

HORTENSIA  
II  
*also speaking Sulla  
and Julius Caesar*

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This chapter is a channeled conversation with the spirit of  
an Ancient Roman

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# HORTENSIA

## II

☞ September 26, 2015

10:06 PM

☞ I channeled Hortensia a few days ago, only knowing a picture of a painting of her and that she did the unusual thing of speaking before the senate in Ancient Rome. Halfway into the channeling I peeked at what her famous speech was about, to find out that she spoke on behalf of the wealthy women of Rome who had been charged with paying taxes, the women did not want to pay taxes and Hortensia was their spokesperson in front of the senate.

☞ In the first channeling, the Ancient Roman woman I supposedly made spiritual contact with, spoke of her family having a somewhat humble background, although not necessarily, because all she really seemed to be saying was that her father had envied the *wealthier* families living on the hill of Mercury. Hortensia also said that her father had no son, which is why she had been raised by her father to take on a masculine role in the family, only until she would have a son of her own to take over the role as successor for her father.

☞ I will now read more about Hortensia to see if there is *any* possibility that I did in fact channel this historic Hortensia.

☞ History says that the father of Hortensia was consul, advocate and orator Quintus Hortensius Hortalus. History knows little of her life aside from her career as orator. Hortensia grew up in a wealthy household. She grew up with a father who was a famous orator, and that is how history sees it. Hortensia followed in her father's footsteps to also become an orator.

☞ I am most of all interested to see if she had any brothers, as the Hortensia I channeled says that her entire life's path was set because of the fact that her father had no sons. For the first channeling of Hortensia to hold, it must also be that Hortensia had a daughter but no sons.

☞ Hortensia is believed to have been married to her second cousin Quintus Servilius Caepio. Hortensia became a widow when her husband died. Hortensia had a daughter Servilia, Servilia married another conservative senator of Rome. It says that "her husband adopted his sister's son Marcus Junius Brutus before his death", this does not specify whether it refers to the husband of Hortensia or the daughter Servilia, though "before his death" must mean that Hortensia's husband adopted a son before this husband then died. Does this mean that Hortensia had no biological sons of her own? This, by the way, is the same Brutus who was part of the assassination of Julius Caesar later on.

❧ No mention of brothers of Hortensia, nor of a biological son of Hortensia, are mentioned.

❧ When I read historical literature on the Romans, it always seems so polished, it seems as polished as the white marble columns which ornamented the Roman buildings. But when I channel the Romans, they come across as real people, whose individuality and peculiarities are never mentioned in the historic records. The persons that I channel, are always more untamed, and they reveal secrets and perhaps unflattering facts of their life, things which do not seem to come across in the historical records which rather present a list of names and marriages or deeds done that were important to Rome.

❧ The woman who came across when I channeled Hortensia, was such a lively character. She was, in fact, the most convincing personality I have channeled among the Romans, because there was so much to her character which presented to me a real, and very unique, woman. And her story about the vengeance by the god Mercury as the reason why her family was sonless, is a story I just don't think that my mind could concoct.

❧ Why did she forget to mention that her father was an important consul and orator of Rome? Why did she not mention her husband, who was second cousin to her? And why did she not mention that her husband did adopt Brutus? Let's ask her, although, of course now that my subconscious mind has read up on her, it is not the same, if the conversation now begins to agree with the historical record.

☞ I still have to wonder whether my mind is imagining the Romans, or whether the conversations are real. I think of an imagination as a self-preserving monster that wants to survive, I think that if these conversations were only imagined, then the back of my mind which presents them would do its best to be as convincing as possible. Yet that is contradicted by how the channelings actually form for me, because many times the Romans are giving me contradictory stories which are mindblowing, even when I do well know what history has said about them. I know that my mind is not simply putting together the facts I have read about the Romans, because very often, my mind tells a different story. But let's ask her.

*Author*  
Hortensia?

#### HORTENSIA

I don't want you to talk to me, as if I were a boy. *Because, not only a boy could be a skilled orator.* Oraturatus, they said to me. At the senate. As if, I were a boy! But! I was still a woman, and yes this one had even grown tits!

☞ The emphasis is on Oraturatus, and she is saying that Oraturatus is how one would call a male orator, that is what she was called, rather than using a female version of the word. Men in white togas at the senate had referred to her as Oraturatus, and, she is the one who has grown tits, meaning that she had indeed – and no one should refute, or forget – grown into a woman.

*Author*

Hortensia? When you and I spoke a few days ago, you forgot to mention to me that your father was a famous Roman orator himself!

HORTENSIA

... *Well...* He was a crook. And a very skilled liar. *As, that is what all the skilled orators who are boys have to do.* You see, he really always went to the harbor! To pay men, to write to him what to talk! Did you not know that fact?! Huh? Do you, now? And, *what will you say to your mother?*

*Author*

What is this you are telling me? You say that your father paid to have other men write his famous speeches?

