

For millennia humankind has heard forebodings of a fiery doomsday by prophetic people all over the planet. Doomsday in Black & White illuminates what these seers saw and the choice we must make in order to fly amidst the flames.

Doomsday in Black & White

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Doomsday

in

Black & White

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Chapter 1

The Apocalypse

For most people the Apocalypse conjures up frightening images. Many are filled with violence and death on a massive scale, pillars of purple fire rising rapidly as mushroom clouds fan out above the chaos and carnage.

The Apocalypse also evokes dire predictions for the future: pestilence and plagues, caused by new, drug-resistant microbes, far worse than the Black Death that decimated Europe, tsunamis whose curls cover entire cities, meteors and comets that crash into our gated communities.

Taking their cue from Nostradamus or the Mayans, many are certain these are the last days for planet earth. And it's no longer just religious fanatics foretelling a day of reckoning. Ordinary people out on the streets are sensing climactic episodes that change everything. Many are warning the multitudes that destruction is imminent.

We use a word throughout this book with much trepidation, but we choose *God* with an all-inclusive, unadulterated intention. The name isn't what's important but its instant recognition coupled with a purity of purpose makes it the best English word to facilitate our message. By the end of the book we hope to clear up many misconceptions. But for now please note that the God we refer to is a God of Revelation.

He/She is ready to tear down the walls of division propagated by organized religion. No one has a monopoly on God. *Babylon*, the height of empires and bastion of religion, has fallen. Her facade is crumbling all around us. Maybe it's time to flee before we're buried beneath the debris.

While some express complete confidence in man's goodness and ability to solve problems, others speculate about the misfortune headed our way. We've heard forebodings about Doomsday, voiced by Nostradamus and the Mayans, but also by new discoveries like The Bible Code and the Web Bot Project. Some even say there were civilizations before us, Atlantis and Lemuria, that had to make life and death decisions before it was too late.

The word *Apocalypse* is not about ominous tidings. It means *revelation, an uncovering or unveiling of events that lie ahead*. Is something being revealed to us? Is doom looming on the horizon? Will there be more terror and more to fear, not only from our fellow man but also from *Mother Nature*? Is it unavoidable?

Multitudes mistakenly measure blessings by their own paychecks and perks, going about their business as if nothing could possibly interrupt their reverie. They avoid sorrow and suffering, enjoying their shopping sprees, electronic gadgets and happy hours.

Things gauge their happiness and success. Unknowingly the masses worship Mammon: in greedy pursuit of what money can buy. Men accumulate more and more, yet they're never satisfied. The power brokers, the filthy-rich elite, want everyone to remain ignorant so they can continue to pick their pockets. Many, without a heart, stand idly by as millions die of malnutrition and starvation every day.

Focused on the glitter of fool's gold, the multitudes can't read the handwriting on the wall. While some seek the truth, yearning for spiritual renewal, searching for a guide or guidebook to make sense of it all, for someone or something to save them, most continue to eat, drink and be merry. The great gulf widens between those depending on faith for their sustenance and those looking to the gods of this world.

The road the crowds walk is an easier way – it's all downhill. All we need is the lower half of our body. It requires no heart, no thought and almost no effort.

In Australia, the aborigines keep two different times – two parallel streams of consciousness. One is what we call reality. The other is *Dreamtime*. To the aborigines it's more real than the world's illusions. It's a sacred *Once Upon A Time* told by God to teach us His ways or warn us. If He can't reach us on the conscious level, He'll give us Dreamtime, making the dreams so vivid they're impossible to forget.

Once upon a time a mother worried over her son. He's still her *baby*, even if he's now a young adult. In the dream he's an infant, but just a bottom half, with no head and no heart. And he's surrounded by a legion of demons attacking him, looking to tear him further apart.

His mother recognizes two of them as the most significant people in his life: one his lover and the other her male best friend. They're dressed as superheroes, perhaps his heroes, people he idolizes,

disguised as doers of good, but they're mutilating him physically, and determined to damn him to hell? So what should she do?

Moved by her maternal instincts, she's carrying him, one arm wrapped protectively around him, the other warding off the demons. She wakes up in a panic, breathless, crying out to God, wanting to know how to save his life. She's beside herself.

Many mothers may roll over and go back to sleep, pushing those troubling thoughts deep down inside where they'll haunt them forever. But this mother has chosen to confront her demons. Her *baby's* eternal life is at stake

But these dark angels are much bigger and stronger. They've already taken away his ability to think and feel, and now they're targeting the *family jewels*, conspiring to steal the last bit of his manhood. Is there any hope for him? Can his mother help?

