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Bestselling author of
THE SILENT STONES and *THE CODES OF POWER*



THE WEB OF LIGHT

A Spiritual Adventure

Diana Cooper

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*In the interests of the protection of the White Lions and their true message, it must be pointed out that the true custodians of the White Lion lineage are the Global White Lion Protection Trust, under the stewardship of Linda Tucker: www.whitelions.org. I want to express my gratitude for Linda Tucker's book, *Mystery of the White Lions*, from which the White Lion material in *The Web of Light* was derived. However, it must also be pointed out that the Global White Lion Protection Trust does not entirely support all the views expressed in *The Web of Light*.*

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To Greg,
One of the wisest and most genuine
light-workers I know.

Author's Note

The Web of Light is the most exciting book I have ever written. As with *The Silent Stones* and *The Codes of Power*, I was sent on an adventure quest. This one started in the Timbavati, which adjoins the Kruger National Park. While I was there I read the following, 'It was not by chance that the White Lions were born in the Timbavati. A secret and ancient connection exists between the Great Sphinx of Egypt and the Timbavati. Between the paws of the sphinx are the back-to-back Lion Gods known as Akeru. They hold a clue! The Akeru guards a meridian on our globe, which the ancient Egyptians held sacred, and upon which the White Lions were born in our day.' – Linda Tucker, author of *Children of the Sun God*.

Intrigued, I sought more information about the White Lions and went to see some captive ones. They were truly special. As one of them looked deep into my eyes, I knew that they were important for the healing of that country. Later, my guide Kumeka gave me information about their awe-inspiring cosmic role for our planet and I realised that they are among the great beings who illuminate the web of light, which cocoons and protects Earth.

After the safari in South Africa, I swam with the

dolphins in Mozambique, and started to receive information about their purpose in the web of light. Weeks later I flew to Hawaii and there I encountered angel dolphins and learnt about their magnificent task, which is to hold the wisdom of pure Atlantis in trust for humanity. Here I saw whales, turtles and sharks and was informed by my guidance about their planetary origins and mission on Earth. I found this most interesting.

I was given specific information about the pure times of Atlantis and was led to books, which enlightened me about that incredible civilisation. The angels of Atlantis impressed on me that they wish to return the sacred wisdom to humanity again and are seeking the help of those lightworkers who are ready to work with them. If you feel you can do this, please tune into them in meditation and they will impress on you your task.

While I was writing the book I travelled to Egypt and explored the sacred mysteries of the pyramids and the Sphinx, their galactic connections and their esoteric links with Atlantis. I was told it is time for certain ancient keys and codes to be revealed and have done this in *The Web of Light*.

I also learnt the mystical and sacred truth about Jesus' life and mission to bring Christ Consciousness to our planet. I was guided to weave this illuminating information into the book and demonstrate how this cosmic energy is returning to the planet in an unexpected way. As I wrote, I did not know until the last page whether dark or light would triumph.

The Web of Light

The entire experience of writing *The Web of Light* was extraordinary. Just as I was completing it, I was surrounded by unicorns. I knew nothing about them but every day for a fortnight these shimmering ascended horses were near me, helping me and telling me that they too are part of the angelic hierarchy. I then flew to France to facilitate a teacher training course and, with the synchronicity I have learnt to expect, the fields round the hotel were full of beautiful white horses. The unicorns asked me to include information about them to help people and this I have done.

Finally I realised that the web has been torn through the centre of Africa, along the seam of gold, which was mined and pulled from the Earth. Gold represents enlightenment. This link of the web must be mended in order to heal that continent and the rest of the world. At present the dark forces can enter through this rift, causing war, disease and unrest. My guide, Kumeka, the Master of the eighth ray, told me that if enough people do the following with pure intent, we can help to heal the web and return enlightenment to the area. Look at a map of Africa, draw a gold line down the centre and picture the line of enlightenment intact again. Then place crystals on the map as follows.

On the Giza plateau at the top of the map a black obsidian.

On the source of the Nile a yellow citrine.

On the Great Zimbabwe a red garnet.

On the Timbavati a green malachite.

Over Durban a blue lapis.

See www.dianacooper.com to download this map and explore fascinating information.

Of course as you serve the planet in this way you automatically start to heal and strengthen your spine, which is your own rod of power.

I have interwoven all these experiences and spiritual understandings into *The Web of Light*, the latest quest undertaken by Marcus, Joanna and Helen. This has been the most fascinating book I have ever written, for the information pouring in to me was extraordinary and it resonated deeply.

This is an adventure story and can be read on many levels, but if you open up to the higher mystical truths that are revealed, your spiritual growth will be enriched and accelerated.

I do hope you enjoy it.

Diana

Chapter I

Helen looked over the rail on the high deck of the *Nile Crown* at the tiny boats bobbing below them. In each craft two or three Arabs in jellabas, the long robes worn traditionally in Egypt, were standing or rather wobbling precariously as they held up clothes for sale to the tourists on the deck.

