

# Coming Home to Lemuria

# Coming Home to Lemuria

## An Ascension Adventure Story

Phillip Elton Collins

The names and identifying characteristics of certain individuals in the book have been changed to protect their privacy.

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## Dedication

To Mount Shasta, there have been many stories and legends about you. Once in a while, another story like this one surfaces and you reveal more of yourself.

To Adama, High Priest of Telos, Lemuria, our guide to another dimension. This book is a continuation of you being heard and of our two worlds soon joining together.

To Michael, an archangel, who created this sacred journey after I was led to initiate it.

To my fellow proxies, Jeff and Joel, who encouraged me and insisted this was my story to tell.

To the modern-day Lemurians, Dianne and Ashalyn: Dianne made the physical journey possible. Ashalyn became the sixth point on our star.

To my husband, James, who teaches me how to receive love each day and, through that love, makes this work possible.

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Last, but not least, I am grateful to my husband, James Gozon, who is just always present being a present.

With deep love and gratitude, I thank you all for being in my life.

The events depicted in this book solely represent my memories and experiences. Other members of the mountain journey may have experienced or remember these events differently. My depiction of my fellow proxies is intended to portray their perfection in serving humanity, not in any way to reflect negatively on anyone's individual character. Channels

other than me may have had similar information about Lemuria come through them. In our current era of humanity's awakening to the consciousness of higher-frequency energy, all of us are needed; and it is my belief that channeling shall soon become a commonplace event.

## Preface

We live in an era of transformation. It is essential to understand what is going on energetically and physically within and upon our planet, as it evolves at this time. Earth is in an ascension process of moving to a higher frequency of consciousness and existence. So is humankind. More than ever before, there is a need to embrace our ascension and for each of us to awaken to our purpose. Today we have a window of opportunity to heal and grow in wisdom. We have all been asleep for a long time, and this has brought us much pain. But we can now remember...

The purpose of this book, *Coming Home to Lemuria*, is to reveal that an unseen civilization co-exists with ours on this planet, and explain the purpose of its inhabitants in relationship to us. For a very long time, humankind has not been told the entire truth of who we are and our history. Thus, much of what we think is true about the world and ourselves is not. Our belief systems are based upon untruths. The truth we have received has been received through myths, legends, and fiction (and often good fiction is based upon the truth). Possibly this was the only way we could receive the truth. But it is now time to tell the truth directly through the truth.

Are you ready? Can you handle it?

Can the world handle it?

Truth is, we are not children being controlled by unseen forces. Nor is ascension a process in which the few can control the many. If each of us can discern the truth of our own vibration—not to judge it or shame it, but to accept it and raise it—and if we dissolve the illusion of separation and duality within

us as individuals and among us as a race of spiritual beings, we can begin to more clearly see the beauty and common energy that runs through everyone and connects us with Earth. The time has come for us to shed our many erroneous beliefs about ourselves, our planet, religions, governments, and the universe that have kept most of our kind trapped in varying degrees of lack and limitation. We alone can do this through connection with our divine essence.

*Coming Home to Lemuria* is an adventure story about a small group of travelers who made a sacred journey to Mount Shasta in Northern California under the spiritual guidance of a talkative archangel, Michael, and a very wise high priest from Lemuria, Adama. It's all right with me if you do not believe everything I am about to tell you. I don't need you to believe me (but please do enjoy the adventure). Some people already know portions of what we learned before and during our adventure, so many readers will know that what is described is true. Please know there is no need in me to convince you. That would be to try to control you, which I have no need to do. In my heart and from direct experience I know that everything I share in this book is true, even if the mind cannot always accept that it is. The mind believes; the heart knows.

I am a latecomer to learning about the Lemurian civilization. Individuals, such as Dianne Robbins, Aurelia Louise Jones, and members of different Lemurian and Telos organizations throughout the world have dedicated their lives to disseminating the wisdom of Lemuria. My predecessors, I salute you! I only ask that you kindly allow this newcomer to join you.

