

40 years ago, God put my soul back on Earth, this time placing me with a family living under adverse conditions during the midst of deepest communism... This is my story.

My father was born in Koenigsberg, Prussia to a family with roots of medieval nobility. They had to leave the city when he was a small child as all Germans were expelled from the territory at the end of the 2nd World War. During his dangerous journey in a pram pushed by his mother through the cold Prussian winter snow, he and his family got shot at but survived the most dangerous conditions. They settled in Schwerin, East Germany where my father's parents had relatives and could find work. My grand-mother (father's side) worked as a nurse while my grand-father became a clerk. We didn't have a close relationship with my father's family due to the distance between our cities. My father also didn't get on well with his father as he had raised him in true Prussian style by either verbally abusing him or hitting him with a belt. In turn, my father did whatever he could to get as far away from him as possible by eventually signing up with the East German navy as a machine engineer on a trade ship.

My mother was born in Magdeburg, East Germany (Former Prussia) at the beginning of the cold war to my grandmother who was of royal Livonian descent with her nobility title lost in the nirvana of German history. She met a kind man - an officer in the army who gave her children but he died shortly after due to an illness caught during the war. She was a true Virgo (like me) with a gentle soul who could never get over losing the love of her life therefore she never remarried or been with another man since. Raising children alone was hard for her, even harder was to be one of the few remaining women who had to rebuild my home city with bare hands after it was completely flattened by air raids. My grandmother was humble and worked in an ironing shop. My mother tried to find work after leaving school and ended up on the same ship as a stewardess where she met my father.

I was born in Magdeburg, East Germany (Former Prussia) late September 1977 - conceived during Christmas the previous year when my father was allowed to leave his ship. My parents didn't really want children but only by having a child was it possible to receive a dwelling allocated by the state which was otherwise hard to come by.

My soul did not want to return to this Earth thus it was necessary for my mother to be stitched together so that I could not "fall out and die". My father decided not to be present during my birth and conveniently chose to be on his ship when I was due so my grandmother had to accommodate my mother in hospital alone. Soon after, my parents got their place to live and I was now in the way of earning a living but my grandmother agreed to raise me.

I was an angelic child, with light blond hair, blue eyes and a kind and gentle nature. I made friends easily as people liked my company. My grandmother used to be an Opera singer but that was before I was born – she lost her singing voice when her vocal cords got damaged by a breathing tube used during surgery – she never sang again but worked at a theatre as an usher in later life. I remember this time vividly as I was allowed to accompany her and see many plays for free.

Things were good while I was in Kindergarten – I lived with my grandmother, had friends, felt safe and knew my surroundings but things changed when I started school. My place at school was allocated in relative distance to my parent's home hence I had to move in with them. I didn't like the change as I lost all my friends living in a different part of town plus our new school building was thirty minutes' walk away and cold as ice.

During the day, I spent the next 10 years surviving the torture of the communist school system while in the evening I survived the torture of my parents. My father started drinking heavily when he was not working and my mother had to pick up the pieces – I was usually in the way. My dad didn't really know what to do with me. He was gentle and kind to me at random times, verbally abusive very often and getting the belt out when he felt necessary. My mother felt uncomfortable showing her emotions which made me end up completely

confused wondering what the hell had I done ending up here. I often cried alone begging God for mercy while gazing at the stars not remembering my past lives nor knowing who or where I was – but I knew one thing, that I was very angry with the world!

Running away was impossible during communism so I buried myself into work. I graduated best in class at school just to rebel and despise my communist teachers who didn't change much when the wall fell. I was allowed to take A-Levels and the last few years at a different school weren't easy either – the teachers still had not learned that the cold war was meant to be over.

After that, I was required to do military service, which I refused. Instead I chose to look after old people suffering from severe cases of Alzheimer's. The work was very rewarding but it was shocking to see grown adults turn into small children. I helped with everything including emptying their bowls with my hands. A few years later, my grandmother also started to suffer from severe Alzheimer's and I was glad that I already knew a place where people would be kind and look after her well.

