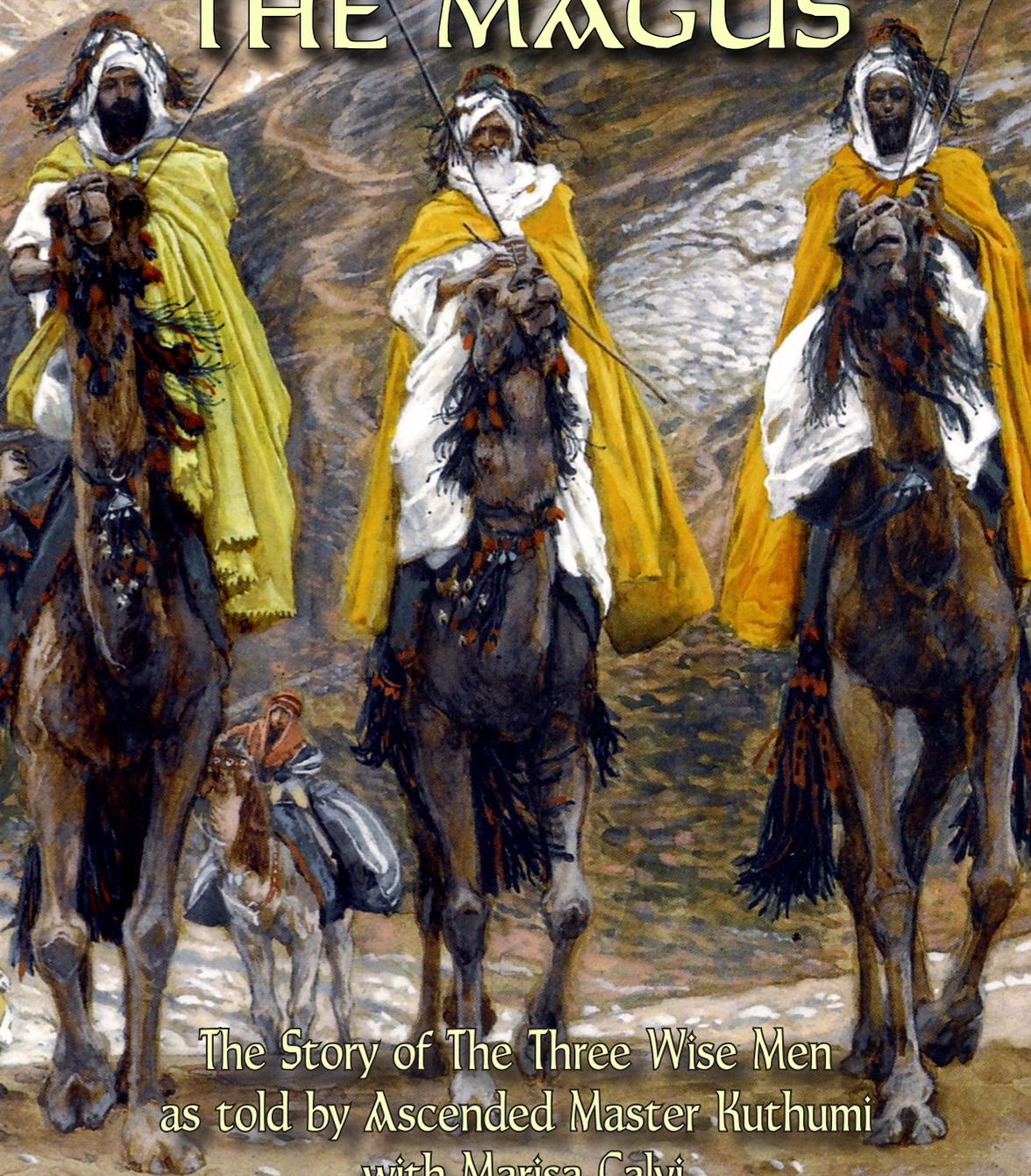


Let's Go For A Walk - Book Three

# BALTHASAR THE MAGUS



The Story of The Three Wise Men  
as told by Ascended Master Kuthumi  
with Marisa Calvi

BALTHASAR  
THE MAGUS

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Let's Go For a Walk  
Book Three

# BALTHASAR THE MAGUS



The Story of The Three Wise Men  
as told by Ascended Master Kuthumi  
with Marisa Calvi

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For Aandrah, Ahn and Chin Chin;  
three of the wisest people I know.  
Thank you for my Ohamah School.  
It was just the beginning.