Many sacred journeys are taking place worldwide that support the good of humanity and the planet. I acknowledge everyone who does energy work of this kind. It is incredibly significant. I have also participated in sacred trips of this kind

over the years. The journey you will read about in these pages may be one of many, but it is also like no other. And it is mine to share because it is the story of a remarkable adventure that I had with a small group of dedicated light workers.

There are many tools, teachings, and messages peppered throughout this book that can further assist both you and me in choosing to shift to a higher form of existence. Please take them and utilize them if it feels right to you. Enjoy the journey...

Part One

# First Contact Occurs

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# Chapter 1

## A Dusty Old Thrift Shop

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The higher beings who are central to this story suggested that I start at the beginning. While the beginning may feel a bit like a cliché, I assure you it is the only thing about this story that is.

You see, I was in a dusty old thrift shop, the type of place that is primarily defined by its smell. For me, shopping in such a place meant escaping the American retail industry with its inflated prices and lack of customer support. Also I loved the idea that the clothes and books I would buy there, if I did, had a history—one that might continue after me. Or maybe I was just being cheap. Over the years I have bought some great stuff in thrift stores for little money.

On this particular day, I went to this “other people’s things” store to look for a warm jacket since South Florida, the area encompassing Miami, Fort Lauderdale, and Palm Beach, was having the coldest winter on record. Ever since retiring from the business of film making, I have spent summers in New York City and winters in Fort Lauderdale, and I had left most of my winter garments in my apartment up north. I didn’t want to replace my entire wardrobe; I wanted something inexpensive, yet effective, to get me through the cold snap. Suddenly, an inner voice—not my own—directed me, “Go check out the used book section.”

*Well, hello there!* I wasn't that surprised to hear a voice speaking to me. My current profession is as a practitioner of healing arts and I've had training over the years in various modalities from Reiki and light ascension therapy, to acupuncture and homeopathy. As an intuitive counselor, I am receptive to communication with angelic beings, which I sense as different frequencies of energy. However, this unfamiliar voice was none I could recognize. An energy of unknown origin, it was speaking to me uninvited and without introduction.

Honestly, what surprised me most was that I knew, from past experience, how chaotic the used book area of the store was. Why was I being led to sort through hundreds of books stuffed into boxes on the floor and haphazardly spread across the shelves like peanut butter on toast?

Then I remembered it was my friend Joel's birthday. A book would be a meaningful gift for him, but I wasn't convinced the literature he enjoys could be found in a thrift store. Furthermore, I doubted that I could survive the smell long enough to sort through a bad case of the book piles. Nonetheless, acceding to the guidance I'd received, I took a deep breath, stepped away from the clothing racks that I was rummaging through, and headed over to the used books section in an attempt to accomplish this seemingly impossible mission.

Once among the boxes of books, the same inner voice as before directed me to search a specific book shelf. Feeling like a hound dog hot on the trail of its prey, I knew exactly where to look and exactly what book I would find there. Joel is fascinated by the physical appearances of the Virgin Mary in Eastern Europe and he has visited Megjugorje in Croatia twice. In an instant, my fingers landed on a book of the history of Mother Mary visitations. I couldn't believe it—or maybe

I did. The voice that had drawn me to look in this spot had been so definitive.

I pulled the book off the shelf, considering myself very fortunate, and was in the process of turning toward the front exit when my find slipped from my grasp as quickly as it had appeared. While I was shuffling around trying to relocate it, three other books from three different shelves spontaneously fell right at my feet. Although the titles of these paperbacks had no meaning to me, they had something in common; each said something about "Lemuria." (What in the world was that?) I quickly returned them to their points of departure and found the Mary book.

After grabbing a warm jacket off the rack in the men's clothing area, I felt my mission was complete. I paid the cashier, walking out of the store with my prizes in a musty plastic bag.