In order to save ourselves or anyone else we have to know where the road we've chosen is taking us. Is it a sure path we're walking or is it shaking beneath our feet? When there are earthquakes or tidal waves, the animals run for higher ground. Is this a visual aide, a metaphor for a tougher climb but a better outcome?

The aborigines and many indigenous people say we are being warned, but that the Great Spirit is always ready to ride to our rescue. They say He looks on the heart, uncovering motives, detecting selfishness and self-seeking, trying to get us to change.

He notes the pride we're overcome with and the foolishness of our vain imaginations. Is He asking us to change our thinking? Will we turn to see if He's been standing there, waiting patiently till we turn to face Him? Or will we stubbornly stay an untoward generation? Wouldn't it be madness to ignore all the admonitions?

We examined the end-time beliefs of major religions and tribal shamans, prophets and scientists, mystics and mathematicians like Bruce Bueno de Mesquita in order to make our choices more clear.

Bueno de Mesquita's algorithm, using computer calculations, is based on game theory which forecasts choices. It's been proven to be quite accurate. With some misgivings, we ventured out into the unknown we call the future.

We had our own Apocalypse: a revelation of what lies beyond Doomsday. Unafraid of sorrow, suffering or even death, we were

shown that the upheavals aren't senseless, that the whole earth is groaning in travail, that the contractions and pangs are birthing beauty and truth back into the relative world. We'll take you through our explorations and show you what we discovered.

But we're not just going to blurt out the whole story. What's acquired too quickly is generally apt to be just a flash, like a comet's tail shooting across the sky. It may be splashy, but it doesn't last long. It doesn't usually find its way from short-term to long-term memory. And if someone doesn't fully understand something they usually don't act on it, or at least not from an informed position.

It is important to know that the future is based on the present: our decisions now are determining our destiny, laying a foundation for what's to come, building an everlasting life for us and our families. Do we know what our choices are?

Our decisions put us on one of two roads headed in opposite directions. One is the road less traveled. On the other, every step we take, every bad choice we make, makes it more difficult for us to get back on track.

We may be near the end of our journey, at point X or Y, one step away from the trap door opening beneath our feet, dropping us in a bottomless pit, creating our own personal doomsday. The good news is that our fate is not yet sealed.

But we must be brought back to point A, that spot when we began to be unbecoming or becoming the wrong kind of person to live in paradise. It takes courage to reflect on all the guilt and regret, sorrow and suffering we've experienced. For most of us it may not happen till we're on our death bed.

Instead of facing it now, we're apt to scream, "*Don't go there!*" denying access to God and shutting off any consciousness at all, refusing to return to the starting point, to turn around and head in a better direction.

Ignorance and fear are man's greatest enemies. With one foot in the grave we look back saying, "*If I only knew then, what I know now.*" We think about starting off our life with all the wisdom we've gleaned from all the years of living. We imagine how much better our lives might have turned out.

But now is the only time there is. It is a result of all the choices we've made, and we still have the option to choose again, and to choose wisely. Speaking of wisdom brings us to Nostradamus. In French his name is Michel de Nostredame. His last name translates as *Our Lady*.

It's interesting to note that Nostradamus was born Jewish. His family converted to Catholicism during the Inquisition, fearful for their lives, saving their physical self, but putting their spirit at great risk. And even later, he was afraid of what this powerful organization would do to him if it found out what he was up to.

We were ready to brand Nostradamus a coward and a false prophet because he seemed unwilling to allow himself to be tortured by the Pope's inquisitors and burned at the stake. A letter he wrote to his son changed our thinking. We'll share that with you later.

But his beliefs were never orthodox Roman Catholic. He was more of a mystic and metaphysician who was certainly apt to be killed by the church. One historian called him *the go-to prophet*.

It's a catchy tag, the guy to call on in the clutch, someone who comes through in tough times like we're living in today, always battling, winning the MVP in spiritual truth. Perhaps God was preserving him and hiding away his prophecies until this very day. It's a question worth pondering.

All of us living in the U.S. have much in common with him, calling home the richest, mightiest nation of our day. France was a Catholic kingdom with its own king at a time in history when many believed that the Roman Church was not only the enemy of scientific truth, but also the enemy of true Christianity.

Nostradamus saw a disaster coming. He foretold what he called the first anti-Christ staging a bloody revolution as he sought to dominate and rule the entire world. Napoleon was not what he seemed: not born French royalty or even on the French mainland, but on Sardinia, an island off the coast of Italy.