HORTENSIA

Well, not *all* of them. But me! I was a woman! And I wrote mine on my own! And so, my father was proud, of that. But, we really needed to live on the hill of Mercury. That is where all the highhats lived, the important ones. You see? That I never really had any son. And for that, *my father was at first furious.* And then, he brought all these other men in to see me. *To see if they could get me pregnant.* But? They didn't? Because it failed, at first. And then, we had that daughter, that no one even wanted. And we drowned her, in the bath tub.

☞ Oh, I forgot that part, that she had said that her daughter was drowned. Did Romans do that to their unwanted babies? But, she had a daughter which was known, Servilia!

*Author*

Hortensia? Who is Servilia? Who is Servilia? You say that your daughter was drowned in a bath tub,

☞ She interrupts me.

HORTENSIA

Are you not with the Mercury gods, who are angry at me? And? Did they not *like*, what I did to her? What was done? I *thought*, that it really could uplift the curse that was placed on me and my mother. And so, if we did the same... then next time we might have a boy. And we succeeded! Only, this one he was stillborn. *And so I knew, that the gods they were still angry.* So? What did you expect me to do? To, to pay for some slaves, to take him out of me? To *drag* him out of me, kicking and screaming? Because, if a boy does not want to come out, he won't. And, if the gods are keeping him away from me, by vengeance, then nothing can help us, so help us Rome.

☞ “So help us Rome” is her swearing by all the greatness of Rome, like how people do today “so help me god” to swear by god.

*Author*

Tell me more about your father. He was *famous*, and *wealthy* in Rome?

HORTENSIA

He bought slave boys with that money. Slave boys, that wrote the oratory for him. But, did you not know that fact? And, what those slave boys cost?

☞ “Slave boys cost” she thought of gold pieces.

HORTENSIA

I just, I wrote, and I drew that tree. For the god of Mercurius! I wanted him to remember me, and to know me well! And so, *that* is how I got to be a great oratory!

*Author*

Did you marry your second cousin Quintus Servilius Caepio? Tell me about Quintus Servilius?

HORTENSIA

That happened, before I had the tree problem. *Before I had to make the tree.* All of that happened, *before.* Before all of this! Before I met the senate! Before I met them, and before I had that son, that was stillborn! Because, I had it by him! My mother, she wasn't pleased with him! With, Scipio!

*Author*

Who is Scipio?

☞ Though it seemed almost as if she had just pronounced Caepio as Scipio, though I recall reading other Roman names written Scipio, so is Scipio another Roman?

HORTENSIA

I liked to write, poetry the most. *But*, most of what my father wrote, was false. He just brought it before a false senate. He, and then he, took the bribes. So that he could say, what *they* wanted him to say. But do not tell that to anyone! Or he would have me arrested, for telling you about the bribe!



*Author*

He would arrest his own daughter? For revealing about the mischief in his work?

HORTENSIA

Mischief or not, it only depends on if a man gets caught. And, *he paid* many of the slave boys, who were off those boats.

*Author*

What did he pay them for? For the speeches? How did some slave boys learn to write good speeches?

HORTENSIA

He met with the pearl fisherman. And he bought, for their lives to be spared. *All because of some gold*. Well. At least all of the *good* ones, were kept, the speeches I mean.

*Author*

Did you ever marry to a man?

HORTENSIA

Yes, and even the gods know that! And, *he was a good man* to me. He never fought with me. We never fought, and not before even the gods!

☞ “Before even the gods” means that he did not fight with his wife in front of the gods who are watching.

*Author*

Did your family not live on the hill of Mercury? Where did your family live?

HORTENSIA

In the hill of Venus. Where most of the prominent families lived. *Only, the ones on the hill of Mercury they had more money.*  
So my father coveted that position.

HORTENSIA

I got to wear that once. And that was when, I got married. And then we had, no sons. Not even one! And so, we were not even meant to be married. *As, that was what it meant.* My father was ashamed, and so was he my husband. We never, even met with the other slave boys at the harbor.

☞ What she got to wear was a crown made out of small leaves which is open at the front. She thinks that since she and her husband did not produce a son, it meant that the gods thought that these two should not have been married.

*Author*

Did the gods want you to marry someone else? Or did the gods want you to not marry?

HORTENSIA

Oh! What horrible things you say!

☞ It felt to her like complete black and death, the words I was speaking, to suggest that gods would wish for her to have no husband, it was like me suggesting or asking about a wish for death and non-existence!

*Author*

Hortensia? If your family lived on the hill of Venus, did not Venus show favor to you? Could Venus help you with Mercurius?

HORTENSIA

Oh, no.

☞ Hortensia smiles happily, as she knows the stories of how the gods do things.

*Author*

Why not?

☞ She just smiles happily, and she shakes her head, aha, this smiling since I asked if Venus could help, she is smiling from a beauty which she derives directly *from* the goddess Venus, she is embodying love and smiling which are emotions directly from the goddess Venus and into her.

*Author*

Hortensia? What does Venus do for people?

HORTENSIA

She makes, people fall in love! And she falls them in love with each other! And, I am not a priest, so you should not ask me any more of that thing!