Since I haunted this particular thrift store on a regular basis, in only a couple of weeks I was back again for another nasal assault and bargain hunt. Interestingly, the very same inner voice I'd heard before greeted me as soon as I entered the shop's soiled doors. "Go immediately to the used book section," it said. But I was there to find a warm shirt since the cold winter weather was continuing. I was inclined to ignore the suggestion that was being made to me. "Never mind the clothes," the voice insisted, "you are not here for that. Go to the books."

*Okay, then!* Like an ancient warrior following orders, I placed myself in front of the same bookshelves as on my visit two weeks prior. "Why am I here?" I asked myself as well as the inner voice. As if in reply, and without me touching the bookshelves, the exact same three books I'd knocked off the shelves before began to fall in succession directly onto my feet from three different shelves...thud, thud, thud.

That was strange—and, *ouch*, I was wearing open-toed sandals!

Seriously, hearing inner voices has become a regular occurrence in my life since I became a healer. But flying objects?

“Okay, I get it,” I said. “I’m supposed to read these books...but *why?*”

Then, oddly, I began to feel as if the inner voice I had heard was literally speaking to me from inside the books. (*Whose voice was this?*) None of it made sense. How could three books fall from three different shelves, without assistance? And hit me two weeks in a row? Wow, somebody or something must have really wanted me to read these books!

Looking down at the first book, I saw that there was a picture of a mountain on the cover. I recognized it as Mount Shasta in California. Ten years earlier I had been to Mount Shasta with Joel, the friend for whom I had bought the birthday book about the sightings of Mary. That had been a wonderful vacation. The title of the book read *Telos*. Okay. But this was a bit confusing. The word “Telos” had no connection to the trip I’d taken to Mount Shasta or to my life in the present. Furthermore, I was unfamiliar with the name of the book’s author, Dianne Robbins.

Continuing my investigation, I saw that another word, “Lemuria,” appeared on the cover of one of the other two books. I vaguely remembered from my metaphysical training that Lemuria was a possible ancient civilization. I’d taken a trip to Egypt led by one of my spiritual teachers. In Luxor, outside the famous temple of Karnak, there sits an enormous boulder that my companions told me was a crystal remnant from Lemuria. I hadn’t learned too much from them, except that Lemuria was supposed to have disappeared like Atlantis.

A thrilling emotion came over me; every hair on my body was standing on end. Somehow I knew I was about to begin an amazing adventure...

I gathered the books off the floor and held the three volumes next to my heart, feeling like I had just found the proverbial goose that laid the golden egg. I rushed to the checkout counter to pay for them. They cost seventy-five cents each. “A treasure for pennies,” I thought without knowing why.

When I got home I became consumed with reading the three books. My speed-reading skills from high school sure came in handy. I zipped through all three in a day or two, and then read and re-read Dianne Robbins’ book again and again, feeling mesmerized. Somehow the amazing things I was reading felt like a distant memory being awakened. Her book began with comments from a spokesman named Adama, who started out by saying that he and others living in a hidden world on Earth were bringing humankind the “memories of Lemuria.” (Was this Adama *Adam* from the story of Adam and Eve? Was Lemuria *the Garden of Eden?*)

Adama, a being from Lemuria who was channeled by Robbins, went on to explain that even though human memories of his extraordinary civilization have been lost for millennia, it is time for our two civilizations to become united. (Where was this unseen world? Why was this information coming forward now?) Even though none of this remarkable commentary made sense, it felt true. It resonated with me on a very deep level.

So I continued my studies...

The first thing I learned from Robbins’ book, *Telos* (Trafford Publishing 2008), which is subtitled *Original Transmissions from the Subterranean City Beneath Mt. Shasta*, was that Lemuria is located inside the Earth. Now how was that pos-

sible? Everyone knows that the interior of our planet is molten rock! Who or what could possibly live there?

At first glance, this book came across to me like the recollection of a sci-fi adventure story about an expedition to the interior of the Earth. It sounded like a Hollywood script. And I should know, as I worked in Northern California for many years for George Lucas of *Star Wars* fame.

