

*The
Emerald
Covenant*

*By
Michael E. Morgan*

Crazyfox Publications, LLC New York

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CRAZYFOX PUBLICATIONS, LLC

Crazyfox Publications, LLC formed in New York State in 2006 to facilitate the spreading of spiritual truths and wisdom in books for all of the people in the world at a time when little of what would be called wisdom still exists. The world has grown harsh, crass and bent on materialistic pursuits. With saber rattling and actual military conflicts raging, the instability of financial and political systems threatens life as we know it. There is little for anyone to count on in the way of real support and the all but forgotten sense of the real meaning of life as well as the heart felt values that were once held in high esteem. Crazyfox Publications LLC is 'crazy like a fox' seeking after the lost and buried treasures that still exist in the world and serves to refresh the public mind of what is worth seeking after, the true adventures of the exaltation of the spirit through that which is written down in books which offer hope for a better life here on Earth.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Michael Morgan, a successful electronics engineer in the television broadcasting industry field for over 35 years, founded Atlantean Educational Tours in 1991 to promote and disseminate his channeled spiritual work with and through Yokar and by leading many mystical journeys to mysterious lands all over the world while initiating hundreds of people into the ancient mystical rites of Egyptian, Greek, Atlantean, and Arctic shamanic spiritual traditions.

Michael Morgan founded Crazyfox Publications, LLC, in 2006, an on demand book publishing organization to facilitate the dissemination of his books detailing his ongoing adventures, which include this work, *The Emerald Covenant*.

The latest work, *The Adventures of God*, represents a profound continuation of the *Covenant* as the Most High God appears and gives a personal true account of his emergence and experiences down to the present time to Michael, offering amazing accounts of betrayal, conflict and triumph on a cosmic scale...a must read that offers the reader a first hand glimpse of the realm of God while at the same time answering many long awaited profound questions about many spiritual quests arising throughout human history.

Michael Morgan presently lives in New York working as an engineer, celebrating the joining to his female spiritual twin and continues to write about his adventures in and out of the body, recounting the chronicles of his spiritual insights, knowledge and the remarkable experiences with God and Yokar, his ascended spiritual master.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

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I wish to thank my teacher, Yokar, for his continued support, unconditional love, wisdom and guidance for all these years and without whose help none of this would be possible.

* * *

And I wish to dedicate this book to my Father in Heaven, the Most High God, with my love and devotion for His guidance, help and unconditional love and for sending the ascended master Yokar to assist me throughout this marvelous and magical journey to the awakening of my true being.

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AUTHOR'S PREFACE

This book's story isn't over yet. It's just beginning and is still going on. I've stopped the action long enough to tell you about what's happening, somewhat like a live action news report.

The people you'll read about are ordinary people like you and me but in extraordinary circumstances. I've changed some of their names to offer the participants some measure of privacy despite this exposure.

I am the author of this adventure, and yet I am a participant as well. I am probably one of the least gullible people you'll ever meet. My engineering background has not made me rigid, but it has trained me to be logical and discerning. Although I like to think of myself as reasonable and sensible, much of what you will read will hardly seem reasonable or sensible. I would scarcely believe it myself, if I hadn't experienced it firsthand! The story is absolutely true and describes how ordinary people decided to shift from their normal experience of life to extraordinary adventure.

There is so much self-help information out there from which to choose, and much of it can be contradictory. It reminds me of going to a new restaurant in New York. When the menu is large, the decisions can be agonizing, especially if you're not sure what you want or need to eat. If you're like I am, your arms go into the air and you ultimately rely on a friend's good recommendation.

I think choosing paths in Life is like that, too. We spend so much time trying to figure out which is the best way to live that we lose precious living time, holding back our enthusiastic energy, not investing, not experiencing life to the fullest!

One of the most important things I have learned from my teacher Yokar is:

“The danger is not in choosing the wrong path in life but not choosing at all. Any path is as good as another! It is better that you

go down the wrong path, and so discovering it, you have learned more, rather than to enter onto the right path and not know anything for sure!”

This book will probably surprise you because my story will stretch your belief envelope and it could change your perspectives on life if you allow it. It will perhaps disconcert you and undoubtedly it will make you scoff and you’ll have a hearty laugh on me.

