

NEW CHAPTERS of BOOK 1, from Updated 2021 Release.

I described the events after my first meeting with Anastasia in the books of the series "The Ringing Cedars of Russia", "The Space of Love", and "Creation".

During one of my subsequent meetings with Anastasia, I told her:

- Well you, Anastasia, as if you were an enchantress from some fairy tale, said: "You will write books, and many people will read them." And I wrote them, and many people read them, letters are written to me, poems and songs are composed by bards. But critics say that my language is condensed, not quite literary beautiful.

- Your language is understood by many people, Vladimir. It corresponds to the events taking place.

- But critics... They're specialists. They've studied at literary institutes.

- So their opinion is somehow demeaning to you?

- What's so nice about what they say? You are talking about some events that may change my literary language. Can you give me an example of such events?

- I can.

Anastasia spoke a monologue about the creation of the Earth and Man. She spoke it in Russian, but she built her phrases in an unusual way, and their rhythm seemed to merge into music. And the taiga stopped, then helped with the voices of birds in the rhythm of phrases. Holograms of the distant past appeared before my eyes.

And I saw the breeze brush the golden strands, revealing the forehead of the beautiful woman standing before Adam. And how he turned away from her. And how the energy of love rushed to the Earth as a comet, moving away from God with its last spark. And how the energy of love enveloped the first people of the

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Earth. And how Eve gave birth to her firstborn, a joint creation. And Adam rejoiced when he saw him. Their dialog he remembered forever:

- Eve! Eve! My woman! Are you capable of making dreams come true?

- Yes, Adam, your woman. We'll do anything you can think of.

When he brought the manuscript to the publisher, the editors said, "Such a vivid image of God has appeared in literature for the first time."

In this new edition of the book, I will include part of Anastasia's monologue about God from the book "Creation". Try reading it out of the hustle and bustle, in a garden or a forest, away from the noise of our technocratic world. Perhaps enchanting images will appear before you.

I will cite this monologue also so that the readers who first came into contact with the book about the taiga hermit Anastasia could feel the importance of kin's domains for the future of our Motherland. It was this monologue that preceded her story about the need to create kin's domains.

The beginning of creation

- I will tell you about the creation, Vladimir, and then everyone will be able to give answers to their questions. Please, Vladimir, you listen and write about the great Creator's creation. Listen and try to understand with your soul the aspirations of the Divine dream.

Imagine the beginning. There was no Earth yet. Before matter reflected the light of the universe. But, as it is now, the Universe was filled with a great multitude of energies. Energies living entities thought in darkness and created in darkness. They did not need external light. They shone inside themselves.

And in each of them was everything - thought, feeling and energy. And yet

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there were differences between them. Each entity of the universe had one energy over all.

As now, there is in the universe an essence of destruction and an essence that creates life. And there were many different shades of human-like feelings in the other. Those universal entities could not touch each other in any way.

The energies inside each entity were sluggish or suddenly lightning-fast. The energies within themselves created by themselves and destroyed by themselves.

Their pulsation did not change the Cosmos, it was not visible to anyone, and each thought that she was alone in space. Alone!

The vagueness of their destiny prevented them from making a creation that could bring satisfaction. That is why there was pulsation in the timelessness, in the vastness, but there was no universal movement.

And suddenly, like an impulse, all were touched! All at once, all at once, of the immense Universe. That among the complexes of energies of those living ones, one suddenly illuminated the others.

Whether the complex was old or very young cannot be said in ordinary words. Whether it emerged from a vacuum or from the sparks of everything imaginable, it did not matter. That complex was very much like a man! The man who lives today! It was like his second self. Not material, but eternal, holy.

The energies of his aspirations and his living dreams first lightly touched all beings in the universe. And he alone was so ardent that he set everything in motion.

The sounds of communication were first heard in the Universe. And if the first sounds were translated into modern words, we would feel the meaning of questions and answers.

From all sides of the universe immense, one question, uttered by all, sought Him alone:

- What do you desire so ardently? - they all asked.

And He in return, confident in His dream:

- Of co-creation and joy for all in contemplating it.

- What joy can bring for all?

- Birth!

- What's the birth? Everyone has been self-sufficient for a long time.

- A birth in which particles will encapsulate the whole!

- In one how can you reunite everything that destroys and everything that creates everything?

- Opposing energies by first balancing within yourself!

- Who can do that?

- Me.

- But there is the energy of doubt. Doubt will visit you and destroy you, a multitude of energies will tear you into small pieces. No one can keep the opposites in one.

- The energy of certainty is there too. Confidence, doubt, when equal, will help precision and beauty for future creation.

- What can you call yourself?

- I am God. I can take all your energies into myself. I will stand! I will create! For all the universe will rejoice in creation!

From the whole universe, all the entities simultaneously released their energies into Him alone. And each one strove to prevail over everything, so that in the new one only she would be the supreme incarnation.

Thus began the great struggle of energies of all universal energies. There is no time of magnitude, no volume of measure to characterize the scale of that struggle.

Calmness came only when everyone realized that nothing can be higher and stronger than the energy of the universe - the energy of the Divine dream.

God possessed the energy of dreams. He was able to perceive everything in Himself, to balance and calm everything. And He began to create. He began to create in HIMSELF. He cherished every detail with a speed that cannot be defined, thought over the relationship with everything for each creation.

He did everything alone. Alone in the darkness of the vast universe. Alone in Himself the energies of all universal energies accelerated their movement.

The unknown outcome frightened everyone and distanced them from the Creator. The Creator found himself in a vacuum. And that vacuum was expanding.

There was the coldness of death. There was fear and alienation all around, and He, alone, saw the beautiful dawns, and heard the birds singing and the fragrance of blossoms. He alone made beautiful creations with his ardent dream.

Stop," he was told, "you're in a vacuum, you're about to explode!

— How do YOU keep the energy in you? Nothing helps YOU to shrink, now it's your destiny to burst.

— But if YOU have a moment, stop! Quietly dissolve your energies.

And he said:

— My dreams! I will not betray them! For them I will continue to contract and accelerate my energies. My dreams! In them, in the grass, among the flowers, I see an ant running in a hurry. And an eagle on a daring takeoff teaches her sons to fly.

BY HIS unknown energy God accelerated in Himself the movement of the energy of the Universe. In His Soul they were pressed into a grain by inspiration.

And suddenly he felt a touch. From all sides, everywhere, it burned him with unknown energy, and at once withdrew, warming him with its warmth from a distance, filling him with some new power. And everything that was a vacuum suddenly lit up. And the Universe heard new sounds, when God asked with a tender delight:

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-Who are you? -What energy?

In response, he heard the words of music:

-The energy of Love and Inspiration I am.

-I have a part of you in me. The energy of contempt, hatred and malice, it alone can contain. You are God. Your energy - Your Soul's dream - was able to bring everything into harmony. And if my part helped her, then listen to me, O God, and help me.

- What do you want? Why have you touched Me with all the power of your fire?

-I realized that I am Love. I can't be a part I want to give myself to your Soul. I know that You will not let all of me in, lest the harmony of good and evil be disturbed. But I'll fill the vacuum around You with me. I'll warm everything inside, around You. The universe's cold and darkness will not touch You.

-What's going on? What? You're glowing even more!

-I'm not myself. It's Your energy! Your soul! It's only reflected by me. And the reflected light is returning to Your universe.

Desperate and aspiring, exclaimed God, inspired by Love:

-It's speeding up. Everything in me is raging Oh, how beautiful is inspiration! May my creation come true in Love's luminous dreams!

**For the first time.
your appearance**

Earth! A visible planet - the Earth - became the nucleus of the Universe and the center for everything! The stars, the Sun and the Moon suddenly became visible around. The invisible creative light coming from the Earth was reflected in

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them.

For the first time in the universe, a new plan of being was revealed! A material plan, and it glowed.

No one, nothing from the moment of the Earth's appearance possessed visible matter. The Earth was in contact with everything in the Universe, but it was also itself.

A self-sufficient creation she was. Growing, living, what floated and what flew, did not die, did not disappear into nowhere. Even from rot a gnat was produced, and the gnat fed on other life, everything merged into one beautiful life.

All the entities of the universe looked at the Earth in bewilderment and admiration. The Earth touched everything, but no one was allowed to touch it.

Inspiration was growing within God. And in the light that filled the vacuum of Love, the divine essence changed its shape, and the forms that the human body now had, the divine essence took.

Beyond speed, beyond time, Divine thought worked. In inspiration and illumination, it overtook and created the infinity of all energies of thought! Another invisible creation, still within itself.

Suddenly, the energy of Love flashed, and shuddered as if scorched by a new heat. And God exclaimed in joyful delight:

- Look, Universe, look! There's my son! There's a man! He's standing on the Earth. He is material! And in him there are particles of all universal energies. He lives on all planes of existence. He is my likeness and image, and he has particles of all your energies in him, so love him! Love him!

My son will bring joy to all creatures. He is creation! He is birth! He is everything of all! He will create a new creation, and his ever-repeating rebirth will be transformed into infinity.

When one is multiplied many times over, it will rule the universe, exuding

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invisible light, merging it into one. He will give the joy of life to everything. I have given everything to him and I will also give him what I have thought of in the future.

— So for the first time alone you stood on the beautiful Earth," Anastasia finished the story.

And then she began to show vivid pictures of man's first days on earth, his first meeting with a woman and the first birth of a child, and why we don't see and hear God today.

I say "showed" because when she speaks, not just the sound of her voice is heard, but somehow three-dimensional color pictures appear. These pictures stir the mind and soul, and you will read about them in later books. You will read about them and perhaps even see them.

Here I cannot help but cite the amazing scene of God's farewell to the energy of Love devoted to Him. It happened when God saw the inability of the first man to love a woman.

The maiden walked down the hill, on the grass washed with dew, on a festive day, in the ray of sunrise, to Adam. Her gait was graceful, her stance graceful, her body smooth and delicate, the light of the divine dawn in the shades of her skin. Closer and closer. There she is! The maiden stood in front of Adam lying on the grass.

The breeze fixed her golden strands, revealing her forehead. The universe holds its breath. Oh, how beautiful is its face - your creation, God!

Adam, lying on the grass, only glanced at the maiden beside him, yawned slightly and turned away, covering his eyelids.

All the universal entities heard then - no, not the words - heard how Adam languidly in his thoughts reasoned about God's new creation: "Well, here it is,

another creation has come. There is nothing new in it, but it looks like me. "The horse's knee joints are both more flexible and stronger. The leopard's skin is brighter and more cheerful. And it came without an invitation, and today I wanted to give the ants a new definition".

And Eve, after standing a little near Adam, went to the river, sat down by the bushes on the bank, looking at her reflection in the still water.

And the universal essences murmured, their thoughts merged into one:

- Two perfections failed to appreciate each other.*
- There is no perfection in God's creations.*

And only the energy of Love, alone amidst the murmuring of the universe, tried to shield the creator. It was surrounded by the radiance of God. Everyone knew that the energy of Love never reasoned. Always, invisible and silent, it wandered in the unknown vastness. But why now, without a trace, did it shine around God like this? She did not listen to the murmurings of the universe, but she warmed and comforted Him alone with her radiance:

- Thou wilt rest, O Great Creator, and instill understanding in Thy son. Thou CANST correct all Thy beautiful creations.

In response, the universe heard the words and through them both wisdom and majesty came to know God:

- My son is my image and likeness. Particles of all the energies of the universe are in him. He is the alpha and the omega. He is the creation! He is the fulfillment of the future! From now on and in all that is to come, no one will be allowed to change his destiny without his will. Not even me.

Whatever he wants, he will be rewarded. Not in vanity will his thoughts be realized.

My son did not bow down at the sight of the flesh of the virgin's perfection.

I was not surprised by it, to the surprise of the whole universe. I don't realize it yet, but I feel it with my senses. My son!

He was the first to feel that he lacked something. And the new creature, the maiden, before him lacked it. My son!

My son feels the universe with his senses, he knows everything the universe possesses.

The question filled the universe:

- What could be lacking in one in whom all our energies are present and all Thy energies are present?

And God answered all of them:

- The energies of Love.

And the energy of Love erupted:

- But I am one, and I am Yours. You're the only one I shine on.

- Yes! You are the only one, my Love," the Divine answered. - Your radiant light shines and shines and caresses, My Love. You are the inspiration. You accelerate everything, you sharpen sensations, and you are peace, My Love. I beg you, all of you, descend to the Earth. Envelop them, My children, in the energy of great grace.

Love and God's dialog of farewell sounded the beginning of all earthly love.

- My God," Love called out to the Creator. - When I am gone, alone, invisible, forever, living on all planes of existence, unknown to You.

- *My son and my daughter let them shine henceforth in navi, manifest, rule.*
- *My God, there will be a vacuum around You. There will never be any life-giving warmth to Your Soul. Without that warmth, Your Soul will grow cold.*
- *Not only for Me, but for all things, let that warmth shine from the earth. My sons and daughters will be multiplied by its deeds. And the whole Earth will shine with the warmth of love shining in space. All will feel the light of the Earth, all my energies will be warmed by it.*

- *My God, before Thy son, Thy daughter, many paths are open. There are energies of all planes of being in them. And if one of them prevails, it will lead to the wrong path. What can You, who gave everything and sees how the energy coming from the Earth melts and weakens? Thou who gave everything and sees how destruction prevails over all energy on the Earth, Thy creations are covered with a lifeless crust, Thy grass is strewn with stones. What will you do then, who gave all your freedom to your son?*

- *Among the stones I can be a green blade of grass, on a small untouched lawn I will open the petals of a flower. Earthly daughters, My sons, will be able to realize their destiny.*

- *My God, when I am gone, you will be invisible to all. It may happen that entities of other energies will suddenly speak in Your name through people. Some people will try to subjugate others. Interpreting Your essence to suit themselves, they will say: "I speak to please God, I am the only one chosen by Him out of all, listen to me. What can You do then?*

- *I will dawn with the coming day. All creations, without exception, the ray of the sun caressing the Earth, will help My daughters, My sons, to understand that everyone can speak to My Soul with his soul.*

- My God, there will be many, You alone. And for all the entities of the universe it will be a desire to take possession of the human soul. Through people to establish their energy over everything. And Your lost son will suddenly pray to them.

- There is a main obstacle to the variety of causes that lead to a dead end, to nowhere, and it will be an obstacle to everything that lies bring. My sons and daughters have the desire to realize the truth. Lies always have limits, but the truth is infinite - it is the only one that my daughters and sons will always have in their souls of awareness!

