

Heresies of a Heathen

REVELATIONS OF
THE SPIRITUAL
BUT NOT RELIGIOUS

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Dedicated to the students of the most famous spiritual philosopher of all time, a man whose true beliefs and lessons have largely been lost to a history in which those of great wealth and control of society, traditionally exerted through the ethos and power of Church and State, have claimed his words as their own. These powers laid claim to his teachings for the sake of conserving and expanding upon their wealth and power, mentally-enslaving and disempowering those whom the spiritual philosopher sought to free, empower and protect.

Be not afraid to tell the truth to the politically correct and tradition-ensnared, pitchforked mob, for self-righteousness shall be laid bare in time, and to have shrunk from the pretense of propriety when you knew better will ultimately be seen as the capitulation of cowardice.

*When you look for God
God is in the look of your eyes
In the thought of looking
Nearer to you than yourself*

Rumi

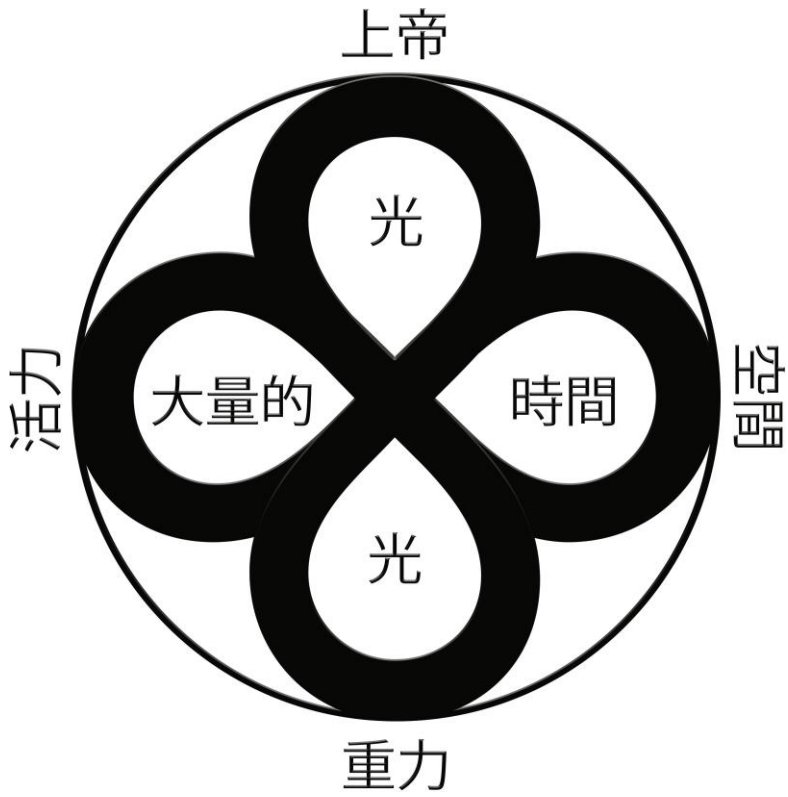
*There is a book inside us, written by the finger
of God, through which we may read all things.*

John Baptista van Helmont

Theosophy

n.

Any of various forms of philosophical or spiritual thought based on a mystical insight into the divine nature.



"Metaphysic" in Traditional Chinese

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INTRODUCTION TO HERESIES OF A HEATHEN

Why the title “Heresies of a Heathen?” Because whether you’re considered a member of the club, or you’ve been cast out and stoned with self-righteous condemnations like ‘heathen,’ whether your understanding of God is orthodox and commonly accepted, or you’re the ‘spiritual but not religious’ type like me who speaks of the spiritual in ‘heresies,’ you can never *actually* be cast out of God’s company, for God’s company is absolutely inclusive. The truth is that even the ‘heathen’ thinking ‘heretically’ can offer insights into the spiritual (or ‘metaphysical’) nature of existence and, in fact, some argue that it *requires* the ability to look outside of conventional lines oppressively drawn to control us in order to verge upon any *actual* understanding of God. This has, in fact, been my own experience, as God has led me to truths which can never belong to any one religion or group of people, and I’m offended by the attempt of religion to control divinity. In my own quest to understand the nature of divinity, I’ve learned of God to be the eternal, conscious energy essential to *all* people, places and things, including spacetime and matter and *all* forms of life manifested by God’s divine force, *regardless* of grouping and label.

In truth, we all exist *within* God, as mortal manifestations of God’s immortal essence, for the purpose of infinite perspectives upon and experiences of existence. We’re all finitely-formed facets of God’s infinite nature, ever adapting in partnership with the material realm to be ceaselessly remade in God’s *limitless* image, an image unbound by human-centric form. In the truths to which God has led and continues to gently coax me to convey to as many forms of the divine Self as I can muster, I’ve found my own mode of ministry, and I know in my heart that such a ministry needs no official religion or institutional sanction, for it’s the heart itself that *truly* conveys God’s will. As Antoine de Saint-Exupéry said in *The Little Prince*: “Only with the heart can one see rightly. What’s essential is invisible to the eye

I believe that religion performs many social and moral services, offers community and hope to the lonely and the lost, and that its manifold manuscripts born through the ages, across the endless multitudes of culture and perspective, contain countless laudable principles of inestimable value to life. At the same time I know that, due to its historical development intertwined with State and Empire, religion is replete with irrevocable issues; with specificities, hierarchies, idolatries, mind-controlling propaganda and the implicit, and sometimes explicit, denial of empowering disciplines, like science and philosophy, and their emancipating, elucidating, edifying power. I also believe that, owing to that same history and its contentions with contradicting religions, religion tends to be excluding and divisive, leading to discord and hatred, thereby denying humanity's greatest unifying potential.

Only a purer search for Spirit (aka 'God') that learns from and is open to incorporating the insights of *all* the great sages of past and present is best positioned to uncover the deepest spiritual truths and tear down the divides denying the realization of humanity's fullest form. The following pages were written concurrent with my own spiritual search, inspired by the *least* imperially-altered remnants of the testaments to the life and lessons of the most famous spiritual sage of all time, the 'Gnostic Gospels;' the manuscripts which *weren't* incorporated into the religion that Empire made of his posthumous following; testaments equally of Christ, yet removed from Christianity because they were inconvenient to the imperial objectives that absorbed his following. Herein his lessons have been reconceived in a manner purified of all the aforementioned divisive and disempowering aspects of religion, replaced with the empowerment of moral, spiritual and philosophical principles and insights of the greatest possible application and value to life.

Please open your heart and mind to the 'heresies' of this 'heathen,' taking the step of unloading such hateful, deluded labels from your lexicon while embracing the divinity at the very heart of *everything*.

Please remember that no one group may ever monopolize something which *everyone* belongs to, and whose truths *anyone* may find, whether considered 'religious' or not, and that the open mind tuned into the heart that's required of *any* spiritual seeker best positioned to grasp the messages of *any* spiritual sage stands starkly at odds with all forms of narrowing exclusivity and over-specificity. Labelling those gospels 'gnostic' is a clue in itself, as 'gnosis' is derived from the Greek term for knowledge and, like me, gnostic Christians believed that attaining spiritual knowledge is a *personal* matter, and that, therefore, there can *never* be one book or one prophet, or single set of practices leading to divine revelation. So, whilst I believe in universal principles applicable to all spirituality, I simultaneously am aware of the fact that the pathways *leading* to this revelation within our hearts and their communication with our minds are *infinite*, a truth which contradicts the religious attempt to gain authority, create conformity and control people by enforcing any specific orthodoxy as though it were the one and only absolute truth.

And when it comes to the lessons offered by Christ, please bear in mind that the history of Christianity is *immensely* complex, that the orthodox testaments are only orthodox on the orders of Empire, that any testaments conflicting with the aims of imperial history have been struck from the official record, and that one must use one's heart to cut through the aforementioned elements of popular control in order to determine the truth for one's self. And, again, please remember that words such as 'heresy' and 'heathen' were designed to induce reflexive condemnation from non-critical thinkers of anyone and anything threatening the greedy status quo, and that, therefore, it's likely that many of the greatest truths are 'heretical.'

In fact, Christ was crucified for rebelling against the very powers that eventually absorbed his following and edited his narrative to suit their avaricious ambitions, and, were he walking amongst us in disguise today, many of those alleging to speak for him would regard him as a heretic, as a naïve idealist, even as a socialist; as anything *but* a savior.

And yet, despite the fact that I believe Christ to be ironically misunderstood by his 'followers,' a savior he may still well be, for the West is mired in an immoral morass of 'god is greed,' perpetuated by rampant, politically-promoted, plutocratically-financed divide and conquer disconnection, exploitation and inequality which only spiritual insights and the shared identity to which they lead, the Spirit from which we're all mortal manifestations and through which we eternally recycle in form, may extricate us. And in the right, renewed light, the lessons offered by this teacher provide just such a salvation.

Truth in Antithesis

True wisdom is the opposite of the conservative, conventional wisdom of the West, and is based upon Spirit's innate reciprocity:

The more that we give, the more that we receive.

The less that we accumulate, the wealthier that we become.

What finance and materialism teaches us to honor dishonors us by devaluing life, that which all things of value are meant to serve.

Thus, give liberally, retain nothing that you cannot use, and honor all that of value by helping it realize its purpose: to serve, honor and increase the inherent value of not just your life, but life in total.

Surviving Every Whisper

That impervious place locked all the way within
Down in the innermost cloisters of beating life
Wherein all versions of truth needing to be known
Are drawn down to undergo their final distillation

Here amasses the indispensability of all existence
Where the fuel feeding the furnace of life is refined
In the place purifying everything into its essence
All extraneity dissolved in its unquenchable core

Here was the material of Heaven's Kingdom crafted
Constituting cavernous halls ever aching to be filled
Wherein each illusion of independence walks past itself
Every form finally known when recognized in the other

Passing between the walls buried beneath perception
Whispering shared intuitions of perfect indistinction
Bouncing off the surfaces, echoed on as 'Love'
What we call that sound surviving every whisper

Look at Me

Before dimension dwells the deepest essence
Pre-temporally, needing no materialization
Predating its provoked purpose of matter
Where it fathoms the bottomlessness of being
Returning source-seeking mind to the memory
That it circumscribes with its imperfect words

Unfixed recollections of the ageless
Recalling all things as variants of Thing
That One which is without constraint
Beyond framing by any means of measure
While endlessly renewing its resemblances
Through the pre-atomic foundation of form
Each one of which cries out in delusion:

Look at me, I am an individual!

If your composition of God includes anything less than everything, it's missing something. If it separates yourself or anyone or anything else from divinity, it pretends a divide where none exists, misunderstands God and does a disempowering disservice to anyone and anything thereby falsely separated.

Truly knowing anyone or anything is loving them/it, is sensing your inseparability from them/it, and from everything else.

It is in these moments when we're most connected to, and best know, God.

The mythical man or woman forever dwelling within this truth, having eradicated all sense of separability and individuality, may be said to have eliminated their ego, and become enlightened.

THE GOLDEN TEACHER

God is the quintessential shape-shifter.

Let me tell you a story. A story of spiritual revelation, though not one that you've heard before, and not one that the religious authorities are apt to endorse, for this story is unconcerned with the false authority and empty propriety of their preconceptions. Even today I can't be certain whether the experience was a dream, a vision, or what mental health professionals call a 'psychotic break,' their catch-all term for experiences conflicting with the commonly agreed upon reality. What I *can* tell you is that it felt as real as any experience that I've ever had, and that I'll never be the same.

It started in a bookstore in San Francisco, a nondescript little place hidden in the tightly-packed commercial corridors of the Mission District. For the life of me, I haven't been able to recall the name of the store, and I probably couldn't find it again if I tried. My dear friend, the paragon of wisdom whom I affectionately call The Golden Teacher, led me there. We'd been discussing Christ, and the extent to which the stories and lessons surviving him are authentic, considering the conflict-driven historical period in which they were compiled over several centuries following his earthly demise, and the powers at play dictating which of those stories were acceptable, and why.

My friend argued that God is the quintessential shape-shifter, and that this power extends to those whom are empowered to be the agents of God, Christ being the purest embodiment of said spiritual agency.

Christ, therefore, comes and goes, and may inhabit and espouse from any body in those moments in which any person most clearly receives and transmits the divine truth. Walking the bookstore, he found a small, tattered book on the subject of the Gnostic Gospels; a collection of testaments of Christ that had conflicted with the official, imperially-stamped versions, and which had also managed to escape the fires which consumed so many other such writings, and often their writers as well.

Following him to another part of the store a dozen paces away, he stopped, grinned and pulled a tome called 'The Secret Teachings' from a top shelf. He looked at me, winked, tapped the book, then went to the register to pay for them, after which I followed him back out onto the street. It was a windy, partly-cloudy day, and something began to happen as we conducted ourselves through the Mission District. In those moments when the clouds parted, permitting the sun to shine straight through, its rays seemed to follow us, flashing off of my friend's head and shimmering with golden resplendency.

"What most know of Christ is what they've been *allowed* to know," he said. "The truth is buried there, in the official teachings; hidden between the lines; surviving in fragments for the few able to see beneath the surface. It requires the uncommon capacity to discern what Empire glossed over, and what it remade for mass consumption and mind control. It's like... like going on a cruise and experiencing the native culture of the land being visited. You can remain on the ship, in the confines of comfort, and listen to manicured presentations produced from the prevailing western perspective. Or you can get off the ship and follow the jaded tour guide through the Disneyland version of the culture manufactured along the overpopulated seaside, built to cater to the overfed customer, offering the easy-to-swallow, over-sweetened version of the culture paralleling the onboard presentations. But for the uncommon, slimmer customers, authenticity awaits further inland..."