☞ She becomes serious, it is, as if it is taboo to expect a person who is not a priest to be talking on behalf of the gods, so again I have broken a Roman cultural taboo and offended her a bit.

*Author*

Hortensia? How does one know, if they have favor from Mercurius?

HORTENSIA

You can go up to the mountain to see, if you will see him.

As, he will only show himself to his favorite persons. My father saw him once. And then, no more. And then, sickness hit our family. This sickness, that it meant to have no sons. That it meant, to be not of a noble burden. She hit, both me and my mother, with it!

☞ Presumably “he hit”, but I got it clearly from the telepathy as “she”. And Mercurius shows himself as a slow-moving burning comet or a meteorite in the sky, if you walk up to the hill of Mercury at night, then you could see Mercury in the sky if he decides to show himself to you.

*Author*

Hortensia? Your father was one of Rome’s most influential and important people?

HORTENSIA

Why do you say that, when you have not even met him? And yes, it is true, that I married with Scipio. He was, not from the harbors, you slut!

*Author*

Are you calling me a slut?

HORTENSIA

Then? What are you then, if not that, for you are asking about my husband? *What kind of a woman*, does that, if not a slut one, if not one who is a whore?

☞ She speaks kindly and with a warm smile.

*Author*

Oh. I see. I had simply misunderstood.

*Author*

Hortensia? You married your second cousin named

☞ She interrupts me.

HORTENSIA

No, that part was only for show. As, at home I knew who had ruled my house! And it was my Scipio! My Scipio, he was my first husband! And then, he had stricken from disease! *He died, from a rumor*, that had lodged itself false in his heart. And so, *Scipio and I were no longer married*. And I died alone, a widow!

☞ She means that her marriage to Quintus Servilius Caepio was just a ceremonial marriage as a show for the gods, a symbolic marriage only, and that she had a real husband Scipio.

*Author*

I don't understand. History records say

☞ She interrupts me.

HORTENSIA

Have you been reading about me? And about the gods?

☞ Hortensia puts a hand against her sternum on the chest and she gasps, she expects that she should be feeling offended.

*Author*

History records about you mention no husband named Scipio. It mentions your husband was Quintus Servilius Caepio.

HORTENSIA

Only what my father had designed. *And then, I married again.* As you will see, if you read the history book records correctly. Or? Did my father forget to mention that fact? As, was it not he, who told it, to the oratory?

☞ Here, “oratory” means the one who writes down records, but it seems to somehow be the same as someone who is an oratory who speaks, these were somehow related.

HORTENSIA

Scipio. That was his name. Scipio and me, and Lucca.

*Author*

Who is Lucca?

HORTENSIA

My firstborn son, that we named that, the one that died.

*Author*

You had named your stillborn son Lucca? Or does Lucca “mean” something?

HORTENSIA

It means, “the one who was not angry with comets”. As, *the great god of Mercury* had chosen to take him away. And so, we named him Lucca, we named him that. “The one that was taken”, *by the angry god*. So! We prayed for him then!

For a safe travel, a safe voyage!

☞ Praying for the dead son Lucca to have a safe voyage in the afterlife.

HORTENSIA

As he would have to see, the great god of Mercury, and he himself be met with his pain! And face his poison! Oh! We could not even *dream* of daring to do that! So! Lucca was given safe sails, into the heavens! To, meet and face with *all* the angry gods! But, *we who were women*, we were not allowed to speak of that, and so we must whisper. Of what happened to Lucca, and to all the other stillborns. We are not allowed to speak of it. But my daughter! She grew wise! *But, we took her life anyway. So that the angry god of Mars would not be angry with me. We took her away.*

*Author*

Angry god Mars? Was Mars also angry at you?

HORTENSIA

Yes, because he had stricken my body with fever, when we took her.

☞ When she was giving birth to the daughter, she was having a fever during childbirth, and hence Mars was there being all upset with Hortensia.

*Author*

Why do you think that god Mars was angry with you?

HORTENSIA

For he had sided with the great god of Mercurius! And they were seeing us, together! *And so*, what my father said, and did, did not matter. Nothing could be done, to retribute for their anger. Nothing. Not even, to give us our son. For, *we were not rightfully born, for the hill of god of Mercurius. We*

did not belong there. And, it could have gotten worse, we could have been stricken with illness? But the great god of Mercurius and Mars spared us of that. *And so, we left them, in peace.* And we gave them no more gold coins.

☞ Gold coins had been given to the god Mercurius and maybe also to Mars, and it seemed related to the father having given gold to men at the harbor, as if it was part of the superstitious work.

*Author*

Hortensia? None of your family's ordeal with the god of Mercury was written about in history records.

HORTENSIA

Why should it? As it was a private matter. Would *you*, have written about why you had no sons? And why, it was foolish to be fateful of the fruit of the womb? Why it was fateful, to not have any sons? Why, a mother, should *weep* for her sons? That are now resting in the grave anyway, the mothers, all of them, that had no sons, that could have carried them, on their shoulders, to over the mountain.

