

PAROUSIA

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BLUEPRINT  
NOVA  
2029

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ALEX R. ENCOMIENDA

# *The Blueprint of Nova 2029*

Alex R. Encomienda

PAROUSIA

The Blueprint of Nova 2029

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*To search for heaven  
is to understand eternity  
when there are no other  
points of reference.*

**T**he **Philosopher to The Architect:** Dear writer, are you there?

Is the world being nice to you? If so, have you found what you are looking for?

I am sending you this email because I believe you can help me. I am a philosopher living in Bar harbor, Maine. I have been given a great task that interpersonally relates to you. For seven years, I have been searching the web for someone who has the ability to lead me towards a world changing quest. I will give you all of the details as soon as I hear from you. Perhaps, you have been experiencing the kind of existential dread that I am experiencing. Perhaps, you are just another man. In any case, I found your hypothesis on the *Golden Axis* when I was searching the engine. I would like to know more about your thesis, good sir. I know that you are an architect and you have credentials and experience. I would like to know how far your knowledge extends.

If you are there, are you ready to break the barriers in which we are bound to?

**The Architect to The Philosopher:** Hello! I am here. However, I apologize greatly for what I have led you to believe. You have stumbled upon a dead end. The article you are referring to is a parody ad for the museum that I was working on years ago. The Golden Axis is nothing more than a mockery of the Mayans and their settlement in the pioneer grounds. It was a petty antic for exposure that was to no avail. The museum officially closed three years ago and my website's domain no longer exists. I'm sorry to disappoint.

**The Philosopher to The Architect:** Dear writer, I must say that I am slightly disappointed. I wasn't expecting to feel pity, however. It is one of those feelings when you don't know how to turn back because you already invested so much time into something. I apologize for bothering you. I understand that you are merely a simple architect who lives in the material world. There is something peculiar about the way I found you though. Call me crazy, but I have a feeling that we were designed to find each other for a great cause. Do you believe in destiny? If so, what do you believe it to be? Is it the fate of your life or the fate of life altogether? What are your points of reference?

If I told you that your destiny can be eternal and forever, would you believe me?

I am talking about exploring the barriers, good sir. I am talking about searching the world for the place we all know as *heaven*. It may seem like quite a stretch, but I have reason to believe that heaven is a place on earth. I have studies and academics, proof and logistics to believe that it is among us humans and if we search for it, we can find it.

If the stone does not reach the bird and the bird is the only thing worthy of hitting, you have an option to choose the first bird that is slightly worth hitting or the second bird which is too far but it is definitely worth hitting. If you choose the first, you may miss and both go flying! If you choose to take your chances and aim for the second bird then you may reach salvation. If it escapes then at least you knew you aimed for the best. Cheers, sir.

**The Architect to The Philosopher:** I apologize for replying so late but am I reading correctly? Do you take me for a loon? I'm at a loss for words here but I do believe you're either joking with me (in which case I don't have time for) or you're in need of pudding at your local

mental institution. I am a Christian man and I believe that heaven is for the afterlife- not midlife. Goodbye now.

**The Scientist to The Architect:** Hello, fellow earthling! I have spoken to the philosopher since the beginning of this year. He is quite an interesting man. The way he puts things reminds me of my granddad and the way he always used to say *don't think you know, don't know you don't know but know that you do know* whereas I would fall somewhere under *not knowing if I know or not* but that is a whole 'nother subject.

I am a scientist living in Brattleboro, Vermont. I have studied chemistry, geography, mathematics, physics and astronomy. One of the things I learned among these competencies is that human beings are such remarkable, adaptable creatures and there will be a day that the cosmos won't be able to tell us if there really is a God or not. Right now we are comforted with the scriptures and the manifestations of every Christian American that ever looked up the word *mortality* and realized that it is much more frightening when you reach your fifties. The closeness of death is imminent. Am I making any sense?