- O my God, nothing, nothing can oppose the flight of Thy thoughts and dreams. They are beautiful! I will follow their footsteps with my will. I will warm Your children with Your radiance and serve them forever. Your inspiration will help them to create their creations. I ask only one thing, my God. Let me leave a spark of my love with You.

WHEN YOU ARE in darkness, when there is only a vacuum around you, when oblivion and the light of the Earth is waning, let a spark, at least one spark of my love shine its flicker to you.

- O Vladimir! - exclaimed Anastasia. - If a man living today could look up into the sky, what was above the earth then, a great vision would appear before his eyes.

The Universal Light - the energy of Love, compressed as a comet, rushed to the Earth and illuminated on its way the bodies of still lifeless planets and lit up the stars above the Earth.

To Earth! Closer, closer. There it is.

And suddenly the radiance of Love stopped and trembled over the Earth itself.

In the distance, among the burning stars, the smallest star seemed alive. It followed Love's radiance to the Earth.

And Love realized that her last spark was from God, and that spark was rushing to the Earth after her.

- My God," the glow of love whispered, "but why? There is no clue in me. But why did you not leave even one spark of my love beside you?

To the words of Love from the darkness of the universe, no longer visible to anyone, God, not yet understood by anyone, gave an answer. His divine words have sounded:

- To keep to myself is to not give enough to them - My daughters and sons.

- My God!

- Oh, how beautiful you are, Love, with just one spark.

- My God!

- Hurry, my Love, hurry without hesitation. Hurry with your last spark and warm all my future sons and daughters.

The people of Earth are embraced by the universal energy of Love. Every last spark. Everything was in it. In the midst of the immense Universe, in all living planes of existence at the same time, man became stronger than all entities.

***Note**

B. Megre. "Creation. Book 4", chapter "The First Meeting".

*** End of footnote**

Take back your motherland, people.

In the beginning, the dialog with Anastasia was incomprehensible to me. Her

judgments even seemed abnormal. But then... I still remember them involuntarily. I remember how she answered my questions about what we should do to prevent interplanetary and terrestrial wars, to prevent bandits and to give birth to healthy and happy children:

- All people should be advised, Vladimir: "Take back, people, your motherland".

- "Take back your motherland"? You may have misspoken, Anastasia. Everyone has a motherland, but not everyone lives in it. It's not the motherland that needs to be returned, it's the motherland that needs to be returned, is that what you mean?

- Vladimir, I was not mistaken. There is no motherland for the majority of people now living on the planet.

- How could you not?! Russians have Russia as their motherland, and the English have England. Everyone was born somewhere, so the country where a person was born will be called home.

- Do you think that your motherland should be measured by a boundary determined by someone?

- What else? That's the way it's done. All nations have borders.

- But if there were no borders, then what could you make your motherland?

- The place where I was born, a town or a village. Or maybe the whole Earth would then be a motherland for everyone.

— The whole Earth could be a motherland for everyone living on it, and the whole universe could caress man. But in order to do this, it is necessary to unite all the plans of existence into a single point. Call this point your motherland, create in it a space of Love, and all the best of the universe will be in contact with it, with the space of your motherland. You will feel the universe through this point. You

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will have unrivaled power. Other worlds will know about this. Everything will serve you as God, our Creator, wanted it to.

— ***Note**

— V. Megre. "Creation. Book 4", chapter "Give people back their motherland".

— *** End of footnote**

— *Vladimir, don't just listen to me. Feel everything that I will draw, and mentally draw the project yourself, and let everyone draw it with me. Oh, my God! People, at least try, please!*

Anastasia seemed to tremble in a kind of joyful excitement. She called out to people, and my interest in her project grew. At first it seemed simple to me, but at the same time I felt as if Anastasia was uncovering an unusual secret. The whole mystery, it turned out, was in its simplicity. And if we go through it in order, here's how it sounded.

Anastasia continued:

— *First, choose your favorite place on Earth from all possible places of favorable conditions. A place where you would like to live. In which you would wish your children to live their lives. And to your great-grandchildren you will be a good memory. In that place the climate must be favorable for you. In that place, take one hectare of land for eternity...*

***Note**

B. Megre. "Creation. Book 4", chapter "Everyone can build a house".

*** End of footnote**

Then Anastasia began to detail her project, to call the arrangement of the hectare the creation of a kin's domain, to prove its significance, including with the help of parables previously unknown to me. I cited her words in subsequent books, not realizing their full significance.

NIGHT GUEST

After the publication of the fourth book of the series "Ringing Cedars of Russia" my attitude to the statements of the taiga hermit Anastasia and scientists began to change, and here's why.

One day, as I was sitting in my office listening to the songs of bards, the phone rang. I picked up the phone and. a good friend of mine said:

- Hi Vladimir, I have just found an interesting announcement on the Internet. An initiative group from the Tyumen region is looking for like-minded people to create a settlement consisting of kin's domains. All of them are readers of your books.

- That's great! Well, it's nice to hear from someone.

About an hour later, the phone rang again. A familiar voice from the receiver reported excitedly:

- In three more regions of Russia people gather in groups to create kin's domains.

This is how the information began to arrive, telling that in different regions of Russia spontaneously began to form groups of people who purchased abandoned, overgrown with weeds, former collective and state farm fields. People were reclaiming land that had been starved of human attention into 1-hectare plots in order to create their kin's domains.

People planted apple trees, cherry trees and cedars on the ennobled land. They

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planted medicinal herbs and flowers. And women began to give birth to happy children in the blossoming space of their small motherland. Today in Russia there are already more than 370 settlements of a new type consisting of kin's domains. It means that the whole country is waiting for prosperity.

The feeling of the beautiful future stirred and warmed my soul. And suddenly other information overshadowed the beautiful future with a black and threatening cloud.

The Slavic population of Russia is decreasing by more than one million people every year. It is being replaced by people of another culture and race - mostly Asian. Approximately the same situation is taking place in all European countries. I checked this information in different sources, but it was repeated. Oh my God, what will happen to the people who create patrimonial domains, if they find themselves in a minority, find themselves in their country as just a small nationality? A nation that no longer influences the country's legislation, its culture, its traditions.

Weeks and months passed, but this negative information made me depressed again and again. And each time it happened, I felt the urge to meet Anastasia. But Anastasia seemed to disappear into some unknown dimension. She disappeared, saying: "I won't be able to help you for a while, Vladimir." I kept waiting for this "some time" to pass.

One late afternoon, when I was exhausted, I got behind the wheel of my car and drove to my hectare of land where I was going to build my future kin's domain. I drove the car, thinking to myself that Anastasia was waiting for me there.

My hectare was 30 kilometers from the city in a settlement consisting of kin's domains. My neighbors had already built houses on their plots and planted fruit trees. But on my hectare there was only a house - a trailer for a car - and a green fence of thuja trees separating it from the road.

When I got out of the car, I walked to my white house on wheels, sat on a bench at the entrance and began to admire the space flooded with moonlight. And suddenly I saw...

A woman is walking towards me from the pond. In a light dress, barefoot on the grass, the breeze lightly touching the strands of her hair in the moonlight.

- Anastasia," I whispered to myself! But I couldn't get up to meet her. Some kind of relaxation and calmness took over my body.

All earthly cares and problems disappeared from my thoughts, and only the woman, walking lightly towards me like strings, was going through all my thoughts.

How beautiful Anastasia is, after all, with some unusual beauty! Or maybe it's her soul. Or maybe that's why she is beautiful, because her genetic memory contains all the information from the creation of the world?

I still managed to stand up. Her breath embraced my body with taiga flavor. I wanted to say something nice to her, but I could only whisper:

- Anastasia. Uh, hello. How did you end up at my domain?

- Hello to your thoughts and feelings, Vladimir," Anastasia replied in a whispered tone and laughed with her captivating laughter. Then she answered my question:

- How to appear quickly in the place where you want is not a difficult task, but I am not ready to explain it to you in an understandable language, because my explanations would take a lot of time, and I have to leave at dawn. Let's try to dispel your depression together. When I felt it, I came here.

We talked about many things as we walked through the moonlit space of the domain until dawn. We talked, among other things, about the depressing information about the waning Slavic people.

- Not everything is going smoothly as you wanted, Anastasia, with kin's domains. People, of course, create settlements consisting of kin's domains, they already exist and are developing in almost all regions of Russia. But people in them sometimes argue with each other and even fight sometimes. But the main thing is that there is still no law on kin's domains, and there is no presidential decree. There are already two drafts of this law in the State Duma, but the deputies still can't pass them. You told me, remember how you said: "My dream was bright and a little begging. THEY took it as a plan of action and decided to move people through the time period of the dark forces. THEY may have added something to it themselves." Who are these all-powerful and mysterious THEY and why can't they make it so that the law on kin's domains appears and people don't argue and fight among themselves?

- THEY are the energies of the universe. THEY are everywhere. In you, in me, in a small bug and a bird, in a soaring height, in an inconspicuous blade of grass and in planets near and far. All have their own tasks and purpose.

But when an aspiration worthy of attention is born in a person or in a multitude of people, THEY tend to direct their energies towards its realization.

They are intelligent, all together worthy of the Universal Mind, capable of changing the course of events to lead to the goal, conceived by the dream. The sequence of their actions not everyone is able to assess at once.

You say, Vladimir, "why there is still no law on kin's domains, and the authorities do not help people to establish settlements". But you should take a closer look, Vladimir, at the great event that has taken place.

For a decade now, people have been creating settlements for living in groups. They write their own statutes or follow unwritten rules. Everyone has different ways of establishing life in new settlements. And for the first time no one interferes with people's research. Only THEY could create such a situation.

You say, Vladimir, a lot of negative things about the settlements in the press and even called them a sect and wrote about you with disdain. It was necessary to do so in order to save you, the first creators of kin's domains, from selfishness.

Earthly rulers of different countries did not understand, and even now, being in everyday vanity, they are unable to realize what led human souls to the great creation. The great energy of the Universe together with human souls creates the image of the beautiful Earth, does not allow those who do not understand to interfere in the process and chooses not rulers, but creators.

Now it is necessary to analyze, to take the best from the settlements, to put into the law, which is not in vain lying without movement. All people interested in the law, which will be updated, should accept it, then the authorities will recognize it. Everyone should take part in this process. Everyone who cherishes his kin's domain. They are waiting for people's decision.

- But why, Anastasia, is the thought of each creator of the kin's domain so important?

- The very thought of creating a kin's domain in memory of the ancestors of the family and as a gift for future generations is invigorating for the body and soul of any person.

This thought flies up into the space of dimensions and shines like a star in the darkness - it searches for the souls of the lost forgotten ancestors of its kind. When it finds them, it sends their energy to the Earth to the one, who spilled his thought into space and repeated it, followed it himself.

It takes an important step to make things happen like that.

So that the space and the souls of the ancestors will believe you and your thought will light up with a star. On the day appointed by you, gather the people living on the land of your kin on the kin's domain for the feast of the kin. Tell them about your aspiration. And give each of them a word about his life.

The meaning of these actions is extremely important. There is one difference in the peoples living on the Earth nowadays, whose number fills the planet: they honor their ancestors not less than to the 7th generation. They try to gather their ancestors on the holiday. This is the case in India, China and Muslim countries.

When I understood the meaning of the words Anastasia had spoken, a joyful exultation swept over me, as if the moonlight had flashed brighter. And I exclaimed:

- We found the missing link. You're doing great, Anastasia! Everything will come true now! I've figured it out. But why didn't people figure it out before? Everyone said: "We are creating kin's domains in memory of our ancestors, for our descendants", while ignoring our own family living on the Earth now. But it is necessary to start with it. It is necessary to establish a festive day of your living kin. Why didn't people realize it before?

- Vladimir, don't browbeat people. Think about why you did not guess to tell about the great holiday, which is many thousands of years old. After all, you were alone in it and felt its great energy.

- Anastasia, I don't know what you're talking about. How could I be at a feast that took place before our era?

— You spent your childhood, Vladimir, in a small village in Ukraine. It was called Kuznichi.

A white hut with a thatched roof, a small yard and a stable. Grandfather and grandmother were tending the household. The life went on day by day. But there was one day of the year that always struck you with its unusualness.

- Yes, I was! I remembered everything, Anastasia, and I realized. It happened every year on August 29th. It was on this day that their children with their wives and husbands and their children and other relatives came to visit their

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grandparents. An unusual energy of some kind filled the white hut on that day. This energy filled the vegetable garden, and the garden, and the whole village, because different people came to each house.

- You said it right, Vladimir: "Energy filled". This great energy appears when people of one kin come together. You should tell about this holiday in your book, Vladimir. Let the creators of kin's domains revive it.

I began to remember the details of this holiday, held in a Ukrainian village, but suddenly, as it seemed to me, a great idea arose, and I suggested to Anastasia:

- Anastasia, it will be better if you tell how this holiday will be held in the future in the settlements. If you tell and show pictures of this holiday, and I write, then it will be revived for sure.

- All right, Vladimir, I'll give it a try," Anastasia replied and began the story.

FAMILY FEAST

Thanks to the inhabitants of settlements consisting of kin's domains, the most ancient beautiful and significant holiday was revived on the Russian land. Its purpose was to unite people of the same family living in different parts of the Earth, and thus to reunite the family.

Usually relatives get together for celebrations such as weddings or funerals. But on this great feast called My Family Day, family members gathered at the kin's domain to tell each other how they were living today and what they were going to do in the future. Together they helped to organize the kin's domain. And in the evenings they would go to the clearing where the residents of the settlement usually held their festivals. There they socialized, got acquainted, arranged concerts and danced.

The creators of kin's domains, who had the largest number of relatives visiting them, were very happy and proud of the support of their relatives. And it was sad, very sad for those people to whom no one came at all.

Svetlana Naidyonova turned out to be such a person. A 50 year old woman, she struggled to raise 30,000 rubles to buy a hectare of land in one of the settlements under construction, consisting of kin's domains. Her family and friends did not support the idea, so she had to do everything alone. There was not enough time and money to develop a hectare of land as her neighbors had done. Many neighbors already had residential houses. Lawns, flowerbeds, and gardens around the houses. Beautiful hedges were planted around the perimeter of the domains.

On the hectare of land that Svetlana owned, there was only a construction shed, which she had converted with her own hands, painted the outside and inside, and adapted it as best she could for living. This former construction shed was her home for almost ten years. Around her cottage she arranged a lawn, flower beds and paths. She entered the domain from the road and dug a pond near the house.