His homeland and family both had Roman names and bloodlines. That becomes even more intriguing when we consider Nostradamus' second anti-Christ – Adolph Hitler. As the absolute dictator of Nazi Germany, he had plans that not only included world domination, but a cleansing of the Aryan race.

His repugnant philosophy has been kept alive by neo-Nazi groups like the National Socialist Movement and the Aryan Nation. But like Napoleon, Hitler too wasn't what he seemed. His insane desire for a pure, Teutonic people belied his own DNA. Hitler was part Jewish and not even German.

Nostradamus believed the third anti-Christ would be by far the worst. In the last of his writings and drawings there is a crescent moon in the picture. This third and final *BEAST* was connected to Islam, an historical enemy of both Christians and Jews.

He must also be a man that is not what he seems. He is either the absolute monarch of the greatest country on earth or the dictator of the most fierce, technologically advanced army that ever was or will be, with great plans to conquer the whole world.

Or perhaps he is all of the above wrapped up as a self-proclaimed Messiah. It gives us something to think about, especially with a new president that's promoting change. What kind will it be?

Nostradamus does raise interesting questions, especially about the lost manuscript that not only contains his usual quatrains, but also colored drawings as a primary part of this manuscript. The last one depicts an empty Book of Life, meaning that no one is now a citizen of heaven and guaranteed a life in paradise. It also includes a wheel with no spokes.

If Nostradamus' book was once kept in the Vatican Library, how did it end up in the Italian National Library, and why was it found at this time? What are we to make of the fact that a wheel representing the cosmos is spoke-less, unable to serve its purpose anymore?

One drawing in the work of Nostradamus is a picture of the Tree of Life, one of two trees in the Garden that God planted in a corner of Eden. It's also a key symbol in Kabbalah, Jewish mysticism. On the page of text next to it, among the writings of this prophet who wrote in French and Latin, there are two English words: ONE MAN.

That one man had all the characteristics of life as God intended. He's not only all-powerful and all-knowing, but He's omnipresent – everywhere at once. Who he is and how he's connected to the Tree of Life is an attention-grabbing question. Why are the words in English?

If we can identify one man as the Tree of Life, then who is the tree of the knowledge of good and evil? Who is the ruler of this relative

world, mixing relative good with relative evil, driving us so far from the absolute Life God intended? Who is a minister that looks like some kind of light, but isn't The Light?

We'll see later in the Jewish Feast of the Ingathering how The Messiah, the anointed King of a new *Israel*, showed no partiality regarding gender, ethnicity or race.

While this man walked along the Sea of Galilee, he was also walking everywhere on earth, mingling with people of every tribe and family, at a Buddhist monastery in Tibet, in the waters of the Ganges, up on the Great Wall of China, in an igloo at Antarctica or with Aborigines in the outback. We often forget about God's ubiquitous nature. We'll see how important that factor is in the end-time scenario.

As far as the argument about lost gospels and lost revelations, John the Beloved put to rest the argument against them as well as all the common myths and legends throughout the world: **“There are many other things Jesus did, which, if they were written, I suppose even the world itself could not contain all those books. Amen.”**

That is the very last line of his gospel – his good news for every tribe and family in every part of the earth. That is a grand statement about a God who's much bigger than any of man's conceptions. He's neither small-minded nor mean-spirited. And He's everywhere.

He also has a heart. How about us? Do we recognize God as one who embraces all His creation or only one that's sectarian and parochial, making some the chosen people while condemning others?

Nostradamus believed in God, but also had faith in scientific investigation. Is he a go-to prophet or just a cheap fortune teller with a crystal ball and a booth set up on the boardwalk? What is a prophet? How were they used? We will answer those questions later.

The Doomsday prophecies are not limited to this one seer. The interesting note about the December 21, 2012 date is that so many cultures all over the globe came to this same conclusion about a climactic event for the world as we know it. We may know about the Mayan Calendar, but we find similar forecasts in the Hindu Vedas and in the prophetic words of shamans and native people all over the planet.

The Chinese I-Ching translates as The Book of Change: how it influences all aspects of life and how to respond. It encourages us to be changeable, responsive to the shifts, the slight alterations that demand

minor adjustments, the limited modifications of behavior and moods, likely to be able to fine-tune when one catches the drift of what's going on, and what's required to continue along our course – or not.

Life is like being on a river, flowing along, making necessary adaptations to new circumstances, taking turns according to the landscape, to the climate and weather conditions, the time of day and the season. The I-Ching is also a calendar of human history. And it just happens to end in 2012, at least suggesting some kind of great transformation or transmutation for life on the planet.