My mind began to discount the event in the bookstore and to challenge the entire experience that was unfolding as I read the book. “This is crazy. You are *literally* going crazy,” I told myself repeatedly. But my heart would not let the idea of Lemuria go. Who was it that said, “The heart knows and the mind believes”? The feeling I got from my heart kept saying, “Trust this, it is true. You are supposed to know this information for a reason that will be revealed.” I thought for a few seconds to set the books aside and forget the entire matter. But I could not.

“Stay open,” the inner voice of my unseen companion commanded me.

I decided to Google Lemuria. All I could find out was that through legends we were told it was possible that a huge continent that existed some twelve thousand years ago was lost after submerging off the coast of California. This idea had been circulated by the Rosicrucians, and the acclaimed seer Edgar Cayce apparently had a few dreams about it. There seemed to be little physical evidence that this place or other places of this kind, like Atlantis, ever really existed.

I have worked with the human condition in clinical settings for many years. The relationship between the human mind—our thoughts and emotions—and the physical body is central to my work as a healing arts practitioner. I know what delusion is, and denial. But somehow, perhaps since I felt such a strong connection to this new world coming into my life, I

trusted in its reality. If I was crazy that would be revealed in time to me and others. It was now appropriate to let go of my concerns and enjoy the journey of discovery.

If madness felt this good, then bring it on! I had never felt this happy in my entire life. Even though my life was already filled with love, happiness, and personal and professional fulfillment, in some not-so-strange way I felt I was coming home to an exceptionally more evolved home—an unseen reality—than the world we live in and ordinarily recognize as real.

There was a quality to the voice I was hearing that was different from the angelic voices I had previously channeled, a quality that led me to believe that the voice speaking to me was this same guy, Adama from Lemuria, who Robbins had channeled for her book. Recognizing that it was time to establish direct communication between us, I decided to ask. “Are you Adama?”

“Yes, I am,” he confirmed. “Through me, our world can be revealed to yours. You will come to know the truth of Lemuria.”

## Chapter 2

# Conversations with Adama

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My inner-voice guy, the spokesman from Lemuria called Adama, explained the things he wanted me to know through an experience you might call “downloading.” I would sense his energy stirring through my body, this would be translated in my head so that I sort of heard his words, and then I would write them down. He became like my new best friend, or an older brother—the kind everyone always wants as a kid. But this brother seemed connected to everything. We had an initial series of conversations that took place over the course of a week or two.

The first thing Adama communicated to me was that Lemuria was a nation that existed approximately twelve thousand years ago on a large continent that extended from what is now the coast of California far out into the Pacific Ocean. It was much larger than North America is today. The entire continent had been sunk due to warring with another nation called Atlantis that had existed at the same time on the other side of the globe. It seems these two powerful nations had major disagreements about how life should be and who should be in control of the world. (Sound familiar?) Since they had advanced technology at their disposal, technology that was much more advanced than anything we presently possess, it was fairly easy for the one culture to dispose of the other. Around 350 million people were killed overnight when

Lemuria sank. The remaining inhabitants survived only by designing a home for themselves in the center of the earth. Through civil war, some two thousand years later, Atlantis also destroyed itself.

I guess the moral of the story is that when you develop the ability to destroy one another it is a good idea to learn how to get along. If you don't, the consequences can be severe. As I learned about the destruction of Lemuria from Adama, mythology began coming to life as history. I had always been told that myths were based upon truth. But I had never suspected how much.

"Okay, but how do we get from then to now?" I wondered. "If Lemuria was destroyed millennia ago and I am being told that Lemurians still live inside the core of the Earth, how is it possible?" It didn't seem as if there even could be a rational explanation.

Adama went on to explain that there are many frequencies of reality within the universe. Those of us on the surface of the Earth live in the third dimension. But both when we go to sleep and when we die we enter into another frequency of existence, the fourth dimension, which is a slightly higher frequency than the third. The Lemurians themselves actually live in the fifth dimension, a frequency much higher than ours, one that few humans yet can see or visit.

