



TL;DR:

Hey Colby and Lisa,

Rebekah's message feels addressed and significant, especially because she spelled my name and asked me to interpret even though she doesn't know me. I've been sitting with her riddle as an insight artifact, and it started opening in relation to the solstice artwork I'm preparing at the water temple area.

Part of what brought this into focus is that MiM raised several practical reservations about the artwork: whether I should move it, whether the star might be misunderstood in a public place, whether it might draw unwanted attention, and whether I could simplify the design. My body was very clear that the core design is not something I should shrink, move, or replace just to make it more acceptable. The star is not decorative; the design does what the design does.

At the same time, MiM's questions helped me see the public/system/place layer the star is descending into. So the instruction I'm hearing is not to compromise the star, but to widen the field of understanding around it.

I am going forward with the solstice ceremony/artwork at the water temple area, keeping the core design intact: the circle, hexagon, five-pointed star, red flowers/petals, lavender, and timing. But I am also taking the practical layer seriously. I'm preparing simple public-facing language, deciding what is adjustable versus non-negotiable, making sure I do no harm to the place, and asking Denise to hold the field out at the beach while I create the work on Sunday.

The phrase I'm carrying is: I don't need to make the star smaller in order to make it responsible. I need to make the field around it conscious enough to receive it.





INTERPRETATION DETAILS

I felt the need to capture this while it’s still fresh, because after the call with Colby, I found myself sitting with Rebekah’s message much like I would with a dream—turning it over, letting it reveal its layers. What’s emerged isn’t a tidy solution, but rather a field of meaning that feels clarifying for my next steps.

First, I want to say again how profound it is to me that Rebekah spelled my name and specifically asked me to interpret. Especially because, as you clarified, Colby, she doesn’t know me, I do not know her, and you certainly had not brought me up to her. It makes all this more powerful to me. It feels like this wasn't just a general-interest message floating around. It was addressed - like the field recognizes me as a team member - maybe even as Colby says, the project lead on this effort.

The core part I have been working with is: “Make sure you remember. Systems that break matter fall apart. Remember. Stars cannot fall unless there is an understanding of others. Remember.”

And then: “She is onto things way above current humanity. We are so grateful. The hexagon is fluid in the sky and sea floor. What flows into one goes into the other.”

And then the next step: “Wait.”

And, of course, the word Colby’s been feeling for all week: “Activation.”

The first thing that caught my attention was how the phrase “systems that break matter fall apart” can be read in multiple ways. It could mean that systems that break matter apart eventually fall apart themselves. Or it could be pointing to systems that break what matters—what is essential—will fall apart. Both interpretations feel alive to me, and I find myself holding them side by side.

That line immediately brought me back to a moment on the beach, when a Park Ranger approached and made it clear that the container I’d been working within—the boundaries I’d assumed—were not going to be big enough for what was coming through. I remember building one of the shoreline pieces, which incorporated a driftwood shape that sort of resembled a pi sign, almost like a doorway or threshold. As the Ranger spoke, that pi-shaped wood fell with a loud sound. In that moment, it felt deeply significant, as if the old threshold or entry point had fallen away.





Now, sitting with Rebekah's words, that moment takes on even more meaning. There was a literal system at play—park rules, public land restrictions, ecological boundaries, all the spoken and unspoken agreements about what could and could not be done. And there was matter: sand, driftwood, seaweed, flowers, clay, my own body, the beach, the art. And in the midst of all that, something actually fell. The pi-sign doorway dropped just as the system was making itself known.

I don't see the ranger as wrong or bad. In fact, I think he was part of the field, showing me something I needed to see. The beach and tideline container had simply become too small to hold what was coming next. That interruption nudged me out of the old shoreline practice and into a new direction—toward soil and water, marsh, dragon track, hexagon, Xochimilco, living water.



So when I hear Rebekah say, "Systems that break matter fall apart," what lands for me is this: do not build or submit to a system that breaks living relationships apart. Do not separate matter from meaning, body from spirit, place from ceremony, water from soil, Autists from the field, or geometry from its living function. Systems lose their coherence when they break the very relationships that make them alive.

Then the star line started opening.

"Stars cannot fall unless there is an understanding of others."

At first, that is such a strange sentence, because we might expect it to say stars fall when there is no understanding. But she said stars cannot fall unless there is an understanding of others.

I'm beginning to hear "fall" not as failure, but as descent. A star can only come down, land, incarnate, or become visible in matter



when there is enough relational understanding to receive it. That shift in meaning feels important.

That connects directly to what I am doing for the Summer solstice. The ceremony/artwork I'm preparing at the water temple area of the beach is based on a circle, a hexagon, and a five-pointed star. The language that came through for it is:

The circle is discovered -> The hexagon is created -> The star is invited.

- The circle remembers the wholeness already present in the place.
- The hexagon makes visible the relationships we choose to tend.
- The star descends from higher dimensions into those relationships to stand within them.
- This doesn't happen above or below the field, it's what becomes possible because the field exists.

So, when I hear Rebekah say stars cannot fall unless there is an understanding of others, I take it to mean that the star cannot safely descend into matter unless the relational field is conscious enough to receive it. The star isn't something to impose onto the beach. It must land within a relationship—with the place, the water, the soil, the public, the ranger and system layer, the Autists, the materials, the collaborators, and my own body.

That also helped me understand why MiM's questions this morning bothered me and mattered. He was asking whether I could move the installation to another location, whether the star might be misread, whether people might see it as a pentagram or an occult-looking symbol, and whether I could just do a circle instead. My whole body was clear: no, the design is what the design does. The star cannot be swapped for something safer looking without breaking the thing that came through for me to create.