# Preface

And so it is that I have finished writing and I now write my preface for you all. This is my time to reflect on all that has happened around the writing of this story.

Balthasar's story took the longest to write of all the books so far. It proved frustrating and challenging to find time to write. It seemed I had become the master of creating distractions. Though some of the distractions were "necessary" and others were truly worthy of the time they took up.

I began a new job, just minutes from my home that allowed my abundance to flow. In return I would spend my days not working wanting to rest. I began doing private sessions with Kuthumi, which also took up what time I had away from my "normal" job.

My greatest distraction though was the joy of travelling. The first part of this was finally getting to Egypt. Since writing Thutmose's story I had ached to see all he spoke of. I stood and wept openly over his mummified body at the museum in Cairo. I gazed in awe at Hatshepsut's temple. I felt myself reach beyond time and space as we toned in the sanctuary of the Temple at Edfu. Kuthumi and I channelled as we sat on a boat on the Nile.

I walked all the places I had written about and gained an even greater connection to the story. It was magnificent and amazing.

After Egypt I made my way to Israel. I was taken to the ancient city of Jaffa and we found a sign saying that Thutmose had captured this city and used it as the base for his missions into the north of Egypt. It felt like he was making sure I knew just how grand his rule had been.

One day we embarked upon a tour of Jerusalem to walk amongst the pilgrims and dive into the web of history here. I wanted to do this for many reasons. I knew it was part of the story of the magi, and it was also my way to cross the border into Palestine to get to Bethlehem as part of a tour.

Our Israeli guide dropped us at the border, and our Palestinian guide greeted us on the other side. I tried to imagine riding into Bethlehem on

a camel as our car sped along the road but nothing came to me. In fact any magic of the town seemed buried in the turmoil of the tourism and the political angst which the Palestinians were more than happy to share. There were few moments of true quiet to feel anything.

Still I stood for a few minutes in the place that Yeshua's birth took place, watching some nuns silently recite a rosary where the manger would have been. Beside me a tour group sang Christmas songs. Then we were pushed out for the next group to have their moment.

As I walked through the town, expecting to feel the magi, someone else kept making their presence known—Saint Francis. The man who is celebrated for creating the first nativity scene felt like he was everywhere. There were hotels named for him or statues wherever you looked. It was odd but amusing. I even ended up buying a figurine of him carved from local olive wood in a store there.

A few months later I was in Hawaii. I wish I could say Hawaii is all that its myths say it is. I unfortunately did not find a tropical paradise. Instead Adamus Saint-Germain helped me look deep into the choices I was making about my living ascension. Those choices surprised me, and somewhat scared me.

When I returned home I “grabbed” Kuthumi and said if I was going to stay to enjoy my enlightenment and be human then he needed to share some more of his experience in doing so. Of course he did as graciously as he ever would.

It was (and still is) a wonderful journey even deeper into myself and my soul connection. And more, it is taking me even deeper into the joy of life.

Some months later an old pattern of mine that I was truly done with made itself known once again. I decided to contact Norma “Aandrah” Delaney for one of her wonderful sessions. There is nothing like getting someone with Aandrah's wisdom to help you look into your blind spots and break some patterns. We talked for a while and I felt that pattern dissolve. Then Aandrah asked me how the book was doing. Aandrah has a deep connection to the magi so I was not surprised she would ask.

So I spoke how this one was just not flowing, even though it was the

book I had most been looking forward to writing.

“Who were you in the story?” she asked.

So I spoke a little about my part in the story as Aandrah nodded. Then she took me deeper into that story and I saw my part clearer than before.