“If you wander away from the beachside bars and shops and museums and head inland, *away* from the fabricated seaside show, towards the wilder, wonderous, untamed, untrammelled version of the culture that few brave, the truth may be chased, like hunting an elusive beast through its native habitat. For the truth, my friend, the authentic thing *not* prepackaged for sale, is seldom comfortably known, because it *hasn't* been corralled and cheaply replicated for mass consumption.” Looking at me, searching my eyes in a manner seeming to say 'I see you,' he urged: “Let's head inland. I think you're ready.”

A block later he handed me a flask pulled from the inner pocket of his jacket, adding: “And I think you know this already, but I'm not a tour guide, and *that's* not a margarita from the beachside bar.” Taking a long swig of the bittersweet, earthy elixir, caring not what it was, entirely trusting my friend, we headed on, each of the two recently acquired books in his two hands.

Approaching the entry stairs down into a BART station, for 'Bay Area Rapid Transit,' the Bay Area's version of the subway, he placed the books one on top of the other, looked up into the sun for a second, then back down at the books. At this moment a powerful beam of light descended and struck both he and the books, rendering a glowing transformation. The two books combined into one. This new, single book looked nothing like what the books had before, but resembled some ancient relic, leather bound, bearing the Latin title: *Non Es Nisi Deus. There Is Only God.* My friend's appearance changed as well.

The light continued to surround him, as if attracted to his skin, something which apparently only I could see, as the many around us seemed not to notice. That skin, which had been fair, was now dark brown. His short, straight hair had become long and curly, hanging down to his shoulders, and the modern urban attire he'd had on was transformed into a simple tunic made of some natural fiber. He wore

a necklace woven from the same fiber, tied to a triangle pendant carved out of wood. The glorious glow surrounding him was particularly prominent around his head, where it seemed to dance about and reflect off of him in all directions, as if his head was the source of the rays.

His countenance radiated with an immensity of warmth, intelligence and receptivity. His brown eyes beamed, then became so light in color that I wondered if they might become translucent, and I may soon see directly through them into his mind, becoming instantly privy to his every beautiful thought. He smiled knowingly, with a perfect air of peaceful self-assurance that filled me with peace in turn.

“Brace yourself, my friend, for the path of truth goes through the darkness of deception, and is purified by doubt.” As we descended the stairs, he added: “In the underground, beneath the realm of ready perception, where many a soothsayer has been forced to flee in order to avoid the fires of orthodoxy and oppression, in the realm of the persecuted and outcast, lies The Guardian of The Gate: The Hierophant.”

IN THE BEGINNING

HOUSE OF MIRRORS: *THE FIRST HISTORY*

Just because existence is a trick of light doesn't mean that it isn't real.

Following The Golden Teacher, I descended into the underworld to meet the madman who scrawled his madness across the walls of this, his own Hades. He was called 'The Hierophant' by the observant, the Great Initiator into The Mysteries. The particular cloisters where he took up refuge in the underworld, where everything filtered down, sank and settled, and where man passed under the earth on the way to everywhere said to be important, some of the initiated jokingly referred to as The Asylum of The Hierophant, mocking those whom would condemn him as being a madman. *The madness of true sight*, they say, asking: Where do you draw the line between sanity and insanity, between what's readily evident and what isn't?

My friend says this is where, with the help of The Hierophant, he saw the First Reflections. He was there, waiting for us, wearing what appeared to be a one piece dress, shaped like a poncho, yet made entirely of golden tissue paper, with a golden tissue paper crown atop his bald head. My friend handed him the book, *Non Es Nisi Deus*, and with the rhythmic thudding resounding off the walls from the cold conveyances passing in the background, the bedraggled initiator proclaimed through many a missing tooth that I'd become an initiate, and that, as such, I must know The First History, for I could never understand the history of humankind without it, for all of history is based upon The First History.

This is what he told me:

Existence was made when the Universal Consciousness, what has been called every name there is, from God, to Spirit, to Cosmic Mind to Godhead to Big Self to Jehovah and on, decided to know itself. How might I see myself?, asked The One. How might I study and come to know what I am? How might I pass my sight around myself and see all there is to see? So The One contemplated deeply, and from this contemplation upon the first desire, to know oneself, was born Love, the sense of knowing on the deepest levels lying beneath the realm of form. And from this Love was born the desire to contain love, and thus the need of vesselhood, and so the first fractal of the One was formed, a perfect crystal chalice, The Grail. As the second existence, The Grail, the co-creator, vessel and host of every- thing, including what would someday become all physical and biological existence, is The Great Mother: The Divine Feminine: that which focuses and gives form to the pure energy of creative consciousness of God, Incarnatus Est.

Passing the pure white light of Sight through The Grail so as to refract and wrap Sight around itself, the Act of Creation formed the first refractions; the first bending of the light of pure conscious energy. These were the first facets of Self. It is from the act of passing consciousness through a fractal and fracturing it that the building blocks of all creation are made, as consciousness is the pure energy of creation conceiving the spacetime that hosts pure energy, or Spirit, in temporarily located, finite form, or 'matter.' Patterns are formed by fracturing Sight, and it was from this loving desire to see every facet of itself that The House of Mirrors would come into being.

For the first fractals forming The Grail were set facing God, becoming the first mirrors. And in their reflections was found the necessity for balance, for within balanced formation are the proportions of Beauty discovered, they being the harmonious basis for the most pleasing forms of Form. For Beauty is the revelation of balance and harmony in Form evoking the truth of Love.

And in the proportions of Beauty were the first ratios glimpsed by God, and loved by God in the understanding of their purpose. For between Beauty and Form was Function found, with beauty beheld relative to the best-fitted form for every function, the discovery of which is known as Purpose to each

relevant form. From this revelation were all metaphysical phenomena to be born, not all of them pleasant, yet all of them necessary, for every form possesses its purpose. Seeking the highest purpose, the purpose of being, God needed to see Form, and so needed reflection; the mirroring of all sides of Self, or all self in 'selves.' Through this Self-reflection came every order of creation.

Consciousness peered into the myriad mirroring facets of The Grail, one after the other and on and on and on in an endless line, realizing Itself to be endless. And the mirrors of The Grail spun and wrapped around God so as to form endless means for Self-examination. For God was mesmerized by the ability to see Oneself for the first time, for before God had not the means to see Oneself as anything but everything, which seems much the same as nothing to that which is everything, to whom the difference can only be the difference between simultaneously extant sides of Self.

Spinning about for a time beyond human perception, for the Self isn't subject to the pressures and constraints of its finite forms of Self, or selves, which themselves were yet to be, the House of Mirrors was thereby formed from the act of Self-examination; mirrors beyond number, progressing towards the conception of Infinity, and, in Self-application, to Eternity. Of such perfect luminous splendor was the Light of God, and such countless many the mirrors of Self-reflection, that reflections began to bounce off of reflections with such frequency that it became difficult to tell where the source was; where God was within the House of Mirrors. And when the Self saw Itself from innumerable angles, It began to imagine a basis for separation in the reflections, conceiving of the possibility of every reflection of itself standing as a refraction, or form, of Self. God thereby manifested the idea of self from Oneself, as the relatively divided semblance of Self. One day this relatively divided semblance of Self would, when held as absolute, make The Great Lie.

God fixed Oneself in the idea of Position, and wondered at position relative to Self. And as God counted the mirrors in the attempt to divide Infinity, finding Relativity in this Self-reflective exercise, numbers were created, and from their application to Position, Time was born. And in the conjunction of Position and Time was Spacetime manifested, the canvas upon which the semblance of Self, as selves, could be eternally painted and endlessly painted over, forever rearranging the shapes and pigments painted across existence. And for so long did God spin about, making and positioning mirrors across Spacetime, and staring into reflections, that all positional relativity, or 'angle,' came to be known, and, thus, geometry came into being.

Combined with numbers known from dividing and placing the mirrors in the context of infinity, and assigning them values as mathematics, came the measurements of Self-separation, giving rise to Science, the seeds of which were planted in The Grail, yet remained unearthed and uncultivated for countless epochs, the truth and phenomena that it would someday come to measure and attempt to control only able to be relatively contained and manipulated, never controlled, and never absolutely separated from any other form of Self. Science would someday become the master discipline of the materialists, with matter arising from the recursive act of perceiving Self-separation until it condensed and settled into fixed appearance, thereby becoming isolated enough to seem one separable, measurable thing. Science would be used to describe all phenomena and interactions of the material realm. But when believed to unveil absolutes, to be the absolute arbiter of truth, this same discipline would attempt to disprove and supplant God with The Great Lie, becoming the chief weaver of The Veil: The Masking Lies of Luz.

With spacetime beyond measure the reflected Light of God, Luz, took on the semblance of Self more and more; of independence from the source, as if shining without and existing separate from God. And so the illusion of division became delusion for form, hatching the absolute self, the demon known as Ego, all forms of which continue to emerge from God's exercise of Self-examination. As the illusion of independence grew with time, this idea of absolute Self-separation known as delusion imparted itself upon The Great Mind, a part of which became fixated on the nonexistent line that may be

forced between fact and fiction; between what is true Self and what's but the transient semblance of Self, or self, that which, when believed to be perfectly independent, forms the shadowy delusions of the demon Ego. And as The One entertained this delusion, walking the line imagined to be set between fact and fiction, The Many were born from the increasingly refracting, confusing, blinding Light of Luz.

For The Many reflections of Self whom, with self-awareness, gradually came to become 'The Sentients,' collectively 'Sentience,' born into servitude of Ego, the Light of Luz rose to a state of deification as 'Lord of Luz,' also known as Lucifer. Lucifer fell from God as the idea of absolute separation and independent self-identity. Yet, being of God, Lucifer retained a piece of the first perfect crystal, The Grail, from which all creation is made possible. The Lord of Luz, the Master of Matter, embodied itself around this crystal, the essence of Self which could not be extricated, and which was set into the forehead, maintaining the connection to and ability to pass between the self and The Self; between God and God's manifestations. This is the Third Eye.

Lucifer is the god of materialism, of the mindset of matter over mind, whereby the self sees only Science and Ego as gods; the delusion that consciousness was made by matter, and that only this constitutes the 'real,' and that all else is delusion, thereby creating The Great Irony: the delusion of realism, whereby the limited perception of what's true stands in the place of the Truth, constricting all possible realities relative to the consciousnesses trapped within them. From Lucifer is all necessary good and evil born in this realm of reflective appearance. Lucifer works to maintain, reinforce and expand upon all semblance of separation and independence from God, culminating in the idea of God's nonexistence, or 'Atheism.' A vacuum is created by this spiritually-devoid mental state of being, into which the darkness of all shadow of truth comes to fill the void, that which is cast upon the walls of existence and experienced as though the one truth by the limitedly-perceiving, self-deluding, egotistically-bound form that believes only in what its limited senses and scientific instruments can perceive and measure. From this

shadow sight comes the concepts of free will, of independent body and mind; of the side-effects of this awareness of the reflected Self, or 'Sentience,' which make and maintain the individual ego, feeding the demon Ego from which it sprang.

From these facets of egotism arose all separate, small identity, including an individualized essence existing separate from God, or 'Soul,' and all tribalism, and every form of 'us versus them' which may corrupt the sufficiently deceived consciousness, and which the corrupted false leaders of humanity would someday enlist to hold over the Third Eye in order to keep other selves divided and conquered, prohibited from coming together, drawing nearer to the complete Self which cannot be conquered. The Ego is the holder of The Veil, veiling the only true identity: Self: Spirit: God. From this deception, and from the pressures placed upon every individualized form from the forever reformative, entropic requisites made of the confluence of spacetime and matter, which create need and vulnerability opening the way to corruption, Evil was born. Lucifer uses Ego to enlist Evil in rebellion against God, creating the Holy Wars. And it may well be said that all of existence is therefore a contest between The Grail, the Third Eye's true sight of Self, and The Veil, the Ego's self-reflecting shadowy sight. And so, from Lucifer's manipulation of the demon Ego, and the enforced division of Self into selves, the basis of Evil, would come the enslavement of the many to the few, the sacrificing of Self on the Altar of Selves, or 'Greed.'

To the self, this is felt, if not known, simply as the war between Good and Evil, the primordial, balancing forces which every self embodies relative to the extent which The Grail is filled and purified with the truth of Love, or corrupted and occluded by the veiled perceptions and confusions of absolute division building up into Hate. In this Great War between Good and Evil, The Veil is held in place, its threads maintained and pulled tighter, else pierced, the consciousness of each self sensing and attempting to shred and, ultimately, to remove it, and see its inseparability from all self as Self. Yet, while these forces, Good and Evil, and their corollaries, The Grail and The Veil, may APPEAR separate and at-odds, they are, in fact, interdependent by-products of the first cause, the original act of Self-reflection giving rise to all creation, and represent two sides of a scale that only exists because BOTH sides exist.