It took her more than a year to single-handedly organize this pond, decorate the banks with different vegetation, plant lilies and nymphaea in it. Svetlana's efforts were rewarded. From early spring until fall, she used to dip into her pond in the mornings, swimming in it even in cold weather, believing that its water was healing and that the lilies opened their buds especially for her.

And yet most of her hectare was overgrown with birches and weeds. However, Svetlana did not call the grass growing around the birches weeds, she said: "It's the way the earth needs it.

Outwardly Svetlana always looked neat and cheerful. When a slender woman with a russet braid, wearing a long dress with embroidery, smilingly walked along the road, on both sides of which were domains, it seemed that the whole space around was smiling back at her. She was happy to take part in all the activities in

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the settlement, happy that the overgrown weedy field was turning into a blooming oasis thanks to the people who had settled there.

And in other settlements, consisting of kin's domains, there were women who alone tried to equip the acquired hectare of land, to turn it into a beautiful kin's domain. Many of them did not have enough money even to buy planting materials, but they did not give up and created their own space of love with their own hands, alone.

And every year their hectare was being developed. Of course, much slower than their wealthy neighbors, but still the work was progressing.

For what, for whom do single women create their space of love? Perhaps intuitively they feel something more than ordinary people can imagine. And in the future, perhaps, we will be surprised by the beautiful twists and turns of their destiny.

On the day before the feast, which was called "My Family Day," her friend Larisa was walking along the path leading to Svetlana's cabin in the early morning. She walked quickly and shouted excitedly as she walked:

- Svetka, Svetka, can you hear me? Tomorrow is not just a holiday, it's a grand celebration!

Larissa walked around the house, saw the open door, but did not go in - she felt that the cramped space of the former construction shed would not be enough for her feelings. She continued to walk around the area in front of the open door.

- Are you still asleep, Svetochka? Come on, get up, come out, I have a favor to ask of you.

- I haven't slept, I haven't slept for a long time," came Svetlana's quiet, sad voice. But she did not come out of the cabin.

An excited Larissa continued to deliver her grand news:

- You can imagine, Sveta, finally my relatives seem to have begun to understand something about kin's domains and family reunification. Can you imagine, tomorrow 11 people are coming to visit me! My daughter will come with her husband and granddaughter, my two sisters will come with their families. Can you imagine, Sveta! And my neighbor Tatiana has 25 people coming! Can you imagine, Sveta, what it will be! How many people we'll have in our settlement these days! And the record is Dili's. They have 102 people coming to their domain. That's what it means not to lose your family ties. Actually, we need to look into this in more detail. For example, the Japanese remember their relatives up to the seventh knee. In India they honor their relatives up to the seventh knee. In China, they honor their relatives up to the seventh knee. And Uzbeks, our Uzbeks, honor their relatives. Dilya told me that when they have a wedding, more than 150 relatives alone gather. And our Russian weddings? They invite various acquaintances, celebrities of all kinds. There's something wrong with our attitude towards relatives. There's something wrong with our Russian ancestors. Something abnormal. We forget about them, we only remember grandparents at best. I've been talking to you, Sveta. Why did I come to you? Nobody comes to see you anyway. So give me your spoons, forks, plates and two chairs, because I don't have enough to take 11 people normally. Why don't you say something?

- Take everything you need - chairs and a table. No one comes to see me anyway," Svetlana replied in a strangled voice.

And Larissa realized that it was not the right time and place for her to talk so admiringly about the upcoming holiday to her friend, to whom no one was coming. Sensing something wrong, Larissa quickly entered the house through the open door. She saw a depressing picture.

Svetlana sat on a stool at a small table and cried. Tears rolled down her cheeks and fell on the school photo of her tenth-grade graduates.

Larissa realized that it was necessary to calm her friend somehow, to cheer her up. And she began in a confident voice:

- Sveta, don't mope. Someone would come to you too, but you need to know how to invite, not just talk on the phone. For example, Tolokonsky, who lives on the edge of the settlement, what did he do? He drew a beautiful postcard himself, printed it in a printing house and wrote in it in his beautiful handwriting: "My esteemed and dear - then the name and surname of the relative - I invite you to take part in the holiday of our family, which will be held then in my domain, the only kin's domain of our family. He sent such a card by registered letter in a beautiful envelope to each of his relatives. And a lot of people responded. You see what you can do out of the box? And that stubborn Masyagutova, what did she do? She wrote a letter to all her classmates and invited them to her kin's domain for a reunion. Half the class will come, can you imagine?

- I have no one to write me beautiful or ugly postcards. You know, Larisa, my relatives don't share the idea of creating a kin's domain, or rather, they didn't. Now they are beginning to understand something, but time has passed. Probably, they are ashamed to come to this holiday, because my domain is the most unattended of all. And of my school friends, I remember only one address of a boy from our class, because he was my neighbor.

Larisa realized that in order to bring Sveta out of her depression, she needed to let her talk, to let her remember something good, to tell her about this boy. She approached Svetlana, took a photograph in her hands and asked her to show her former neighbor. Svetlana indifferently pointed to the skinny boy standing next to her in the photo. He was a little shorter than Sveta and, to put it mildly, did not look outstanding against the background of the other graduates, but Larissa decided to admire him.

- Oh, I think he's a very interesting guy. Tell me more about him, Sveta.

- There's not much to tell. He was considered the bad guy in the class.
- I don't know. I find him very interesting, mysterious even. There's something about it. A zest. Tell me about him. Tell me, Sveta! Please! I really want to. Did you love him?

- No, I didn't love him. In fact, he sometimes annoyed me with his advances.
- Did he love you because he courted you? Did he confess his love? Tell me how he did it.

- No, he didn't. It was clear enough.
- Because of what, clearly?

Larisa still achieved her goal: tears stopped rolling from Svetlana's eyes and she began to talk about her relationship with her classmate neighbor.

IVAN NEPUTYOVY

- His name was Ivan. His nickname at school was Vanya the Misbegotten. I don't even remember why. Our families lived next door, in their own houses, on the outskirts of town. Ivan's family was poor, they saved money on everything. Ivan didn't even have a briefcase like other children. He went to school with an officer's bag. His father was an officer before his disability. I remember that bag well.

One day, in the third grade, I was leaving the house to go to school, and he was sitting on our bench at the gate with his bag, and as soon as he saw me, he stood up and said: "Good morning, Sveta. I will accompany you to school every morning and protect you. I've decided so. Let me carry your bag."

I looked at him - skinny, puny, with a patch on his shirt, and I was all pretty, bows in my hair. Somehow I felt funny at his prank, I couldn't resist and started laughing. I laughed and saw him standing there looking at me seriously and

confused. I felt sorry for him and said: "Okay, accompany him, but I won't let you carry my briefcase and don't walk next to me - they'll laugh at you.

So he followed me to school every day. Till tenth grade.

Once, I think it was when we were in fifth grade, three boys two years older than us blocked my way and started picking on me. One of these hooligans insulted me once, and then Vanya stood between me and the three hooligans and said, "Apologize to the girl.

They started laughing at him, and the one who insulted me came up and pushed Vanya, and another hooligan came up from behind and put his foot up, and Vanya fell down, bumping the back of his head on the ground. But immediately he got up and went at the hooligans. They pushed him again, and he fell down again, and got up again, and went at them again. And so on several times. When he fell down again, they started kicking him, Vanya's nose was bleeding, but he tried to get up again.

I watched the fight and trembled. And when the tallest bully kicked Vanya in the stomach with all his might, something happened to me, I don't remember what happened next. But the girls from our class watched what was happening through the window and told me about it later.

I screamed really hard. And I threw myself at the tallest of the hooligans. I scratched his face with my fingernails, tore his shirt. Somehow I managed to knock the big guy to the ground. I don't know how I did it. The girls told me that I sat down, grabbed his legs, and yanked him to the ground. And then I hit him on the head with Vanya's officer's bag. He was lying on the ground, covering his head with his hands. Two of his friends tried to pull me away, but I started attacking them too. They ran, and I chased after them screaming.

I returned to the place of the fight and saw Vanya sitting on the ground at the edge of the puddle, his face covered in mud, his nose bleeding, his right eye

blackened. Then I pulled off my white festive apron, wet it with water from the water column, ran to Vanya, sat down next to him, pressed his head to my chest and began to wipe his face with the wet apron. And he, Vanya, wiped his left eye with his fist from the dirt, looked at me with one eye and said: "Sveta, your breasts are growing, you are becoming a girl". - "You're a fool, Vanya, you're a fool, you're thinking about the wrong things." "What should I think about?" - he asks. "That my apron is dirty now. How am I going to present flowers to the veteran at the rally?" - "I'll go home, wash it and bring it back by the end of fifth period, before the rally. I'll have time."

So I went to school without an apron, and Ivan came home. At the beginning of the lesson, the teacher started checking the register to see who was present in the class. He saw that Ivan wasn't at the desk next to me and asked: "Sveta, why is Vanya absent and why are you dressed out of uniform?" I stood up and answered without thinking - I guess I was still excited: "My apron got dirty, and Vanya came home to wash it." My classmates laughed and took my answer as a joke. And the teacher smiled. By the end of the fifth lesson, when the bell rang, everyone was hurrying to leave, to the ceremonial line. I was late and I heard laughter coming from the corridor. I came out and saw Vanya standing with a black eye and holding my clean, starched apron in front of him, and his classmates around him laughing, saying various jokes. "She beats him up if he doesn't do his laundry well." "I wonder if he washes her panties too?" "Vanya is a washerman!"

Rumors spread around the school that Vanya was washing my clothes, and when he didn't manage to do it, I beat him up. People from neighboring classes came to see me. They pointed their fingers at me. In general, I suffered because of him during my school years.

After that incident, my classmates gave me the nickname "Svetka the Tigress". It stuck to me until I finished school.

My classmates decided that I liked Vanya, so I defended him so fiercely. I didn't care about their opinion at first, but in the ninth grade a new boy came to us. He had a beautiful name - Andrei. He was stately, neat, did sports, studied very well. A lot of girls liked him, and I liked him too. I probably even fell in love with Andrei. And I told Vanya not to sit with me at the same desk, and switched places with my friend. So he did.

In the tenth grade, a month before the graduation party, the class teacher came to us and said: "You know, guys, when there will be a graduation ball, they will announce a competition for the best dance performance. It's gonna be a waltz. So please, please, practice, rehearse. I've arranged with our gym teacher, he kindly agreed to rehearse with you in the gym on Saturdays. If you can't dance at all, you'd better not come out when the competition is announced.

Almost all the girls went to waltz rehearsal in the gym, but we didn't have enough guys, so the girls had to dance with each other. It was awkward, but we switched, one girl would dance for a guy, then another.

One day, when I was coming back from rehearsal, Vanya was waiting for me outside my house. He suggested: "Sveta, if you want, I can rehearse a waltz with you at home in the evening every day. There are only two weeks left before the prom, so you will have only two lessons - it's not enough, you won't learn to dance well. If you dance every day, you'll win the competition. You know my mom leads a ballroom dancing class at the House of Pioneers, and she showed me how to dance a waltz. No one can do that. You have to spin not only in one direction, but also in the other, to be able to twirl - then the dance will be beautiful.

I agreed to his proposal, because I really wanted to be the best, the most beautiful at the prom. We practiced every night in our yard. Vanya danced great, it was very easy with him. He danced so beautifully, I liked it very much.

His mom came twice and practiced with us for an hour and a half. She taught

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me how to hold my head and hands correctly, how to twirl in different directions, and she taught me how to curtsy.

And here came this awe-inspiring day, which with excitement awaits all girls-graduates, as if the colors of the future life depend on this day.

School prom! All the girls came dressed up, wearing makeup, with their hair done. Guys in suits with ties, as if by this evening all of them had grown up and wised up overnight. I'm standing in a lovely pink dress, we ordered it from a famous dressmaker in the city with my mom. I have earrings in my ears, a pearl necklace around my neck and a bracelet on my hands. And a hairdo of extraordinary beauty.

I was standing there all beautiful and trembling, because the day before, Andrei suddenly came up to me and said, "Svetlana, I want to engage you for a waltz, are you free?" I answered him: "Yes, I'm free."

When the waltz started, Andrei walked towards me. He was coming toward me, stately, handsome, in a new suit and lacquered shoes - a guy that many of the girls in our class looked up to. He was coming to me, and already it was my victory over everyone, almost over my whole life. He came up, bowed elegantly, and I curtsied the way Vanya's mother had taught me.

We walked out into the middle of the hall and waltzed. I felt as if Andrei and I were spinning above everyone in the room and the whole world.

We were given the first prize afterwards. It was presented by Vanya's mom, as a guest choreographer, a ballroom dance specialist.

Then Andrei and I danced an encore of the winners' waltz. Of course, Andrei danced worse than Vanya, he couldn't twirl both ways, but he was still pretty good at it.

Svetlana's face brightened. She couldn't stand it - she grabbed the phone and pressed the button. A waltz melody began to play. Svetlana ran out into the

clearing in front of her carriage and spun around. She danced easily and joyfully. When the sounds of the waltz died down, Larissa applauded admiringly. And then she asked: "Sveta, and what about Vanya? Didn't he come to the prom?"

- He came. He stood not far from me and was the first to ask me to dance. But I had already been invited by Andrei, so I quickly whispered to him: "Don't ever come near me unless I invite you. He backed away and silently walked away.

- So, what happened then? - Larissa asked. - Did you have any contact with him?

- Then? Then nothing happened. I never saw Vanya after that ball. He went off somewhere to study or something, and life took me on a whirl. And then I settled down in this weedy domain. I am glad that I have it, but it becomes very sad on the day when this holiday is held, when a lot of relatives come to visit people. None of my relatives have ever come to see me. Every time on this day I stand at the entrance to my domain and wait in vain, and in order not to cause pity in people passing by, I do not just stand, but sell kvass. I wanted to leave for the holiday, but then I changed my mind. It wouldn't look good if someone came and I wasn't there. And the domain would be offended that I'd abandoned it on such a festive day - it's alive, after all. Six months ago I wrote Ivan a letter and invited him to our holiday, which starts tomorrow.

- And what did you write in the letter?