“You haven’t forgiven Kuthumi for that part of your experience yet,” she said and I felt how true that was. “See how clever your soul is! To write these books so you can bring home these parts of you.”

So I sat and talked about this later with Kuthumi. It also helped me understand why I had resisted pushing on with writing—to not have to face this part of me again, to not have to relive this. I understood also why I had not felt the journey of the magi as I walked Bethlehem. It’s amazing how far you can push something away until you are truly ready to face it.

My writing started again, but slowly.

I made another journey, this time to Vienna, Austria, where Kuthumi and I spoke at the Crimson Circle annual conference. Then afterwards I travelled to the most beautiful medieval town of Rust. There I attended one of Adamus Saint-Germain’s mystery schools.

In Rust, Adamus confirmed all Kuthumi had shared with me since Hawaii; to fully have your experience, you need to set it free. The year had been a wonderful journey of letting go of stories, excuses and distractions. Living my ascension was now all about accepting and loving myself, and allowing however that would look and feel. No more expectations or goals.

My writing continued, but slowly. Messages and emails came asking about when the book would be ready. They inspired me as much as they reminded me how long it was taking.

I decided that 2013 would be a year of no travel. That would wipe out what had been my biggest distraction, and besides I needed to pay off my airmiles. I cleared my space energetically and my writing gained momentum.

Each June it is my commitment to teach Adamus’ Dreamwalker Ascension School of which I am a certified teacher. I book an apartment

by the ocean, so I get a break away from home as well. This year not one student booked. Instead I created the ideal writing retreat.

The apartment I stayed at was nine storeys up; the highest you could get in Manly, the seaside town it was in. The wall looking out to the ocean was entirely glass and the view was breathtaking. I had this space all to myself for four days, with nothing to do but write—unless a whale might decide to play beyond the waves and I would grab the binoculars to share its delight.

This little retreat was perfect for what I needed to really get through. In this time I wrote the most challenging part of the storyline for myself. Then the writing just couldn't stop.

I wept when I wrote the last page. Not just because of the beauty of what Balthasar shared, but I simply did not want to let him go.

Saint Francis of Assisi will be our next story together and I know he will not be so patient with me! He made himself known in Bethlehem that he was ready and he has done so in many other manners this year. The most glorious way was in having the newest Pope choose his name.

The funniest was when he led me to buy some paint to restore my garden statue of him on the day (unknowingly) I would finish Balthasar's story.

I cannot wait to see what adventure he will take me on.

Marisa



# Kuthumi's Introduction

I greet you today once more from my writing desk in India. It's been getting harder to hold my pen but I don't let this faze me or make me believe that I am growing weak. I see it as merely a sign that my days as human are coming to a close.

I have no regrets and you may think that this is from having lived a full and virtuous life. However when I look back I will admit that there were things I wished I had done differently. My lack of regret is not that I walked through my life having done all that is great and amazing. My lack of regret comes from something much grander.

My days now are quiet and still. They seem long but I fill them with reflection. Within reflection I am allowing myself to see beyond the simple human realms of my life experience, beyond all that I have achieved; not only in this life but those I have lived before.

I have now come to understand and truly connect with a calling that has been with me since I separated from the oneness. I can hear the absolute truth of my being and it sings to me a song so beautiful that my eyes fill with tears.

I will leave this body that I have used this past sixty-seven years quite soon. I will do it knowing that I will return to my wholeness as it was at the dawn of time.

I will do this because I allowed myself to hear the calling from my essence. The voice that called out to me to come home. The voice that offered me the freedom to rise above the chaos of existence and walk the Earth with clarity and strength.

It called to me in the darkest times but I know now it was there even within the most elated of times.

I sit here now and make one last prayer as I look out to my garden. I pray that others will know the beauty of hearing the call. And when they do I will walk with them and we will sing and dance to the music of their oneness.

So once again I will invite you to come along with me to hear your own music. When you are ready, let's go for a walk....

Kuthumi



# CHAPTER ONE

I was born of starlight and laughter.