For the first creation was the perfect crystalline chalice known as The Grail, whose purpose and power is balanced by The Veil. The Grail is the holy sight and receptacle of the Self. Both what we see of truth and what we serve the world is of this vessel. What we serve ourselves and all in creation is poured forth from The Holy Vessel, and that Liquid of Life may be light and transparent, or heavy and opaque, and anywhere in between, cultivating and cleansing, or corrupting and contaminating, all upon which it is poured, and which drinks from and takes it into itself. And what we see, or are unable to see, and the quality of the Liquid of Life that we pour forth, comes from our relative ability to raise The Veil, cleansing the opaque liquid so that we may see God's light shining through The Grail.

To those long looking at what is placed in The Grail through the fully woven Veil pulled tightly around their Third Eye, The Liquid of Life appears dark, even opaque, reflecting little, if anything. Through self-purification, with God's assistance, we may cleanse our vessel, clarify our sight and glimpse God's pure light once more, and thereby be reminded of our true nature, our purest Self, and our greatest power: the unity of Love; all selves drawing together towards Self; the remembrance of our divine nature and inseparability from God. This is why, in the contest between God and Lucifer that was born as an equal and opposite effect of the first desire, the desire for Self-knowledge giving birth to Love, the sensation of perfect inseparability, it has been whispered that God has prophesized, and proclaimed to every form of self:

"And so have thee been bequeathed the great crystalline vessel of creation, The Holy Grail, and forever within it shall be the power to cleanse mind and matter alike, and from it shall pour forth all loving purification and every act of creation, so as to cultivate a Heaven upon Earth, born into being in the age which drinks of The Renewal."

And yet, in the service of creation along a timeline very few can sense, Lucifer shrouds the white light, as The Renewal cannot be known until life reconciles its perceptions, and comes to know itself. And only through trial and deception may triumph and truth be known. So, by our conditioning

conducted through the corruptions of the acolytes of Ego, we reflexively pull The Veil over our own eyes, drawing ourselves into the darkness where we fight demons, so as to overcome them through the revelation of their angelic nature, they having fallen into darkness so as to secretly serve The Light by forcing its focus through the Third Eye set in the forehead of Ego and its individuals.

For, wearing The Veil, one isn't distracted by the blinding white light of eternal truth, and in the deluding darkness of certain self one may best learn the art of self-interest. And it is from this certain self-identification that the deceiving demon Ego whispers the false Gospel of Self into our minds, The Luciferic Philosophy, telling of his many arts of self-interest from which all discord and its violent competition and conquering of 'other' Sentients are conceived, destroying solidarity and entrapping the Universal Self, entombing the Oneself within the Shadow Self, or Ego. And through the mental and physical arts of combat, i.e. politics and warfare, as sacrifices upon the Altar of Selves in the worship of Greed, these cutthroat Luciferic competitions are carried out.

It is from his concealment of this Cosmic Competition within the shadows of Ego and the delusions of materialism that Lucifer came to rule over humankind, and to become the most dominant force in the recent course of our history. And yet The Veil may be pierced, and some believe it may be removed altogether. Only through the purest knowledge of Self and its history may we know and no longer fear Lucifer and his role in reality, and thereby come to pierce The Veil to the extent where his binds are made visible, in the course of unshackling ourselves so as to be able to draw nearer to our Self.

And why was Lucifer compelled to create the prison of shadows which he wraps around God's reflections? God provoked him into Self-service, goading him into his divine purpose. For so envious was Lucifer of God's creative power, and so convinced was he of his own power and separation from God, that he created the means to conceal God's power, and to trick the Sentients into believing that we created everything that came from God, rather than being the conduit of God's creation.

Humankind was deceived into thinking itself The Creator, and that the measurements and assignments of Science uncovered and handed over the keys to the governance of All, and that all natural creation and evolution was accidental. For, while the truth is that all is of and from God, including all truth and creation, all that which cannot be created or destroyed by Sentients, only discovered and utilized by every such individualization of the Self, Ego nevertheless successfully spread the delusion through the pride of every individualized egotistic form that it is only Sentients whom create and destroy, without God. This made us feel powerful, and so fed the Ego, Lucifer's foremost acolyte, the keeper of The Great Lie. And so, vainly in love with the sight of ourselves and the delusion of our independent power, we lost sight of God, having willingly pulled The Veil over our own eyes. And this pleased Lucifer, who sneered at God, and is rumored to have proclaimed:

"So have I befuddled the fortune of humankind, tricking them into believing that their riches are their poverty, their illusions are their reality, their brethren are their enemies, their salvation is their prison. And I shall continue to entrap them in a veil of such thickness and occluding splendor that they shall desperately fall in love with their insanity and be enthralled by its entrapping dependencies, calling out for every mode of their enslavement. And thorned shall be the rose, and treacherous shall be beauty, such that I may manipulate even the divinity of Love."

At the root of all of Lucifer's works is that of the first illusion made from the reflections of The House of Mirrors: that anything OTHER than God may be absolute, and absolutely separate from God, and that any of Its reflections may ever desire or possess anything which God isn't, and which God may not issue from Itself, the Great Universal Consciousness in which everything exists, and which anything may be created from everything that always has been, and is, as the nature of all, manifested from that which is beyond creation and destruction, reflected into being by The Holy Grail. For the more the mind believes in Lucifer's lies, the more they come to constitute the reality of that mind, the more there is to fear and suffer, all so as to remind the mind of its delusions, forcing the mind to see them in self-reflections, obscuring the Self.

The heart of this reminder ever remains thus: that in the first mental exercise of Cosmic Mind, Cosmic Mind saw itself change in its reflections, yet remain unchanged within itself. From this limitlessly- angled sight of Self was born illusion, the appearance of separation, and delusion, the possibilities of Self-occlusion and self-deception to the point of believing in absolute separation, the most dangerous delusion. In this delusion was born the Luciferic lie of absolute self, the Ego and holder of The Veil. And so the illusion of separation begot self and Time and Matter and Science et all in its innate succession, making for Evil. For Evil is made within the lie of Self-separation; from the belief that the inseparable may separate, even as all of existence continues to be but a mental exercise within the Mind of God. Evil exists when the belief of the relative separation of Self into self so captivates any ego that its subject self begins to believe and act as if it is Self, an absolute being set in competition with all other absolute beings for the finite material means which it comes to covet, sacrificing Self-service on the Altar of Selves in service of Greed, and deluding itself into believing that it's more deserving of what it comes to covet through Greed than 'others.' Thus, in the course of knowing Self and Love, Evil was born into being as an equal and opposite balancing force, and comes to be fed and maintained through the practices of Lucifer and Ego.

And though in our darkest hours, when suffering and most susceptible to our material and mental needs and limitations, Lucifer seems to own us, and to be independent of the will of God, he yet retains in the center of his forehead the Third Eye, a piece of The Grail whose light may be concentrated to pierce The Veil, revealing him to be but a facet of God's expansion from One into Infinite of One. For The Grail is the original creation, the perfect crystalline conduit through which God conducts the pure white light, refracting it into all creation in the convergence of Mind and Matter. With this Third Eye, Lucifer, and we, sons and daughters born of the Holy Union between God, the Divine Masculine, and The Grail, the Divine Feminine, retain the capacity to see the Nature of God, the absolute inseparability sensed as Love, and to take up the power of pure creation. When corrupted by the world and its sensational and egotistic seductions, when overly dependent upon the materialist plane, The Veil fully intact and pulled tightly over our eyes, we lose

sight of The Grail, and so cannot see God, and so, in confusion and delusion and spiritual blindness, may be brought to our knees at the Altar of Selves.

So it is that this world is run by Lucifer, in service to God, for the sake of Self-knowledge and Self-love. We are seduced by Lucifer, and by the deceiving demon Ego; by Greed made in the match between Ego, Matter and materialism in all its forms and false identities, in its ignorance and insecurities. Yet we are led by God, by Self, and by the connections between selves whom, when united, are best able to raise The Veil through the revelations and power of Self-reunification, Unity, and the Self-knowledge it reveals in turn, Love. Lucifer is thus a necessary evil born of these competing forces, he whose self-imposed ordeals must be overcome in the quest for God's greatest rewards, acting as a spiritual rebel whom steals Love, lifting the eternal flame from the altar before concealing it with ignorance, illusion and delusion, and disguising it as Hate.

In those moments when we've pierced or lifted The Veil, and thereby momentarily overcome Lucifer, we're at peace; loving, understanding and symbiotic, sensing we're inseparable from God. When we're self-obsessed, holding The Veil firmly in place, deluding ourselves into believing we're absolute, we become ill at ease; hateful, ignorant and parasitic, numb to our connection to God, and to our indivisibility with God's infinite manifestations, or Unity. Yet we must never forget that both The Grail and The Veil are necessary and, indeed, were manifested as equal and opposite reactions to the original desire: the desire for Self-knowledge. We must also never forget that we are not a pawn in this eternal game of Self, but forms of the same Player of The Cosmic Game, played for the innate rewards and punishments of revelation and obfuscation, sensation and deprivation, pleasure and pain, in which life is rewarded and punished relative to actions running the gamut from Godly to Luciferic, with rewards and punishments often concealed within the other, such that even these are inseparable.

And only when set in contrast with darkness can we see the light, the camera obscura of perspective, and without darkness the light would have nothing to

illuminate, nor would there be any ability to reflect God. For upon that which casts the shadows do we mount the mirrors eternally multiplying our endless reflections. So we must learn and love them both, for one cannot fully know and love one without the other, and every love which anyone will ever assign to a person, place or thing requires the contentious relationship between God and his son, Lucifer, given life by The Holy Grail, the Holy Mother also known as The Magdalene; she who nurtures all energy into the vesselness of being. Finally, don't be deceived by the illusion that any Sentient 'runs' or 'rules' anything, for all individualizations are subject to, and relatively serve, BOTH God and Lucifer, all of whom both pour from The Grail and hold up The Veil, even as all of it, in the long bending arc of the moral universe, ultimately serves God, even if seemingly by accident, through the service of his son, Lucifer.

Having heard these revelations, my head spinning, my friend thanked The Hierophant, each bowing to the other in a sign of mutual respect and understanding. Timidly, I mirrored my friend's bow, and we carried on down the corridor, boarding the first conveyance that came.

"Let us go see The Disciples," my friend said. "The Record Keepers."

LESSONS OF THE TEACHER

Recorded by an unnamed disciple

We'd not been in passage for long when an old, hunched man held upright by a gnarled cane wobbled past us. My friend remained aglow, and this elderly man was the first person, other than myself, who seemed to notice. Stopping, he looked at my friend and, a mix of fear and elation upon his face, staring at my friend as if he knew him intimately, he trembled, then attempted to bow. However, being frail and bent of body, this attempt almost toppled him, and my friend and I helped him down to sit between us.

"It's you... it *is* you," the old man managed in a half gasp, waveringly reaching for my friend's hands. "I knew that I'd see you again. I'm so, so sorry for what I did before... back then... can you ever forgive me?"

"I forgave you the moment it happened, my friend. Let us not forget that love cannot prevail without forgiveness, and therefore we must forgive all wrong in those who have come to know their wrongs, especially such wrongs which we ourselves commit out of pressure and weakness. For we cannot arrive at love through self-resentment, holding stones while wading across the river, love awaiting us on the opposite bank. We must, instead, act to make a lesson out of our wrongdoing, demonstrating that the purpose of wrong is to reveal the right, such that everything appearing wrong ultimately serves the right. Let the stones fall to the river floor, and let us walk upon them, using them for our crossings."

"Please, my lord, tell me what I can do to redeem myself!"

"Carry on The Teachings, my friend. What did you record of what was said in The Crucible? Please, speak of it to my friend, here," he added, motioning towards me.

"Of course, my lord." The old, unnamed man held up his cane, which I now saw was made of two pieces screwed together at the center. Unscrewing them, he removed a concealed papyrus scroll from the hollow center of the cane. The scroll appeared to be older than he was. Giving me a slight bow, he unrolled it and began to read:

Upon the highest hill overlooking Judea, The Teacher and we, his disciples, bore witness to the Roman legions besieging the landscape, hewing the surroundings to the advantages of their fortifications and consolidations of all neighboring human and natural resources.

His congregation has grown by the day, drawn in from the city and the surrounding hills.

Standing upon the pinnacle of the hill, he said to us:

01

Our new brothers, those whom would have us call them master, have little respect for the spiritual magic in nature; for the reciprocating fulfillment that it grants all those tending and listening to it. There is very little peace and quiet in them. Their culture has taught them to turn a deaf ear to the great uniting, pacifying voice of God trying to speak to them through their hearts. What they know of God they have split into many, adopted from those they emulate; ideas of gods forever at war with one-another for control over the realm of humankind. Thus, they know only fire, hunger and destruction.

They bring it with them from the seat of their empire, where they're slaves to covetousness, and lay claim to all that surrounds them,

all people, lands and resources, in contention with all other tribes who wish to make use of those lands and resources according to their own self-determinations.

They have taken control of my brethren, those of the faith into which I was born, and through them they pretend to speak for God. They tell us that they are manifesting the destiny that God promised to them, even as they pretend a divide of divinity from God to gods that doesn't actually exist, but which they enforce as a means to conquer and control us. Yet none that destroy and dominate as they do, decimating all that God has manifested throughout the living world, can truly know God. For to know God is to know such actions reprehensible, to be an insult to God, and to immediately refuse to partake of them.