- "Hello, Ivan," I wrote. - I don't know if my letter will reach you, so I will write briefly. Now I live in a settlement consisting of kin's domains. The idea has arisen - every person living on the Earth should create a kin's domain on the area of not less than 1 hectare. Many people liked this idea and started to create settlements consisting of kin's domains. I bought a hectare of land in one of such settlements and have been organizing my kin's domain on it for the tenth year. My relatives don't understand my idea, they consider it a bliss, so they don't support it,

and the development of my domain is slower than that of my neighbors. Every year in our settlement there is a holiday called "My Family Day", where close relatives gather in each domain. But, unfortunately, my relatives do not come to this holiday. I wanted to invite my classmates, but I don't know their addresses, but I remember your address, because you are my neighbor. So I decided to write to you and invite you to this holiday. Please come. It lasts 3 days. Maybe you can help me with the domain. Or maybe you'll just have a rest." That's all I wrote.

- It's a little dry, Sveta.

- Yes, a little dry. But he answered me with a telegram, a very short telegram, which says: "Thank you very much, Sveta, for the invitation to your holiday. I'll try to make it in time." And that was it.

- Great! - Larisa exclaimed. - So tomorrow your classmate, your faithful Sancho Panza, will come to see you. Are you happy?

- No, I'm not. I shouldn't have invited him. What are we gonna do with him here? Weed the beds? Sell kvass by the roadside? The neighbors have many people gathering, children's voices, fun. But I have only one person, and not even a relative.

- Let him come alone for now. Maybe he'll come with his wife and kids.

- That's what scares me. They'll come and see that I'm the worst off and my domain is the most unorganized compared to the others.

STRANGE BOY

Svetlana began to remove black-and-white photos of her school years from the nightstand, and Larissa saw a large color photo lying underneath. She took the photo in her hands and gasped.

The color photograph showed Svetlana's future domain. A two-story house

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with a balcony and a veranda stood next to the old carriage that she had adapted as her cottage. Around the house - a smooth lawn and flowerbeds. In the center of the plot grew a majestic cedar, and around - a flowering garden. On the bank of the pond - a beautiful round gazebo and an alpine slide.

The domain in the photo looked thoughtful, rational, inviting.

- What a beauty, Sveta! Where did you get it from? - Larisa asked.

- A boy drew one. He was on vacation at our summer camp for children. One day a group of kids from that camp passed by my domain, and I gave them some kvass. They drank the kvass and left, but one boy stayed. His name was Victor.

He asked: "What's going to be on your property, Auntie?" I liked his question. No one had ever asked me what I planned to do on my hectare. But he did. I gladly began to tell him where, what and how it would be located. He listened attentively, and then he said: "Can I come to you again, measure everything and draw a plan of your future domain?" - "Come," I said. Before he left, he showed me his painting, I photographed it on my phone, then enlarged it, and bought a frame. I'm going to hang it on the wall.

- Be sure to hang it up, Svetochka! You must. The guests will come and see what beauty you are going to make here, and it will be clear to them that you are not just living here, but creating.

And the women together began to fix the image of the future on the wall.

ANOTHER "PROVOCATION"

Early the next morning, relatives began to arrive at every domain in the settlement. There were cheers of joy and children's laughter everywhere. Many people were meeting their relatives for the first time in many years. But the main

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thing was that they were meeting for the first time on their ancestral land. It was this fact that caused in all people an extraordinary, unknown before feeling of belonging to their kin, their ancestral land, their small Motherland and through it - belonging to the big Motherland.

The sun was shining tenderly, and it was unclear which rays were warmer - those coming from the sky or those coming from people who felt their purpose on earth.

Suddenly, a disturbing piece of news spread through the settlement. It was passed from domain to domain. A red-haired boy riding his bicycle to a neighboring village told his parents: "I saw a detachment of military men coming towards our settlement. I counted them - 33 people. And behind them are a bulldozer and an excavator.

- It's another provocation," concluded the boy's father. - And on a day like this, and the military is involved. We need to gather people.

Soon, most of the kin's domain owners and their relatives gathered on the road at the entrance of the settlement. There were serious reasons for concern.

Thanks to the green books of the "Ringed Cedars of Russia" series, the idea of transforming the country through the creation of a kin's domain by each family began to spread in Russian society. In order to implement this plan, the state had to allocate 1 hectare of land free of charge to each willing family and pass a law on the kin's domain. But the state was slow in adopting the law and allotting land. And then many people in different parts of the country began to buy abandoned, weedy lands at a throwaway price and develop them.

But there were forces that stealthily, very thoughtfully began to spread information defaming these people. The owners of kin's domains were called sectarians, extremists, whatever they called them, trying to inspire officials that these people should be persecuted and kept away from them.

In many regions of Russia, officials began to realize that the idea of kin's domains is very important for the country and claims to be a national idea. And the Russian President signed a decree on allocation of free land in the Far East. And the law of the Belgorod region on kin's domains was adopted, and the governor of the Belgorod region, Evgeny Stepanovich Savchenko, spoke about these people from the stage.

And yet the dark forces continued to operate. It was clear: there was a group working to spread deliberately false rumors, the purpose of which was to prevent positive transformations in Russia. Twenty years had passed since the first settlements consisting of kin's domains were established, but the oppression continued - up to the demolition of the houses of the founders of kin's domains.

That's why people thought that the military detachment coming towards their settlement was another provocation.

As the party approached the people standing on the road, they parted, standing doomed on the roadside on either side of the road. They looked on in silence at the group coming between them.

The soldiers looked to be about 40-45 years old. All of them were of athletic build, wearing camouflage field uniforms. On their sleeves and red berets were the chevrons of the Airborne Troops. They walked in formation, slowly, in a strange gait - treading carefully and almost without raising dust from the dirt road.

- Judging by their appearance and age, they are not soldiers. They are officers of some elite unit of the Airborne Troops," said one of the people standing on the roadside.

Suddenly, the commander walking a little ahead raised his hand, and the formidable troop of paratroopers stopped. It was stopped by a frail, small-sized, elderly woman with the figure of a young girl. She walked quickly to the middle of the road and silently stood in front of the troop coming at her. The woman had

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such determination on her face that it seemed she would not give way to a battle tank. In front of her, the frail woman held a military tunic with the epaulettes of a colonel. The tunic was decorated with many military orders and medals.

The squad leader walked over to the woman, saluted, and began to silently look at the awards.

- My name is Raisa Alexandrovna. This is the tunic of my husband, Ivan Dmitrievich. He is a veteran of the Great Patriotic War," the woman said excitedly.

- Ivan Dmitrievich was 80 years old when he learned about the wonderful idea of Russia's revival. He came to this field overgrown with weeds, saw people trying to revive the land, to save it from desolation, and bought a hectare of land to create a kin's domain for his children and grandchildren. He bought the land with his own money, with his small savings, which he was saving for his funeral.

At first he lived in a soldier's tent, mowed weeds, planted trees and wrote poems about the beautiful future of the country. I met him and admired his confidence in the beautiful future. We got married, built a house, and now our domain is getting better every year.

Ivan Dmitrievich died recently, and I buried him on our domain. The people you see here are also building their kin's domains. They all do it in different ways. And still people have good, right aspirations, they need help, but they have been slandered and slandered for 20 years. Someone is doing it deliberately. You need to investigate who is so fiercely opposing the creation of beautiful oases in our country.

And you came here, scaring people, with machinery following you - a bulldozer, an excavator. Why have you come, and on a day like this, when relatives come to every domain? These people have a holiday today, it's called "My Kin Day". It's not just every man's family day. It's the birthday of our country! The

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future country, the most beautiful country in the world. And you. - the woman is silent.

The commander of the paratroopers took some paper out of his breast pocket and handed it to the woman. It turned out to be a postcard - the same as other invitations to relatives from the creators of kin's domains, only slightly wrinkled and with a torn left corner.

Raisa Alexandrovna took the card, carefully read the text on it, looked up at the commander and said:

- I'm sorry if I offended you. Come on, I'll show you where to go.

Raisa Alexandrovna, probably from excitement, became dizzy and swayed.

The commander picked up the frail woman in his arms and pronounced:

— Let's go. Thank you for your help, Raisa Alexandrovna.

The slender, tall, athletic commander walked ahead of the group of soldiers and carried Raisa Alexandrovna in his arms like a child. She clutched her late husband's tunic to her chest with one hand, and with the other she put her arms around the commander's neck, laid her head on his shoulder and seemed to doze off.

The morning sun reflected from the medals on the tunic of the veteran of the Great Patriotic War and soft bunnies stroked the courageous face of the commander of the paratroopers, gray strands on his mustache and in his hair.

The paratroopers were followed by the residents of the settlement and relatives who had come to visit them. They did not understand why Raisa Alexandrovna calmed down so quickly, let herself be taken in her arms and hugged the paratrooper carrying her by the neck.

The whole procession stopped at the entrance to Svetlana's domain. There was no gate, no wicket, not even a bar, just an opening in the green hedge, from which a path led to the cabin, located on the other side of the plot, near the forest. Raisa

stood in the middle of the opening, as it was not customary to go any further without the consent of the owners of the domain, and began to call:

- Sveta! Svetochka. Are you home? Your guests are here. Come out quickly.

Soon Svetlana came out from the corner of the house. She was dressed in a long dress embroidered in Slavic style, with a wreath on her head and a three-liter jar of her trademark kvass in her hands. With a quick step she walked along the path leading to the entrance to the domain, reached the middle of the path and suddenly stopped like a stumbling block. She suddenly saw that at the entrance to her domain stood a group of military men in red berets, a crowd of neighbors, and all were silently looking at her.

- Why are you up, Svetochka? I told you to meet the guests, they've come to your party. Don't be afraid, they're nice. They are officers of our Russian army," Raisa cheered her up.

Slowly, very slowly Svetlana approached Raisa Alexandrovna, looked at the paratroopers in red berets standing at attention and said in a squeezed voice:

- There's been some kind of mistake. They're not here for me. I didn't call anyone.

— Well, how could I not? What are you saying, Svetochka? I saw the card you signed. The card - an invitation to the party - who did you send it to?

- Sent it to my classmate, my housemate.

- Well, you see, I did send it.

Svetlana looked at the faces of the military men standing in front of her. Some looked at Svetlana with admiration, some with genuine interest, others with undisguised love.

"What happened? Why are they looking at me like that? Who am I to them? Who are they to me?" - thought a confused Svetlana.

She didn't know that six months ago the commander had told his friends, his

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fellow soldiers, about her, a lonely woman who had bought a hectare of land and decided to build her kin's domain on it in memory of her ancestors and for her future descendants.

- She has created a beautiful design for her future space," the commander said. - She is single-handedly trying to realize her project.

But not everything a woman can do alone, so she asked him for help. The commander promised to help her, because she was not just a woman for him, she was his first love from high school.

The volunteers volunteered to help their commander and the extraordinary woman. In their free time, they got together and discussed what needed to be done and how to act in order to realize the project conceived by the extraordinary woman. And everyone wanted to meet a woman with such a meaningful attitude to life.

Raisa Aleksandrovna asked Sveta:

- Svetlana, when was the last time you saw your classmate?

- At the high school prom.

- It's been a long time. You're no longer the prom girl with the white apron and bows in her pigtails. And your classmate might have changed. Look carefully, there he is! - Raisa gestured at the commander of the paratroopers standing three steps away from them.

Svetlana took a few uncertain steps and stood in front of the commander. She studied his face carefully. There was an unusual silence all around. Even the leaves seemed to have stopped rustling in the wind.

- Vanya?! - suddenly shouted Svetlana. - Vanya neputyovy... - she hesitated: Ivan's school nickname didn't fit the stately officer standing in front of her.

The crowd, as if holding its breath, exhaled: recognized at last.

- That's right, I'm Ivan, your classmate and neighbor. Hello, Svetlana!

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- Hello, Vanya! You've come to visit me. You've come to visit me?!

- That's right. I'm here. I came for three days to help you like you asked in your letter.

Excited and confused, Svetlana did not know how to behave further. She handed Ivan a can of kvass:

- It's kvass, it's delicious. Taste it.

- Thank you," Ivan replied. He took a can of kvass, drank two sips and gave the kvass to the paratroopers standing in formation.

- And these people, the soldiers... are they all with you too? Are they all with you with me too? - Svetlana asked.

- That's right. They're my fellow soldiers and friends. I invited them along because I didn't think I could accomplish your plan alone in three days.

- What is my plan, Vanya? - Svetlana asked puzzled.

Ivan took the officer's bag hanging at his side and began to unzip it. Svetlana recognized the bag: it was the one he had been taking to school for ten years. But she was even more surprised when she found out what was in it.

Ivan unzipped the officer's bag and unfolded the tablet in it, Svetlana saw a drawing of her future domain - the same one that the boy Victor had drawn from her words. The drawing was divided into squares, and each square had a number.

- This plan was drawn by a boy who vacationed at our summer camp. He came to visit me several times. His name was Victor. But how did you get this drawing, Ivan? - Svetlana asked in surprise.

- Report. The boy Victor is my son, Svetlana. More precisely, the son of my dead younger brother. He's my son now. Victor is studying at the Suvorov school. They teach topography there. So he made a plan of your future domain at my request. Svetlana, allow my squad to enter the territory of your domain, and we'll turn your thoughts about the future into reality.

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- Vanya!... Vanya! - Svetlana said excitedly. - It won't work - I only have two shovels. I have no tools to work with and no dishes to set the table for you. And I have nowhere to put you to bed. I didn't know you weren't coming alone.

- Please don't worry, Sveta. We have everything: a camp kitchen, tents, sleeping bags, tools. We have everything you need for every square of your future kin's domain. Let us enter the territory of your domain according to your invitation.

- Come in? According to the invitation? Please, please come in!

Ivan turned to the squad and commanded:

- To fulfill the approved plan, disperse to the assigned quadrants.

The paratroopers in red berets, taking their tools from the vehicle behind them, scattered across the hectare of land overgrown with birches and weeds. Ivan looked around at the area where his men had started work, took the radio off his belt and asked:

- Is the call center ready to go?

- Yes, commander. The information center is ready for work," replied a voice from the radio.

- Disperse at the entrance to the domain," Ivan ordered and added: "I'm going to the 39th quadrant.

DIVINE DIET

A few minutes later, a van with tinted windows and an antenna rotating above the roof pulled up to the entrance of Svetlana's domain. The back doors of the van opened, and a man in monk's clothing jumped to the ground. He spread his arms out to the sides, raised his head up, looked around, and said:

- How great is the beauty of your world, O Lord! - He bowed to those gathered and added: "Good health to your thoughts, worthy of this world, good

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people, great creators.