The day of my birth soon went into the night of my birth. As my mother shrieked with yet another pain the midwife would yell over her cries with a joke, so that as the pain subsided my mother would collapse back upon her pillows laughing.

“A child born amidst laughter knows humour and good will. Let a child be born amongst angst and so thus their life will be one of tragedy and confusion.”

This was the midwife’s motto and she truly believed it had not failed her yet. It was also what she snapped at my father when he finally beat upon the door in the late afternoon to question her methods.

He sighed as she closed the door and turned to his butler.

“Have you ever known such a birthing method?” he asked the servant.

“No, Sir,” the servant answered plainly as he shook his head.

My father paced the corridors of our home for several more hours. Night began to fall and as the servants scurried about him lighting lamps he heard an almighty roar of laughter come from the birthing room. He shook his head and told himself that it was better than just hearing his wife in pain. Then he did hear her cry in pain. Though it was followed by a bawdy joke from the midwife, he did not hear any laughter from his wife and then another cry of pain followed quickly.

He could not bear to hear this much longer and called out to his butler.

“Go get our astronomy equipment,” my father ordered.

“Really? Tonight?” the butler questioned.

“Yes, yes, yes,” my father replied flustered. “What else do you suggest we do as we wait? I fear I am going to wear a trough in the floor.”

My father and his butler walked outside into the garden. It was a beautiful night. The moon was just less than half and hanging in the sky like a cup. This meant only the brightest of stars could shine tonight and my father liked this.

“We will mark the positions of the major constellations so that my child will know just what the sky held on the night of their birth,” he smiled as he told the butler.

They set up a small table just a small way from the window of the bedroom where my mother was giving birth. He did this quite knowingly and with good reason. For the moment he heard a cry from his child he planned to run inside and be with my mother.

Just as my father looked up at the sky for the first time, the shutters from the bedroom window flung open banging against the walls of the house. He turned to see the midwife leaning out, her huge bosom resting upon the sill.

“Ah, decided to get some fresh air did you? Well we could use some too!” she said and then disappeared back into the room leaving the shutters open. My father could hear her louder than ever now. “Your husband is out playing with stars while you do some true work in here!” she bellowed to my mother.

My father shook his head and began to call out measurements and names to his butler who recorded them upon a scroll.

Another hour passed and while my mother’s cries grew more frequent the midwife grew cruder.

“Ah, that child coming out is much bigger than what your husband put into you,” she roared as I began to finally make my way out.

Outside my father’s face grew dark. He gritted his teeth and muttered something unintelligible through them. His butler dropped his head in the hope of hiding his smirk, but my father did not miss it. He was about to rebuke the man when the most glorious sound made its way through the open window.

It was the sound of my first cries. My father’s plans to run inside were

suddenly forgotten. All he could do was stand frozen in place, staring at the window.

“Sir, the child is here,” the servant whispered and then he began to pack up their instruments and scrolls.

My father did not hear him. All he could hear was me.

Then the midwife appeared at the window holding me in her arms.

“Well, do you think you might like to meet your son,” she said and laughed. “He is a fine specimen of a child. I congratulate you.”

From behind her my mother cried out, “He is beautiful!”

My father finally remembered how his feet worked and walked to the window. The midwife held me out for him to see and as he gazed upon me he too finally found reason to laugh.

“He is beautiful,” he said softly as he smiled.

“Take him,” said the midwife and lowered me into his arms.

So as the midwife and the maids finished attending to my mother, with the loving arms of my father embracing me, I spent the first moments of my new life beneath the stars.

It was no wonder that I always felt so at home when I was with them.





## CHAPTER TWO

I may have been born amid laughter and starlight but I was also born into a grand life.

My father was a magus: a high priest of the Zoroastrians. As was his father before him and his father before him. It was a tradition and way of life that all men of my bloodline had followed for over a thousand years. It was without question that this was the way my life would lead and not once did I ever question or doubt it.

The priesthood was as much a part of me as the blood pushing through my veins or the breath within my lungs. It was a grand calling and I honoured it.