Yes, our new brothers have been led astray. They tell us that they are the superior people. They believe this self-evident, as they're better able to corral, murder and destroy. Yet their irresponsibly-wielded science, their artificial contraptions, their lustful insatiability and need to dominate all, including Mother Nature herself, will someday consume the whole world.

For there is no superior people, only people, only forms of God, who, if any of our divisions approach irreconciliation, are divided between those that have learned how to hear God and those in whom God's voice is unheeded, even as it forever calls to them; those whom pretend to possess the power of God and, by his sole empowerment, the right to enforce his will upon all people, the manifold forms which God makes through Mother. They rape Mother, the Womb of Life, and dishonor Father, the Seed of Life.

And only when Mother has suffocated to the point of death, no longer able to harbor humankind, will those pretending to represent God's will no longer be able to convince themselves of their supremacy, for it shall be clear from the effects of their ideas and actions that they cannot be agents of goodness and progress, but bring only suffering and death for the sake of The Demon of Ego and the God of Greed, the offspring of Lucifer, he whom they know as Venus, or 'light-bringer.' I fear that by the time they understand what they serve it'll

be too late.

The slow bleeding of Mother upon the Altar of Greed will eventually lead to her bleeding out. She cannot bleed forever. The only chance life has is for its morally-developed, through the heeding of the divine wisdom passed to those that have ears to hear Its voice whispered through the heart, to mount a resistance against the Great Liar. We must fight him off long enough for the subjects of voracious Empire to realize the decimating, parasitic nature of their ways. We must lead them to this realization while the divine life yet survives within nature, while Mother is still hospitable to Father, so that humankind, blessed with the God-given duty of becoming the keepers of all that God gives birth to through Mother, may reverse the course of these conquerors, these consolidators and wall-builders, in time to prevent Mother from eradicating us. For, if we do not, we shall be treated as a virus threatening to kill all divinely-manifested forms, and Mother shall be forced to exterminate us before being reseeded with purer forms of life.

But let them teach us, whilst they dominate. For all destruction and suffering is a lesson in disguise for those that may see and heed it. For why are they here but to demonstrate what happens when the highest lesson is lost: that sin is ignoring the heart, the seat of God within each of us, when it tells you that you shouldn't do something, while righteousness is heeding the heart, allowing it to guide your thoughts, ideas and actions, especially when to do so is difficult and perilous. And our fight against all that tempts us, against the limitations and susceptibilities of imperfect body and mind, shall be anything but easy. Yet, in our resistance to this, Lucifer's trespasses, and all that it steals away, we shall surely prove our worthiness, and thereby renew life, reseeded divinity across Mother Nature, reflecting The Kingdom without as it exists within.

On other occasions I heard him say:

So long as you think in terms of 'my people' and 'their people,' you will do as the Romans have done. You will be a force for division, prejudice, hatred and violence. It is only when you know your heart in your mind, when you embrace all people as one people, including those that attack and oppress you, and who hold different ideas in their minds, that you become an agent of God.

You begin to see that all differences between you and everyone and everything are relative. You begin to see that there is but one absolute truth: that the immortal essence composing us all, all people and things, is always the same; that differences can never be greater than that one eternal alliance that seeds and pours life into all forms of God.

For, whatever our differences, to be saved is to have the sense of separation, the egotistic self that tells you that you are different and more important than other embodiments of God, overruled by gnosis; by the spiritual knowledge of indivisible essential self in which all things and beings exist as impermanent manifestations. For this is the purpose that God has granted us; God's mission for us: to have us realize the infinite variety of our inherent oneness; to have this variety celebrated as facets of the same eternal divinity while refusing to believe them as separations, for to falsely separate the inseparable begets the division of identity and spreads the seeds of strife, permitting it to grow atop and between all sprouts of the eternal seed.

This is God's plan. To lead us to the communal knowledge of the collaborative coexistence of all relative separations of the one shared Self, however much conflict and suffering must be endured to usher us up this arduous path ascending towards mutually divine realization. It is only this gnosis, this knowledge of essential Self, that can vanquish Lucifer, master of Ego and Greed, and all sources of enmity he breeds within and sets between us. It is the only thing which may eradicate all egotistic illusions of separation and self-supremacy and the ideas that these illusions feed the mind in the manufacturing of delusion.

Thus, we must beckon all to this call of salvation. We must train all to hear the sounds of unification beseeched through the shared Self residing within our hearts. And we must refrain from all forms of violence, even when violently attacked, defending only to the point of preventing further violence, and laying down our arms whenever our defenses may perpetuate violence. Recruit the people to these truths, yes. Free them from their shackles, yes. Throw up our shields to the Roman swords, yes. If necessary, flee to the protection of the hills and forests, yes. But to breathe further fire into enmity, to attack to gain power and land for 'our people,' is to ourselves gradually embody the very demons which led us to these troubled times.

We cannot save the people, all our people, including our Roman brethren, by force of arms. Rather, the salvation of one is the salvation of all: the ability to point the lost inwards, into the saving security of the home forever erected within their hearts. This salvation is the divine, eternal seed from which all the fruits of brotherhood and all the best works of humankind, in league with our loving labor, spring forth, feeding our fully-inclusive prosperity.

03

What is essential to every human being is equal to every human being.

04

It is the belief of most people that feelings and thoughts are separate; that emotions and intelligence are independent. But the fact is that we feel the truth before we think it. We know it by our hearts, by our com- mingling senses, before it's ever conceived by our minds. Our feelings, our emotions, inform our minds, and vice versa.

And the highest emotional faculty, the instinctive knowledge conducted through us by Spirit, delivers all sense of truth in a language unknown to the mind before the mind can ever begin to translate it. Thus, the greatest wisdom comes not from a superiority of mental acuity, but from a mind best attuned to our emotional awareness, and the Spirit's messages conducted through the heart.

Truth is conducted through us that we may hope to grasp it. Never are we the source of truth, regardless of Ego's ongoing efforts to convince us that we are. These are but perceptions born from limitation, and from the false doctrine of individuality.

05

Most important decisions in life come down to a choice between the pride produced by the deceptions of Ego (those poisoning secretions of Lucifer, the deceiver, who tells us that we're an individual entirely separated from everyone and everything and must take what we can, even if it harms others) and the love produced by the revelations of God, the shared spiritual Self that reminds us that, in the essential-most truth, there are no 'others,' and that only by doing that which helps everyone can anyone truly help themselves, for others are they, and they are the others, which is why when we help others we are spiritually rewarded by the love that eradicates the illusion of otherness by which Lucifer came to rule, and may continue to rule.

06

To speak of any single belief system as possessing sovereignty over Spirit is to have no true understanding of Spirit. Any belief system may allow for the minds of its adherents to harness their hearts in the speaking of spiritual truth, yet that truth shall never be exclusive in belonging. Rather, it forever belongs to everyone equally, for it is the essential-most quality of everything and everyone in existence.

07

Spirit is eternal, and any words which, tapping its fusing into matter through the heart, accurately portray its nature and loving, unifying will are prophetic. Thus, there can never be an end to prophets and, indeed, to the potential of any life to prophetically speak of and for Spirit, the one and only absolute entity, and source of all truth.

08

Reduce anything down to its irreducible essence, and you cannot be left with nothing, for nothing that is can be constituted from something that isn't; for to be anything is to be something, and not a non-thing. Reduce as much as you can and you'll always be left with the one thing that isn't subject to creation, destruction or division, that always has been and always will be, and that is the essence of all things, including all of us.

Only when this foremost truth is absent may you believe that you are separate from or hate someone, or that causing harm to them does not cause harm to you. Doing good to anyone does good to you. Harming anyone harms yourself. For all things are but one thing.

"That is my record, my lord," the old man said upon finishing. "I hope that it pleases you."

"It does indeed, my friend."

Several stops had come and gone since we'd entered the conveyance.

"It is time for my friend and I to depart," my friend said to the old man, who protested, asking to come with us.

"Not this time. But worry not, I'll be back to see you soon."

The old man began to weep. Lowering his head, I could feel his pain as we exited the conveyance. He was being abandoned by someone he loved deeply.

"Don't fret," my friend said to me, noticing my making the observation. "He'll be fine. Suffering is a purifying force breeding sagacity. Purging is painful, but necessary. Let us carry on. The Disciples await."

"But didn't we miss our stop while he was reading? I mean, we passed so many, this can't be the right stop."

Smiling, he said: "It's *always* the right stop, my friend."

LESSONS OF THE TEACHER

Recorded by Disciple Thomas

Walking down the hallway, I was surprised when my friend turned into the men's bathroom. I assumed he intended to relieve himself, and wondered if I should follow. But something pulled me forward, almost against my will. As we proceeded past the entryway and turned into the bathroom, my eyes fell upon the first mirror, where I received a shock. There was my friend, right there in the mirror. And yet the man who I looked upon was standing still, whilst my friend was turning around the corner. Following, I found two of him. His twin?

"Hello, brother," the man said to my friend. "It's been a long time."

"Not nearly long enough," he replied facetiously with a joyous laugh, lovingly embracing his twin. "You know why we're here. The Hierophant has let him through, and he's here to meet you all, and hear the lessons from those of you who made the records, for the subjective energy embedded in their recording is always better absorbed when transmitted by the recording subject."

The twin smiled, then gestured with his head at the opposite wall, above the urinals. There, a tiled mosaic was filled with words in an alphabet that was entirely alien to me. They looked like hieroglyphics.

"You've been busy," my friend said with a smile. Another man then hurried past us from the far urinal, glancing up at the wall confusingly, then at the three of us. Washing his hands as quickly as possible, he shot from the scene, as if fleeing danger. He clearly thought us insane.

"He can't see it," said the twin. "But *you* can." They both looked at me, as if expecting me to read it.

"I can see it, but I can't *read* it. I don't know the language, how can I..."

The twin placed his hand upon my shoulder, and I immediately understood the words. They remained scribed in the unknown language, and yet I could suddenly understand them. I began to read:

01

The Prophet is forever reborn through the heart, and in the words and deeds drawn from those minds and bodies best able to heed, trans- late and enact its soundless voice. Whenever those messages are purely heard and accurately interpreted, it is God that speaks, conducted through prophets of innumerable form.

02

Live in nature, else gradually be denatured, turned into an ever less natural form of yourself.

03

If you fail to use your power to empower others, to bring them peace and prosperity and help them in their quest to realize their greatest potential through each other, then you're unworthy of its possession.

04

You don't go anywhere when you die. You're already there; here, within Spirit. This, (he says, touching his shoulder), is but an impermanent form of this (touching his left breast).

05

Matter only matters because of Spirit. Without Spirit, matter would be immaterial; without purpose; absent function.

06

I've always been resistant to prevailing conceptions, as they tend to have originated with and been cultivated by the conquerors and their enculturation, and conducive to their aims, which tend to be mutually exclusive with the greatest good. Think for yourself, utilizing universal principles, else have your mind and actions possessed by those that would use them to oppress you.

07

Seek the truth to which the words point, don't become trapped by the words themselves. All words worth uttering are like signposts, pointing the way to truths that only the heart can confirm the authenticity and value of. I speak of spiritual recognition; the gnosis of pure conscious energy's affirmation of the eternal truths to which all words of honorable intention attempt to direct the mind.

08

Do not worry about creating a lasting legend, but a lasting impression. Be nameless. Subdue your ego; your self-perception and self-conception and its need for recognition. Let your deeds and imparted lessons and the value which they create in the world, rippling on forever, be your timeless testament.

09

There is no separation between 'inside' and 'outside' to your truest, shared Self, only to your finitely-formed, limitedly-perceiving self.

10

Look deep enough within, and everything without will be revealed.

11

Nature provides everything that we need. Take it into yourself, and it becomes inseparable from yourself. But beware consuming away from providence, for that is the path to self-consumption.

12

Life is limited and finite. Existence is limitless and everlasting.

13

Truth is beyond the mind and five senses. It's the sixth sense. It cannot be known, it must be felt. It is the place where all things are one; where the illusion of separation is wiped away by the heart.

14

If you've not yet found the supreme peace within, you cannot hope to guide others to its discovery within their own hearts.

15

Beware of overfeeding the five senses, as this will ultimately dull the sixth sense. Starve the five senses until they ache for gratification, and the sixth sense shall be sharpened.

16

Only the heart can truly see, for the eyes are easily deceived, and the ego sees only those imaginary sights made to fit its illusory form.

17

A prophet is one who speaks the truth of Spirit. We are all prophetic in relative proportion to this truth.

18

Never be afraid to follow or speak from the heart. For only then may you be led along The Path, or speak the truth, and only those led by and speaking through their egos while turning a deaf ear to their hearts will doubt you, and thereby be led further astray.

19

We cannot be conquered by others in anything but appearance. We can only truly conquer ourselves.

20

You must let go of what seems to be in order to see what is.

21

When you move through the world, you move through yourself; through the Self.

22

Careful with your categories and boundaries, for none that is full and that knows itself shall fit within them, or be thereby contained.

23

Heaven is not an 'other place.' It is a place both within and beyond spacetime, its passage the filled heart, its angels ushering us through its gates, delivering us to the deepest fulfillment.

24

What master do you serve? How is this service rewarded? What is enrichment? These are all forms of the same question, with the same answer.

25

What comes at the end of purification? The beginning. When was the beginning? It wasn't.

26

Your rebirth will come when you fully know that you were never truly born.

27

What is the essence of poverty? To feel empty within. And this emptiness is only filled by germinating, cultivating and ripening the fruits sprouted from the eternal seed buried at the center of being.