☞ Interesting, a woman has to be carried on the shoulders of her son to get to the mountains where gods and such reside in the afterlife, a woman cannot complete her own destiny if she has not had a son.

*Author*

Hortensia? Do you know who I am?

HORTENSIA

I would strike you for asking me that! As I am the more



important of us two! You are **not allowed** to make me ask  
of you!

☞ And it would almost involve harming my tongue because my tongue had spoken such a forbidden thing. So she knows, or assumes, that she is of a higher caste than I am. Yet, she is listening to me, she speaks to me freely, she does not act as impudently as the Roman men do when they regard me as an inferior person.

#### HORTENSIA

So. When we went to the harbor, we wanted to meet with *other* sons there, who had been cast out of their homes by their own mothers. So that, we could have *one of them!*, to live, to reside with us! And! My husband Scipio he found a good suitable one! So we took him in! And he was raised as one of our own. *And, we saw that the god Mercurio was not angered, he was not displeased.*

☞ Aha. Is this when her husband adopted Brutus. Was Brutus a child that had been sent away by his mother from his own home? What is the story behind Brutus and why he was adopted? What is the truth, and did history record the truth about this? Or, I am starting to have a funny feeling, did the Romans write their historic records intended to be read by the eyes of gods? Were the historic records written to suit for the gods, whereas Romans lived very normal and crazy often brutal and sexually shocking lives behind the scenes? Did Romans have ceremonial marriages before the gods, while carrying out other more humble marriages in the privacy of their home? Did they live an official life that was proper and suitably presented to the gods, and did they

live private lives that were chaotic and messy? Why does she call her husband Scipio, even though I know it should be Quintus Servilius Caepio, or is Scipio how one would pronounce and read Caepio? Was Brutus adopted from among the boys in the harbor who had been sent away by their mothers? Hortensia was of a sonless marriage, that it seems that history can agree with. And it is immensely interesting that her husband adopted a son, was the reason because the family knew they were cursed and unable to have a son?

### HORTENSIA

I had a great marriage there.

☞ Hortensia shows me and interrupts me from my writing, she is sitting on a wagon that is slowly being pulled in the fine streets of Rome where buildings were huge and lavish with white columns and made of white marble, she wears the leaf crown on her head and is sitting in the wagon and she waves her hand very similar if not identical to how royalty still do it today, when they are presented in a procession before the people, to twist the hand about the wrist with the fingers pointing upward. Was this a marriage only posed before the gods?

☞ Because, what I learn from conversations with channeled Romans, is that very often many things of the gods that affected hugely on the lives of Romans, were not discussed. It was not allowed to talk about the wind gods for instance, which is probably why, the wind gods are so hugely represented in the thoughts and conversations I have from the channeled Romans, yet why the wind gods

are so minuscule in Roman literature which has survived to today. Wind gods were the ones to give disease, among other things, and one should never *mention* them. Hortensia also reveals, that her private family trauma of the curse by the god Mercurius that had made her family sonless, it is not something that would have been written into historical records.

☞ Religious troubles, curses and bad omens by the gods, and the many ways in which gods played a major part in the way that the Romans lived their lives, were private matters, and due to superstition these matters were not discussed.

☞ Is the Roman official life, including marriages, political work, and much else, just a farce? An outward picture presented to the gods, meant to be idyllic, meant to honor the gods, meant to show the magnificence and perfection of the gods in the human families whom the gods had selected out and were interested in? Meanwhile the Romans lived private ordinary lives, kind of like how today a priest takes off his ceremonial priest costume and goes home to perhaps even put his feet up on the coffee table and watch a game of sports on tv, we don't know. Private life which was filled with things that were not ideal or godlike, and then the official life which was lived *for* the gods, presented and played out for the gods. Did this include, ceremonial marriages? I just wonder.

☞ The Romans I have channeled have told me so many things from their private lives that were not, and would not have been, recorded in history. Secret lovers. Many

mention marriages that ended badly, if one killed the other, or they divorced, and they say how that was simply not recorded in the official records which became the history books. Let's talk more to Hortensia and stop blabbering.

*Author*

Hortensia? I will now tell you who I am.

HORTENSIA

Do not talk like that in my mother's and father's house.

And next time, you will not be welcome.

*Author*

Forgive me, *my very fine lady*, as you are of a noble family.

HORTENSIA

Yes! You have called me *Nobilis*! *And for that I am proud*, to still and forever after hold your patronage.

☞ Hortensia now bows to me deeply, she thinks she is wearing the green leaf crown and clothes made up of long fabric, it appears to be a white long fabric dress and with a rusty-red brown fabric on both sides almost like how women in India wear an extra fabric around their arms with the sari.

*Author*

I am not of Rome.

☞ I say after I take a very deep breath and exhale it deep.

HORTENSIA

And *now* you tell me that? I will, I will have my guards

escort you out, and your tongue taken me out for speaking  
ill things!