The magi that spread the teachings of Zarathustra saw the beauty in all life as they knew the magic of creation. Ahura Mazda had shown this to Zarathustra upon a mountain as Zarathustra called out for enlightenment.

Zarathustra, our grand prophet and founder, had wandered from his village, frustrated with the suffering and futility that he believed life was. He walked knowing that he needed to be alone and quiet to gain the understanding of why the world was like this. He arrived at the base of a mountain and he knew he would climb it.

When Zarathustra reached the summit he sat and observed the lands. The quiet and stillness revealed far more than he could have imagined. Within the solitude he started to see the nuances of nature and he knew within this was the key to the understanding he ached to know.

The clouds threw shadows upon the land and then moved on. The sun warmed his skin and then a breeze would cool it. Zarathustra became aware of a rhythm and the more he allowed himself to feel it the more he realised the rhythm was within him as much as around him.

Zarathustra became aware of his heartbeat and its pounding reminded him of a drum calling him to march. Then another gentle rhythm made itself known. His breath washed in and out of him like waves of the ocean. Zarathustra closed his eyes and surrendered to its grace.

As he did this a voice called him.

“Are you ready?” it asked.

“Yes,” replied Zarathustra.

Thus began Zarathustra’s time with the energy he would call Ahura Mazda, the creator of all that is.

Mazda showed to Zarathustra the eternal oneness that was the creator. Then from this, sparks flew out to become their own beings. Zarathustra knew each one was a soul dancing away to know themselves and all there was to experience.

That call to experience created dark and light, warmth and cold, good and evil.

“To know experience you must know all it can offer. You must know its depths and heights. Only then can you know the wonder of all that is,” Mazda told him.

Zarathustra felt into this and while his heart sang at the joy and beauty, then too his heart broke to see the despair and horror as well. He lay down amongst the rocks and wept.

“Why would we want to know such darkness? Why would you let us suffer?” he cried out to his creator.

A cool breeze washed over him and Zarathustra looked up. Dark clouds had gathered above him. They rumbled and he felt some drops of rain upon his skin. In the distance he saw a bolt of lightning hit the ground.

Then the clouds folded upon themselves becoming thin, a wind came and they were pushed from the sky. Sunlight poured down upon the mountain and the scant rain that had fallen dried instantly.

Zarathustra once more felt the rhythm of life and how it all played in harmony. He understood in that moment that every aspect of life was here for a purpose.

Yet something still pulled within him. He thought of men who chose to rob and murder. He saw battles where soldiers were slaughtered for the whims of a conqueror. He pictured women who would sell their bodies for money.

Mazda felt his question before he could even form the words and told Zarathustra to stand up.

“Look to your left,” Mazda said.

To the left of the mountain Zarathustra saw that more grey clouds were gathering. They were so thick they cast heavy shadows upon the land. Beneath them the land was desolate and with nothing there of nourishment.

“Look to your right,” Mazda said.

To the other side of the mountain, gentle sunlight played upon a lush land. Its trees were full of ripe fruit and a gentle river flowed through it.

“When you leave this mountain, which place would you go to?” Mazda asked him.

Zarathustra smiled and received his answer.

“Which way I should go would be of my choosing,” he replied.

“As such choice is the way of all humanity in life,” Mazda answered.

Mazda showed Zarathustra that while there was contrast to explore experience, there was also the choice of what to experience. Zarathustra breathed deep with this and saw all the land around the mountain transform into a fertile and abundant land.

“One day you will not need the contrast. One day so many of you will have chosen the light, the abundance and the joy so that the dark will not be needed. Then you will all live in paradise.”

This was Mazda’s promise to Zarathustra and us all. He walked for many years retelling all that Mazda had told him. He wrote scroll upon scroll that became the basis of all we lived by.

We were but sparks sent by Mazda to enjoy this life. As priests we guided and encouraged people to make good choices, to live in light and joy. For in doing so, not only were we all rewarded with a virtuous and noble life, then too did we invite the time of paradise on Earth.

It would be the Great Awakening; a time when all the contrast could fall away and generation upon generation of magi had awaited its arrival.