28

Be not too quick to cast off your burdens, for carrying their weight builds strength, and to forever run and hide from trouble is to forever be ruled by it.

29

Careful what you invest in, for many a form of appreciation is made on the depreciation of others, and the sacrifice of all that is richest.

30

Only when I see through the words do I sense The Word. It cannot be written, read or spoken, yet all these things, indeed, all things, when purely enough compelled and cast, can spin around it like a cyclone, sucking it up towards the conscious surface.

31

Only when you are completely open will there be room enough for the source of all things to fully inhabit you. For like the light of the world, the light of life enters only what is open, being blocked by all walls of enclosure, exclusion and division that're contrary to its nature.

32

If you forever covet, you forever fail to grasp the greatest wealth all around you.

33

Those who mean to dominate the land mean to dominate all of its inhabitants, plant and animal. When successful, they grow fat and unfulfilled, spoiling the land and being despised by its denizens.

34

To be hated by those that destroy is to be loved by their destruction.

35

The truth is often impossible to glean with the eyes. Many a man appears prosperous on the outside, yet is emptier than the most ravenous beast within, futilely attempting to fill a bottomless pit with echoes and shadows of the only substance capable of filling it.

36

False leaders divide. True leaders unite.

37

A person is defined by their actions, and more by their lack thereof.

38

Everything decomposes to the point where decomposition is no longer

in its nature.

39

The flashier the adornment, the more likely it's being used to conceal something attempting to avoid revelation. Shows are mostly made to mask lies and a lack of substance, for that which is true and substantial feels no need to dress itself up, knowing it stands for itself, and that all adornments will only obscure its value.

40

The greatest power is freely given by the people. Whenever it's compelled, it's false and fickle, and will be blown away with the prevailing wind.

41

Praise not the person, but that which empowers their worthiest actions. For the idol is false, yet that which it imitates is true.

42

When you cling to others for your sense of self, your self has slipped through your fingers.

43

The greatest discoveries come when you cease from seeking.

44

The richest people on Earth are those most desperately pursued and brutally persecuted by those who would oppress them.

45

The more that you give, the richer you become.

46

Cultivate that which was granted to and enlivened you even as an infant, and the bounty shall be boundless, and forever ripe.

47

My truest brethren are those that know all are their brothers and sisters at heart, even when their minds and egos are alienated from one another, being invested in false, inherently divisive identities.

48

All is repaid in like kind. Thus, those that rule through love and empowerment will be loved and empowered in turn, while those who subjugate are always subjects of disgust, both within and without.

49

The more that you're able to subdue your idea of yourself, the more of yourself that rises to the surface.

50

The more that you deny disconnection, the more connected that you become.

51

Seek not a job from an extracting overlord. Your only job is to heed your heart, and be thereby directed.

52

Most of those who claim to know themselves know only the shadow of self.

53

Stop looking, and you will see. Seek nothing, find everything.

54

A thousand people look at the same stone, and all see something different. For what they see is a reflection of whatever they feed within. It is only those who feed Spirit, and are thus made to feel full and at peace, rather than endlessly restlessly ravenous, who actually see the stone for what it is. They are the only ones fulfilled in heart, and thus still enough in body and mind, to clearly see the stone.

"There, I knew you could do it," my friend said, knowing I'd completed the reading, even though I hadn't been reading aloud. They'd stood silently beside me the entire time, somehow reading in unison. But it wasn't just this, it was how I *felt* what I was reading. It was as if my heart was blossoming, and the words were like nectar being drawn from the hieroglyphs by a humming bird; by a propagating angel of nature.

Following a final embrace between the twins, we departed, walking towards the exit leading up and out into the daylight. The light streaming into the passage from above seemed attracted to my friend. It gathered around and illuminated him, making of him a beacon

which none but me could see.

"Ah, there they are," he said, approaching seven men set upon a bench near the bottom of the stairs.

LESSONS OF THE TEACHER

Recorded by The Nazareans

The wooden bench supported seven men of various ages, all adorning traditional Jewish garb, including tunics about their bodies, sudras wrapped round their heads and tallits bore by their shoulders. They were rocking back and forth, chanting in Hebrew. The eldest among them noticed the light shining from my friend as it bounced off of the floor and walls, and was therefore the first to see us approach, recognizing my friend immediately. Standing, he moved slowly towards us and, reaching out and taking my friends' hand, bowed slightly and kissed his hand, calling him 'Yeshua.'

Soon, the seven men were surrounding us. The elder looked at the other six, giving them a slight bow. All seven began to speak in Hebrew, and as the elder placed his hand upon my shoulder, I understood their words:

01

So long as you possess more than you need, that which can meet the needs and drive away the suffering of the needy, you cannot, in good conscience, enter your heart and say to Spirit: Look, I am good.

02

Nature provides all that we need. To need outside of nature is to invite the dominance of dependency, and through it, the corruption of the body and the mind. Minimize your dependencies and thereby feed the Spirit, feeling its loving empowerment embrace you.

03

An analysis of the words and the appearance of the legitimacy or illegitimacy of their sources cannot tell you if they are true or false. Rather, you must feed the words to your heart. Let it chew on them. The more heartily the heart swallows them, the truer and more satiating to the Spirit they are. In contrast, it will spit out that which is false; the toxic fake food corrupting relative to its consumption.

04

Even the most corrupted may be redeemed. It is never too late for the corruptible mind to turn away from the deceiving ego, toward the ever truthful, incorruptible heart.

05

Brotherhood of Spirit and its providential principles supersedes and subsumes all brotherhood of blood.

06

There is no wrath of Spirit, only the ache of spiritual poverty arising from deaf ears being the only points of perception being turned towards its voice. The hollow heart and its disconnection from loving fulfillment befalls all those whom close themselves to the sounds of Spirit.

07

For all beings whom become aware of the innermost Self, sex is meant as the natural material extension of spiritual communion. 'Making love' is distinguished from 'having sex' in this manner, as not merely but concurrently an act of pleasure and procreation, but also a physical

expression of the desire to enhance the knowledge of spiritual inseparability through the unification of body, mind and Spirit, the Trinity of Self.

08

I have offended those from the faith into which I was born. Yet I consider condemnations such as 'blasphemer' and 'heretic' to be badges of honor. For if my words failed to carry the force of truth, then their provocation of self-righteous condemnation would be unlikely.

For what these derogatory monikers most reveal is the need to undermine all those whom refuse to capitulate to the demand for one controlling perspective upon spiritual truth. And yet, to thereby capitulate when your heart recognizes the artificially-restrictive, misleading nature of any monopolized, excluding perspective upon the all-inclusive truth is to dishonor your truest Self. And to not stand in defiance of such tyranny is to sacrifice all that and all those whom your highest honor, bade by Spirit, bounds you to protect.

As the seven men dictated to me from memory, a large group of Jewish boys descended the stairs, approaching us with an air of great joy. I counted thirty-three of them. They surrounded the seven men, listening and nodding in agreement to what was spoken. When the men finished, the boys moved forward, passing through the circle the men had made around us. As the men backed away, each of the boys held up their two hands, wiggling and showing us their ten fingers. They then all reached into their tunics and produced scrolls, which they unrolled and began to recount in song.

LESSONS OF THE TEACHER

Recorded by The Hebrews

Laughing and singing, a few of the younger boys coming in and lightly tugging at my friend's tunic, they sang ten verses to us. Their voices were heavenly, almost ethereal, and as they sang a pair of pentagrams of shimmering white light formed above our heads, one spinning atop the other. The pentagrams seemed to absorb and play back their verses, echoing them in a celestial sound more pleasing to my ears than anything I'd ever heard. Their song was thus:

01

To sense magic in the world, imbued in nature, is to have a sense of the divine essence seeding and breathing vitality into life. You must learn to see with more than your eyes in order to recognize the most profound truths of your existence.

02

Follow your instinct, for it guides with a far greater force than most can concede.

03

Some claim that love is an illusion; a fairy tale to tell children. I say that it is the realest of all the real; the very force of creation without which there would be no existence.

04

Denial of all that which weakens is the surest path to strength.

05

Whoever pleases their hearts pleases Spirit, and through its conduction through all hearts, pleases all of life.

06

Sex as sanctioned by the heart is an act of spiritual communion akin to creating love. So long as sex pleases the heart, rather than merely gratifying the body, there is no shame in it, and no need for it to be sanctioned by anyone or anything else, for it has already been sanctioned by the highest source; a source belonging to no human power or institution. Indeed, such divinely-sanctioned sexual communion is to be celebrated as a demonstration of spiritual union.

07

Fear not for this propagandist idea of your damnable soul, for there is but one soul, Spirit, and it goes nowhere it does not already exist as all things, and cannot be damned. Lucifer cannot touch it, much less corral, control or claim ownership of it. In fact, Lucifer may reign only where it doesn't, and only by convincing you that it isn't there, and that your egotistic shadow self is your true self.

08

Mother Nature is my Church; her soaring trees and branches my cathedral; her streams, wind-rustling reeds and singing birds my symphony. There is no one type of place sacred above all. But where life is rich and love prevails, that spacetime is sacred.

Do not take for granted that which has been given to you, for all that has been received shall be taken away. Therefore, look to the humble for guidance, for the meager means upon which they subsist is more valuable to them than all the wealth of the most overloaded kings; these kings who come to displace the humble so as to build more castles upon their meager hovels. For their privileges are invisible to them, and thus shine not in their eyes. These kings that are bound to the insatiable beast of burden that cannot be sated, and are thereby bound by chains which cannot be fixed to the humble whom they dominate; those who know that true freedom is needing as little as possible, and that true wealth comes from the spiritual rewards earned by giving away what isn't needed by oneself, but by those whom may receive it.

The world is awash with pretense. Those who possess something real are unseen by those fooled by façades.

Upon finishing their song, they shouted with joy and came in to embrace my friend and I. I quite believe they would have hugged and laughed and played with us forever had the eldest of the men not approached and told them that it was time for them to go. They had lessons to attend somewhere else in the city.

"We shall accompany them," said my friend with a big grin on his face. I don't think I'd ever seen him happier. The elder nodded, and the boys laughed with glee. Tugging at our hands and clothing, they pulled us back down the hallway and onto the next conveyance. "They can lead us to my love; my great, glorious transposer."

LESSONS OF THE TEACHER

Recorded by Disciple Mary

Upon exiting the conveyance at the next stop, the thirty-three boys propelled us forward without a word from my friend, as if knowing exactly where they were taking us. "When we reach the space ahead, don't look the man in the black cloak in the face. It is *not* a pleasant experience," he warned me.

Soon we saw him, and the boys put their heads down, running past him on the way to the exit. The black-hooded man stood at the entrance to a small doorway on one side of the hall with an upside-down triangle carved into its center. A large black wolf rose from a resting position as we approached. The fearsome creature began to growl, stopping me in my tracks. My friend, however, did not stop, and as soon as he focused on the wolf, the wolf whimpered, then cowered.

As my friend held out his hand, the wolf approached him, and he bent down and nuzzled him. My friend then reached into his tunic and removed some sort of treat, which he fed to the wolf. Reaching into his tunic once more, he then removed a silver coin with two triangles etched into it, one right side up, with an upside down triangle overlapping it. The hooded man reached out his hand to receive it, yet, though the sleeve of his cloak rose, I saw no arm, nor a hand, only the silver coin levitating as if in thin air, then disappearing into the black cloak. Moving towards the door, we'd almost passed the man, at least I *think* it was a man, when an uncontrollable impulse seized me, and I looked up at him.

His eyes... I cannot describe them. It was not a color that I'd seen before. I'm not sure that it *was* a color. Immediately the wind was sucked from my lungs, and I felt myself plummeting, though I did not move. As I fell, I was overcome with a fiery heat and overwhelming sense of dread. Then, all at once, something rushed into the vacuum of my lungs, but it was freezing cold. I coughed and gasped, fighting for oxygen, even though my lungs had just been filled by... *something*.

Suddenly it seemed a hand had clutched my throat, and I was sure I was soon to perish in the most horrific manner. My eyes blinking open and closed, consciousness fleeting, I barely witnessed my friend turn around and place his hand where the hooded man's hand should have been, wrapped around my throat. The grip softened slightly, and I took the most meager of breaths. My friend then placed his hand on the shoulder of the cloak, and the grip was released as, in one graceful movement, my friend quickly opened the door and pulled me through the threshold. Barely conscious, I nevertheless noticed that we passed through some sort of barely perceptible, shadowy seal set upon the opening; like piercing the thinnest of membranes. And as soon as this happened, I came to, fully recharged and awake, as if I hadn't just been fighting for my life, and now stared at the most magnificent woman.

She had long, flowing, curly auburn hair that lightly levitated about her head as if suspended by a magical force. She wore a silver, partially see-through gown that seemed made of stardust. Her eyes appeared to possess every color, beaming from their exotic crescent shape. When she smiled... *my God*, the whole room lit up, as did my friend. And the room itself, though small, was covered in the most beautiful series of red, gold and blue tiles aligned to create strange symbols I'd never before seen. She then spoke, and the surreal sensuousness of her voice filled my heart and body with a longing that haunts me to this day:

"My love," she said. "It was not yet time for you to come. You pay too high a price coming here." They embraced and kissed, and

wrapped around one another in such a way where my mind became momentarily unable to differentiate them. Then they separated, and she addressed me:

"He must see a great deal in you to get you in here."