Also, the philosopher explained to me that once we develop a higher consciousness, the things surrounding us will echo our frequencies. If I were to say that we could seek heaven, nobody would believe me even though technology is at its peak right now. If I were to say that if you abide by the laws of the land you will go to heaven, that is a different story; everyone wants the free gift that is paradise but nobody wants to look for it. In my studies, I found a name for that and it falls under negligence. In law, if a plaintiff proves that the defendant breached a duty by failing to conform to that duty because of negligence, he would be guilty. By the way, none of this is directed to you, good sir.

The Philosopher informed me that he contacted you by mistake; that it was an act of God or energy that put you two together. Perhaps, it was a misunderstanding. It happens. I call it divine intervention. Me, a scientist! He also informed me that you are Christian. How would you feel if you were able to meet your savior without having to die? Wouldn't that be beautiful? The Philosopher and I have been speaking about this plan for a long time. He claims that heaven is located in the axis mundi; an area where things come to a cross. All we need from you is an ark or aerial vehicle strong enough to withstand Mother Nature. Please do message back, friend.

**The Architect to The Scientist:** First of all, I would like to say thank you for not sending me several documents trying to prove your point. I've had that happen to me before and it didn't end well- for the other, I mean. I get what you are saying but I don't believe in it. I just searched up *heaven* and besides the twenty two local massage parlors, there is only one heaven and it is a nonphysical plane. It was a good attempt at salvaging yourself from death but we are human beings; all of us are meant to die. If you knew anything about heaven then you would know that the only way to get there from here is through Jesus Christ. I'm not interested in your scientology or the philosopher's New Age nonsense. I call that hokey pokey in the same way atheists call my Christianity hokey pokey and blind faith. Please don't contact me again.

**The Scientist to The Architect:** I pulled up the notes I have been working on since the beginning of this year. Take your time and read everything. Its fine if you reply back late. It is always better late than never, they say.



**The Philosopher to The Scientist:** Dear writer, how are you? Did you reach out to the architect? I have another diagram that shows the axis mundi is the crossroads for heaven and earth. It is such a bizarre feeling I get when I even begin to type the words because I know that I am right. I've been studying and found more proof than errors in my thesis. You are not one of those mentally disabled folks, are you? You know which ones I'm talking about... the ones with their heads up their ass and their fingers to the globe saying, *oh, but this is wrong! The earth is not a globe, it's a disc! How is the water not going to the deepest part? This doesn't make any sense to me!*

Well in any case, I apologize if you are because then I couldn't help you. Every sphere that grows must have a sacred seed; every inhabited region has a sacred place where nothing enters. Is this out of fear? NASA just launched a rocket into space in hopes of seeing frequencies ten thousand years from now! And then what? We die, our loved ones die, we rot in the soil and then other scientists and philosophers try and mimic what we started. If we get the architect to help us with the ark, we wouldn't need to die. Let's keep trying to persuade him because I believe that he is with us. He shares the same hunger for knowledge, the same thirst for salvation. I can sense it. I think, if worse comes to worse; we can learn something from him.

**The Scientist to The Philosopher:** The Architect does not want us to bother him anymore. I don't know what to tell him. He seems completely uninterested in the idea. He is a stubborn man. Of course, a Christian man is always right! How dare I enlighten him with factual information only the *steadfast* should know. I sent you a link to a very interesting article. There is a man named Toby Poitier and he is a victim of an auto accident. He claims to have been sent to heaven for twenty two days which is precisely the amount of days he was in a coma for

and his parents brought a pastor over who said he was astral traveling to the third heaven. Do you want to know how he explained it?

The man says that it is a bright crossroad between heaven and earth at the cosmic axis, otherwise known as the world tree where all compasses meet. There was an omphalos or navel found in that place and he described it as the beginning place of the world. It is an artifact that proves there is a geopolitical power and currency there. I would have been hesitant to believe him if not for all the work you showed me. So tell me, good friend; where did you find such information?

