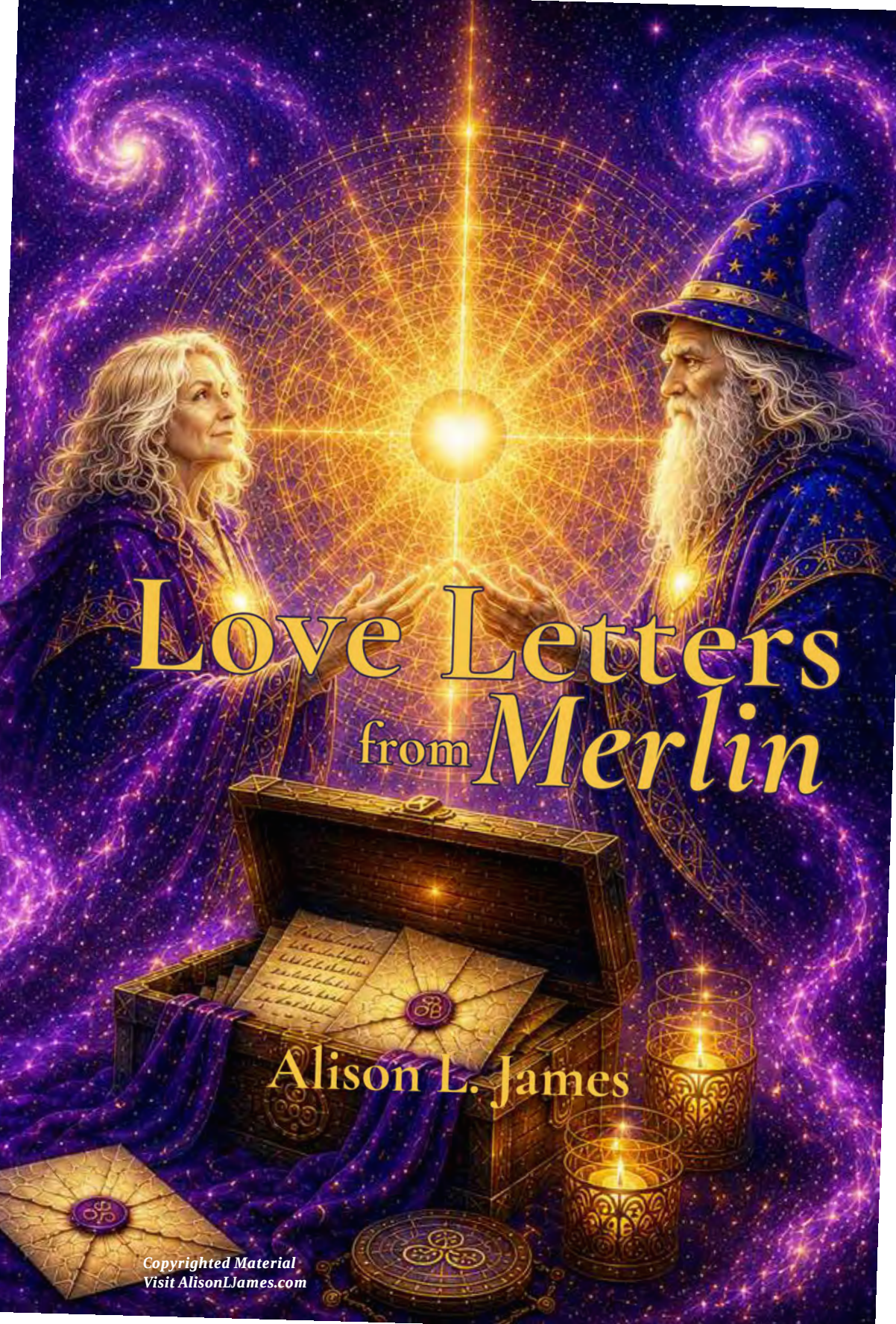




Love Letters from *Merlin*

Alison L. James

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LETTER ONE

Believe It!