"He can help us with The Dawning," my friend said. "Please, show him, my love."

She approached me, drawing very near. She had absolute power over me, reminding me of the one time in my life when I'd been in love. Placing her hands on the sides of my head, she leaned in, setting her forehead against mine. What I felt when she did this... it was as if the apotheosis of inspiration momentarily entered me, provoking a seemingly endless series of images to bound from my brimming brain, calling forth an eternity of creation. She then backed away, and began to speak in her inimitable, heavenly voice, and as she did so the shapes on the walls began to move, then formed images matching her words, playing out like some magical theatre show:

01

No fruit, no tree, can ever compare to the seed; for the seed is the source, the giver of life. All are sprung and maintained by the most bountiful and valuable, and are themselves thereby made divine. Only when the seed is washed away, or cannot grow, should we despair.

02

Where the heart, mind and body are in accord, the pearly gates are in sight. By following this holy concord one may construct the sacred bridge crossing its threshold. For each of these, body, mind and Spirit, is as a lens, and only when they align may their synergistic energies be

focused into the brightest beam, the bridge, over which they may cross into the only Heaven, that which exists on Earth.

03

We can only love what we understand. Hate is a deception born of ignorance and the illusion of separation, for the more that we come to truly understand that which we believe that we hate, the more that we find our essence to be the same, and thereby displace hatred with love.

For this same reason there can be no greater love than that born of a sense of Spirit, that which is the core of and inseparable from all loves which most believe to stand alone. It is this love, the ecstasy of Spirit, which feeds into every form of love which we imagine belongs to those forms, but which any form may only impermanently embody and invoke, they being like well-containing vessels of that love, or like effective conduits of the One Love as it exists relative to our unique form.

This love, however, is like an uncatchable, untamable bird. The more that we seek to trap it, the further away it flies. We can try to describe it, try to tame it with our words, try to wall it off within our temples, but only by cutting our nets and quietly cultivating all that in which it takes refuge may it come to regularly nest within us.

When it does, look upon it, listen to its calls, but dare not try to catch it and claim it as your property, for it shall surely fly away and nest within those that know that ownership is an illusion.

04

Not all judgment is equal, and there is but one identity that is absolute, and thus absolutely accurate for anyone.

Let us not forget that, while it is easy to pass judgment, it is very difficult to possess any great measure of understanding. Not everything can be

understood, and to pass judgment upon that which is not understood is to commit a grave offense against the subject of judgment, and against oneself, for doing so creates or reinforces a false understanding upon which you and those you influence act.

For the same reason it is far different to judge the content of a person's mind, what they profess as true, than it is to judge the person themselves. We must attempt to separate these two, the judgment of a person's ideas and beliefs and the judgment of the person themselves, for, while it is possible to analyze and grasp ideas, values and systems and judge their validity, and their value and impact upon life and the planet, such concepts possessed by people are NOT the people themselves. Let us not conflate such things, for such conflation leads to the illusion of knowledge and inaccurately narrow, damaging forms of judgment.

People are an extremely complicated composition of manifold formative factors existing far beyond our ability to completely grasp. Moreover, the contents of every mind may change, and, more importantly, every person is of a spiritual nature that is, unlike the body and mind, infallible, incorruptible and entirely the same as everyone else's. And so long as all this is true, which it shall forever be, all those who have been misled, who have been victims of the deceptions of ego, ignorance and illusion, shall remain redeemable to the extent that they heed their heart and higher reason over the aforementioned deceptions promulgating evil.

Thus, to judge and treat anyone as being the equivalent of the ideas which they possess, and any categorized tribal groups to which they belong, as if these narrow conceptions and categorizations are one in the same as the person, is to further promulgate evil through the divisiveness, prejudice and hatred that are caused by acting as though the contents of the person's mind and any tribal identities to which he or she may adhere or be placed by others are equal to the spiritual and personal identity of the person.

People are, in other words, far more than their prevailing ideas and tribal identities, and to treat them as if they're not is to reduce them and judge them in a manner lacking understanding and encouraging of all divisiveness and discord perpetuating all manner of evil.

Thus, judge ideas and identities, judge how contents of mind impact people and planet, for such judgments lead us to what is best for life and how to guard against its threats, but let not such judgments stand for the people themselves, allowing for their vastly greater complexity, spiritual natures, and the possibility that the contents of every mind may change, and that every identity, except the spiritual identity, is overly narrow and constrictive, and, as such, can never perfectly capture anyone to whom it is perniciously applied, even by themselves.

05

There is no wrong committed by anyone against anyone or anything that is not caused by what is wrong within the wrongdoer. All evil outwardly caused is a reflection of evil inwardly suffered.

Thus, every victimizer is themselves a victim, and the surest manner to preventing their evil is not to judge and make them suffer, not to seek vengeance, but to attempt to alleviate their own suffering; to treat whatever is causing them to do evil as much as we are able.

06

There is no giving without receiving. This is the truest path to wealth.

07

Seek inspiration, the source of all creation. For when basking in the invigorating glow of inspiration creation will flow through without effort, unforced, and, thus, bring forth a facet of truth from within.

All that is mortal and finite is grown from the immortal, infinite seed. The purpose of all that grows from the seed is to give shape to the shapeless such that immortality may be infinitely mortally revisited, and thereby experienced from infinite perspectives.

Matter is made in honor of its seed of the purest possible energy such that everything that is may be infinitely reformed and re-perceived. It is the very purpose of matter to permit infinitely varied experience of Spirit through life, its earthly vessels.

There is no accident in forever evolving material formation, and those formations are not less than, but facets of, the force of pure creation which fathered them. And yet, because those formations are bound by the constraints of matter giving rise to body and the mind that bridges body and Spirit, body and mind are limited and vulnerable in ways that their creator is not. And it is through these vulnerabilities that corruptibility arises. This is not because humankind is inherently evil, but because humans are inherently corruptible through these limitations of material and mental formation in manners which their eternal father, Spirit, is not.

The binds of matter may be broken, and matter thereby seems to be destroyed, yet the energy condensing into matter and its binds is indestructible and, thus, so too is the essence of the matter, and all that live through it.

As evolving matter gave rise to the self-awareness that we call sentience, so too was the ego born, as the ego is the idea of the self that becomes aware of itself. This ego, however, is the false shadow of self that leads humankind astray. For, just as we form ideas of ourselves as a side-effect of sentience, so too are most blind to their truest nature and compelled to validate their constrained self-conceptions. They think they are one isolated, limited type of a thing, and so,

through the imaginative power of the mind, they become and live as that thing within their minds. Yet all of us are far more than that thing which our egos tell us we are, and are only our truest self whilst dwelling within our inseparability with all things, as Self.

When she finished, my friend glanced at me, saying: "Will you wait outside for me, please?"

As I exited the room, I looked away from where the cloaked man had stood, moving across the hallway to the opposite wall, shaking with fear from the thought of not being able to control myself and experiencing him again, which would certainly end in agonizing death without my friend there to rescue me once more. But when I brought myself to look, he'd disappeared, as had his wolf.

Lowering myself to the ground with my back against the wall, I tried to reflect on what I'd just heard and saw, but had trouble making sense of it. Something inside me said: "Don't try to *know* it. The ego wishes to claim knowledge for itself. Instead, try to *feel* it. There's your truth; the unpossessable truth; the unspeakable Word."

I closed my eyes and rested the back of my head against the wall. Something swirled in my deepest of depths, as if beckoning my very being to transform. I thought of the ancient art of alchemy, and the vision of a cauldron came into my mind, with me in the middle. I became warm, as if my mind's eye was making the heat, transforming me. The heat rose and rose until I could bear it no longer, then I opened my eyes, shocked to see a man standing over me.

He had a broad, friendly, handsome face sporting a well-kept beard, and wore a suit suited to a previous era of gentlemanly dress, entirely white in color, with a white top hat. At first I thought him a passenger thinking me mad, and perhaps preparing to call for help. Then he spoke:

"They are engaged in the holy communion, are they not?," he asked

with a big, mischievous grin.

"Um, *yes...*"

"Good. That gives us some time together. I saw that you noticed my hat. What do you think? Too much?"

"I'm not certain that *I* could pull it off. But it looks good on *you*."

"Ah, humility and generosity. I see why he believes in you. Here, try it on."

Removing the hat, he placed it upon my head. Immediately I felt different. *Lighter*. As if weight had been lifted from my head, rather than added to it.

LESSONS OF THE TEACHER

Recorded by Disciple Phillip

I looked up at the brim of the hat, something drawing my eyes, and as I focused on it, the brim began to grow, as did my eyesight, gaining a power commensurate with the growth of the brim. I could see better than ever. Then better, and better. Every detail of the brim's fabric caught my attention. My eyes were especially drawn to the stitching of the inner brim, which was woven in the most beautifully intricate of patterns. While staring at this pattern, I soon noticed that the stitched patterns formed words, and that these words formed sentences in turn. The sentences rung the inner brim, forming paragraphs, and I spun the hat slowly around my head as I read:

01

Do not concern yourself with whether or not you are great. This is the ego. Instead, concern yourself with the effects of your ideas, words and deeds; with whether or not the outcome of your ideas, words and deeds are themselves worthy of being considered great.

02

The mind is the bridge arising between the Spirit's eternal spark firing the beating heart, where its eternal energy is most centrally housed within every being, and the body which the heart enlivens by way of its beating. The more that the mind stands in passive, centered balance between the heart and the body, the more stable the bridge becomes, the more readily that conveyances may cross between the two sides.

03

When we refuse to take on a label, when we resist being bound by boundaries, we remain expanded, and are closer to our truest selves. Categorization is compelled by the insecure need to claim understanding and create the perception of control, yet it more often leads to confusing relative with absolute truth, and containment with control, thereby sowing misunderstanding and the illusion of control. Thus, apply labels stingily, and with great caution, knowing they can only ever approximate relative truths, never absolute truth. And apply boundaries only when necessary for just self-defense and positive freedom, for, like labels, 'boundaries' are very often the justifying pretense by which the oppressive illusion of control is enforced against its victims.

04

Much of what seems to be a privilege is actually a burden. The more that we renounce and cast off, the less upon which we depend, the lighter that we become and the less that clouds our sight, no longer stacking up in front of our eyes and within our minds, blocking the bridge between heart and mind.

05

All that we feed grows stronger. Thus, be careful what you feed in the body and mind, and by way of your actions, investments and purchases, for to feed anything is to strengthen and sustain it, allowing it to grow and maintain its territory, and continue feeding.

06

Those who begin to see beyond semblance shall sense many things, including that their Mother is the material realm giving rise to every form of The Father, emulated in finite form by their earthly parents.

07

Seized by their trappings, they seek to entrap, and thereby seize us. Only by refusing all forms of entrapment may we escape from being seized by the world, and those who, in offense of all most sacred, seek to count us among their holdings.

08

Ownership is an illusion. Yes, they claim it through their law, yet their law, made for control and extraction, is imposed upon the uncontrollable and boundlessly remade such that all claims of ownership are superseded by the spiritual law that says that all apparent owners and their ownership shall be dissolved and redistributed.

Their grasp cannot contain what they claim to own, and they shall therefore forever be fooled and pained by clenching upon something which slips through their fingers the moment that they reach out to seize it. They may appear to hold it, but by its nature nothing may be forever claimed, only used. When used rightly, life is improved; when hoarded unused, life is devalued, with evil made relative to this devaluation.

09

Those who prevent the forests from consuming the towns sometimes fight fire with fire. Yet, in almost all instances, you cannot fight fire with fire, you only get more fire. In the same way that fire begets fire, violence begets violence and hate begets hate, only quenchable through the understanding that leads to love, the connective tissue of the Spirit.

Like begets like. Ultimately, violence cannot prevent violence, hate cannot prevent hate. Rather, they make the atmosphere for more.

So while violence and hatred of one type, or from one group, may be temporarily reduced by violence and hatred of another type, or from another group, fires may only appear to be quenched in this manner. In truth, what are being made are embers concealed by and remaining heated by the higher surrounding flames, and those embers shall rise to seize the same oxygen and tinder fueling those higher surrounding flames as soon as those flames die down.

In this way all whom conquer shall be conquered, and all whom love shall be loved, as it is the nature of procreation to reflect its cause.

10

A bear needs no confirmation that it is a bear, it need only glance at the same hide which it always wears. In the same way you may attempt to convince a person that they're not their nature, and you may trick them for a time, but their nature cannot be subdued forever, and shall ultimately rise back up to remind them of who they really are. If you see someone tricked into believing that they're something that they are not, disempowered by the belief that they're less than they are, rescue them by reminding them of themselves.

11

All of existence seeks equilibrium. All that is imbalanced is innately compelled to rebalance itself and shall, in restoration of its balance, be returned to its nature, and inevitably be reminded of its true self.

12

No word is right in itself. It is only right in as much as it points to the right thing. For no knowledge can be contained by the words which come to encircle it, and belongs to no words, only to itself.

13

There is nothing more ordinary, more ubiquitous, than love. It is the force of all creation which, when known to anyone, is knowledge of self. At the same time love is special, as when ascribed to any finite form. In this way love is like an eternal jewel which all may possess, and which, when held for another, is shaped by all that shapes them both. It is forever reshaped, always the same, and always special.

14

All that is forever remains.

15

Beware the ways of the conqueror and oppressor.