The only Fifth Dimension I had ever known was a musical group. What Adama was telling me reminded me of the way animals can hear things we can't—taken to a new extreme.

"Okay, so why does this fifth-dimensional culture live inside the Earth and not on the surface?" I asked.

Adama told me that most of the surface of the planet had not been fit for his people to live on due to the many years of fighting wars. The only habitable place available to the Lemurians after the destruction was inside the Earth. But this

required them to shift to another frequency of existence than the frequency of dwellers on the surface. Apparently, most planets in the universe are inhabited in their cores rather than on their surface. In my head I heard the words, "You live inside a house, not on its roof, dear one."

I immediately thought, "Is that the reason we don't see life on the surface of other planets in our solar system? Maybe everybody else is living at a frequency we cannot yet see. *Hmmm*. Physics is explaining new realities all the time..." This was food for thought. If this was true, our world was certainly turning out to be more complicated than I had imagined.

Adama continued the fascinating story. His people, survivors of a mighty civilization that once lived on the surface like us, are real and they live underneath Mount Shasta in California. Since we are at an important transitional moment in our evolution, they now want to know us.

"My God," I thought, "California is known for being exotic, but this is really pushing things—even for California! Even when I was working for George Lucas I never heard a story like this one." Many of the plots of George's films were drawn from mythology—Joseph Campbell was one of his influences—and the experience of speaking to Adama felt similar to watching and being drawn into one of those epic science fiction adventures. But something more was happening within me. As these conversations went on, I was beginning to connect the dots about my own role in this emerging drama. Until then, I had never seen a link between my work as director of marketing in the film industry and the healing arts I practiced. Perhaps there is a greater purpose for why I had made my career transition years ago. It had led me here.

Seeing my response, and the many thoughts it was provoking in me, Adama encouraged me to process the entire unique experience through my heart. "Your mind will never

accept or believe all I am about to tell you. But your heart actually has access to memories of the entire experience, since you, like many other human beings, were actually on Earth when these events took place,” he reassured me.

This was exciting! As a small boy, I often thought that there had to be more to life than one lifetime. One shot at being here never made sense to me. Thus, long ago, I had come to believe in reincarnation, even though I had no evidence other than supposition. What Adama was telling me seemed to be the proof I had been looking for my entire life. “But will anyone else believe it?” I wondered. Then, as quickly as I thought this, I realized that the opinions of others did not matter. What mattered was to know the truth.

“The time has come for our two civilizations to unite and you can assist this in happening,” my unseen friend explained. “We are planning to come among your people soon to join with those of you who are ready in a world of equality, harmony, and balance.”

Boy, this really was sounding more and more like one of George’s films.

“It is our deepest wish to teach you all that we have learned since the sinking of our continent and to support you in creating the type of paradise we created for ourselves in Lemuria,” Adama whispered.

Could it really be that there is a paradise somewhere in our troubled world? Wouldn’t it be amazing if it was right under our feet, unseen? Does the Garden of Eden exist in another realm, another dimension within our planet? Is this what string theory is teaching us? Are there many realities all happening at once? Are the quantum physicists right? Questions were flying through my mind, so I tried hard to return to my heart and quiet my mind. “Breathe deep,” I reminded myself.

“The truth lies within the breath and the heart, not the mind” became my mantra.

“I ask you to take the information you are receiving now into your heart,” Adama requested, “and make a conscious effort to create a bridge of communication and love between our two civilizations. We have the same basic genetic makeup as you; in effect we are one. The wisdom we Lemurians are about to share with humanity can prevent you from making the same mistakes we made so long ago. This will allow you to move into a destiny much different from your past and present,” Adama continued.

Whoever this guy was, he really knew how to get my attention.