**The Philosopher to The Scientist:** My father was a Christian man and he died not knowing if he truly deserved to go to heaven or not. I saw it in his eyes. He was *afraid* at the idea of slipping away. Do you know that the majority of Christian men think about heaven and hell 40% of each day? That seems like quite a lot considering how busy days can be. Anyway, this is not based off of statistics but my own studies while reaching out to the Christian religion in 2018. My thesis has been in progress since I was twenty six, however. I am forty two now. I studied books on many religions including ones with beliefs of a tangent plane which houses the dead and the comatose. I believe that man who you talked about had been dreaming of heaven, unfortunately. DMT has the effects of an almost etherical sense. Heightened awareness and conversations with nonexistent beings can also occur. You say he was in the coma for twenty two days? Well, the body produces enough DMT to get him thinking he actually visited heaven. We're going to need more than that if we want to convince the architect.

You've heard about the miracle of the sun, haven't you? There were people in Fatima that claimed to have seen the sun descend and twirl around in terrifying ways but a doctor then

examined the people and the experience and he explained that it was mass hysteria. The fact that people encouraged this man to say something marvelous made him actually believe he was experiencing something otherworldly which is precisely my point. Don't woe the architect with Toby's story but instead tell him the truth about heaven and earth from a scientific standpoint. I'm sure there is a heaven that exists in the sacred place of the cosmic axis but I'm not sure if Toby has truly been there.

**The Philosopher to The Scientist:** UPDATE: I changed my mind; I reviewed the link over again and there were factual accounts that I could prove with my work. Toby picked up a frequency from the second heaven. The sounds and feelings he described are almost identical to the work I came up with over the years by traveling from Canada to Israel and picking up artifacts from the Holy community. It's difficult to say whether it is completely real or if he is exaggerating bits of it. I studied psychology for twelve years and found that seventy five percent of people aged thirty five and under lie for the sake of lying while a feeble forty percent lie in order to cover up something they don't want revealed. However, my thesis doesn't lie. If he says that the cosmic axis has a firmament type layer between itself and the rest of the world then it surely is the crossroads to salvation. When Christian men say that Jesus is the only way, they disregard the state of civilization. We are naturally intelligent creatures with a thirst for the truth and it is *because* of people like you and I, we are able to think for ourselves and search for the truth. We fought so hard to get here despite these Christians spewing their judgments on us. We are now at a point in life and technology where we can take control of our fate. We don't have to consume what we are given anymore but instead we can go out and search for what we want. I think that's the beauty of being human. Tell me what you think, friend.

**The Scientist to The Architect:** Hello, good sir. How have you been? The philosopher and I have been discussing our quest. Did you ever get the documents I sent you? I understand that you don't wish to speak to us anymore but interesting things came up between us and I'd like to try one more time. If I'm being too persistent in reaching out to you, I apologize. It's just that time is running out and our lifeclock is ticking. The philosopher and I believe that a man living in El Cajon has been to the third heaven. You are a bible reader, yes? Well, there are a collection of verses where it is implied that the third heaven is on earth. Why hasn't anybody ever searched for it? Why hasn't anybody ever bothered?

Willful ignorance is not holy. God dislikes the idea and has clearly punished people for not taking action when they know the truth is out there. Look what he did to Sodom and Gomorrah. The cities knew the laws and yet they took no action towards their salvation. People like us who live in an era of complete detachment from the values of God should take responsibility. We have the technology; we have the concepts, the idea that can reach a thousand people in this day and age. You're a Christian man so I'm sure you understand the responsibility of spreading the word. What do they say again? *A Christian man is never long at ease?*

Please do reach out to me, sir. I am a believer; a man who yearns for the good in all of this misery. I hope to hear from you soon.

**The Architect to The Scientist:** I have read your documents. It's a fascinating idea, I agree. However, something like this, a *quest* would take years to plan. If I'm getting the right idea, you're speaking about a modern day ark that can withstand all weather conditions and can travel for several months. If that's true, then I cannot do it. Something like that needs care,

structure, propulsion and avionics even. Perhaps *Lockheed Martin* could help you with that kind of work.