The monk was young. The rays of the sun were playing in his light red hair, as if they saturated his whole body with energy, and people standing near him could feel the energy coming at them. Neither beard nor mustache could hide the monk's youth. He also had unusually kind gray-blue eyes and a smile on his lips. And for some reason he seemed cheerful and even mischievous.

Two women from the settlement approached the young monk. One of them said:

- Bless me, Father!" she crossed her palms and held them out in front of her.

Normally, clerics place their hand on the outstretched palms and the woman or man kisses it. But the mischievous monk did something different.

- Thanks for the great status, but I'm not a priest yet, I don't have kids. I cannot give my hand to a woman for a kiss. This intimate act will be a great temptation for me, a temptation," the monk bent down at these words and kissed the palm of the woman's outstretched hand.

Then he went back to the car, sat down on the floor by the open door, and pondered over his rosary. Then he closed his eyes and seemed to fall asleep. And the woman remained standing pensively in the same place, with her palms crossed.

People, especially children, began to gather around the open back door of the minibus: everyone wanted to see what was inside. The interior of the minibus was filled with some equipment, and a boy Victor was sitting at the monitor, drawing a project of Svetlana's future settlement. He was recognized by Boris from the Ladnoye settlement, who had been friends with Victor when they were together at summer camp. Boris came close to the open door of the minibus and said loudly:

- Hey, Victor! What are you doing in there?

- Hello, Boris! Hello, everyone! - Victor answered cheerfully and explained: - I am the liaison of the squad's fighters with the information center. Well, in

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general, with the supercomputer, which concentrates the information necessary to create such a complex complex as a kin's domain.

- And how do other people set up their domains without any supercomputers?

- They are inspired, they intuitively begin to feel the connection between plants and planets. The men in our squad can't do that yet.

- Why is the monk with you?

- He's a friend of my father's and a friend of mine. His name is Feodorit now, but he used to be called something else. He can appear in different images, he is a metaphysical scientist.

- I haven't heard of such science.

-I don't know much about it either. Feodorit says that it is very ancient, great philosophers - Aristotle, Plato, and other thinkers who lived even before our era - practiced it.

- What do you need this antiquity for? You have a supercomputer and you're in touch with it.

- If a computer cannot solve a problem, Feodorit helps in finding a solution.

When my father gathered a squad of experienced reconnaissance paratroopers and they tried to decide what should be a biocomplex of a kin's domain, one of the officers engaged in space reconnaissance said: "You know, men, I feel, oh, I feel, our modern spacecraft are children's toys compared to this complex, which we call kin's domain. You can't do without metaphysics here".

And then my father remembered his friend Feodorit and invited him to the group that was studying the biocomplexity of the kin's domain. He came, listened to their arguments, and then he said: "I have the impression, gentlemen officers, that you have decided to build a channel of communication between God and man.

I never understood why he said that. And what he said next was also unclear to me.

Feodorit opened his eyes, glanced at Victor and at Boris, then, dimming his gaze, spoke:

- Whatever truth a wise man may expound, his words are empty when those who hear them do not understand their meaning. For interfering in your conversation, young men, forgive me. You spoke of me in front of me. Perhaps you will give me an opportunity to choose other words about the subject that interests you, and I will try to make myself clearer.

- Don't take offense at us, Feodorit. We thought you were asleep," Victor replied and suggested: - You'd better tell me and Boris in understandable words why a kin's domain can also serve as a channel of communication even with God. And in general, why is it so significant for a person?

Feodorit closed his eyes and whispered something. Boris heard it:

- Mother, help me to find the words that will make the meaning clear to people. You know the secret of words, simple in appearance, you give inspiration to people with your words, your words make great creations on Earth, but I can't make words that create.

Feodorit sat with his eyes closed for a while longer, as if listening for an answer to his request from space. Then he spoke in his pleasant baritone.

- Tell me, young man, please answer me, Boris, what is the Sun and what is its purpose?

- The Sun? The Sun is the brightest star in our solar system," Boris answered and, after thinking, added: "As for its purpose, it is probably to shine and give life to all living things on Earth.

- Also tell me, young man, what the moon is and what its purpose is.

- The Moon is a planet in our solar system," Boris answered. - But I don't know its purpose.

- And I know, and I know all about the moon! - ran out of the crowd of people

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standing next to the minibus and jumped on the spot, happy. - The moon is the planet that made the lunar calendar, and my mom plants tomatoes, cucumbers and flowers according to it.

- Katenka, it was not the moon that made the lunar calendar, but people in the course of long observations of the moon's movement and its influence on plants, - corrected the girl father.

- Tell me, good people, are there any other planets in the Universe that influence our life, the life of flora and fauna, the life of flora and fauna? - Feodorit asked another question, already addressing all those gathered.

Everyone was silent. Victor, sitting at the computer monitor, was the first to speak:

- I contacted the information center on this issue, and the answer came back, it's not supported by science. Would you like to read it?

- Read, read," came voices from the crowd. - Science doesn't confirm a lot of things. We've been led to believe that mankind is only 2,000 years old, but archaeologists find settlements that are 30,000 years old.

- So I'm reading. *All plants, be it an ordinary blade of grass, a modest wildflower or a luxurious garden rose, are beautiful in their own way. It can't be otherwise. After all, the ruler of the plant world is Venus, the planet of love, beauty and harmony. When we interact with plants - caring for them, using them for healing, eating their fruits, or even just admiring the flowers - we receive Venus' energy. In addition, each plant has its own ruling planet, which gives it special properties.*

Plants of the Sun represent vital energy and carry a great energetic potential. They have a tonic effect. Characteristic features: dry, tall, with a lush crown, yellow or golden flowers with a faint odor. Grow in open areas where there is a lot of light. Flowers: sunflower, dandelion, peony, carnation, red hyacinth, heliotrope.

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Healing plants: St. John's wort, peppermint, calendula, pyzhma, immortelle, celandine, celandine, succession, angelica, mountain arnica, motherwort, valerian. Trees and shrubs: pine, poplar, ash, juniper, mistletoe, orange, walnut, sandalwood.

Plants of the Moon represent motherhood, childhood, motherland and home. Characteristics: succulent, with thick stems, weakly colored leaves and white flowers with a subtle fragrance. Grow in moist places near bodies of water. Moon plants have the property of absorbing diseases. Among the Moon plants are many vegetables that normalize water-salt metabolism and reproductive function. Flowers: lily, lily of the valley, violet, lotus. Healing plants: aire, shepherd's purse, plantain, marsh cinquefoil, portulaca, watermelon, melon, cabbage. Trees and shrubs: aspen, sea buckthorn, apple tree, white briar.

- There's a lot more written here," Victor said. - But I repeat: it is not confirmed by science.

- I guess why the scientific world can't confirm the influence of distant planets on all life on Earth," Boris entered the conversation. - The speed of light is about 300 thousand kilometers per second. Even from the Sun to the Earth a light pulse will travel 8 minutes. I calculated it on my phone, on a calculator. The reflected light from the Sun from the nearest planets in our solar system will travel three times longer. The light from the distant planets will take tens or hundreds of years to reach Earth. During this time, many plants and various organisms will simply die off. Although I myself am intuitively convinced: planets interact with the Earth in some other way. Just the influence of the Sun's light is obvious to all people living on Earth: children, adults and scientists. And the influence of other planets is less noticeable, but it is there, and proof can be given. The Sun's light is reflected from the planets, possibly changing its spectrum. Reflected light may have a slightly different effect than direct sunlight, but that doesn't mean it is any less

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significant.

- Thank you, Boris. You've given a good argument, and in general, the evidence is scientific," Feodorit remarked and added, addressing Victor: "And what does our information center say about the ways of communication with the Earth of distant planets?"

Victor did not answer the question. He sat, keeping his eyes on the monitor, and remained silent. Boris called out to him after a brief pause:

- Victor, why aren't you answering? Can't you hear what's being said to you?

Some more time passed before Victor turned to the crowd and spoke:

- I can hear everything. I apologize. But I was convinced that science would have nothing to say on the subject we've touched on here. Forgive me, Feodorit, for being skeptical of your assertion that a kin's domain can be a channel to God. But when I read the message of the information center... I now have a clear picture. You were right, Feodorit!

- So you read it out loud. Bring this information to everyone," Boris asked. And Victor began to read.

A number of curious experiments were conducted at the end of the last century by the largest Russian scientist V. P. Kaznacheev, the creator of the Institute of Clinical and Experimental Medicine of the USSR Academy of Medical Sciences.

Since the mid-1960s, V. P. Kaznacheev and his colleagues have been studying the information interaction of living organisms. He discovered the previously unknown phenomenon of distant intercellular electromagnetic interactions. Kaznacheev's experiments showed that the codes of life could be brought to Earth by means of electromagnetic radiation, that is, energy-informational way, without direct physical contact. And one more important conclusion: there is an

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informational interaction between all living organisms on the planet, which science cannot explain.

In their experiments, the Novosibirsk scientists relied on the ideas of Leningrad astrophysicist Professor N.A. Kozyrev, who proved the existence in space of certain fields capable of propagating at speeds much higher than the speed of light. The nature of these fields is unknown, but Kozyrev discovered that they can be reflected by aluminum surfaces. In the early 1990s, scientists led by Kaznacheev produced cylindrical aluminum structures that exploited the effect discovered by Kozyrev. These installations were called "Kozyrev mirrors".

Experiments with these installations led to sensational results. It turned out that a person placed in the space of "Kozyrev mirrors" can see the events of the past, future and geographically distant present. Academician Kaznacheev considered these phenomena to be a reaction of the Earth's information field to the introduction of human thought-forms into it with the help of Kozyrev mirrors.

Experiments were also conducted on the transmission of thoughts at a distance. A human operator, the so-called donor, was placed in the inner space of the mirrors and had to mentally transmit a certain image into the space. The choice of the image was made by a computer, so no one knew in advance what image would be chosen.

In another place, sometimes thousands of kilometers away from the "donor", in the focus of Kozyrev's mirrors, or even without them, there was another operator, the "recipient", who had to perceive and draw the information emitted by the "donor".

The results of the experiments are as follows: in 54-95% of cases the information was perceived absolutely correct!

Experiments with Kozyrev's mirrors in the Far North - in the polar settlement of Dixon - proved to be particularly interesting. Dixon was chosen for the reason

that here, along the 73rd parallel, as N.A. Kozyrev believed, there is a so-called zone of paradoxical flow of time, where under certain conditions time can change direction.

Thus, on December 24, 1990, an ancient symbol known today as the "Banner of Peace" was brought into the space of Kozyrev's mirrors. The unexplainable happened. Inside the mirrors Kozyrev flashed "plasmoid", there was an odor of ozone, there were magnetic and biolocation anomalies, and above the building where the experiment was conducted, there was a luminous disk-shaped object. Geophysical services on Dixon at this moment was recorded a strong disturbance of the magneto- and ionosphere, and over the village appeared unusually bright northern lights. In a series of seven experiments, this was repeated five times. Within two weeks after these experiments, the space of the "mirrors" was filled with many luminous symbols. More than 80% of them were later attributed to the symbolism of bygone Earth civilizations.

During the experiments with Kozyrev's mirrors, other mysterious facts were discovered. The observer often received the thought images transmitted to him many hours late, as if this information had been stored somewhere all this time. But the most striking thing is the effect of anticipatory long-range vision. Out of 105 cases of remote reception in 37% of the transmitted images were read by the observer several hours before the session. No one knew yet what images would be transmitted, and these images were already perceived. This phenomenon was especially pronounced in the Far North - in the zone of paradoxical flow of time.

In the early 90s, for the first time in the history of world science, two global experiments were carried out. In 1991, the experiment "Polar Circle" took place, when the images were transmitted from the settlement of Dixon and received in various points of the CIS. In 1993 the "Banner of the World" experiment was

conducted: images were transmitted from Novosibirsk and Dixon, and received in different geographical locations in Europe, Asia and America. The "donor" was offered three to five graphic elements from a specially designed table - a graphic "alphabet" of 77 elements - by random computer selection. From these elements the operator mentally constructed an image, which was then transmitted.

Information reception was carried out in 12 countries of the world. More than 4.5 thousand people participated in the experiments.

The special role of the Far North in the dynamics of the Earth's information space was proved. According to scientists, "the intellectual field proved to be extremely receptive to the introduction of thought-shaped information in the circumpolar region".

There are exciting prospects ahead. With the help of Kozyrev's mirrors, people could connect to an invisible and mysterious reality, where space and time are not familiar to us. From this source it would be possible to draw knowledge about the past and the future, about the structure of the Universe, about other worlds....

Research in this area is also conducted abroad. Modern science is unthinkable without taking into account the influence of consciousness on the surrounding world. Consciousness is a great gift given to man. Scientists have already learned a lot in this mysterious area. And yet the interaction of human thought with the planetary cosmic consciousness is still a mystery.*

FOOTNOTE

*B. L. Pravdivtsev,
<http://www.old.mediakrug.ru/tajna/magazines/articles/18572>.

END OF FOOTNOTE

- Thank you, Victor," said Feodorit. - You have given us an interesting opinion of science, experiments conducted by scientists. But in order not to be mistaken and to calm our souls, it is necessary to determine the reality by ourselves. Maybe we will find evidence of interaction of all life on Earth with planets of other solar systems. Let those people who have seen the starry sky, who have not looked at it in vanity, tell us, what did you feel, looking at the luminous sky?

There were immediate responses from groups of people, both adults and children:

- I, when I look at the stars in a calm state, think of something global, but I don't realize what.

- And I'm thinking about something big.

- And to me, when I look at it, I think we're not alone on Earth. We all live in a beautiful starry world.

- And me!... And me," Katya said excitedly, "when I look at the stars, I want to add a star of my own, and sometimes more than one. And in general, I wanted to draw a starry sky.

- Now I want to summarize. You have determined yourselves, people, when you look at the starry sky: it arouses feelings in you and attracts you to reflections, it gives great energy to cognition and feeling of the whole Universe. This is the proof of interaction of people with the planets of all universal systems. This is the proof that a human being can lead this interaction, because a human being should take his gaze away from the starry sky and plunge into everyday life, thereby giving a command to the striving energy of the Universe to suspend.

- I have a question," Katya said again. - Who made the planets, stars, Sun and Moon help each other, and the tree blossoms beautifully?

The woman who had asked Feodorit's blessing came forward and explained to

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the crowd:

-God created everything, our Father and Creator, I read about it in the Bible. And He created man, we are all His daughters and sons, created in His image and likeness.