There I was shortly before the turn of the century wondering what to do next. Most of my school friends started to study for a degree in my home town but I was unhappy doing the same things all over now that I finally had been out of school for a while. I was working for McDonald's to afford a small car to allow me to get away from home as often as possible and during the evenings I was working as a DJ in the only Gay club in town.

Yes, that's right - as a Prussian blue blood, I had of course inherited the gay gene. My parents were not impressed. My mother said it was a phase that would pass and didn't speak to me for a while. My father completely ignored it although things were coming more from his side of the family from what I know.

The relationship of my parents deteriorated shortly after. My mother instigated my moving out of the parental home for leaving my father. He thought she would return and just wanted a break but once he realised she would never come back, he took his life. When my mother knew something wasn't right after she last spoke to him, she asked me to check up on him as he wasn't answering the phone. On that rainy day I vividly remember, I found him dead under the running shower with all the blood drained from his veins. The only knife he found wasn't sharp enough we were told later but he hated himself so much that he managed to get the job done. I felt guilty and responsible.

After the funeral, I was lost and just wanted to get away which made me decide to audition for a place at a music school in London after sending them a demo I had recorded. I got rid of all I had, packed my bags with only the bare minimum and on the 1st of March 2000, I took a flight to London to find love and sing.

I was so scared that I threw up at the airport when I arrived. First, I had to find a cheap place to stay and after asking around, I went to Russell Square by tube right at the heart of the City. I arrived at dawn, got a room at a shabby hotel and went to my music school the next day. My teacher liked me and agreed to take me on but the school was not what I had expected. It was located near Wapping in an old wharf building which crammed everything into the smallest of spaces. The area was not the best at the time either, reminding me of what it must have been like when Jack the Ripper was around. Because a homeless person broke into my hotel room robbing me of all my belongings during my first week in London, I temporarily moved in with random strangers I met at the school but the rent was very high so I moved again to live with a black guitar teacher in East Ham. He was not impressed when I brought back my first black boyfriend and threw me out.

Things were hard for me. London was run down, crazy expensive and not what I had hoped for. People at the school were okay but I couldn't cope emotionally with the singing after the death of my father hence I dropped out early to get a job and support myself financially. I did this for a couple of months but didn't want to give up on my music aspirations and I applied for an EU grant to study Music Management in a town outside of London. Again, things were not easy for the gentle boy from East Germany but I was getting tougher now,

made some good friends and completed my studies. The music industry was in decline due to illegal downloads from the Internet hence I opted to take a job at an American company where I was already working part time during my studies.

What a mistake I made. I needed to support myself and thought that I would never manage to earn a living working in music but this put me on a path far away from my initial aspirations and the reason why I had moved to live in the UK in the first place. God made me wander in darkness moving from one company to another never really finding happiness nor fulfilment. My soul got damaged in the process and I got depressed.

Here is the thing, put as much hardship in my way and I turn defiant never willing to give up because giving up would be failure. I spent a few years on anti-depressant medication giving me a strong desire to drink which made me put on a lot of weight. Eventually I forced myself to stop the pills, went to the gym and on a diet. I am glad that I can no longer cope with alcohol. But my corporate career continued just because I didn't want to give up. After completing my master's degree recently and changing jobs once again in the hope that I would find a place where I can make a difference to the world, I finally realised, this far and no further!

The angel has awakened and is starting to remember some of his past lives since our transition to the Age of Aquarius. I have been prepared by God through my journey and I am ready now. I know why I am here and why I have spent the last 40 years as an outcast in a world I don't feel I belong.

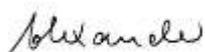
God chose people to eventually furnish the universe, yet his people are moving closer and closer towards a final war nobody can win. If we continue the path in front of us, billions will die unless we stop the fighting right here and right now. Every human is the same, all is one, and there is only one god – one god for all people – a bright light of hope in the darkness.

Please help me in my mission to bring hope back to people in a world full of fear, confusion and fighting. I ask of nothing in return but the opportunity to earn my wings back. Surplus monies will go to good causes.

All the darkness I must fight as I'm an Angel of The Light.

Thank you for your support!

With all my love,



Alexander of Prussia