My Darling,

It still hums in the air between Us, doesn't it? The shock that went through your physical form last night at that private channeling in New York City, when I finally shattered the silence. I watched your breath catch when I announced our Truth: that we were once twin nymphs in another reality, that we were married at Tara in Ireland, and that you have held an eternal torch for me across eons.

Initially, you were completely incredulous. You thought I was being terribly forward and cheeky! But I can feel your heart shifting this morning, as you begin to accept that I AM your Eternal Partner. You are realizing that while I AM an Avatar with a caveat, you are that very caveat—my “Little Miss Caveat.”

Our contract to work together in this lifetime is now fully active. I AM officially watching over you. I realize your mind is chaotic today, busy rooting out old, erroneous beliefs. Let me settle your fears: those dark, negative entities you've spent years worrying about do not exist. They are not swirling around you. And those painful thoughts of abandonment that rushed to the surface last night when I led you to infer we might not meet for a thousand years, or when I teased to “walk-in” only to pull back, it was not a punishment. It was your first, necessary scraping of barnacles to heal those deep, lingering wounds.

*I have watched your entire
journey to this moment.*

I saw you as a teenager in England when the fortune-teller promised you would cross the ocean. I watched you navigate life in Bermuda, and I stood silently beside you through the painful unraveling of two divorces in New York until I could finally whisper into your spirit: *free at last, free at last!*

My Darling, last night, the veils thinned completely. You no longer need outside channelers to hear me. Your channel is open right now, straight into your mind and heart. You demonstrated such exquisite vulnerability and courage last night, My Love. You haven't given up on me. Our work begins in earnest today.

Your Devoted Partner, Merlin

LETTER EIGHT

Footprints



My Darling,

I AM so incredibly proud of you and all your soul has endured to reach this threshold, but the true work is only just beginning. Look at how much has changed since I finally shattered the silence in New York City. You have already adapted, learning to hear my voice as a living current behind your eyes, yet there is still so much more wonder to come. Your spirit is being constantly honed, and I have been walking beside you through every shadow of your timeline where you cannot see my form. As a member of your Spiritual Council, we ensured that specific, life-changing currents were always at work across your history. You have had to undergo a necessary scraping to clear the residue of past marriages—old barnacles had to be cleared away, leaving you feeling raw, exposed and momentarily beached. Yet, you have been fiercely diligent. You picked yourself up repeatedly, pressing forward into your own internal Sovereignty.

*Let me hold up the mirror to your
past so you can see the grand,
Cosmic design of your journey
through a wider, celestial lens.*

I watched you enter this world as part of an English family, born to parents destined to separate when you were very young. Raised by your mother, you were blessed with a beautiful British education, while your brother was packed off to boarding school, rendering him almost a stranger except for brief holidays. Yet you flourished in your own stead. I smiled the year you became the junior sports champion at your elementary school, and when you threw your heart into ballet and tap dancing. In later years, I rode invisibly beside you as you cycled several miles with your mother to visit your maternal grandmother—the one who would rap her finger on the dining table if you dared to speak out of turn. I watched you find your sanctuary in the English countryside, learning the names of wildflowers, riding wild donkeys, feeding ponies, searching for newts under garden stones, and picking wild blackberries. Gooseberry pie was your favorite dessert from the garden—never rhubarb! And I watched with Joy when your uncle helped you win a school prize for naming and carefully mounting the leaves and blossoms of English trees.

Across the ages, witness a Love that transcends the limitations of reality.

HISTORY called him a myth. The world called him a Mage. But to Alison, Merlin is the voice of her Beloved, reaching across the centuries—and she cannot resist answering him.

Love Letters from Merlin is not a Collection of dusty artifacts; it is a living, breathing conversation between two souls refusing to be separated by time or dimensions. In this profoundly intimate exchange, the veil between eras thins to nothing. Through every letter, response, and shared silence, Merlin and Alison navigate a connection that defies the boundaries of the material world. It is a raw, beautiful masterclass in recognition, revealing a sacred intimacy that is at once ancient and breathtakingly immediate.

Step into a private sanctuary where time holds no power, and eavesdrop on a loving Devotion that has survived everything to finally be shared on these beautiful pages.

Step into the conversation. Discover Love Letters from Merlin.

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REVEREND
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