; Ayahmah has now understood this. "Here I am! I'm here!" she says, joyful and a little out of breath, while still trying to sound calm.

"See, Ayahmah? Never doubt your abilities, for this is a door that you otherwise close to me, to all your loved ones as well, as well as to all the powers and wonders that God wants to reveal to you, in you, with you, by you, reflecting his being within you. Believe in yourself, again and again – and always focus on the end of the plan. I've told you that before, you remember?"

"Yes, I know," Ayahmah replies, "of course I remember that. I already do that. Jesus, where are you going?"

"Follow me!" urges Jesus.

"Grrrrmmm," Ayahmah grumbles to herself. Jesus could be a little more cooperative. Jesus turns to her:

"There's no 'could,'" he replies. "It is. It's exactly what it is. You hear? You shouldn't tell any other being, no matter what kind of being, what to do. Because everyone is a being of its own!"

"How does that work then? At school they tell us that we have to do this and that. Archangel Michael also showed me how to deal with my sword Santa Mare, and I used it accordingly." Ayahmah remembers how she received her sword Santa Mare from God. For a long time, she doubted whether

she always wanted to carry around such a large object and thus start a new way of life. She first had to learn how to use the sword from Archangel Michael, for example how to move the sword around herself to detach everything that does not belong to her. When she was ready, she wanted to make the sword her own and baptize it. The baptism became a long, dangerous adventure for her. Finally, in a mysterious cavern full of living beings, she dipped her sword into the water. The water bubbled up. Filled with radiant light, the sword began to speak and introduced itself as Santa Mare. The sword changed color, then light beamed out of it in all directions. Water shimmered in the brightest colors, the birds were singing and there was wonderful music. Ayahmah's wings became larger. She heard the sounds of angels, choirs of angels singing about Santa Mare. From then on, she was united with her sword.

"That's something completely different," says Jesus, bringing her out of her thoughts. "If someone shows you something, wants to teach you something, it's for your own good. But how someone speaks or moves, you should leave that up to them, Ayahmah-Seraphina."

"And what about Gabriel?" asks Ayahmah.

"What does this have to do with Gabriel?"

"Well, because he disappeared all of a sudden. Should we leave it at that, that he just disappeared?"

"Ayahmah," Jesus looks at her insistently, "you know exactly what I mean!"

"Yes, I know! I just mean... How do I know then whether it was his own will, or whether it was determined by others?"

"Archangels never leave once and for all. They're always in touch with other angelic beings. If an angel calls another for help, someone will always be there for him. Always! That's

why the angels rarely call certain angels, but always those who are there for them at that moment, because exactly those who are open to the call at that moment are exactly those who're important and helpful at the moment, and exactly those who're needed at the moment. You've been to many different places, remember!"

"That's right," Ayahmah replies, becoming sad and thoughtful.

"What is it then, Ayahmah?" asks Jesus, looking at her with love.

"I'm longing for my friends – and you know, what really hurts me is that Frederico was sad because of me, and that I was sad because of him at first. I told him he could return to Rosalie, the horse that came to heaven and he fell in love with, but I didn't think he'd really leave me. That's why I was sad, that's why my consciousness was open to Marengomare's whisperings – and I was torn. How does that work? Can I hold someone back because I want to? Even if he doesn't want me to?"

"Well, Ayahmah, that's the course of life, that two different beings are connected and yet different."

"That's true," affirms Ayahmah. "So if I'm never allowed to tell someone what to do, then I'm not allowed to ask them for anything either!"

"Ayahmah, no! It's even your duty to ask the other person for something. Look at it like raindrops dancing side by side and then falling into the sea. In the sea they are one. In the sea they are connected, merged into one, huge and magnificent – and when the course of life begins a new cycle, they are pulled up to fall again as individual raindrops on the sea or on the earth. When they fall to earth, they become one with the ground. There, the element of water works together with the

element of earth – and yet the drop of water becomes one with the earth, because it touches and connects with every smallest part of the earth."

"Doesn't it dissolve, that drop of water, when it connects?" asks Ayahmah.

"No, it doesn't dissolve, it unites. It flows into a blade of grass; the blade of grass gets moisture, and the moisture is pulled up by the sun. So, this moisture returns upward and one day falls down again as raindrops," Jesus explains.