But at the same time, his questions helped me become more aware of the field of human endeavor the star is entering. He was bringing the "others" into view: passersby, the park system, public perception, possible misunderstanding, ticketing, visibility, and concern. So I don't think his questions were a reason to change the star. I think they were part of the star becoming conscious of the field it is descending into.

That distinction feels important.

- The instruction is not: compromise the star.
- The instruction is: widen the field of understanding around the star.

That has led me to some very practical next steps.



I'm not changing the core design. The water temple area, the circle, the hexagon, the five-point star, the red rose flowers and petals, the lavender, the solstice timing—these feel like the structure that has been given. I don't feel permission in my body to make the star smaller in meaning, even if I adjust the logistics.

But I am doing things to help the star descend into matter responsibly.

I am preparing a simple public-facing explanation in case anyone asks what I'm doing. Something along the lines of:

"I'm making a temporary solstice offering with natural materials. I'm being careful not to disturb plants or wildlife, and I'll remove anything that should not remain. I understand this is public land, and I'm trying to be respectful of the place."

That feels like a translation layer. It does not over-explain the sacred part, but it gives the human/public/system field something it can understand: temporary, natural materials, care for the place, no harm, cleanup, respect.

I'm also making clear for myself what is non-negotiable and what is adjustable.

The non-negotiables are the integrity of the design, the water temple location, the solstice timing, the circle/hexagon/star relationship, and the flower/color components that have come through so clearly.

The adjustables are things like scale, duration, how much documentation I do, what I remove afterward, where I position materials so I don't harm anything, and how I respond if someone interrupts.

I've asked Denise, who owns the home I feel the autists are ensuring I have fund to live in, to come hold the field with me. I know she might not understand what I'm doing, but she knows the professional side of me that never does things in a willy-nilly manner. That step came out of a conversation I had with myself about whether MiM was the right person. I realized MiM may be useful as an outer-edge, practical person. But I am not sure yet where he belongs on my trust spectrum. He can see practical risks, which is useful. But I don't believe that he is the right primary witness for the inner field.

I asked Denise if she could be there on Sunday between about noon and three, not to direct or manage the work, but to hold a calm, steady presence nearby while I create it. That feels right. The person near the center does not need to understand every symbolic layer, but they do need to respect that I am carrying something real and not make me defend it while I'm trying to bring it through.



Another thing that happened while I was sitting with all this is that I watched a large floating log covered with seagulls move down the beach line toward the lighthouse. It was like a full bird roof system on a log, floating by. You could actually see the current because the log made the current visible. It moved slowly but steadily past me and around toward the lighthouse until I couldn't see it anymore. It felt like another insight artifact.

The log was a temporary floating container. It wasn't land, permanent, or fixed, yet the gulls trusted it enough to gather on it. It held life as it moved with the current.



That moment helped me see the ceremony in a new light. Maybe what I'm making doesn't need to be permanent to be real. Maybe its power is in being temporary, visible, relational, and carried by the larger current. The current was always there, but the log made it visible. That's what these offerings do—they make the invisible current visible.

And as the floating log moved toward the lighthouse, one of my long-standing sacred points on that beach, it felt like a confirmation, or at least an echo.

The phrase I'm carrying now is, Do not confuse:

- Temporary with less real.
- Movement with instability.
- Floating with a lack of grounding.

That awareness feels deeply connected to the work.

The other major piece I noticed from the transcript is that Rebekah's message didn't just tell us something. It **activated** something. After Colby told me what Rebekah spelled, Colby began to gain and share her own channeled insight into how the riddles themselves are part of the activation. That we are not simply being given answers because the process of working with the



riddle stretches parts of the brain, activates remembering, and brings the collective pieces online.

It feels noteworthy that Rebekah didn't say, "Ask Lori to obey." She said, "Ask Lori to interpret."

That places me in a role of discernment, not blind compliance. I'm not here to simply take dictation from the field. My work is to engage with the symbol, feel it in my body, notice the synchronicities, test it against care for place and people, and let the next responsible action emerge from that process. Hence, that is what I am trying to do.

And Colby's word — **activation** — now feels like the master word of the whole thing.

The riddle activated her and me; my memory of the encounter with the Park Ranger and the falling pi-sign driftwood; and the meaning of the star in the artwork I'm preparing to do. This activation also raised the question of who should serve as a witness, and activated the need for public-facing language and the difference between changing the ceremony and widening the field around it.

So, where I have landed for now is this. I am:

- Going forward with the solstice ceremony/artwork at the water temple area.
- Not changing the core design.
- Taking the human/public/system layer seriously without breaking the received form.
- Preparing simple language in case people ask what I'm doing.
- Engaging Denise to hold the field while I'm creating the artwork.
- Ensuring I do no harm to the place.
- Deciding in advance what can be adjusted and what cannot.
- Carrying the instruction to wait — not as "do nothing," but as "do what has clearly been given, and do not force the next thing before it arrives."



The sentence that feels most true right now is:

I don't need to make the star smaller in order to make it responsible. I need to make the field around it conscious enough to receive it.

Or maybe:

Let the star descend without breaking the design, the place, the law of care, or myself. That is what I think Rebekah's message has helped me understand.

I am honestly still amazed that she spelled my name and sent this through you, Colby. Please thank her, if and when it feels appropriate, in whatever way makes sense. And thank you for calling me immediately and trusting that this needed to be passed on.

I truly feel as though we are being handed pieces of a puzzle, but not in a way that lets us bypass our own work. We have shown ourselves to be the kind of people who can receive, interpret, and act responsibly on what arrives. And somehow that feels like the work itself.