If after you’ve read this book cover to cover you’re still not sure, go back and read it again. Savor the parts that upset you. Highlight the parts that amaze you. These are the important parts to consider. Rest assured that my intention is not to put you to sleep with a fantasy, but to awaken you to the magical reality of the rest of your life.

Michael E. Morgan

PROLOGUE

My story begins in the fall of 1972, early one morning . . .

It was now 7 a.m. and my shift was almost over. The night had been unusually busy in the studio, and my body was beginning to ache. The day crew was beginning to straggle in, and the hush of night was giving way to the hustle and bustle of the day shift madness.

I had one more adjustment to make on the editing recorder before the early news break. Often the smoothness of a show depended on many of these unseen tasks. Then I suddenly remembered that the tool I needed, my adjusting screwdriver, was still in the shop located on the opposite side of the lobby from the editing room. I stood in silence for a moment, angry at myself for being absent-minded. I figured that my efficiency had reduced to about twenty percent.

Time was running out. The opportunity to make my adjustment was almost gone. I needed my screwdriver and fast! To get to the other side of the building and back in time, I needed to rush. Within moments, I was running through the hallway and down the ramp toward the main lobby. By the time I reached the lobby area, I was at full gallop.

With added momentum, I flew up the second ramp and into the shop, grabbed the screwdriver, and was back to the lobby in a heartbeat.

My mission was halted abruptly. There were urgent warnings coming from the people standing nearby. "Stop!"

I came just short of lurching headlong onto an empty wet floor. Some of the day crew, as well as the remaining night crew, were staring at me. I struggled to regain my balance.

"What's up?" I asked.

"Take a look at the floor," someone responded.

The floor had been recently mopped. I could see that my tracks had obviously marred the handiwork. I shifted my focus around the circle of onlookers until I found the night porter standing, mop in hand. "Sorry, Karl," I said sheepishly.

Now there was only silence, as the bewildered faces waited for

me to discover what they already knew. All eyes were fixed upon the floor. Then I looked again.

My Nike running shoes had defined a stylized trail across the wet black tiles. Next to them was another set of tracks, larger and more spread out: bare feet with a view of all the toes. I strained to see. Daylight and artificial light had mixed together, making my view of the lobby floor difficult. The additional prints were wide and giant-like, suggesting someone very tall, weighing several hundred pounds.

This isn't possible! I thought. Then I vented my disbelief. "Okay. Who's fooling around . . . playing Bigfoot? Come on, I want to see the rubber booties."

Joel's expression turned fearful. His voice carried a suspicious tone. "Hey, Morgan, who's your friend?"

Everyone's eyes turned upon me with equal suspicion as I began to squirm. "This is ridiculous!" I protested.

The mounting tension shattered when the night guard, Scotty, cracked a joke about the Jolly Green Giant being a personal friend of mine. Everyone laughed nervously. Then Joel, the sound man, stepped cautiously onto the wet floor. He stretched out his legs alongside the strange footprints to measure the distance between them. Even with best efforts, his feet couldn't match the distance. Joel had become spread-eagled on the floor.

"Damn it, man!" he said, astonished. "This dude is big!"

The atmosphere again seriously chilled, but the tension was cut short by the sound of the front door opening. The chief engineer had entered the building, bringing with him his usual air of impatience. Everyone turned away as if to ignore what had happened. No one had the courage to mention this piece of news to him. He strolled over to the site with an easy gait, completely unaware of the prints or their significance. I leaned against the wall and observed the enigma fade slowly from view as the moisture evaporated.

When I glanced at my watch, my attention shifted back to my work duties. I hurried on to make my last-minute adjustment. Soon, all was back to normal. Later, in quiet reflection, I decided there was probably some simple explanation. It just wasn't obvious to me at the

time. Other pressing matters demanded my attention. There was still a meal and some much-needed sleep to be had. I made no further attempts to pursue the events of that day. For the present, it would remain strangely inexplicable.

Five years later . . .