- No, he didn't. God didn't create everything," Katya objected. - The cell phone, for example, was invented by man. It turned out to be a very necessary thing for people, and everyone uses a cell phone.

- You, Katenka, are right, - Feodorit answered the girl, - many people use cell phones, but you should think at your leisure sometime: perhaps the phone was needed because people lost the ability to communicate with each other at a distance given to them by the Divine nature. So a prosthesis was needed to compensate for the loss.

The peoples of different Earth understand by faith or intuitively with their souls: the world around us is the creation of the Mind, and we, the people of the Earth, are the top of the great creation.

Now I want to ask everyone a question: we see that every blade of grass, bug, bird and tree has its own life program. Millions of years pass, the programs do not change neither for earthly creatures, nor for Heaven. Tell me or answer to yourself people, what kind of life program God created for man? To what extent the life of a modern man corresponds to the Divine program?

- Wow, that's great! - Boris exclaimed. - This is an interesting task for programmers all over the world - to recognize the Divine program of human life. If someone can do this, he will be able to understand his real possibilities, abilities, his purpose.

- And I don't want to live according to anyone's program, like a robot," said Katya. - My mom wrote a schedule for me and hung it on the wall. It says when I should wake up, when I should do my homework, when I should go for a walk,

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when I should eat lunch. I don't like Mom's program. And I may not like God's program either.

- You're still small, Katya, and you don't understand: any program, even one made by a great programmer, can be improved, improved, but to do that you need to know and understand how it works, to understand what consequences the changes will lead to, - Boris answered the girl.

His peers, obviously familiar with programming, began to approach Boris and talk passionately about the future Divine program.

- Perhaps the girls who live under this program will be considerably prettier.
-Yes! -They will definitely be beautiful and intelligent goddesses.
- I think girls are better off not being introduced to the divinity program.
- Why?
- They'll become unavailable, they'll become proud.
- So we guys will be different, too. Maybe smarter than them.
- It doesn't matter which one of us is a little smarter. I'm curious to see what kind of kin's domain the young gods in love with each other can create.

- Their domain will certainly be divinely presented.
- But then the whole earth, our planet, will appear Divine.
- And the people living on it will be ten times smarter, and more beautiful, and healthier.

- Not at ten. Maybe we'll see more, really see what people should be like.
- And what does it turn out to be? Now all developed countries spend huge funds and intellectual potential to launch rockets to other planets, to study them without fully understanding the possibilities of their own planet?

- Without fully understanding myself.
- We need to get to work on the program as soon as possible. Let's create a working group.

- For such work, you need a super-powerful computer with a huge database. I don't think such computers exist yet.

-I read an expression from the science fiction writer Stanislav Lem: "The universe is like a supercomputer. But now I realize it's not science fiction," Boris said. - Our Universe is a biological supercomputer. But where is the keyboard, where to learn what buttons to press? Where to start?

- There is a keyboard in the space next to each person, and one can press the buttons mentally without bothering his hands. In this case, the thought must be pure and inspired, and it must rush quickly," Feodorit joined the conversation. - And to the question of where to start, I can answer: first you need to improve yourself. You should start with diet.

- From a diet? What diet? - Boris asked in surprise. - There are many of them on the Internet. My mother often asks me to print out another diet for her on the printer. And in books there are many different diets. Which one should I start with?

- You are right, Boris, there are many diets, and there is one - made for man by God.

- Where can I read about her?

- It is in you and in every living person on Earth, it is only necessary to call logic, to reflect, and you can realize and agree with the obvious.

Spring! Almost at the same time nature revives all at once. The buds on the trees are filling up, the leaves are unfurling, the grasses are quietly turning green. Among the grasses, as if it is the best of all, the dandelion stands out with its brightest yellow color. Its flower, as if made of rays coming from the sun, attracts the bee to itself.

As if in the sun, a bee sits on a flower. She sits, knowing that the flower will give her its life-giving nectar and pollen in full, from which the brood of young bees will be nourished and the family will last. The bee knows all this and

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hurriedly carries nectar and pollen from the beautiful flower to her bee family.

A single dandelion flower... It could tell a lot of things to a man. How it can cure infertility, how it can purify the blood, how it can help the heart, and create harmony in the flesh, and calm the soul.

But the dandelion flower, which looks like a sun, cannot speak in words. And it cannot understand why its gifts are neglected by man and people call it a weed.

After all, the little bee repeatedly shows people with his deeds: his gifts are able to create harmony in the flesh and prolong the family.

In sadness, many flowers wither away, like the sun, having failed to fulfill their purpose. They will bloom again in the new spring with the hope that man will recognize their meaning.

- And what science says about the dandelion, can your center report? - Boris asked.

Victor immediately answered everyone:

- In official medicine, dandelion roots have found use as a bitter to stimulate appetite, as a choleric in diseases of the liver, gallbladder, gallstone disease, jaundice, to improve the activity of the alimentary canal, with gastritis, colitis, hemorrhoids, as a mild laxative for chronic constipation.

Research was carried out: the possibility of using dandelion for medicinal purposes. The antibiotic effect of the extract from the flower pollen of dandelion medicinal was found. Antibiotic activity of pollen was tested on 27 species of microorganisms. Preliminary evidence suggests that the pollen antibiotic has a high therapeutic effect in some intestinal infections in humans. Science also does not refute the claims of folk medicine. People in Korea, China, and Europe are treated with dandelion.

The monitor also showed pictures of hundreds of other medicinal plants.

And Feodorit spoke again:

- Other fruits, herbs and root crops, which ripen in a strict sequence by the beginning of summer, have no less significance. Some ripen by the middle of summer, others only by the end, and all through the fall, as if in turn, the plants present their ripe fruits to man. But why do all the fruits ripen in a strict sequence for thousands of years, but not at the same time?

The answer here is obvious and logical. For man, his favorite creation, the Creator created the world and determined the ripening of fruits in a strict sequence. He took into account many parameters unknown to us: the planets of the universe, the atmospheric pressure, the structure of water in the depths, and the temporary state of human flesh.

And we are now to name perhaps one of the first rules of the Divine diet.

For the nourishment of perfect flesh, consistency is of tremendous importance. In the Divine nature the fruits are presented in a certain time, and this time must be observed. The flesh must not be overloaded with food that is ripe at other times of the year.

Now we have to understand how much of this life-giving food to consume and when to consume it. Only your personal physician can solve this problem.

- I don't have a personal doctor," said little Catherine. - My mom and dad don't have a personal doctor, and my girlfriends don't have a personal doctor. When an epidemic, like flu, for example, starts, everyone who gets sick goes to the city and sits in line to see a hospital doctor.

- All people living on Earth have a personal doctor, Catherine. The Creator has given it to everyone, including you," Feodorit answered the girl. - When a person wakes up in the morning, it is not necessary for him to eat immediately, he should trust his doctor: he will tell you by the feeling of hunger when and how much and what kind of food to take.

But first he must be told of his intentions. Eleven days must be spent in eating the food that will ripen in the sequence of time.

In spring, herbs suitable for human food, such as dandelion, nettles, and straw, will ripen first. A bush of honeysuckle will present its berries by June - they are able to give calories to the flesh, but the main thing is that they will protect from various viruses, clean blood vessels and help the heart to work.

After eleven days your doctor will realize the seriousness of your intentions to eat the Divine diet and will determine with precision when and how much and what you should eat. And no diseases will touch the human flesh, and those that were, will depart, thus prolonging the life of man. Many problems will go away, freeing the time for human thought about the main thing - creation. One should eat like breathing - my mother once told me so.

An elderly gray-haired man came out of the crowd of people listening to Feodorit - he was a surgeon, he lived in the settlement and, like everyone else, was establishing his kin's domain. He came quickly up to Feodorit and spoke excitedly and a little confusedly:

- Young man, wait. Young man, wait. Your syllable. You may not speak in a way that everyone can understand, but what you say is extremely important, it's a great discovery. I want to add. I want to clarify. I'm sorry to interrupt you, but let me explain.

Feodorit, agreeing, nodded his head. The gray-haired doctor turned to the crowd and continued excitedly:

- You all know me. You know that I am a doctor-surgeon, living among you, my wife and I, like you, are creating our own kin's domain. My wife is also an internist. When we get together with our friends-colleagues, we often discuss one important topic that doctors very rarely talk about with their patients. You see, when we prescribe medications to cure you of a disease, we specify the dose and

time of taking the pills, following the recommendations of the Ministry of Health. But, you see, these doses... they are very, very approximate, they cannot be the same for everyone.

The dosage of medicines depends on many parameters. When prescribing drugs, it is necessary to take into account not only the age and weight of a person, but also the condition of all his internal organs, psycho-emotional state, diet, degree of mobility, lifestyle, climate and much more. Such studies cannot be done for every patient. Such studies and dosage determination will require a whole group of doctors for each patient who applied to a medical institution with any, even the most trifling, at first glance, disease. Since it is impossible to determine the exact dosage, it is averaged. It is averaged for the whole of our country. The situation is similar in other countries.

It follows that when prescribing medicines to a patient, the doctor cannot be sure that they will not cause premature death. What negative consequences cause an overdose of pills, is indicated in many instructions for medicines. And in fact, many drugs and without an overdose have a negative impact on the internal organs of a person. But the doctor nevertheless prescribes them - because he sees no other way to help the patient.

In this case, the doctor does not risk anything, his actions are covered by the instructions of the Ministry of Health. The Ministry of Health does not risk anything either, because it acts according to the methodology presented by scientific medical institutions. I repeat, these methodologies are averaged. Thus, the risk falls entirely on the person taking medicines, even if prescribed by a doctor. The risk is great, because a person is risking his life expectancy and its quality.

As a rule, medicinal plants have much less negative consequences and side effects than pills. With the help of medicinal plants it is possible to cure any

diseases of human flesh - it has been proven for centuries and millennia. And not in vain in India in higher educational institutions officially study Ayurveda - the most ancient science of healing, references to which are known for hundreds of years before our era. And in China, traditional medicine is taught in universities. Isn't that why these two countries dominate all others in terms of population? For 10 years I have diligently studied the works of the great healers of the past, including Aristotle, Plato, Avicenna, but neither they nor modern universities and research institutes in India, China and all over the world have been able to solve the problem of determining the exact dosage for each patient. But this is the most important issue in folk medicine. When taking herbs, an overdose can also have negative consequences, and an insufficient dose will not give the desired therapeutic effect.

The young man standing in front of you has just told you about the way to solve this millennium problem - the problem of medicine of the past and present, telling you about the inner doctor given to each person by the Creator. He told us about the connection of each plant with the planets, about the importance of taking fruits at the moment of their ripening in the sequence suggested by the nature itself. He told us about a truly Divine diet. He showed us through what we can experience the Universe. He could have won a Nobel Prize in a scientific treatise, and more than one, but he told us all these discoveries for nothing. Thank you, young man, for your generosity!

Alexander Vasilievich (that was the surgeon's name) turned and saw that the young monk was sitting on the floor of the minibus, leaning against the wall, his eyes half-closed: he was sleeping and in his sleep was slowly going through his cedar rosary. Alexander Vasilyevich looked at the sleeping monk for a while, then turned around, took a few steps towards the standing people and quietly said:

- I can guess who this young man really is and why he doesn't care about the

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world's highest honors. It's because he considers the highest reward to be the approval of one woman, and that woman is his mother.

When he uttered the phrase "you have to eat like you breathe," I realized who this extraordinary man was.

- I realized it too," Catherine's father added. - When he said, "You have to eat like you breathe, my mother once told me so," it was like an electric shock went through my body. But why did he give us this unusual information?

- I assume he knows that it is we and only we who are capable of conducting a colossal experiment, or rather, an examination together with the relevant government agencies and research institutes. Judge for yourself. There are already about 400 settlements like ours, consisting of kin's domains. There are in every subject of the Russian Federation, and there are tens of thousands of domains. Each of us owns at least 1 hectare of land, and each of us strives to create an ecologically clean self-sufficient ecosystem on our hectare. We can plant many medicinal plants on a part of our hectare without much difficulty.

Medical research institutions, which will be involved in the large-scale experiment, will conduct an extensive medical examination of people who live in their kin's domains and wish to participate in the experiment, record, if any diseases are established, establish the actual biological age.

Next, we will apply the nutritional methodology we heard today - we will call it the Divine Diet.

The examinations will be repeated every three months or every six months and recorded in official documents of medical research institutions. This is the procedure for certifying new treatment methods and medicines. I am convinced that this large-scale experiment will show positive results up to the change of biological age, in other words, rejuvenation of the organism and slowing down aging. I am firmly convinced of this as a doctor with thirty years of experience and

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as a scientist.

And then we're going to study. We will study officially, so that everyone will have a higher medical education and become a certified doctor. We will apply to the Russian Academy of Sciences and get our universities to open elective courses in traditional medicine. We will request teaching methods from Chinese and Indian universities, but most importantly, we will have our own, and perhaps it will be unrivaled.

The people in the crowd, excited by Alexander Vasilyevich's speech, began to talk excitedly among themselves. Some began to make additions and suggestions to what had been said, others expressed doubts:

-You'll grow old before you reach an agreement with our government. They can't pass a law on kin's domains, two drafts have been in the State Duma for three years.

- We'll make a deal. The key is to get the offer right.

- Of course we'll make a deal. We've been sluggish lately, all preoccupied with our domains.

- It is necessary to create a special group that will negotiate with the government, with the Academy of Sciences, and help it in every possible way.

- It is only unclear what it would take to come up with something like this to shake up our government. In all regions of Russia, people are resurrecting abandoned lands with their own money, but they are still living in the last century like the blind and deaf. They are still unable to prepare a law on kin's domains.

A CONTEST FOR PRESIDENTS

- Soon it will be passed, I'll tell you a joyful joy," said the temperamental

Ekaterina. - My dad and mom often talk about the law on kin's domains at home too. And my girlfriends also talk at home parents. And in Belarus they talk, and in Ukraine. I know this because I correspond with them via the Internet. And then we started thinking. We thought, we thought and we came up with an idea. We thought of announcing a contest among all the presidents for the best law on kin's domains. And my brother Dima promised to print it on the computer and send it to all the presidents. But only if I wrote about this contest without a single mistake. He thought I couldn't write without a single mistake, because I'm only in first grade, but I could. Because my girlfriends and I decided to go to Viktor Yakovlevich's domain. He will correct all the mistakes. Because Viktor Yakovlevich is kind - he gave 4 hectares of land for the children's camp. He is smart, he is a doctor of sciences and knows how to do everything correctly and without mistakes. Presidents will read it and start competing who has more kin's domains, and this will make the country more beautiful.