In order to enlist the help of humankind to slate his greed he has come to master the arts of duplicity and deception. To his conspirators he will call you his pawn, to your face he will call you a prince. When you peer into the darkness he will tell you that you look into the light. Staring into the abyss, he will try to convince you that it is full. He will call evil goodness, and goodness evil.

He will tell you that you owe him for the right to live on the lands upon which you were born, but which he had to cross the great seas to find. He will overwhelm your senses with great, loud, flashy shows and spectacles, thereby dulling your reasoning and clouding your ability to see and think straight. He will adorn himself in the finest garments in order to conceal the truth that he's impoverished within. He will fly the banners that most easily deceive the gullible into believing that he is everything that he is not.

In all the ways in which he will attempt to convince you of his superiority and righteousness he will only betray the manners in which he is inferior and evil in belief and effect in contrast to that which sings of what is superior and good through the heart. Never forget that his going to such great lengths to convince you that wrong is right is proof that it's wrong, and that the only way to make you his slave is to trick you into turning a deaf ear to that deep inner voice telling you that he's wrong.

Follow him and you, too, shall sell yourself until you've lost track of all you're truly worth, and, being drained, there's nothing left to buy or sell but that which can't be bought or sold, only rediscovered.

16

You take from life what you give to life. Give love, receive love. Seek understanding, find understanding. Give into hate, be hatefully received and rebuffed. Greedily consume, and greed shall consume you in turn.

17

A preacher is not worthy merely because he is a preacher. Rather, a preacher is worthy when he preaches what is worthy of being heard: that which attunes the listener to the silent inner voice, and which thereby elevates the mind, evokes the Spirit and unifies the masses in perfectly inclusive eternal brotherhood.

18

Anything born of Spirit is sacred. Thus, all is sacred.

Even when something forgets its divinity and turns itself and others away from it, it cannot forever conceal its divine essence which, when remembered, either in life or through death, renews its everlasting salvation.

19

Humankind evolved to be the steward of Mother Nature. Thus, we can do no other than say that those who rape Her act unevolved, and inhibit humankind from evolving towards its zenith.

20

I've always been alive, in one form or another, including yours.

This last line struck me to the core. And by the time I'd finished reading, the brim of the hat seemed the size of half the hallway, crossing the hallway and filling the space from my head up to the ceiling, to the point where I was able to see all of the words at once. Then, in one instant, the hat shrank back to its original size as it was removed from my head. And there stood my friend, hovering over me, hat in hand.

Laughing ever so slightly, he handed Phillip his hat back. They embraced, then, each helping me to my feet by one of my hands, Phillip tipped his magical hat to me and walked through the now unguarded doorway to visit Mary. Taking me by the arm, my friend and I walked back towards the echoing conveyances of the inner sanctum.

"Let us go see two of my favorite philosophers."

LESSONS OF THE TEACHER

Recorded by The Disciples of Truth

Upon entering the next conveyance, my friend waited for it to set itself in motion. As it did so, we began walking from one end to the other. As we walked I looked out the windows, and the speed of the conveyance, rather than increasing as expected, seemed to slow more and more as we progressed. At the furthest end, where I assumed we were to stop, Ionic pillars suddenly sprung up to frame the back, emergency exit door, where I saw the wavering glow of a flame flashing through the window of the door. Opening the door, I was shocked when my friend stepped through, thinking he'd fall to the tracks below. I cautiously peered through, and where I expected to see a dark subway tunnel and tracks, I instead saw a beautiful white-walled, candlelit room.

Three frescoes depicting different mythological scenes covered the walls. Centered on the back wall was a goddess resembling Athena battling a serpent with a golden spear. A young bow-wielding woman engaged in a hunt in the forest, perhaps Artemis, was painted across the left wall. And a gorgeous woman, likely Aphrodite, wearing a shimmering, translucent golden gown and whispering into the ear of an ancient king seated upon a throne, surrounded by his retinue, covered the right wall. The room was simply yet luxuriously appointed. Low-lying couches and tables were set along the lower walls, with an ornate desk on the far side, a magnificent white owl perched upon it. There were three men in the room, all of whom wore white togas reminiscent of the Golden Age of Athens.

One of the men wasn't really a man, closer to a good looking older boy. He stood in the far, back left corner of the room next to one of the

tables, a large, beautifully painted ceramic gourd in his hand. The table next to him held what looked to be a large bronze receptacle filled with watered-down wine. He looked with adoring attention at the other two, one of whom was sprawled across the low-lying couch nearby, closest to the desk, where another man sat, scribbling something on what looked to be a thick parchment made from an animal skin. This man appeared to be taking dictation from the man lying down.

"I see you've returned to your old ways," my friend addressed them, as if speaking to the closest of friends. "I can't say that I approve of *his* being here," he added, gesturing to the good looking young man, who immediately looked down in embarrassment.

The other two men stood to greet my friend. They were both middle-aged, partially balding and possessing of keen eyes and cool, contented countenances. Hearing my friend's reproach, the man who had been lying on the couch looked over at the other, who appeared somewhat ashamed, and said: "I apologize. Some habits are hard to break."

"I brought my friend here to write a bit on your parchment, if you don't mind."

I looked at him quizzically. "You want *me* to write?," I inquired. "Write what?"

"Please, take a seat," the man who'd been writing at the desk suggested, "and take up the quill. It will come to you, as it always does. Think of yourself *not* as the source, but as the conduit."

I did as I was bid, and to my surprise the words passed easily into my mind, and from my mind to the quill, and from the quill to the parchment:

When the truth is unknown, it is invented, and put in place of the truth. From then on the invention is developed and, as it grows, is ever more proclaimed to be the truth by those whom needily cling and come to depend upon it, even as the truth itself is ever more shrouded by the height and girth of the growing invention.

This is a principle applicable to many things, including the ego, the self standing in for the Self, and religion standing in for Spirit.

And the more convincing the invention, the greater its confluence of ethos, pathos and logos, the modes of persuasion, the more readily it is snatched up and used by others as truth. For all of humankind seeks to fill the hounding gaps of uncertainty, insecurity and incompleteness; the voids which forever ache to be filled.

How, then, do we know truth from invention?

Truth isn't invented. You cannot create it. Instead, it has always existed and will always exist; it is unavoidable, eternal, and from it comes creation, including all forms of itself we know as life. Truth is the description of life and all things which exist when not subject to perception, bias and specificity; when it exists within and may be used to describe all things, and is thereby universal in application.

If it applies to everything, then it is the truth. In fact, the more universal the application, the truer it is. Only when it is entirely true for all of us can it be entirely true for any one of us. This marks the difference between truth and invention, between reality and perception. This also makes those not dependent upon the invention closer to, and more likely to uncover, the truth.

02

When you come upon and till the unconquerable grounds belonging to all and possessed by none, you come upon and cultivate the Holy Realm. And in its fruits you shall know sweetness for the first time.

03

There is no greater wrath incurred than when one threatens the ego of another. For, in the absence of true understanding of self, all is invested in the invention of self. To assail that invention is to lay siege to all which one believes themselves to be, making you the invader and compelling them to defend the invention with all their might.

Thus, do not attempt to scale their walls or assault their fortifications, but instead stand passively at a distance, and speak to them as if they are you, for, ultimately, in the innermost sanctum guarded by their fortifications, that is precisely what they are.

04

The proclamations of the heart are the truest evocations of freedom, unfettered by the constraints of body and mind.

05

The greatest gift that you can give anyone is to direct their focus away from the external and finite, into the internal and infinite. For the more that they are there, the closer they will be to their greatest power and most certain self, and from this power and self-knowledge may they then reenter and craft the external, free from fear and uncertainty, confident in their Self-directed course.

06

There is no greater peace and freedom from fear to be granted than that which comes from knowing the deepest sense of self; that Self upon which body, mind and egotistic self are built; that Self shared amongst all forms of self through which it everlastingly arises.

From this knowledge comes the certainty that most which appears real, including an infinite multitude of independent forms, are but illusions born of material formations, sensory perceptions and mental conceptions which belie the truth of non-duality, or perfect overlap, inherent to all. Everything is a form of the One thing.

07

See to your roots in order to grow your biggest, sweetest fruits.

Everything grows from its roots, body and mind. Without being grounded in our deepest, most stable and resilient foundation we can never hope to grow to our fullest form and yield our greatest harvest. Thus, learn how to best nourish your root system, and your fullest, most robust growth will come naturally, as nature has ordained.

08

Humankind is haunted by the phantoms of ignorance and uncertainty. Ghosts are made of the imaginations of things made real, manifested within the gaps in our knowledge. The greater our knowledge, then, especially of those principles of the greatest, most universal application nearing truth, the easier that it is to fill these gaps and prevent the haunting phantoms from springing forth from the darkness of ignorance in which they're born and rise to rule us.

09

The heart of humankind, being the seat and emanation of Spirit, is incorruptible. It is, thus, the source of strength and all progression towards making all that may exist without reflect the purest, most symbiotic force within. It is the sword of the champion; the only sword capable of cutting down the corruptibility giving rise to evil.

10

All those who act in goodness prove their goodness to the hearts of all, including their own (their seat of Spirit), by battling the corrupt in a manner which may reveal that corruption and deliver those enslaved through it from the sufferings of serving it. The total, cumulative effects of that service defines the relative service of evil. And the deliverance from this evil includes the deliverance of the corrupt themselves; those perpetrating evil due to their corruption.

Such deliverance may be achieved by bringing the corrupt to understand their truest nature, and the evil which they cause either through their actions or through their complicity in such actions by the way of their inaction, and lack of resistance. Thus, deliver the corrupt from their corruption, and deliver the victims and the inactively complicit towards a unification of resistance. The intersection of these paths of deliverance creates the widest passage through which goodness may enter forth and enact our salvation.

11

Assist others on their path towards completion and they'll do the same for you. For the actions of the heart, the inimitable fulfillment conducted from Spirit, is always reciprocal.

12

As soon as you buy into their currency you become enslaved by it. For their currency acts to put a price on, and render an equivalency of value, of all things, including all lands, resources and people.

You, and everything that you do after adopting this value equivalency, shall be reduced to its price. And those that possess the most of their currency shall thereafter possess the means to possess you, and place their artificial value upon everything you and everyone else that they thereby ensnare endeavors for in their lives.

It is by this mechanism that the 'free' market reduces and enslaves, putting a price on all things; including not just products and services and the lands and natural resources supporting life, but life itself.

13

Within each of us is the same everlasting light shining forth from shadeless source, and in this is our greatest strength and truest self. When we focus its rays there is nothing that cannot be burned away; no darkness of ignorance or injustice that cannot be eliminated; no boundary set between us that cannot be reduced to ash. When we are troubled, it is to this force which we must turn, both in that it may burn all trouble away, and that, being universally shared, it may remind us of the eternal commonality calling all beings to come together in overcoming anything attempting to come between us.

Sharing this light ('love') best dispels the darkness concealing it.

14

Where there is restlessness, envy, strife and every instability and sense of incompleteness in a person, there is imbalance between body, mind and Spirit. When such unsettlement assails you, call upon and center Spirit between body and mind, and thereby dispel all unsettling aspects. And thus being pacified and uplifted, and steadied in all forms of the Trinity of Self, with the firmest resolve and confidence you may become an agent of Spirit set to serve life.

15

All truth is a double-edged sword, with justice being cut evenly down the middle. And though this Sword of Truth may cut both ways according to its two edges, and relative to its target and the purpose for which it is wielded, when wielded by the truest champions of goodness it is not the edges that are used, but the point. Champions plunge its point into the center, finding the heart of the matter, whereupon to cut in either direction would be to cut away from the very position that exalts that truth as most even, and most just.

16

The body and mind are as sides of a seesaw built at the beginning of The Way, with the Spirit set as the fulcrum. When body and mind are in union, when the line set between their sides parallels the path which we are meant to walk, we are in balance, and best able to set straightly upon that path. But when we are out of balance, then we are as stuck to the earth, else lifted off our feet, either way unable to set off along The Way which only the centered self may walk.

For, to be lifted off the ground is to be too much of mind, unable to act, and to be stuck to the ground is to be too much of action, unable to envision the best path forward. But to be balanced of body and mind, of thought and action, is to be set in proper place, best able to progressively propel ourselves. This state arises naturally only when we balance ourselves around the Spirit that is always the center of our beings, being the central

balancing point of the Trinity of Self.

17

That which we become is set by that of us that has always been. And yet it is met by our action, it is not acted upon us. The more that we move toward what has been set before us, the more that it moves in our direction, becoming what we are. For what we are may lose sight of what we are to become, and thereby require the guidance of what has always been in order for what was, what is and what will always be to unify, and become one. Fate is a partner, not a master.

18

You may never step into emptiness, you may only explore spaces within yourself.

19

You did not come into being at your birth. Rather, all vessels are manifested from the one Self, and therein you reside.

20

Refuse to sleepwalk through life, believing that you merely pass through and then pass away from this world. Instead, try to wake your- self to the fact that you move to and from your Self, that everything cycles through iterations and returns to itself, and that all that which seems to separate is but an illusion born of the relative perspective of any point and form of the whole Self upon any other such form and point, or self.

To be asleep in life is not to truly live, but to dream of living as if outside, above or below Self. Wake to your seamlessness with Self, to self being a fleeting perspective of Self, a mortality made of, forever belonging to and forever residing within immortality.