In the summer of 1978, I picked up an ad about a medium who was coming to New York. The young woman allegedly could go into trance and at the same time produce a measurable physical phenomenon. The ad went on to say that the phenomenon had been documented by experts in the field of parapsychology at Duke University. I became very excited at this information. It was unusual for this kind of thing to be studied under the scrutiny of academic research professionals. It suggested authenticity.

The story aroused my curiosity and I had a hunch this event would be fun. I called my girlfriend's attention to it. She also seemed excited about the prospect of meeting this medium. She enjoyed anything that involved the psychic or paranormal, so I made arrangements.

The event took place in a posh loft apartment, on the Upper West Side of New York. Since the loft was quite close, we were able to walk there after some light dinner. We walked up three flights, I rang the doorbell and a smiling young girl answered the door. She motioned for us to enter.

The lights in the living room had been dimmed and augmented by candlelight. The apartment was all white, decorated in Art Deco fashion. There were no chairs in the living room. A lush white carpet sprawled throughout, contouring over steps leading into a conversation pit. Soft pink and blue silk pillows were sprinkled strategically, inviting us to sit and to relax.

There were about forty or fifty people in attendance. The atmosphere appeared dreamy, but everyone's mood was electrically tense. I suspected that many did not know what to expect. To my girlfriend's surprise, the loft belonged to a friend, so we easily mingled with the crowd.

There was no large seance table. People were sitting around in concentric semicircles, holding hands. Olivia, the medium, asked that everyone join in a gospel hymn as she entered into the trance. It was just an hour beyond dusk, and the room was already dark except for a few well-placed candles. After we sang a few verses, Olivia began to speak in a rather husky voice. The voice had the distinct intonation of an elderly male person, one Doctor Malone. I watched in awe, struggling to match the male voice with the female body.

“Good evening,” he (she) said. We seemed to be transported magically to another place and time. We learned that the good Doctor Malone, allegedly, was alive on the Earth during the 15th century and functioned then as a bone doctor. We listened for hours to the antics of an old bard weaving tales of mystery and wonder. The crowd was miraculously transformed into a group of eager children lapping up every word of this aged pied piper. I listened with amusement while Doctor Malone issued friendly jibes and comical anecdotes that kept everyone laughing.

People began to ask personal questions about their relationships, troubles with work, and financial difficulties. I found some of his answers to be quite moving. For instance, one man couldn’t get along with his boss and wanted to quit his job. Doctor Malone suggested that the man was actually competing with his boss as though his boss were his father. The man began to cry and admitted that he always wanted his father to recognize him for his own worth.

Often the seriousness would be interrupted by trivial and comical questions. One man wanted Doctor Malone to suggest a way for his mother-in-law not to visit so often. During one of these lighthearted moments, my girlfriend was inspired to poke me sharply in the ribs.

“Ask about the footprints,” she whispered loudly. “Well . . . go on!”

At first, I felt foolish and flushed with embarrassment. I thought the evening was enjoyable, but I wasn’t ready to offer my own personal questions. I just wanted to observe quietly. She wouldn’t let up. Finally, my fear of getting involved was dismissed.

Oh, well . . . okay! I thought. What the hell.

“Hello, Doctor Malone,” I said, smiling. “So, tell me about those

footprints?” I looked over to my girlfriend and winked. I left out certain details to test the true psychic ability of the entity.

“Well, Michael,” he said. “These footprints were made by your spirit friend. His name is Yokar, an Atlantean, I believe . . . a good friend of yours, too. I think you’ll be seeing him a lot more later on.”

Astounded at the answer, I was stone-silent, although I held onto my smile. Moments later, I recaptured my composure enough to thank the entity. I turned to my girlfriend and offered a shrug of my shoulders.

“Well, what do you make of that?”

Her eyes twinkled the brightest blue as she smiled proudly at me. “It’s exciting, don’t you think?”

“Yeah, I guess . . . if you can believe in this sort of thing!”

I felt vulnerable and tried hard not to reveal my fear. My smug reaction didn’t work with her or myself. I retreated behind a thin veneer of calmness that I quickly molded over my face. My belief system sagged under the strain of this new information. The problem was, it seemed to make some sense! The memory of that odd experience involving the strange footprints flashed before me over and over, like still frames from an old movie projector. Somehow, I couldn’t remain the same.