*Author*

I am from the future.

HORTENSIA

Ahh, ohh, futurum?

☞ Again she places her hand against her sternum, gasps,  
and now she feels so faint and so taken by this that she  
needs to support herself with something behind her.

HORTENSIA

And I have told you about my failed sons?

☞ She thinks she wouldn't have told me had she known,  
this one not word by word perhaps, as I did not write it  
down right away, but what it says is what she said.

*Author*

Hortensia?

☞ She interrupts me.

HORTENSIA

Get out! Get out of the house of my father, and I mean  
that, right now!

☞ I was going to ask her, who did she think I was?

*Author*

Who did you think I was?

## HORTENSIA

You had come here to talk, about how I was a boy to my father. And about, how me and his wife never did have any sons. And how, we boys were meant to talk!

☞ Yes, I hear her when she talks, she talks very uppety and boy-scoutish, cheerful, in a way that makes it easy for someone to get engaged and involved and excited and to follow along, one gets taken along with the way that she speaks, it is very uppety, and every syllable starts with a high note, it sounds strange but it is very uppety and it keeps a person's attention and interest, because you find it impossible to not be mesmerized and taken along with by it. She has talked like this on earlier occasions with me also, not just now. But also she does not *always only* talk to me like this.

*Author*

I am a seer. I can see places and times.

## HORTENSIA

.. I would not have spoken to you, had I known. Because, women like you can give us diseases. It has been known to happen! So! What about my boys then! And why I did not have any! What *news*, can you give me can you bring me about this? What news do you have, about why I do not have any sons or boys? Or, what of it, when I had said that I would take your tongue off? Will you now reprimand, will you come and punish us, us the people of Rome? Will there be famine?

☞ After famine she said another possible major cataclysmic outcome, but I forgot what it was before I had written it down. She now regrets that she had spoken up against a seer. It is interesting that she, like many or all other Romans who find out from me that I am a seer, when I tell them I am a seer, they seem to never question that or ask for evidence. Like Emperor Constantine who *instantly* changed demeanor and even wanted to marry me to one of his sons when he found out I was a seer. She regrets having threatened me earlier, yet she has no fear, she bravely faces whatever consequences her anger against me – the seer – might now have, and she only wishes to learn what those consequences might be. She also, note, does not ask for mercy or forgiveness. Note how whenever I have angered the Romans I have talked to and then I ask for forgiveness (interrupted)

### HORTENSIA

We were not on the hill of Mercury, our family. And that is why we were not the Nobilis. And so? You have called us that? Is that perhaps seen as a good omen? Have you come, to my family's house, to pardon us, to free us of the gods' ill will? Have you come, for that? Or, what have you come for, now tell us all at once!

☞ When I ask for forgiveness from a Roman when I have said or done something wrong that has angered them, it never works. You cannot ask the Romans for forgiveness or pity. You have to take the consequences. And that is also how Hortensia responded, she did not ask for any forgiveness. She just wants to know what the consequences are. And this comes from, I want to be I am almost entirely

sure on this, from the fact that one cannot defy the rulings of the gods. To ask a god for forgiveness, is to insult them and to refuse their ruling.

*Author*

Was your father's name Quintus Hortensius?

HORTENSIA

How do you know of him? Have you perhaps been to the harbor?

*Author*

What harbor, do you speak of?

HORTENSIA

The one where he met the women. Are you, perhaps, one of his other women there? Or? Have you come here, for other baths?

☞ She thinks of a bath which one walks down into and which is white and decorated with motifs like as if porcelain embossed images, a bath that is for women, what she means I do not know.

*Author*

What bath, Hortensia? What bath do you speak of? I do not understand.

HORTENSIA

I never had any sons, do you hear me?

☞ She leans her body downward, her hands are cupped and leaning down almost against the floor, her fingers held cramped like crow's feet, like a woman who is begging for



mercy, like a woman who is showing that her hands are empty and bare.

*Author*

I am a seer from another country that is not in Rome.

HORTENSIA

Oh, hahah! Have we heard of you then? Or, have you not ever heard of Rome? How did you set your footsteps in here? Did you come, from the harbor? And *is that* where you had heard of my father?

☞ Hortensia smiles and is cheerful and pleasant.

*Author*

I am from a city that is far far in the north.

HORTENSIA

You have passed the gods' mountains. *And*, how did you do that feat?

☞ The mountains of the north of Italy is what she thought of.

*Author*

Does one pass the mountains of the gods to get far north?

HORTENSIA

Yes, my father said so. *Only, he had also said, that he had no sons.* And, now that we were fatherless, ...

☞ I didn't hear the continuation, because I got so caught up that she did in fact say "fatherless" when she meant "sonless", but it means that the family had no sons which

means that the family has no more or new fathers in it, but I got so caught up because it sounded wrong and off at first, that I wasn't able to hear the rest of what she said.

HORTENSIA

Have you seen the gods ride in their chariots? I got to do that once. And only then, when I got married.