People, listening to Catherine, smiled and laughed. Someone asked:

- Catherine, what prize do you offer the winning president?

- I don't think we've thought about a prize yet. Maybe we could write him a certificate of honor. Maybe we could gather some herbs that help the brain work better.

- Beautiful country will be the winner of the best reward and recognition of the people - laughing, prompted Catherine from the crowd.

- Perhaps we laugh at a seemingly simple child's idea for nothing," Viktor Yakovlevich said.

The crowd immediately quieted down. He, a former deputy of three convocations of the State Duma, professor, doctor of economic sciences, left his house on Rublyovka and his Moscow apartment. Together with the pioneers, he transformed a hectare overgrown with weeds into a blossoming garden, his kin's

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domain, and enjoyed great authority among the settlers.

- I, for example, believe, - Victor Yakovlevich calmly continued, - the creators of kin's domains should address the President of the country, political parties, and deputies of the State Duma. It is important to choose the right form of communication. It is necessary to start with a story about yourself.

The Anastasia Foundation made a very good suggestion - to hold an open day in the already established settlements consisting of kin's domains under the title "Excursion to the future of Russia" or "Excursion to the national idea". Invite to the event all district and regional administration, local deputies of all levels, local press. To prepare for the guests a fair-sale of products produced in different Russian settlements consisting of kin's domains. To organize a tour and a round table, an amateur art concert.

A voice from the information center's loudspeaker silenced everyone and woke Feodorit up.

- Says square 14, we need a center alignment. At the point where the cherry tree should be planted, at a depth of about 15 centimeters, two stones with diameters of about 40 and 50 centimeters were found. We propose to change the cherry tree planting point one and a half meters to the right of the design point.

PATHS TO CREATION

Feodorit pulled a walkie-talkie from his pocket, turned it on, and answered the fourteenth square.

- The planting point should not be changed. As far as I remember the project, there is an apple tree to the right of the cherry tree and an apple tree to the left as

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well. The distance between them is the maximum permissible. If it is reduced by even half a meter, the trees will conflict with each other.

- And the central computer confirms it: plants can conflict with each other, specifically apple and cherry trees. The cherry tree can even release poison," Victor added.

- He says square 14, we're clear. We'll remove the stones.

- Says square 102, we have the same problem. We opened the door of the cage with the animals that Svetlana wanted to see in her domain. All are in place, not going far from their feeders, familiarizing themselves with the territory, but the falcon flew away. He's never flown before. We took it as a tiny chick at the veterinary clinic, its wing was damaged. I guess it's healed. How do we catch the falcon now? Do you have a clue?

- There is no clue. Central gives a few traps for birds, but it is recommended to set them in the habitat - in general, where there is a nest," Victor answered. But he doesn't have a nest here, and he's not used to the domain yet. He'll be flying now in the middle of nowhere.

Feodorit turned on his radio again and asked:

- 102, please answer me this: did you have all your animals living in the same cage?

- Yes, they lived together for three months, we were advised to let them get used to each other and become friends.

- And what about the falconer? Befriended anyone more than others?

- Yes, he often played with the kitten, they even slept together.

- All right, let's try the next option. Take a telescopic mast for the antenna, it should be somewhere near you at Svetlana's house. Tie some rags to the antenna, put a kitten on the antenna and raise it to a height of 4 meters from the ground.

After a while, a voice from the speaker reported:

- Report. To the antenna tied a calfskin, put a kitten on it, we lift the antenna.

- Commander, can you hear me? - Feodorit asked into the radio.

- Yeah, I hear you.

- It is imperative that the motors of all machinery on the site be shut off and people must not move.

- Shut down the engines, stop moving, - the commander's order sounded.

In the silence, the only sounds heard were birdsong and the rustling of leaves on the trees. I could also hear a kitten meowing, crying for help.

Five, ten, 15 minutes passed. The situation did not change. The kitten was silent for a while, and then began to cry for help again with its piercing meow. Suddenly, like all people, Katenka, who was looking up at the sky, exclaimed:

- I see it! I see it! It's high in the sky. A falcon! It's circling over the kitten.

The falcon, writing circles, descended lower and lower and soon sat on the calf next to the kitten. The paratroopers lowered the antenna, but even on the ground the kitten did not leave the falcon. He stood on his hind legs, wrapped his front legs around the bird's neck as if hugging it, jumped and somersaulted in front of the falcon.

- You don't have to worry now," Feodorit said into the radio. - If he flies away again, he will come back, worrying about his friend.

People applauded the happy ending of the story, and from the loudspeaker sounded already a new question to the information center:

- We are fulfilling the task of widening the pond by 3 meters. Now we are leveling the banks. We took a water sample and made a rapid analysis using the instruments available to us. The water has a high content of carbon dioxide and organics, ph is also not normal, visual turbidity is observed, more accurate and detailed analysis of the water is required. We have already taken samples. Are there any preparations for cleaning and bringing the water in the pond to the

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required balance?

- Yes, there are. The computer lists a number of chemical additives for water purification, and also suggests purification plants like those used to purify water in large swimming pools," Victor replied.

- A detailed analysis, in general, is not necessary," Feodorit intervened in the conversation. - Everything is clear. There are fish in the pond, they defecate, leaves fall on the surface of the water, then rot - all this increases the organic matter and raises the ph. The problem can be solved without chemicals and treatment plants. It is necessary to build a floating island, one or more, depending on the size of the pond. The islets should consist of plants floating on the surface of the water. The root system of such plants feeds on the organic matter contained in the water. The islets will balance everything and the water will be clear.

- The center confirms this option," Victor added. - I will download instructions on how to make the island myself and what plants to plant.

- This is the field kitchen. Communication with the commander is required," a new voice sounded in the center's loudspeaker.

- I'm listening.

- Lunch is ready, commander, but there's a little problem. Two little girls came up to me and asked for a taste. I gave them some, and now we have a big line of kids lined up. If they all get a taste, there won't be anything left for us.

- Thank you for your service, field kitchen. I can see the appetizing aroma coming from your lunch, as always. Help the children. We'll use the dry rations.

Hearing the commander's order, the huge crowd that had gathered at the entrance to Svetlana's domain, as if on cue, began to disperse very quickly. But when the paratroopers, seated at folding camping tables, began to open canned food from the dry rations, people began to return. They carried pots filled with soups and borscht, baskets of fruit and vegetables, dishes with pancakes, and

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someone even carried a large steaming samovar.

All the paratroopers' tables were filled with the settlers' homemade food, but people kept coming and coming with their treats. The confused paratroopers looked at each other, not knowing which dish to start with, and only repeated to each person who came with another offering: thank you, thank you, thank you.

Svetlana's friend Larisa defused the situation. She quickly approached Ivan sitting at the table, took a bowl and a ladle and playfully said:

- Comrade Commander, I'm your personal waitress, my name is Larisa. Tell me, what would you like for the first course - shchi, borscht or, perhaps, soup with mushrooms?

- Soup with mushrooms," Ivan replied with a smile.

Other women also began to care for the paratroopers with jokes and jokes. It was a cheerful lunch, cheerful, which finally made friendship between the founders of the kin's domains and the paratroopers. At the end of the lunch Ivan stood up, thanked the local people and commanded:

- For one hour's rest, spread out in your tents.

The paratroopers got up from the table. And then there was a shrill shout from Katenka:

- Stop, soldiers! Wait! My daddy wants to make a very, very important announcement for you," the little girl dragged her father by the hand to the minibus of the information center and demanded: "Just, daddy, speak into the microphone so that it's loud and everyone can hear.

Taking the microphone from Victor's hands, Katenka's father said:

- Dear friends, our guests! Thank you very much for the lesson you have taught us. You have shown how important a project is when creating a kin's domain. You approached the realization of dreams and turning them into reality with military precision and care. Thank you for that. Tomorrow at 17 o'clock a

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festive ball, a concert and an evening of acquaintances will take place on the grounds of our public complex. On behalf of all residents of our settlement consisting of kin's domains, I invite you to our annual holiday.

All the locals applauded.

- Thank you, we will definitely come," Ivan replied to the invitation.

Catherine snatched the microphone from her father and added:

- Everyone should come to the ball festively dressed, but your clothes are not festive and a little dirty from work. But you do not get upset and do not be sad, you will be forgiven, because you are heroes, and we with the girls tomorrow will come at the end of the day with brushes and help you clean your clothes. I've already arranged it with my girlfriends.

- Thank you, Katya, for your concern. We know about all your rules and traditions. Tomorrow at the party we will try to be in clean and tidy clothes," Ivan smiled.

Toward the evening of the next day, large and small groups of smartly dressed people streamed to the grounds where the festivities were held. Each group represented the kin of one of the founders of the kin's domain. Everyone stopped at the entrance to Svetlana's domain to admire the miraculous transformations that had happened to her domain.

- Unbelievable! A fairy tale! They also managed to build a two-story house on the shore of the pond, with a beautiful veranda and an unusual weathervane on the roof. Just fantastic! - people marveled.

- There is nothing fantastic," Boris explained to his relatives. - They screwed the piles into the ground on the very first day and put four carriages on them with a crane, already finished inside and out. And inside there is also furniture. This is what my friend Victor told me, his father is the commander of this unit. They had

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been preparing for this operation for six months, thinking over every detail. They met in the evenings and discussed the upcoming operation, because they liked it very much.

- I wonder what would happen if our commander-in-chief ordered all armed forces to create such units and create such domains on empty lands?

- What do you mean, what? It will be a prosperous country! And soldiers will know what to defend, because a big motherland is always seen through a small one.

- Where are the 33 fairy-tale bogatyrs? I'd like to see them.

- They've gone to get ready for the ball," Boris said. - They're probably cleaning their clothes and shoes somewhere.

A RETURN TO THE BEGINNING OF LIFE

On the Good Earth the holiday began! The main holiday of the settlement - "My Family Day". The whole dance floor in front of the covered stage and the space around it were filled with festively dressed people. They were talking among themselves, laughing, getting acquainted.

Suddenly there was a rumble: a man adjusting the sound equipment on stage dropped the microphone. But he did not hurry to pick up the microphone rolling on the stage, but stood looking somewhere in the direction like a mesmerized man.

People turned in the same direction and saw the familiar paratroopers quickly jumping out of the bus. Only they were dressed quite differently - in a very beautiful parade officer's uniform. Maybe that's why the uniform seemed very beautiful, because the men dressed in it were slim and trim. Each of them had golden epaulettes and stars on their shoulders.

Lieutenant Colonel, Major, Colonel, Colonel again... Wow, they don't have anyone below Major! - commented a man standing on the stage and added into the microphone:

- We are glad to welcome you, fabulous bogatyrs, valiant officers of the Russian Army.

And the assembled people applauded the officers.

At this time, secluded from everyone, Svetlana and Larissa stood backstage.

- Why didn't you talk to Ivan in two days, Svetlana? It's not normal," Larisa reproached her friend.

- It's easy for you to say, Larisa, but I'm in a fog, like it's not happening to me. It's the second day he's been working with the cedar. Victor told me how he and Ivan traveled to the Siberian taiga to get this cedar. Ivan dug it up himself, for a long time, to save the roots, and then he dug up various grasses around it, he said, so that the cedar wouldn't be sad in its new place. Today I spent half a day watching through the window how diligently Ivan was planting these blades of grass. And you know what I really wanted?

- What do you want?

- I wanted to be a little blade of grass, so that Ivan would touch me with the same care. Then I pulled myself together, made pancakes, put them on a beautiful plate and went to Ivan. I approached him, trembling, and said: "Here are the pancakes, please eat them. He straightened up, looked at me, at the pancakes, and replied, "Thank you, Svetlana, but it's awkward for me to start dinner without my friends.

I went back to my cabin with the pancakes, out of excitement and ate all the pancakes myself.

- Well, did you invite me to your cabin tonight?

- I didn't invite them because it wasn't the right time. They work like clockwork all the time - like in battle, I guess. In the evening, they have a scheduled dinner, and then the order goes out - 30 minutes to get ready for bed and then it's off.

- I told you, Sveta. I told you, you shouldn't have written such a letter as you did. Come and visit me, maybe you can help me with the housework, because I don't remember anyone's address but yours. So your classmate came to help you with your chores. He doesn't approach you because he remembers how you told him at the high school graduation ball: "Don't come near me until I invite you myself". He won't come up to you because you don't invite him. The prom is about to start. Can you even ask him to dance?

- I don't know, Larissa. I'm afraid my legs would give out. He's like a fairy-tale prince or a wizard from another planet.

- If you don't know, then I'll go and invite him. For once in my life, I'll touch a wizard from another planet.

- Don't, Larissa. I can do it. I can do this.

When Larissa and Svetlana came to the edge of the dance floor, the orchestra, consisting of cadets from the Suvorov School, was already on the stage. Victor was tuning his saxophone ahead of the musicians. When he saw the women, he smiled at them and waved.

Suddenly, there was a sudden rumble of thunder. The downpour that followed forced people to move quickly to the canopies around the dance floor. But as soon as people left the dance floor, the downpour was immediately replaced by a soft, gentle rain.

The orchestra played a waltz melody. Svetlana shuddered at the first chords. The orchestra was playing the melody to which she, a young beauty, had danced at

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that distant graduation ball.

Svetlana closed her eyes. In an instant, images of her distant youth flashed before her. The youth in which she had fought desperately with a group of teenagers, defending Ivan, who was lying in a puddle, beaten up. And how she and Ivan learned to dance in the front yard to the tune of this waltz, and Ivan's mother, a choreographer, helped them and taught Svetlana how to curtsy gracefully. And how already at the school ball asked Ivan to move away from her, because she really wanted to dance with Andrew, a handsome man, which many girls of their class and her. And as she twirled in a waltz with Andrei, feeling her superiority over the whole world, Svetlana became the queen of the ball.

And there were no more vivid pictures in the memories of the past. It was as if all the years that had passed were insignificant. And only one picture stirred her soul, made her heart beat fast. In this picture, Ivan, who had once rejected her, was diligently planting a cedar tree on her domain, and then healing taiga grasses around it.

And Svetlana made up her mind. To the sound of the school waltz at least a little to correct the mistake of her distant youth, to say "thank you" to her unusual Ivan, and maybe just to apologize to him.