Change always brings a choice. If we're creative, we see that its form is heaven and its force or source is the Creator. Earth and all its citizens should be receptive to this change. Creative energy, high frequency *information*, is falling down upon us from up above.

These insights and foresights don't stop at devastation for all those on earth. A radical change is coming, not only in a shift of the poles, but in a new paradigm with new standards governing it.

These predictions go beyond doomsday and speak of a new start for some. Like the new president of the United States of America, these seers see change. But what is being created and what is our role in creating this brand new history of a brand new world?

Man has a bad habit of not letting go of the old. History is about change. The dictionary tells us that history is a chronological record of events, affecting the life and evolution of people and institutions, often including explanations of those events. It's a branch of knowledge that records and analyzes the past, most especially the actions taken.

Most simply, history is a narrative of events – a story. Who is the author? What events does he or she choose to highlight? What kind of commentary is provided? And why do great scientists like Einstein tell us that the past, present and future are illusions, that there is only one absolute and eternal reality? So what lesson should we learn? And what part does the Apocalypse play in all this?

When we *googled* the word Apocalypse, Wikipedia came up first. This encyclopedic website highlights only one short definition of the word. Apocalypse is *a lifting of the veil*. To help you get the picture let's play a quick word association. Close your eyes. What do you picture when we say *a lifting of the veil*?

Almost everyone pictures a bride as her husband lifts her veil to kiss her at the end of the ceremony. A bride is in a privileged position. She is the focal point of the day. All eyes are on her.

Her husband gets to see her unveiled face first. And only a select few will see it too – the guests at the wedding. Later, there will be an occasion that requires her concentration, her single-mindedness as a new center of attention comes into being.

She bears down to push a baby out into a new world, from the watery womb into a most dramatic change of scenery and way of life, no longer in the comfort of that darkness, but out in the light. We will all go through a final *birthing* in one of two directions.

In the eyes of her groom, the bride's even more of a woman and he's even more in love. He feels like a king with his own castle. And she becomes his queen. She's a goddess and he worships her.

In many societies around the world we see female goddesses. In Gaelic tradition the goddess Brighid ruled the hearth and home, represented by fire. In Taoist tradition Guanyin was the Queen Mother. She was pictured as a many-armed goddess, the embodiment of God's mercy and grace, performing acts of compassion for her *children*.

In Hebrew the Sabbath is *Shabbat Hamalka*: the Queen, the Bride of God the King of all kings. And on the Sabbath, candles are lit so the fire brings her to life.

The Orthodox Greeks use a word *Theotokos*. It translates as the God-bearer, later associated with childbirth. This God-bearer is also the God-birther or birth-giver. It is the *Bride* – males and females who *marry* God and bring forth the *fruit* of that relationship.

The product of that intimate relationship between God and spiritual humanity is the birth of a baby that's perfect Man and perfect God, a baby that opens heaven's womb for all of us. Her womb becomes the throne of God. It's an awesome thought.

In *Dreamtime* an ancient aboriginal woman pictures Earth as its Creator's belly, swollen with something new. She's seeing that body undraped, convulsing with contractions, mountains being moved and the core molten hot, bubbling with new life.

She watches the Great Spirit, racing against time, trying to get to an out-of-this-world place for the birthing, on a countdown and a

clock that's ticking toward this apocalyptic moment. Identifying so strongly, she screams out, "*What's being revealed?*"

Moved with such sympathy for her Partner, her belly begins to grow, throwing her body and emotions out of kilter, moods swinging from exhilaration at the result, the beauty in suffering these pangs, too terribly pained with spasms speeding up, getting more intense, at times causing her to lose sight of the purpose for her due date and this great moment in time.

For Biblical scholars it's been six thousand years. For those in Kabbalah it's thirteen thousand. For the Mayans it's been a gestation of fifteen billion years. But now is the hour. The water within her womb is like a tsunami, sweeping through her. The tidal wave breaks. She panics for a second, and then hears a soothing voice, infusing her with confidence and calm. She opens her eyes as her clenched face relaxes.

Before her is her Husband, coaching her to keep her eye single, to concentrate on the outcome, to bear down for the final push. He's surrounding her with golden light, singing softly, thankful for her willingness to share His burden, to bring His dream to birth. He's eternally grateful.

She wakes from the dream, no longer fearful or anxious, more than satisfied by this apocalyptic dream. There's no more dread. She's looking forward to her *day*, no longer calling it Doomsday, but a Birth Day beyond belief. She will tell us more. It's worth waiting for.

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