Besides, heaven is a plane. It is an otherworldly plane, a nonphysical plane that is not at all tangible to this one. If that were the case, who's to stop wicked people from entering and good people from leaving? That would defeat the purpose of heaven. Who's to stop our sadness and pain? What would happen to our flesh and blood? Now, I've read the testimonies of ex Satanists, witches and warlocks; they always say the same things: *Heaven is bright, heaven is nonphysical, and it is in a state of euphoria from your mind!*

Nobody has ever said that heaven is reachable to the everyday human being. That would be an abomination to heaven and an insult to Enoch and Elijah. They were the only ones worthy enough to go to heaven without being killed. Reading your plan is exhausting; I can't help even if I wanted to!

**The Philosopher to The Architect (upon reading a forwarded message from The Scientist):** I expected you to resist our urges but please, sir. Don't be foolish. If you read the documents he gave you and looked through the second page, there are accounts of the axis mundi. People have tried before but the weather stopped them. I am telling you, this is a promising quest. I know about architecture; we need a blueprint that only an architect would be able to design. I have contacted several other people about this journey but out of them all, I somehow gravitate towards *you*. I wake up during the night and I sense that you are afraid. There is a bond between us; a collective dread. You don't want to believe it but it's true. Even Christian men can be afraid at times, it is alright! Please just read the accounts and if you're

not convinced afterward, you can delete these messages and go about your day. Remember our future, good friend. Remember our children.

**The Architect to The Philosopher:** I have materials arriving for a project I'm doing. It is for a family member. I decided to order a larger amount so that I can build you a concept ark. It will be the size of a tabletop model. I'll send you pictures of it and the materials needed so that you can find yourselves an architect. I am doing this because I know what it is like to feel helpless. A friend of mine died of aids earlier this year. He was an atheist his entire life and towards the end, he tried to create an illusion of heaven. We had to help him create his own heaven because he did not understand the nature of mine. It was difficult seeing his helpless face. What makes it worse is that I feel guilty for not encouraging him to trust in Jesus Christ. It could have given him peace in death.

The best thing you can do for yourselves and your loved ones is believe in God. Trust in HIM and follow his commandments. There is no other way to salvation. I hope that after I send you the blueprints, you'll see for yourselves that it is impossible to find heaven.

*October 2024*

**The Philosopher to The Architect:** Dear writer, are you there?

**The Philosopher to The Scientist:** Dear writer, are you there?

**The Scientist:** Yes, I am here, good friend. How have you been? I hope all is well with you and your endeavors. Did The Architect ever reach out to you again?

**The Philosopher to The Scientist:** Yes, he did. Not only that- he is going to make a concept ark for us. He is being convinced. I think he is beginning to believe. His friend passed away

which led him to help us. I think that he needed to see death up close in order to understand. However, he is not going to build the ark himself. He agreed to send us the model and blueprint for the ark. What do you think we should do, good friend?

I used to think Christians were afraid of death. You know, they pray and they force themselves to believe that they could live again. However, The Architect seems to be immune to fear. He could easily be hiding it but if that's the case, he is doing a hell of a job. He makes me curious. I wish that I could meet him in person but he won't accept that. I suppose that death in itself is not so bad. I just want a reason to exist. I want a reason to have *existed* so that my life wouldn't be so empty. Perhaps, that's what finding yourself is all about. I have failed that stage of my life.

I spent twelve years trying to find myself and during the year of 2014, I believe I lost my equilibrium. Yes, I was a sick man. All it took for me to get back on my feet was a doctor named Stanley, who told me *searching for yourself is like looking for the house you stand in. How could you possibly find it? It is everywhere and there are no other points of reference. When looking up, you see down. As above, so below. You ARE so you must continue to BE. That alone is what human beings must understand; consciousness is a matter of perspective.* Just like that- I lived again but now I feel as if I fell and I'm still falling. I am growing older and death is looming nearer. Perhaps, I may be the one who is afraid of death. I'm ranting now. I apologize, my friend. Goodnight.