☞ Hortensia proud, about her wedding, she had ridden in a golden chariot in the city, dressed up as a goddess, and so yes her wedding in the city was a show before the gods.

*Author*

Who was Scipio? Your husband was Scipio? Not Caepio?

HORTENSIA

Why do you need to know so much about me? And? Have I not rested, enough! Enough is enough!

☞ She then sees and remembers a white placard that is set at her burial site, I say burial but it probably means where her ashes were or where the placard simply is. She knows she is dead.

*Author*

Am I bothering you, dear?

HORTENSIA

I thought you could help me, with being sonless!

☞ Hortensia puts her fingers to her eyes and is about to cry, or already crying.

☞ I have seen Romans do that. When they are crying they put their fingertips to their eyes, like this: the palms of the hands are against the face. The fingers are pointing upward. Each hand on each side of the face, one hand for each eye. The four fingers are placed on top of the eye that is closed. That is how Romans do when they are crying, or, when they are displaying something in particular *about* their crying, because they can also cry openly, like how Julius Caesar cried openly when he announced that he was going to have my head shaved and me sent to the slavehouse of Justus for taking sides with Pompeius whom he had exiled.

☞ A quick internet search reveals that Scipio would have been a fairly common Ancient Roman name, and that it seems to have served as both a first name or a last name. Perhaps, someone with more time and passion into Romans could see which were the contemporary well-known Scipios living at the same time as Hortensia, who may have married him. But that could be a dead end in search anyway.

*Author*

Hortensia? I am a common woman of my country.

HORTENSIA

Were you made to pour wine, then? Or, did you too get to bathe in the fountain of the gods? Did you, bathe in it with them?

☞ The image is of a fountain, a beautiful fountain which even spews up a gush of water.

*Author*

What fountain is that?

HORTENSIA

I got to wear this once, and that is when, I got to go married to my husband. And we had no sons more. And that is the end of it, finished.

☞ To wear the green leaf crown, she smiles throughout when she is saying this.

*Author*

What happened? Did you divorce him?

HORTENSIA

No!!! You horrible woman! I would never have divorced my man! I was made very happy by him. *And, the gods will know that.* Me, and Scipio, were...

☞ I didn't hear the continuation, and again when she said "No!!! You horrible woman!", it was like black and death to her, it was as if I was talking of the very same as death, when I had asked about divorcing him.

*Author*

How did your husband die?

HORTENSIA

The gods took him away from me. *Me, and my Scipio,* were never married again. But, we did not have any sons together, and that is all what mattered. But then! And so be it by the mighty of the gods! *We did* have a daughter! And she lived! And she married!

*Author*

Her name was Servilia, was it not? Servilia?

☞ Hortensia thinks this, and I feel it from her: that when her daughter married her own husband, then the daughter gets a new name. It was a feeling as if the daughter was reassembled, redesigned completely due to marrying because she gets a new name. Like scratching a piece of paper which had a drawing on it, even going as far as turning the paper back to pulp then pressing it back into paper and drawing a new face on it. That is how it felt. The daughter is redesigned, different completely. As if the daughter becomes absorbed into the husband. As if a daughter becomes the husband whom she marries, is absorbed soaked into him completely, in a literal sense. Not just married to him, but taken into him.

HORTENSIA

The gods knew, that I was not even angry. When my daughter got married to the wrong man. My daughter married a soldier. A man, who was not happy to her! And he, *also*, had no sons with her. The gods were angry at him, for being so angry at her. But, we, me and my husband, never bothered, never interfered.

*Author*

Hortensia?

HORTENSIA

So! You were not with my father at the harbor! *I thought you had come from there.* Because, ahem, my father he had many. And, he brought some boys home with him, but none of

them were ours. *Not from my mother I had said.* So, we couldn't have them with our own, to break the curse. They were not made with the right women. So, they were "other boys" they were called. One of them was of the Julius.

☞ Wait now a minute. What if Brutus, who was adopted into her family, was one of such illegitimate sons who were actually half-brothers, fathered by great Roman men but not official sons since they were made with other questionable women? Or, wasn't the rumor that perhaps Brutus was the son of Julius Caesar, or wait, isn't that what Hortensia said? That one of them was of "the Julius"? Did Romans know about, and keep track of, their illegitimate sons who were made outside of the marriage? What is the real truth about Brutus, and why did Hortensia's husband adopt him? What is going on? Things are getting interesting.

*Author*

Hortensia? Who was this boy who was of the Julius?

HORTENSIA

Oh, I can't dare to say!

☞ She blushes tremendously, her face goes absolutely red, I did not think she was the type to be able to blush she had seemed so out forward with everything!

*Author*

Is this the boy whom you and your husband adopted?

## HORTENSIA

**I said, I don't dare to say!** So! Why do you dare to ask about my husband's bedside manners.

☞ Impudently she closes her eyes shut and raises her chin up, aha so her husband was also having women on the side, so was Brutus her husband's son? I'm getting confused here. So it was common of Roman men to have other women outside of the marriage, and Hortensia doesn't seem to mind, she isn't furious about it like women of today would be. It was, as if being married to a man already gives her the pride of having ownership to that man. The other women are not married to him, and their sons would also be claimless, fatherless, when born outside of a marriage.