"Was I also a raindrop when I went to Earth? I've been to Earth, in the rainforest. Do you remember? Sourie, or Rashida..." Ayahmah brings up more memories. Sourie was an almost mute boy who lived with the natives in the rainforest, and whom Ayahmah had provided three heavenly butterfly beings as guardian angels. Rashida, on the other hand, was a disabled girl who lived near the desert, the daughter of a sheikh. Ayahmah healed her and put the foal Little Heart under her protection. His mother mare Rosalie had died shortly before and her soul had jumped through Ayahmah's halo into the kingdom of heaven.

"You were working in the service of your mission. You protected people, animals, and trees," Jesus praises her.

"And what about the mountain?" asks Ayahmah, remembering her adventure on Earth, on a mountain, when she met a man, whom she saved from an angry mountain spirit.

"You saved a man and you protected the mountain spirits," Jesus replies.

"What about Yellie?" Ayahmah asks, alluding to one of her journeys to Earth, when she saved an ant colony from death by fire and led it to another territory, where she met the ant creature Yellie, which she herself gave that name because of the

yellow eyes. Finally, she took Yellie to the kingdom of heaven because she was ignored by her own people, the ants.

"Then you brought us a new species into the kingdom of heaven, which God naturalized with their heavenly relatives."

"Where is Gabriel?" asks Ayahmah abruptly. Jesus gently touches her shoulder:

"Where is he? He gave you a gift he called a tool. Do you remember?"

"Of course I remember," Ayahmah replies, her eyes shining. "I baptized it, I gave it a name. I called it Crystal Ball Watch."

"Now tell me, Ayahmah, Crystal Ball Watch, is that a name?" asks Jesus. "Santa Mare is a name, Akamaniyu, Fred, Ayahmah are names; there are many names – but Crystal Ball Watch? Isn't this just a description of the external appearance of the tool? Have you got in touch with it? Have you established a deep relationship with it?" Jesus asks. "Feel in your heart!" Ayahmah is at a loss for words.

"I was proud to have come up with this name," she replies, a little piqued.

"You were!" says Jesus, "and pride is the opposite of humility. Humility is being brave and daring to try something new. This also includes the courage to build a connection, a relationship. When you call your sword, Santa Mare answers. You feel him. He responds by taking on different colors, or he changes his form into a tree or a wall to protect you, or he gives you a feeling; he even wrote for you when you were trapped in the yellow mass on the unicorns' planet."

"That's right!" says Ayahmah thoughtfully.

"Do you remember?" Jesus continues, "how determinedly you went to baptize Santa Mare? Wasn't it your sword himself that gave you his name?"

"Yes, he did."

"Now, if Gabriel gave you this gift and told it to reveal its name to you, why do you give it a name that you've thought of yourself? That means it can't reveal its real name to you."

"Oh! That's the way it is!" Ayahmah understands now.

"Yes, exactly!" Jesus confirms.

"But I don't have it with me, because I followed you and couldn't take anything with me. I don't have anything with me!" Looking down at herself, Ayahmah suddenly notices that she is wearing armor, carrying her sword in a scabbard, her halo hovering above her head, and even carrying on her back her backpack in which Akamaniyu and Fred are happily hopping around. In her other hand she is holding Gabriel's tool.

"Jesus, look! That's awesome!" Ayahmah exclaims enthusiastically. "Jesus? Jesus!" Jesus is gone. Ayahmah stands in the middle of the cloudless sky and looks at the crystal ball in her hand, the Crystal Ball Watch she got from Gabriel. "So, Crystal Ball Watch is probably not the right name after all," whispers Ayahmah and fiddles with her sword Santa Mare in her belt. The armor she now wears is new and no longer pink, but red, with a very long, white gold train. I also feel completely different, Ayahmah says to herself. I feel light and tall and yet... oh, I'm not worried about how I feel now, she interrupts herself. Instead, Ayahmah now takes the crystal ball in both hands and looks at it, this round, pocket-watch-like ball. She tries not to think anything of it. Ayahmah allows all thoughts that germinate to flow through herself and slide into the emptiness of the universe. Ayahmah breathes in and out regularly and calmly. She constantly watches as water gushes out of this sphere, which she called Crystal Ball Watch, and how the ball transforms into a round pebble that becomes the origin of a river in her mind's eye. She sees how the river repeatedly beats a wave on a stone and how several waves form from one wave

keeping hitting the stone. To Ayahmah, it looks as if the waves are continuously hitting the stone, and yet the water in the river continues to flow until it finally disappears out of Ayahmah's sight. A new image is forming; she sees how hills form from individual stones, where drops of water shoot upward. First one, then two, then several like in a formation. She perceives not only the sound of the water, but more and more different sounds, beautiful sounds that resemble a flute, a violin, and a guitar. Ayahmah hears frogs and smells the water. She feels her hands getting wet – the ball in her hands has actually turned to water. Ayahmah now holds in her hands a ball of water, a ball of water becoming a river flowing over a stone, whose strong current foams up the water, making it appear white and repeatedly splashing drops upward.