She walked slowly across the empty dance floor, through the rain, toward the group of officers standing under the awning. But either in herself or from somewhere outside, voices suddenly sounded:

- Where, why are you going, old woman? You won't make it! You can't get back what you lost in your youth.

- What you've done is stupid and cruel. You're an old woman with wrinkles on your face. You can't even conceive a baby anymore.

- Ivan is of course your age, but he is a man. He is stately and intelligent, and even though his hair is slightly gray, he is handsome with unusual beauty. Even

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young girls' eyes light up at the sight of him.

- What are you, an old woman, trying to outshine them all? You can't! You'll only hurt yourself and your friend.

- Ivan loved you, a young girl, but now she is gone, there is an old woman. When Ivan comes into contact with you, his love will fade. And every time he looks at you, he will see only regret before him.

In the middle of the dance floor Svetlana stopped in indecision. She wanted to turn around and go back, but suddenly she heard, as if music, words of a different meaning:

- Svetlana, wait, listen to us!

- Who are you?

- The energy of the blades of grass we are from your domain. And we, the bushes. And I, the thistles growing on the edge.

- We - all the trees, herbs and flowers from your kin's domain - want to tell you: Svetlana, don't believe other people's words when they say that everything will pass. Not everyone who sees Yavneh will understand it.

- Even though your life rushed through different years, you have not come to the end of it, you have come to the beginning. Now you must realize your status. Awareness is important, believe me. Who are you?

- You are the queen of the eternity of the universe, and to us you are a goddess. We are your faithful servants and we are your friends. You are our queen and goddess, our lives depend on you. You can change everything in your space with your thought.

- And some of us will wither without complaint at the command of your thought, others will blossom to your joy.

- Your kin's domain, your space on earth is bounded by a boundary, as if it were a border. But there is no boundary, no border between your space and the vast

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Universe.

- Each of us has had a connection with the planets of the Universe since our primordial birth. They are strong, our planets, the Sun, the Moon and many others. They are good, but you are stronger than them - the planets of the universe. Only you are able to change your space.

- Believe in yourself, go to your Ivan, ask him to dance. Your love will open the door to eternity. For you we'll bloom every spring.

- For you, too, I will bloom - a thistle growing on the edge.

And Svetlana went forward.

Ivan was not among the officers. She stood and stared at the men's faces as if asking for help. As if guessing her thoughts, they parted, and Svetlana saw Ivan. He, like all his officer friends, was in dress uniform, but there was only one star on his epaulettes - a general's. And another gold star on his chest.

Svetlana walked over to Ivan. They stared at each other in silence for a while, the sight of each of them making their flesh heat up.

And again the fine rain turned into a downpour. It seemed to swirl, flowing to the sounds of waltz on the dance floor, washing the space with itself or calling people to something.

Not paying attention to the violent elements, Svetlana obediently bowed in a deep curtsy before Ivan, inviting him to dance.

As soon as, holding hands, they approached the dance floor, the downpour suddenly subsided and turned into a gentle rain again.

The people watched in amazement as the brave general twirled the mischievous girl in a beautiful dance in front of them, and everyone thought that he was the only one who could imagine the beautiful vision.

People did not realize that the vision was real. And only not far away

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Svetlana's domain, rustling its leaves, waving its grasses to the sky, tried to persuade its planets: "Thank you for listening to our requests and pleas of energies, for weaving together the paths to creation. Thank you to the people who follow those paths.

You have managed to make the future destiny of Svetlana, our goddess, beautiful, now we too will be touched by the great ray of Love energy. Now we ask you not to hurry, let people not be frightened by the possibilities of the Universe. People will understand, we know: the Universe is around and in them at the same time. Every man is the creator of his own destiny.

A troop of paratroopers was leaving a settlement consisting of kin's domains, and only 30 people were in it, not 33, and a completely different officer commanded the unit...

The squad was leaving for the beautiful future of Russia.

AND IN THE BEAUTIFUL FUTURE...

In the large hall of the Federal Command Center of the Russian Federation, where many huge monitors were installed, meetings of the Russian Security Council were regularly held. For three years now, the members of the Council have enjoyed meeting here every last Saturday of the month, and each time they have gotten more and more energized and healthy from the positive information coming from different regions of Russia.

But this regular meeting was very, very unusual. All the wives of Security Council members were invited to attend. Elegantly dressed, well-groomed, beautiful women entered the hall and sat in the extra seats prepared in advance for them.

A year ago, these women began to notice that their husbands always returned from Saturday meetings in high spirits, sometimes bringing fresh flowers and

potted plants to the house. The men became more interested in their wives' well-being, joked with them, and seemed to talk about the possibility of having another child. The women also began to notice that their husbands, who were already quite elderly, seemed to be getting younger and their manhood was returning. The wife of the chairman of the Security Council was the first to sound the alarm. She started calling the wives of other members of the Council, and it turned out that other women were also noticing the same phenomenon. And the women, just like their husbands, decided to meet every last Saturday of the month to discuss the situation.

- We do not yet know why our husbands are clearly getting younger and their physical condition is getting stronger," the wife of the chairman of the Security Council told the audience. - What is clear is the task before us. We have to match them - to look younger and be perfectly healthy.

- Yes, I agree, but we also need to develop our intelligence, to be able to maintain a conversation on any topic," added the defense minister's wife.

- Why don't we use plastics?

- I don't think plastic surgery is necessary, because our men can do without it.

Eventually, these women worked with experts to develop their own wellness and rejuvenation program. The program included fitness, yoga and a special diet. Already after six months with the help of this program they got positive results, but the results were more modest than what was happening with their husbands. And then the decision was made to attend the men's mystery Saturday sessions.

After persistent requests and persuasion, the members of the Security Council decided to give their wives a tour and allow them to attend one of Saturday's meetings.

A gray-haired major-general entered the hall where the women were sitting, talking animatedly among themselves, and, standing in front of the audience,

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greeted them and said:

- By order of the Secretary of the Scientific Council under the Security Council of the Russian Federation, I must tell you, distinguished ladies, about the monthly Saturday meetings and answer your questions within my competence. My name is Ivan Nikiforovich.

- It's good, Ivan Nikiforovich, that you are ready to answer our questions," a beautiful statuesque woman stood up from her seat. - There is one question that interests all the women present here. The thing is that every time after these Saturday meetings our men return home in high spirits and as if rejuvenated. We tried to find an explanation for this phenomenon. Among others, we had a hypothesis that on Saturdays our husbands take some miraculous, previously unknown to science drugs. Is this true?

- Your assumptions, dear ladies, are quite correct," the general smiled and continued: - However, I would replace the word "preparations" with the word "energies". Your husbands during their Saturday sessions do receive a charge of positive energies, which cause positive emotions in them. These energies activate the activity of the brain, adjust the work of the senses, adrenaline is released into the blood, and the heart muscle works more clearly. In research practice such parameters as blood pressure, pulse, pupil reaction, skin condition up to regeneration of hair and skin have long been used.

I want to emphasize to you once again that world science has long been well aware of the beneficial effect of positive emotions on the mental and physiological state. These energies are able to rid the human body of any diseases and promote rejuvenation. However, your husbands experience the influence of positive energies directed to them by other people. The physics of the impact of the directed energies is not sufficiently studied by modern science, we assume that the impact of these energies should be studied with the help of esotericism and metaphysics.

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- Ivan Nikiforovich, I'm sorry, but it's not clear why all of a sudden out of the blue positive energy began to cause such strong positive emotions in our husbands?

- A legitimate question, I'm happy to answer it.

As early as 20 years ago, small groups of people began to appear in Russia who, united, bought overgrown weedy lands around big cities and began to organize on them settlements of a new type. They called them settlements consisting of kin's domains. These people claimed that they created their domains in memory of their ancestors and for the happy life of future generations. Each domain had an area of at least one hectare. Today there are about 1400 such settlements in the Russian Federation.

When the Security Council received information about an unusual phenomenon occurring in various regions of Russia, the FSB was tasked with determining what or who was its catalyst. It turned out that all of the people involved in the unusual movement were readers of the book series "The Ringing Cedars of Russia," which was based on the writings of a Siberian taiga hermit named Anastasia. The members of the scientific council tasked with determining how ordinary fiction could have such a powerful impact on society were not unanimous in their conclusions. But some of them began to argue that the texts of these books contain certain codes that influence the society that sees and shapes the shape of the future country.

To confirm or refute this statement, it was decided to create a special group of young people, as it is the youth who will have to live in the future and understand it today.

I will present a small part of the speech of the leader of this group to you.

Ivan Nikiforovich pressed a button on the remote control, and an image of a young man dressed in jeans and a dark T-shirt appeared on one of the monitors. A

stylish fashionable haircut and an earring in his ear spoke of his belonging to the modern generation, not always understood by the elderly. He spoke calmly and even a little carelessly, not at all shy or embarrassed by the high-ranking assembly.

- As for the special codes hidden in the texts of the books, our group agreed that they are there, as they are in any text that evokes some kind of emotion, such as news reports or anecdotes that provoke laughter, or scientific literature that provokes reflection. Anastasia does not hide this and not only that - she tells us how she collected them and arranged them in a certain sequence. She used the sounds of the universe.

- Young man, are you and your group absolutely certain of the existence of the hermit Anastasia?

- That's a strange question. Are you sure that we are now discussing an unusual phenomenon - the reaction to Anastasia's words by a significant part of society, both in Russia and abroad? Or maybe this discussion doesn't exist and we don't exist either? The reasoning of a person looking at a ray of sunlight on his palm and wondering whether the Sun, the source of this ray, exists would look ridiculous.

- But then why doesn't Anastasia come out to the people?

- Do not her ideas, aspirations, suggestions exist among us at this moment? Is flesh absolutely necessary? But the sight of flesh would distract from the main thing. The source realizes this and therefore does not distract us, thus awakening the impulses of the soul and prompting us to action. Our group is convinced that the books "The Ringing Cedars of Russia" set out a program for getting out of the crisis on a global scale. For a year now we have been working with a computer program capable of determining what will happen to planet Earth if people continue on the technocratic path of development. The program shows that there will be a planetary catastrophe. A change in lifestyle, as Anastasia says, which has

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already begun, will prevent the catastrophe and bring planet Earth to prosperity.

- Young man, does your program say anything about the actions of the governments of different countries?

- Yes, we researched the question of the meaning of the actions of past and contemporary rulers, pumped into the program a colossal amount of information about their actions and got the answer.

- Which one?

- Amazing! The program responded with a quote from the books: "A succession of earthly rulers, no matter what temples they erected, descendants will remember only that the dirt from them had to take. Water! Water is the criterion for everything, and every day it becomes dirtier".

On June 1, 2016, the law signed by the President of the Russian Federation on May 1, 2016 on the Far Eastern hectare came into effect in the Russian Federation. According to this law, every citizen has the right to receive a free hectare of land in the Far Eastern Federal District. Everything is as it is written in the books we are studying, where more than ten years ago I read: "At the beginning of the new millennium, the President of Russia will issue a decree on the free allocation of 1 hectare of land to each willing family". However, the mass development of vacant land in the Far East has not happened.

It is amazing how accurately and concretely the taiga hermit predicts the future. All her predictions, seemingly the most unbelievable, come true. It is necessary to predict with such precision even a presidential decree.

- But why, in your opinion, is there not enough effect after the release of this law?

- I'll answer. If you have read the books carefully, you should know that, according to Anastasia's grandfather, she does not predict the future, she models it. And if the modeled situation is accepted by people, it becomes material reality.

As for the decree, its presentation is not precise enough in style and egregor. How to make the text of the law more precise and effective can also be found in books, if you read them, isolating yourself while reading from the sounds of the technocratic world.

Ivan Nikiforovich turned off the image on the monitor and informed the audience:

- We need to learn to pronounce words that are accurate in meaning. And to catch intonations worthy of pronouncing words. It is impossible to come up with them with our minds," the Chairman of the Security Council remarked.

I think all the members of the Security Council followed the advice to read these books, and perhaps in making further decisions they were helped... Just don't be immediately surprised. Perhaps they were also helped by the energy of love. I will tell you the following story.

One general, commander of an airborne reconnaissance group, received a letter from a woman with whom he had studied at the same school for ten years. And they lived next door to each other. This girl with white bows, who sat at the same desk with him, he loved. He loved her with his first ardent and unrequited love. He had no chance of winning her favor. In the class he was considered unlucky, and he was shorter than this girl. After graduation, he left the city, served in the army, studied, became an officer and a general, experienced a lot in life. But school love still lived in his heart.

This woman did not know what he had become, and invited him for three days, as a boy who lived in her neighborhood, with a request to help her settle her kin's domain. The general asked his adopted son, a cadet of the Suvorov school, to scout the situation and find out what help he could give his beloved in three days. The son returned and told him that the woman had purchased a hectare of land overgrown with weeds and trees, lived on it alone in a construction cabin and drew

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in her imagination future flowerbeds, a garden, beautiful arbors. The young man drew the future project from the woman's words and showed it to her.

The general gathered his fellow soldiers and they began to prepare for the most unusual operation of their lives. On the appointed day, they arrived at the weedy domain and transformed it into a blooming oasis with a two-story house with a veranda, a pond, gazebos, flowerbeds, and a garden. The video footage of their actions was viewed more than once by members of the Security Council. And orders to military units, Rosgvardia, and police to form volunteer units for the development of kin's domains were sent to the regions. First of all, the units helped those who were retired from the reserve and had their own project and desire to create a kin's domain.

Ivan Nikiforovich took the remote control of the monitors and said:

- The future! There it is! Look! The future is being built by our people.

All the monitors showed individual kin's domains located in different regions of Russia, and entire settlements consisting of kin's domains. Gardens, flowerbeds, ponds, houses drowning in greenery, and happy faces of people. Fascinated by the beautiful views, the women did not notice the Security Council members entering the hall and taking their seats, but when they did see them, they stood up and applauded. One of the women suddenly ran up to the Secretary of the Security Council, quickly unbuckled a diamond brooch from her dress, pinned it to the lapel of her husband's jacket and said:

- This is my favorite thing, and may it be your reward now.

All the other women rushed to their husbands as well - hugging, clapping them on the shoulder, laughing.

One of the women suddenly spoke loudly:

- We should immediately start filming a documentary-fiction movie about what is happening in Russia.

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- That's right. A beautiful and necessary movie will turn out, - others supported her.

I ask you, dear readers, to support the beautiful future of your family, your small motherland, and thus the whole country!