Mount Shasta is a spectacular volcanic mountain in a range of mountain peaks some forty miles south of the California-Oregon border. The peak is at fourteen thousand-plus feet, so you can see it from over a hundred miles away. It is the second largest volcanic peak in America and, indeed, a force of nature. It was considered a sacred place for centuries before European settlers arrived, a magical power source. Throughout recorded history, Mount Shasta has been recognized as a place of angels, masters from other realms, spaceships, and spirit guides. I’m not surprised now to know it is also the home of the survivors of ancient Lemuria. It seems appropriate that an advanced civilization selected such a special spot for their homeland.

Even if you cannot comprehend or do not agree with what is being stated here, if you were standing before this massive being of a mountain you wouldn’t be able to help but feel there’s more here than meets the eye. Strange lights and sounds are often seen or heard around the mountain. Unusual stationary clouds called lenticulars, which look like lenses,

form above it. Extraordinary sunsets complete the mix of this being a mystical, otherworldly destination.

Adama gave me an explanation for why such phenomena occur. "This place has many openings into the fifth-dimensional cities and homes of the present-day Lemurians who are the survivors from the sinking of the continent so very long ago. You on the surface are currently shifting your frequency from third- to fourth- to fifth-dimensional reality. These other frequencies exist around you, although most of you do not yet have the awareness to see them for what they are. But this will soon change," my mentor downloaded to me.

The Lemurians knew well in advance of the impending demise of their world. Thus, they were able to use their crystalline energy-mastery technology to create a massive underground city where they could preserve their culture not only for themselves, but also for those of us who would live in the Earth in the future. Without their efforts at preservation, those on the planet's surface never could return "home" to a higher frequency of existence.

Needless to say, this part of Earth's history was lost to humankind. Until recently, very few of our kind knew or suspected anything about it.

About twenty-five thousand Lemurians managed to migrate to the interior of Mount Shasta before the Atlanteans destroyed their home on the surface. Adama told me, "We currently exist in light bodies that are not constrained by the limitations of your physical world. Someday you will join us in this fifth-dimensional reality. Your Mother Earth has already begun to shift her frequency; and all things within and upon her body also will shift. This is your destiny."

I don't know about you, but I am willing and ready to make a shift from the world we live in. If the blueprint necessary to do that already exists here and now, so be it...

Adama reported that the Lemurian civilization existed on the surface literally for millions of years. They mastered electron energy and telepathy eons ago. "We have technological abilities that make your 3D abilities look like child's play. We control most of our crystalline and amino acid technologies with our minds. We can travel through space and have the ability to make our spaceships invisible and soundless to avoid detection by your military. Many of your world leaders know we exist, however they are keeping this fact from you. Although we are physical beings, we can shift our energy fields from the third to the fifth frequency and be visible or invisible at will." Adama added, "This will prevent the inhabitants of your world from harming us until the time when you are ready to know and accept us."

This definitely was science fiction coming to life!



## Chapter 3

# Visiting Telos

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One morning I was woken at 3:30 a.m. with a sense of urgency to get to the computer. This felt like the jolt you get from having a cup of coffee, so it got me up and out of bed.

I had become accustomed to waking in the wee hours to communicate with my new Lemurian friend. After rising, I would dress quietly and tiptoe out of the bedroom, then carefully close the door behind me and go into the office so as not to disturb my sleeping husband while I typed Adama's messages. This was a private time for me, quiet, intimate, with no one else stirring inside or outside the house. Later, I would go back to bed and rise at a normal hour.

This day was different. When Adama began to communicate with me telepathically, I asked for permission to make a visit to Lemuria. Eager to know what it was like, I said, "I'd like to go." My eyes were closed and I dropped into a trance, at which point I became aware of the presence of two guides from Lemuria who were there to serve as my spiritual escorts. Instantaneously, I passed through an energetic conduit to the fifth dimension and found myself—or rather, my light body—standing in the city of Telos. The funny thing, and I understood this right away, is that in this frequency of being there is no unknowing. I knew exactly where I was and what to do.

I would like to take a moment to explain how direct connection with the Lemurians is possible. We all know a little about astral projection (moving through different frequencies) and telepathy (communicating through thoughts without the limits of time and distance). Actually, all people