Tonight was gala night, a dressing-up evening for the holidaymakers on board and the Arabs knew it well. Grinning, they showed brightly coloured, one size fits all, dresses and shirts, attractively garish and, if they sensed the slightest interest, they threw it up in a bundle, wrapped in a polythene bag. There was laughter and encouragement all round as passengers tried on, over their bathing costumes or shorts, the sort of clothes they would never wear again. Then the money was thrown down to the trader, folded into rejected clothes. Everyone shrieked when a man missed a parcel and it landed in the water, to be fished out and the clothes dried in the sun, before winging their way up again to this boat or another.

Helen laughed, getting caught up in the excitement. 'Hey, Tony! Come and see!' she called to her new husband, who was lying on a chaise-longue, reading

under a shade. He smiled, pleased Helen was so happy, put down his book and rose to join her.

‘Look at that one!’ She pointed to a black dress sporting a life-size peacock in sequinned technicolour. One look at her face told him that she would be wearing it to the gala dinner that night. He waved to the man, who almost fell into the murky water as he launched the dress into the air like a missile. With it came several other options he hoped might tempt them. On reflection Tony decided the wobbling was part of the act to soften them up!

Helen tried the dress on over her costume and felt great in it. The black looked good with her short fair hair and dark brown eyes. It was perfect for a fun night. Her eyes shone as she considered what she could get Tony into. She settled for a white jellaba with gold trimmings and he humoured her. ‘You look like a Greek god!’ joked a plump American woman, clicking at him with her camera.

‘Or perhaps an Egyptian one,’ added her companion. And Tony did look regal in it with his broad shoulders and grey hair. He was too square-jawed to be really handsome, yet he looked a successful businessman who was used to being in command and the robe suited him. Helen was glad he had retired and taken up writing, which allowed a gentler side of his character to emerge.

Tony had been her rock, supporting her in Machu Picchu, Peru, when her daughter Joanna had been injured as they tried to rescue the portal for the light. And in Australia he had been at the other end of the phone whenever he was needed, while she, Joanna and Marcus,

Joanna's partner, had faced danger and endured hardship as they sought the Codes of Power, undertaking a dangerous initiation to help raise the frequency of the planet.

Then on her return to England Tony had proposed. Helen flushed with joy at the memory, though the blush hardly showed on her suntanned cheeks. He had asked her over a candlelit dinner and the next day they had gone for a blessing to Kumeka House, with her daughter and Marcus. Here a special community of men, under the guidance of a wise mystic called Zoranda, lived in accordance with cosmic law and devoted their time to mind control and spiritual practices. It was a place of peace and perfect safety. When they brought the Scroll from Atlantis, an ancient manuscript containing esoteric information, back from India these men had given them sanctuary. Later they joined them at Machu Picchu to help them against the evil men of the Elite, the darkest brotherhood on the planet. Now she felt honoured to be their friend.

With a start Helen realised that Tony was eyeing her with his quizzical smile.

'Well?' he queried, standing to attention in his white robe and trendy sunglasses, awaiting her approval.

'Perfect.' She smiled. 'You've got to wear it!'

'I thought so!' Tony gave a jubilant wave of acceptance to the patient vendor waiting far below and found a few tatty notes in the pocket of his shorts to pay him.

No sooner had he thrown down the money than a small boat appeared manned by a young Egyptian who nosed

into the middle of the floating merchants, right underneath where Helen and Tony were leaning on the rails. Wearing a traditional jellaba, the man stood out as being cleaner and neater than the others. He balanced in the boat, awkwardly as if unaccustomed to doing such a thing, and held up a blue dress. It caught Helen's attention and she paused, though she did not want another dress.

The other traders did not like it. They shouted angrily at him, waving their arms in 'get off our pitch' gestures.

Rocking dangerously, he ignored them and called to Helen, or it seemed to her that he was addressing her alone. 'Yes, missus, nice dress for you,' he shouted. His English was unexpectedly clear.

She shook her head and Tony turned to go but Helen put her hand on his arm to stay him. She was intrigued by this young man.

Some intuition urged her to tune into her psychic gift, given to her as a reward when she passed the initiation into the Codes of Power. She had been granted the ability to see into the hearts of others. She took a deep breath and stilled herself, opening her third eye, and saw something very rare. His heart was pure.

In the instant she paused he had folded the dress, shoved it into a bag and lobbed it to her. At the same moment one of the other boats struck his. Knocked off centre, he threw out his arms as he tried desperately to maintain his foothold, then fell backwards into the sluggish waters of the Nile.

Helen caught the package and held it tight as she tried

to make out what was happening in the commotion of splashes, shouts and yells. She thought one of the traders tried to hit the young man with a paddle but he ducked and disappeared. She watched anxiously for him, determined to give him some money for the dress, which she didn't want. But she did not see him again. He left without being paid. She frowned at the thought. Something was very wrong.

Back in their cabin, she pulled the garment from its bag, feeling guilty. What was she going to do with it anyway? As she opened it a piece of paper fluttered out of the folds. She picked it up and read: 'IMPORTANT. I have information for you. Meet me at the Sphinx at 8 a.m. on Tuesday. Be careful E.' It was written in an educated hand.