"Can you tell me your name? What's your name?" asks Ayahmah. "Tell me your name, and I'll take your name, will call you that. You're a part of Gabriel, and he wanted me to find you, become one with you, and thereby learn the secret, accomplish the task, and thus also find Gabriel." Ayahmah closes her eyes and sees in her mind's eye how the water of that ball changes color from white to pink, how it flows more slowly, how it turns orange and then becomes clear. She opens her eyes and tries to perceive the image in her heart, to absorb it into her heart, to let it enter her heart. I'm not afraid. I open my heart now. I open my heart and let this wave of divine water coming from Gabriel... She lets the image settle in her heart, lets it become one with her heart. She feels how this ball which she holds in her hands, holds her in contemplation, becomes bigger and bigger and one with her, as it takes up residence in her heart, and how Ayahmah's heart beats more and more in harmony with the current of the water coming from the ball. Ayahmah perceives so much at this moment that she can no

longer feel her breath. Her heart beats evenly. The angelic water in her veins flows upward, downward, and through them. Her head resembles a stone, resembles the ball, resembles Gabriel's tool, which bubbles out of itself more and more and distributes more and more light and love. The water of the ball is illuminated by rays of the sun that reflect into Ayahmah's heart; the waves become shallow and calm, there is no stone left. Ayahmah lies down on the calm, sunlit water and lets herself drift. She is the water at this moment. She is the water, she is the source, the current – she just goes with the flow. "Well, then take me to Gabriel and tell me your name!" Ayahmah closes her eyes again and concentrates. She follows the river, follows her heart, and perceives the gentle current that resembles a pleasant voice.

"Ambienciera."

"Ambienciera! That's your name! Ambienciera!" The moment Ayahmah has pronounced the name and absorbed it in her heart, the ball jumps out of her heart, inflates in front of her, becomes huge, lets out a drawn-out squeak, becomes tiny, and finally fizzles out completely before her eyes. Does that mean I've taken Ambienciera into my heart, Ayahmah wonders. That's it? Is there anything I can do about it? Should I be able to unite the different forces? Why am I so sad, why do I feel so empty? What's going on with me? Something's wrong with me! I should be happy that I now know the name. But I'm not happy at all. My heart feels sad. Where's my power gone? Ayahmah sits down, closes her eyes exhaustedly, and falls into a deep, restless sleep. She is thrown back and forth, thrown up and smashed down, pushed forward, and pushed backward. She is whirled around wildly on her feet so that she can feel the resistance of the air. She feels water, but she cannot feel her heart. What's going on, Ayahmah wonders, where is my

energy? My energy is gone. I can't find my energy anymore. How do I get my energy back?

"Ayahmah, come to your senses," she senses, "Ayahmah become great! Ayahmah, focus on yourself and on your path! Start regaining your strength! Realize that you've been reborn, right now. A new birth! You were reborn to do great deeds. Don't despair! Take this power that's now within you that has settled close to your own power and unite it with your own. Unite this free power, the double power, the power of love in your heart with Ambieciera, which strengthens your heart even more. Bring out the power of love; let it come to the fore. Unite your power and the prudence of your sword Santa Mare, connect them in your heart with Ambieciera, and combine these powers with the one of your halo's. Your halo is the connection to divine being, to God the Father, to Jesus, to all angels, to all being. You have to become more and more aware of this power that you carry within you. This is very important and of great necessity. Add to these powers the power of your friends and the power of friendship. This is the greatest thing that you can apply in other spheres, on other planets and on Earth, everywhere. It's what makes you who you are. Note this and rejoice in it, live it. This is immeasurably important."

"Yes, I will. I mustn't despair, no, I mustn't." Ayahmah shakes herself and looks at herself. The robe, her red armor, looks really interesting, she now realizes. Now I look like Archangel Michael, except that I'm not blue, but red. "Then it makes sense," Ayahmah murmurs, grabbing her sword, holding it up, and shouting, "Here I am! I come and I follow Jesus, who called me - and I am looking for you, Gabriel! I'm looking for you!" At the same moment, she is pushed into a tunnel. She falls through the opening of the tunnel and rotates again and again around herself. She slides deeper and deeper, and