**The Scientist to The Philosopher:** Hello, dear friend. Do not despair. Did you watch the news last night? A little girl who lives in Sofia was outside near a river when a necklace fell from above. It fell from the sky and into the river where she prayed to God every Sunday since

she was five. Do you know what else? They have done research and scientists believe that it fell from the second heaven. That is the layer of space between here and the paradise! The necklace was examined by archeologists and they said they never seen the material before. It was made of something much like iron but it was durable, pliable. Do not let that fool turn you! Do not let him discourage you. If he wants to believe in death, let him. Last month, my father died. Do you know what he said to me before he died? He told me, *don't you ever let fear stop you from believing in yourself. If you are hungry, go eat. If you are thirsty, go drink. If you want to find paradise, who's to say paradise does not exist? Go out and find it!*

I believe in myself, friend. I believe in humanity. We are not too far gone. Despite the horrors of this earth and the regression of this cruel society we live in, I believe in a better life. I believe in a better place. Every Christian would agree with me when I say that we all believe in a paradise where there is no more sadness and pain. The only difference between us and them is that I have faith in humanity and myself whereas they lost faith in humanity. This doesn't have to be the end. We will wait for the blueprint and then we will try to convince him to build it for profit.

**The Philosopher to The Scientist:** Dear writer, I heard about the little girl. She mentioned later that she experienced some kind of metamorphosis. Could this be the adaptation of heaven into her body? Perhaps heaven is not a place to go but a state of mind? I have the article right here. Let me repeat what she says. It reads in her own words:

*I felt some kind of pressure against my chest during the night I slept with the necklace around my neck. The pressure was persistent and it came and went throughout the night. It was as if someone was inside of me and it was gently pressing down on my organs and then*



*adjusting itself to better suite my flesh. Ever since then, I have been experiencing the most peaceful, joyous feelings I could imagine. It was as if all of my problems vanished and I was born again. Every fear I had, every worry, every teardrop vanished. Now, I could not be happier to be alive. It changed my life! It felt as if a bit of heaven came to me that day!*

Thoughts?

**The Scientist to The Philosopher:** Hmm, now that I think about it, her story sounds very similar to a metaphorical approach. I didn't read that part. She says that she's never felt so alive and that she is born again. That sounds very much like a general response to Christianity. You know, like the way addicts speak about being sober and how atheists speak about finding God. I don't know about you, but I am not looking for God. I am looking for *paradise*. I am looking for heaven! Freedom! This sounds very much like a concept of *metamorphosis* than a literal change in their body. I am disappointed.

*March 2025*

**The Philosopher to The Architect:** Dear writer, are you there? Please don't abandon me. Whatever happened to the blueprint? Are you not going to send it to me? I'm not sure if you have seen the news but things are not going very well. War is taking over the world. The United States could be wiped out within a few years. Children are being exchanged for weapons, refugees are invading the states, people are counting the days until Armageddon, and it is turmoil! You are a coward! You would rather sit there and feel proud of yourself for being a good, holy Christian man then help your own people survive the world. You are selfish! You will not find the paradise that you so righteously desire because you have not earned it. The fires of earth will consume us both but hey, why should I complain? Your Christ has led us all

to the promise land, hasn't he? Do you remember his final words to your God? He asked *why have you forsaken me?*

I think I speak for the both of us when I say that there is no sanctuary for the damned.

*January 2027*

**The Scientist to The Philosopher:** Hello, friend. I hope this message finds you well. I have some bad news for the both of us. Do you remember Toby Poitier, the man who claimed to have seen heaven? Well, he committed suicide today. His roommate found him hanging by a thread in his bathroom. Supposedly, he was lying all along and his ex girlfriend threatened to expose him on social media so he killed himself to avoid the ridicule. I mean, how embarrassed do you have to be to take your own life (a life that God has given you after you have discovered heaven might I add) just because someone says they would expose a lie that you made? It does not make sense to me. So much for having the odds on your side, right? Now excuse me while I go wash my mouth out with buckshot.

**The Architect to The Philosopher:** Hello there. I have not abandoned you. I hope that you and your friend are doing well. I am typing from my bed in the hospital right now. I am afraid that I will not be able to assist you anymore (or ever for that matter) because I discovered recently that I have lung cancer and only have but four months to live (or so I've been told).