*Author*

Do you want history to know the truth?

## HORTENSIA

About my father's husband's bedside manners?! **Never!**

☞ Here again, she meant her husband, but the word she used got translated into "father" and then "husband" but referring to the same person who is her husband, not father. To a Roman woman, her husband was her new father.

☞ With bedside manners, both times, she means her husband's affairs, whom he had sex with, wife or other women, that is what she means.

☞ I ask her if she was not angry that her husband was having affairs with other women, but I forget the words I phrased it with since she answered so quickly I had no time to write down exactly what I had said, and her answer was:

HORTENSIA

No, only the gods had wanted us to be together. *What we did on the side, was a different matter.* So we could be with whom ever we want, as long as the great city of Rome was saved. As, we did *always* what the gods wanted. Even if they did not give us any sons.

☞ And she means that “even if the gods did not give us any sons”.

☞ And so she reveals, what I was already suspecting after listening to her. The Romans had official marriages which were decided by the gods. If the gods gave a sign that two people should be married, then they went ahead and got married. Then it was sort of ok to have affairs on the side, outside of that official marriage which was show for the gods. The Romans lived an official ceremonial life for the gods, and then they lived a private unofficial life on the side.

*Author*  
Hortensia?

HORTENSIA

How did you get into the city of Rome? How did you open the gates? How did you get here? Tell me, I am mostly *intrigued?*



☞ Hand against her sternum, looking a bit faint that way, but still smiles and yes intrigued.

*Author*

I am a woman from two thousand years into your future, I am a seer, I can see times and places outside of my own.

DEITY

We have chosen to take her away from you now. You are no longer angry at her, with the wind gods. You were being unpleasant to her too, because of what she has suffered. With the Romans, when they mean wind gods, they mean mostly something angry, as the wind gods showed them great deal of anger! And so, when *you*, or anybody else goes to see and visit them, we take it away, when all of it goes away! As it had done, now, when you had revealed to her whom you are! So! We take you back there, *no further!*

☞ A white godly deity says and bows to me deeply. Right after I had said who I am just now, I felt how the energy got sucked out of my room and how she was away. This white light spiritual energy that was coming from her, just quickly got sucked out of my room and I became more clear and focused and here in my room, and she was gone. Then this white god deity spoke to me. Hey? Maybe this god that speaks to me, is the wind gods?

*Author*

I am sorry that I have upset or frightened her. And I realize now, that I look back at my conversations with her,

☞ The deity interrupts me.

## DEITY

It is not that, it is only because she had feared you, because she had no sons. She wanted no more trouble from you, and now, that she thinks you are the wind gods, she fears you. And so, she thinks it is you, she blames you, for taking her sons away. *And now, we will let you do it, nor further!*

☞ The god says and bows deep.

☞ I was going to say that I realize that I was being perhaps a bit too pushy or disrespectful, or at least ignorant when I wade into the Roman world, I don't know what to say or do and I always seem to do the wrong thing that breaks some cultural taboo. But no, this godly deity says that I have done nothing wrong so, just that she now thinks that I am the wind gods - which I assure you I am not - and then it ties into her fears that she already had preexisting of the gods that were angry at her and not giving her a son.

☞ Thank you Hortensia, I send you much love, even if sending someone loving wishes might also be the wrong thing to do to Romans. I have great respect and admiration for you. You are a lovely and enchanting woman. I have enjoyed learning about you and about Rome. I cherish the time we had together. I can only regret, that your world and my world, and our times, are so different, that it becomes impossible for me to tell you who I am. You, as all the other Romans, only know to function in our conversations when you are allowed to make the assumptions of who I am. Most of the Roman men must assume that I am a harbor slut sent to them by a man. I am so different in time and place from you, that you cannot understand who I am.

It is not time that keeps us apart, or place, it is the difference in the worlds that yours and mine society have constructed for us into our minds.

HORTENSIA

The gods constructed our worlds. So, what “other” worlds do you speak of? Mine, or mine specifically? What other worlds are there. Tell me, as Sulla would be quite displeased.

*Author*  
“Sulla”?

HORTENSIA

Yes, I saw, or heard you, thinking of him. Of his great conquests, you should say!

☞ Hortensia snaps back into her real self, the underlined sounds like her boyscout brave and courageous orator voice again! It is true, I thought about Sulla when I wrote the part about “harbor slut sent to them by a man”, it was Sulla specifically I was thinking of. Not only my intended *words* in my mind are sent to them, but also every nuance of my thought, just like theirs are sent to me when we connect.

HORTENSIA

I don’t want you to know more about our sons, the ones that were never had.

☞ “Our sons” or “my sons”, I heard it right but then I forgot when it got time for me to write it down.

*Author*

I must go now to sleep.