Her stomach flipped. Today was Thursday. Someone must know they were flying to Cairo on Monday night. Surely it couldn't start all over again. Not on her honeymoon! She was white under her tan.

Tony grabbed her by the arm and steered her out of the cabin to the bar for a medicinal brandy.

They looked at each other grimly as they took their first sip. At that moment his mobile rang.

Chapter 2

The car drew up in a puff of dust in front of the Great White Lodge and a tall, broad-shouldered man, dressed in white, stepped out into the searing heat.

Zoranda's head was shaved like a monk, yet he held himself with a noble, confident poise. He had never visited Cairo before and was filled with curiosity and a sense of anticipation, for he had been summoned to a meeting with the leaders of the Great White Brotherhood, an organisation embracing all the Great Mystery Schools in the world. He felt honoured at the invitation, for this was a secret enclave, one of vital importance to the future of the planet, and decisions were to be taken that could affect every living creature. But what was the meeting about?

During the flight and drive from the airport questions revolved in his mind. What did they want of him? Why Egypt? Why now? But he could not fathom the reason for the call. Throughout his life he had met some of the wisest people on the planet as an equal but now a worm of self-doubt entered his mind. He took a breath of the hot scented air and let it out very slowly to control a sudden feeling of tension. None of this showed, however, as he paid the driver and watched the car turn and drive away.

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Zoranda noticed that the gates of the villa were purely ornamental. So too were the grilles on the windows, unusual in a residence of this size and opulence. The Great White Lodge was clearly protected by spiritual means alone, as was Kumeka House, the home of the Brotherhood of Light, which he had founded in England.

His glance took in the well-tended palm trees, emerald lawns and neatly raked paths. A circular turquoise pool graced the left-hand side of the house, where the soft spray of a fountain shimmered and floated, light as a bridal veil. He relaxed at last. This is beautiful, he thought.

Only one car stood outside the villa, that of the head of the Great White Brotherhood, a man whose light and wisdom was legendary in esoteric circles, a man of power and vision, yet who was invisible in the outer world. Few knew who he was or what he did.

Zoranda's quick eye observed an eagle circling overhead in the clear azure sky. He smiled. A sign from the universe, he thought, pleased.

He murmured a prayer, thanking the powers-that-be for the highest outcome to the meeting and for help in making the wisest possible decisions, then he picked up his small case and walked towards the marble steps leading to the great double doors that served as an entrance. As he approached, the doors opened and a man and a woman waited to greet him.

Suddenly the eagle catapulted from the sky on to a small bird, which shrieked and flapped as the great raptor rose with it in its talons. They all stared. Then something

unbelievable happened, something he had never seen before. The eagle, seemingly deliberately, dropped its prey, which landed with a thud on the steps in front of Zoranda. There was a moment of stunned silence before the wounded creature struggled up and half dragged, half flapped its way painfully across the garden and out of sight. The predator soared away.

Zoranda frowned and goose-pimples rose on his arms. The man and woman both looked shocked and immeasurably grave. Zoranda deliberately put the shadow of fear from his mind and raised a hand in greeting to them, but he was aware of a prickling sensation at the back of his neck.

As he reached the top of the steps the man stepped forward to greet the newcomer into his home. 'Welcome, brother,' he said. In two words his voice conveyed such warmth that Zoranda felt enveloped in a tangible cocoon of love. This man was the head of the Great White Brotherhood, an ancient mystic order, which had served the light for hundreds of years. He was old in years yet he appeared youthful and glowed with an extraordinary radiance. His blue eyes were luminous, all-seeing, set in a finely chiselled face. He was universally known as the Master.

The woman was shorter, with dark skin and black eyes, but she too had a dignified and gracious manner and shook his hand firmly.

Another man walked into the hall. He was as tall as Zoranda and distinguished-looking, with grey hair and deep brown eyes. Like the Master and the woman who

stood at his side, he was an illumined one. He represented the Order of the White Flame. Within a few minutes Zoranda was introduced to three other members of the board, who had travelled from all parts of the globe to Cairo for this extraordinary meeting. In total there were five men and one woman, some of the most highly evolved beings on the planet, all of whom had been tried and tested in this life and others, before being chosen to represent the Hierarchy of Light on Earth. Each of those who sat on the board of the Great White Brotherhood was of a different race and colour. They all lived an ordinary life in the outer world and served secretly in the inner one.

Their presences radiated a light so clear it was visible, even at times to the uninitiated. Many who glimpsed it gasped, and those who had murky auras often felt threatened by it. Zoranda, however, observed their light and felt immeasurably reassured as he shook each hand in turn.

When the introductions were over the head of the Great White Brotherhood touched his arm. 'May I show you to your room?' he offered, as if it were the most natural thing in the world that he should do so. Then he answered Zoranda's unspoken question. 'There is no one else in the house. Younger brothers who often serve us have been sent out on missions this afternoon. Total privacy is ensured and no lower thoughts or enquiring minds can reach into our deliberations.'

Whatever is it about? Zoranda wondered again. Yet nothing showed in his voice or expression. He merely nodded.