It was nice that you believed in me. It was nice that I was that much of an inspiration to you that you believed I could help get you to heaven. Trust me when I say I truly wish you the best. These last couple of years were very important to me so forgive me for not responding to your rather aggressive message. I truly hope that you have found some kind of peace in all of this insanity. Have you learned enough from this life to die with security that everything happens

in God's perfect timing? For your sake, I truly hope so. I may not be alive long enough to read your next message so I have made a document with some passages you might find helpful including the photos and blueprint you have been so eagerly waiting for me to send you. I hope that in the long haul it will set you free from your anxieties and your fears but sadly, I doubt it.

There is something quite interesting that I learned recently while reading C.S Lewis' *Mere Christianity*. Do you know how I am so sure that God exists and that his heaven cannot be found by human beings? Because have you ever seen the architect inside of his house? No, you haven't. The architect is the one on the outside building the house so for the architect to be a *part* of the house or *inside* of the house makes no sense! You cannot find him or his slumber because you are bound to the house. We are bound to the world with no way out. Sometimes, it is better not knowing what you're doing here. Sometimes, it is better when there's no way out.

I'm closing now. Goodbye, God's speed and it was good writing to you these last few years. I'm going to leave you with a passage that I read today in a magazine:

*If all your life you have been a clockmaker looking to build the perfect clock because you were born with the ambition to live as whole and complete as the book of life, if you spend all your life searching for the right tools and materials to make the perfect mechanism- and then someone comes and tells you that all you have to do is BE the best mechanism that you can be and you will be given peace, would you spend the rest of forever searching for that missing trinket or will you have faith in the man's words and BE the mechanism?*

August 2029

**The Philosopher to The Scientist:** Dear writer, I hope you are doing well. I have not been sleeping well. I recently started seeing a therapist for my night anxieties. I hope that you are doing better than me. I also have bad news for you. I doubt you'll take it any lighter than I did but we need to be strong.

The Architect has passed away. He messaged me a list of verses from the Bible speaking about Genesis and the tower of Babel along with other hokey pokey nonsense. He highlighted several verses from there but I don't think they are of much use. He *did* give me the blueprint and source list for the project however. It is very unfortunate that he won't be a part of our quest. To be honest, after I found out that he passed, I fell into a depression. I wake up sweating because of nightmares. Age is catching up to me and my time on earth is running out but I need to be strong. I need to be brave and put faith in something.

I'm going to finish the project because I believe in myself. I am going to make this project my life's work and it will be the reason why I'm alive. In the back of my awareness, I can sense an almost biblical event involving the ark. I will call it *The Nova 2029*.

**The Scientist:** Dear friend, did The Architect say anything else?

**The Philosopher:** Yes, in the file he attached, he wrote a long, rather confusing wall of text. Here, I'll send it to you.

*January 21<sup>st</sup>, 2027 the day the Architect wrote to the Philosopher*

*Dear reader,*

*Either the universe existed forever or God did. I'll tell you the answer, God did. If the universe existed forever then that means how many times has the earth been created? How*

*many times have I lived? How many times did something happen? If the universe exists forever and is all things and everything, then that means every possibility will happen an infinite amount of times. So how many times did everything happen if the universe always existed? That means however many times it DID happen; it would happen an infinite amount of times again. See? Doesn't seem right. What is life's purpose in a repeating, undying, infinite universe? There is no purpose. What is life? What is death? Something has to always exist because something cannot come from nothing. That something is God which means that death is necessary in order to get from this life to that which is to come; eternity.*

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## Biography of the Author

Alex R. Encomienda is an American author and editor of literary fiction, genre fiction and poetry. He began writing at age nine while in elementary school and since then attended Glendale Community College where he participated in several writing workshop classes, lecture classes and book readings. Alex has been published in *Adelaide's* Spring and Summer 2017 issues, *The Blue Guitar Magazine's* Fall 2017 issue, *The Penwood Review's* Summer 2017 issue and more recently *Cherry House Press's* 2018 anthology *The Fear of us All*. Alex often expresses concepts of love, escapism, existentialism and religion in his work. He currently lives in Phoenix, Arizona with his family.

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