### HORTENSIA

Yes, and may the wind gods hold you dear. May you dream sweetly, so that no man will hold you anger. As, every time that you dream of anger, some man will soon come to show it to you. So! Rest good!

☞ Interesting anecdote again.



☞ September 27, 2015

1:52 PM

### SVLLA

I don't want to tell you, about the tree, about what a tree means, the gods they liked to let lightning strike a tree!

☞ Not word by word because it took a while before I could write it down, but that is the exact meaning of what he said.

☞ I was proofreading the chapter "Hortensia II" and was just reading when Hortensia said, "That happened, before I had the tree problem." And then I saw Sulla very closely, so closely in fact that his body overlapped with mine, I felt as if his legs were in my legs, and he probably felt me just as closely too. He was doing that smirk of a smile. He had red hair. It was Sulla. And then he said that.

☞ Oh so it makes sense. I had been wondering why Hortensia was honoring the god Mercury by drawing for him a tree, it seems rather arbitrary, other than that I figured that the hill of Mercury where Mercury had flown across to claim the hill as his own and the people that lived there as his, that there was a rather big tree there. But of course!! Now that Sulla says it!! Of course the gods liked trees, because they always hit a lightning bolt to a tree! So Sulla knew that the gods they *liked* trees. Ahh, Sulla makes perfect sense yet again.

*Author*

Thank you Sulla.

SVLLA

And you have written about, how I like gods and honey and wine. *But, you did forget to mention the part, that I liked women.* How many women I had liked? Hmm? Are you not angry at that, at not the gods' vengeance? That they, didn't come to you instead? That they came to me, they always did.

*Author*

I am not jealous of you Sulla. I could never have done the things that the gods assigned for you to do.

SVLLA

**Do not ever say that you woman, or I will strike you!**

☞ Oh, I am supposed to say that I too would of course do anything what the gods ask me to do. I guess it is difficult to flatter a Roman, it always comes out wrong. I don't

know what to say to flatter him with, he will just get angry with me when I break a Roman rule.

SVLLA

That is why, this woman had drawn the tree.

☞ Sulla about Hortensia.

*Author*

Did you *know* Hortensia?

SVLLA

Who?

☞ His mouth is closed and pinched together and moves about in the smirk of a smile.

SVLLA

I wouldn't have paid only a few gold pieces for you.

☞ Sulla about me.

SVLLA

As, the gods they seem to have given you to me for free?  
Have they not, huh? Have they? Are you *mine*, to keep?  
Huh? Or, did you come here only to go back to the harbor  
slaves again?

☞ The underlined he does the sweeping arm gesture, slowly sweeping his arm in front of him.

☞ I don't know what to say. It would only come out sounding wrong. Sulla sure is talkative, he comes even when he is not summoned by me.

SVLLA

We meant, to tell you, why there were always lightning trees up on hills. *The gods liked them.* And that is why, this poor little wretched woman, had drawn them for him. To say his prayers! To say, that he liked her! To say, *that she was now on good terms with him again.* To pray for absolution. To say? Please, do not you give me my any sons? And, why not haven't you? The trees, they were always significant in Ancient Rome. As? You have called us Ancient. The cloud gods say.

*Author*

Are you speaking with the cloud gods? Are they there with you?

SVLLA

I hear them whispering in the wind. And, you are one of them, among them.

*Author*

I am not a god. I am a woman.

SVLLA

So! You say!

☞ He stands up, straightens his posture into an angry and serious one, he pushes his crotch out, this does not mean anything sexual, just that I had said I am a woman, it is not ok to draw conclusions on what his gesture means. He also looked very dark on his face when he reacted like this and he looked angry.

IVLIVS CAESAR

Have you come to us from the gods!

*Author*

I don't know if I have!

IVLIVS CAESAR

And we thought that you had come from the harbor!

☞ Before he spoke, I got to see a hugely clear image of Julius Caesar standing outdoors with many large white Roman buildings around him that had white marble columns at the front by their entrances, and he looked at my face and he was kind and he wanted to take my head into his hands, to put his hands on either side of my head in a priestly loving fatherly kind of way, as if even perhaps to kiss the top of my head. I don't usually get in contact with the Romans this way, this clearly, or that they see me exactly as I am. I think the "wind gods" have let Julius Caesar see me this time, and that they have told him about me. Yes, there are "gods" around when I talk to Romans in a channeling. The Romans think that these white entities who speak are "wind gods", which is better than my guess, because I don't have a guess as to what they are.

*Author*

Julius Caesar?

IVLIVS CAESAR

Emperatus Dignitus. You shall call me that, *until we have gotten more acquainted.*



☞ He has nice almost robe-like garments as a toga, these are heavy and very thick fabrics that almost brush against the floor when he walks. One fabric was green, the other one he wears together with it is brown. I have always sensed that when he wears green in his clothes it is a priest garment because the inside of the temple of Jupiter is green, and has that green marble that moves in the dish of oil.

## ABOUT MY WORK

I channel Ancient Roman spirits to talk to them about their life and about Ancient Rome.

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