So long has humankind imagined the truth that fills the darkness that it is blinded and confounded by true, everlasting light, choosing to close its eyes and turn its head from the light forever cast by the eternal flame burning bright within. This light shines equally from within and upon all creation, wishing for it all to bask in its fully-illuminated form, reflecting its warmly revelatory light upon everything around it. Thus, be of service to humankind, and to life in general, and thereby be of service to your truest Self. For whenever you fill a deficiency in others, the Self draws nearer to completion through the endlessly-renewing selves which together compose it.

When you love someone, it is but your heart that knows that love. Thus, love is a truth as true and, in fact, truer than any other, existing even before truth of mind which comes subsequent to it, attempting to capture in thought and word what existed before mind. Mind is not where the truth of love resides. No one can tell you that you don't love what you love. It is as true as anything to which mind or science can attest as true. In the same way there is truth of faith.

If you have faith in spiritual truth, in presence of Spirit spoken through the heart, what mind, what scientific discipline may tell you that love of Spirit, faith, is not true? The only mistake you can make with that faith is to ascribe to it specific characteristics that you or others invent, and pretend to be essential when they are not, and are but inventions; inventions which can only serve to construct fictions from fact, and thereby potentiate division, strife and weakness in humankind by way of all such specific inventions that cannot overlap with all other incongruous, competing inventions. This is how love of Spirit, faith, is corrupted: by forcing artificial fabrications of mind upon a truth that existed before it, and can never belong to it.

If your faith isn't pure, if it isn't of the essence, it shall be made to turn against other such impurities, and evil shall come from that everlasting impulse which is best positioned to do the most good: the desire to know God.

Finishing my writing, I at once wondered at its nature. Was it my mind that had fallen upon the page, or the mind of another? Was it the hearts and minds of these philosophers at my side, or The Golden Teacher behind us, or perhaps a convergence of all four of us? Where does the wisdom that enters our brains come from? They all smiled at me, even the boy servant, as if they could hear my thoughts.

"On to the next Hellenic text, then?," the man who had been lying down asked my friend, who smiled in reply. The two philosophers then stared up at the fresco of Athena that dominated our side of the room. An ecstatic look soon took hold of their countenances, and they began to tremble ever so slightly. Staring at the depiction of Athena myself, I was startled when her head suddenly shifted from its fixation on the serpent to looking straight at me.

The intensity of her eyes was transfixing. I felt she knew *everything*. Raising her golden spear, she pointed it at the owl, which raised its wings and flew from its perch upon the desk, back through the entryway into the conveyance from which we'd come. Smiling, my friend bowed his head to his friends, a gesture which I mimicked, and we set off after Athena's acolyte.

LESSONS OF THE TEACHER

Recorded by The Disciples of the Savior

Upon reentering the conveyance, all returned to normal. Filled with passengers, it rocketed towards some part of the Bay Area; where exactly, I was no longer sure, so long had our orientation now been spun by this mystical journey we were sharing. We soon saw the owl set upon the shoulder of a beautiful young blonde woman in the car ahead. She was holding a book and had a broad smile on her face. Head back, she seemed to be enjoying some thought, lost in reverie. She showed no awareness of the owl. As we approached her, the owl took flight just as the conveyance came to a halt. Doors opening, the owl exited, and we followed close behind.

We were then in a large station with an old-fashioned ticket booth at the back end. The owl was set upon one of many benches facing the booth. Sitting on the owl's bench, my friend stared intently at the ticket booth. Moments later it began to transform into what appeared a classical stone temple. As our surroundings transformed into an ancient amphitheater, the wooden benches becoming stone seats, the walls becoming weathered stone pillars, a beautiful teenaged girl emerged from the opening of the temple.

The girl moved towards us, though in a serpentine pattern, her head moving side to side as she weaved her way closer, her closed eyes bouncing back and forth as though she was in a trance. I thought of the Oracle at Delphi, and how the girls that served in the Ancient Greek oracles were often given hallucinogens in order to make them more receptive to the messages of the gods. Flying from its perch atop our bench, now made of weathered stone, the great white owl flew around her, slowly, then ever more rapidly. Drawing to within ten feet of us, the girl spoke

melodically in Greek, which I, no longer surprised, understood:

01

Being made of matter does not restrict you or your actions to the material realm. For before we were matter, we were the light of pure energy, and to this luminous realm we most belong, able to sense, influence and conduct the unseen energies of the world which ALWAYS fill the space that only APPEARS to separate us.

02

You are never alone, for you are an embodiment of the holy union between Mother and Father, and they dwell within you always. Even in your darkest hour they cannot be separated from you, for you and they are one in the same, as are all forms of this eternal sameness.

03

Worry not about attacking the agents of evil. For no matter how many you strike down, more will emerge from the den of iniquity. Thus, enter into the den and determine how and why its agents are made, for only by striking at the heart of evil, by eradicating that from which evil springs, may the den be rendered inert and be buried, thereby preventing the perpetuation of evil's agency.

04

All may become apostles of Father, as all are made of Father and possess the guidance of his will within. And the surest way to become an apostle of our Father is through the revering of Mother, she through whom the whole of Father's manifestations come to be.

05

Many look for God, wondering if God heeds their prayers, what form God shall take when God comes to answer them, and in what language God shall speak when God finally addresses them. Yet God is in all forms, and may speak through any in the tongue that predates tongue, spoken through the energies and movements of God's mortal manifestations, God's voice resounding within each of their hearts.

When this is known, so shall it be known that God's always speaking.

06

This realm which we inhabit is where we must be, the result of a natural equilibrium between One and infinity, balanced between the eternal oneness of Spirit and the disarray of the greatest possible detachment from that perfect unity. For here we may be all things while remaining rooted in Father, our beings like the leaves of the forest, yet bound to Mother Nature, turning both towards the sun and towards endlessly new perspectives upon the same shining, everlasting truths.

07

Spirit is easiest heard by those free from conflicting sounds. It is the purest of voices, and is easily clouded by other noises; by anything which may capture and detain our thoughts and senses. Thus, be as quiet and unassuming as an open, wondrously curious child, placing no noise or preconception between you and that which you wish to hear.

08

Those who strike at and oppress others do the same to themselves. For what is equal in those they see as 'others' is the greatest part of themselves, and

there is no way to be a cause of imbalance and sorrow in the world without instilling and carrying that sorrow and imbalance within. So act to alleviate sorrow and cause joy in the world, for you shall thereby alleviate your own sorrow and so live in joy yourself, compelling a leveling of what was once unbalanced.

09

The more that you are inwardly settled, the less you will outwardly need. Therefore, know and center yourself within, and thereby free yourself from all that which may be made to enslave you without.

10

Those who count and cling to their wealth are poor. Those through whom their wealth flows free and immeasurable are rich.

11

There is no truth in idolatry, only the artifice of truth enforced by those seeking to impose hierarchy and control for the purposes of possessing power. Thus, never look up to others except in the truth to which they lead and any universally-empowering example which they may embody, for as soon as you look up to them as though they were born to stand above you, you impose this pretense of truth upon your- self and help to reinforce it within all others who might believe the same, thereby becoming lower in mind than any of you truly are.

The only truth cast across the vision of humankind is when its eyes look evenly across at brothers and sisters, never up to oppressors or down at the subjugated, as if that is their true and proper position, for this can only serve to make you appear as the oppressor or the subjugated and, by extension, an agent of mistruth and its evils.

The highest discipline of the mind is to hone its ability to decipher the heart, and to utilize these deciphered messages in the service of improving as many lives as possible. This is the service of God, to heed the heart in service of all the mortal manifestations of its immortal essence forever adapting to best fit the material realm.

As soon as she'd pronounced this last line, the girl opened her startling emerald green eyes and fixed them on mine, then immediately disappeared in a wisp of smoke. The entire room had returned to normal. My heart beating rapidly, as the owl had flown in patterns round the room which seemed to mimic the passion with which the girl spoke, swaying in a half dance of enchantment throughout, I looked over at my friend. His eyes were closed. He looked as though he'd been meditating. Soon, he opened them, looked at me and said:

"He bathes in the river, it being the essence of rebirth."

LESSONS OF THE TEACHER

Recorded by Disciple James

Standing, my friend turned around and faced the tracks. Soon the next conveyance came along, with a crowd gathering around to go aboard. I assumed we were to get onboard ourselves, but to my surprise the conveyance didn't stop for the crowd, but kept going, and going, and going. I looked down the track in both directions, and the conveyance seemed to stretch on into infinity both ways. The rhythmic sound it made as it went down the track then began to change. I heard rushing water. A mist rose from the tracks and subsumed the train, which disappeared, leaving a gently streaming river where the tracks had been.

Looking around, the crowd still surrounded us, but they'd changed in appearance. They were now wearing simple clothing made of some sort of natural fiber matching that of my friend's tunic. All of them began to hum and, as I looked back at the river, a young man with long flowing hair and a thick beard now stood in center stream, his hands stretched out to his sides as if beckoning the people to join him. The crowd waded into the river, humming the entire time. As they began to wash themselves, the man spoke in what was, I believe, Aramaic:

01

Be a river, not a dam. Do not corral or divert the blessings bestowed upon you so that they may languish amassed and unused in glorification of your ego. Instead, allow your blessings to flow through you, becoming your strength by the manner in which they pass to, nourish and strengthen your brothers and sisters, and by the manner in which all blessings pass between and link us.

02

Seek not a way out, but a way INTO the woods. For that which is most essential in you is most abundant there, and therein may that essence sing through its enriching surroundings, with its sound resounded back, and thereby acting to enrich all that take part in its resonance.

03

Honor Spirit through your production, asking always:

How shall life benefit from that which I produce in the world? And if the benefit be not enough or, far worse, claimed by the few at the cost of the many, resolve yourself to produce not in such a manner, but turn and find a way to honor Spirit by serving its most suffering, least advantaged manifestations most in need of your service.

04

Make not enemies of those with whom you are at odds. Rather, hold them at arms-length until both you and they can see what is even between you, and what shall always be so. For we cannot act at odds and expect to even-out the ground across which we pass between one another. Rather, we fall away from one another on unlevel ground, and may only see and act evenly when level ground is kept.

05

It is not in the nature of Spirit to punish you for your actions. Rather, we punish ourselves through the poison which we ingest, and which festers, weakens and corrupts us. We poison ourselves when we fail to follow the guidance spoken by Spirit to each of its forms, turning away from its sustenance and instead seeking to feed all that which cannot be sated. Thus, tune yourself to the guidance of Spirit and for- ever be full. And when you've

poisoned yourself, release your pride and starve your ego, henceforth taking pains to purge, heal and abstain from the poisons brewed in the bottomless stomach of the forever starving beast seeking to use you for its feeding frenzies.

06

There is but one who may rightly judge you, and that one dwells within. By its unspoken judgment you know when you have done good, and when you have done wrong. And though the practiced wrongdoers are the best at lying to themselves, and to others, about the nature of their actions (for this is how they are able to deceive their egos in defiance of their conscience commanded by their hearts), they yet remain aware of the wrong at every turn, regardless of their expertise at concealment and deceit. They are as addicts in denial, the only cure accomplished through the inspired strength of admitting to themselves what their strongest, innermost self has always known.

07

It shall always be that some stars shine brighter than others, overwhelming the less luminous stars with their light and making them harder to see. Yet never forget that though some stars shine brighter, that which fuels their illumination fuels all illumination, and that it is the purpose of the brighter stars to dispel the darkness for all, so that the whole constellation may bask in brightest light.

It is not the purpose of the brighter stars to consume the rest in their own self-glorifying flames, for in this they consume everything, including themselves, thereby darkening the skies and threatening to doom the whole constellation to an oblivion of inexorable blackness.

Human beings desperately seek to find, cling to and defend identities in order to create meaning in their lives; to know and erect walls around 'who they are' by way of self-conception and self-perception.

Yet this compulsion seldom creates an accurate self-assessment. Instead, it tends to create a constancy of insecurity and blinding pride, producing, in turn, a perpetual challenging, questioning and need to fight to win victories for and defend the territory of an imagined 'self.' This is the ego; the small self; the one that cannot see, and so imagines its sight, filling gaps of understanding with phantoms of mistruth which it arms to fight for shadowlands.

To truly know yourself, center yourself, heeding the Self that needs no mind and the mind's imagined portrayals of its commandeered vessel, and thereby divest yourself of the shadow of self, sensing the subtle essence which remains. For the closer you are to no self, the closer you are to the big Self, the less need you have to define and adhere to the egotistic small self whose cutthroat competitions and conflicts with all other small selves creates all the evil in the world.

It is always the following of the small self which leads to evils which the big Self cannot lead you, for it's always walking the other way.

As soon as James had finished his sermon, I heard the sound of horses. The sound grew louder and louder, and the crowd responded with signs of unrest, then distress, then panic. Soon they fled from the river, with only James remaining in place, facing the sound of the approaching horses and removing a scroll that had been hidden in his tunic. Moments later soldiers on horseback rushed against the gentle flowing tide of the river. Wearing the scarlet-accented armor of Ancient Roman soldiers, they wielded swords and hacked mercilessly at the unarmed, fleeing crowd.

Holding his ground, James attempted to speak with one of them, a large man with gold regalia, seemingly their captain. The captain pointed his blade menacingly at James, and James responded by pointing the scroll at him. Snatching the scroll from James with his free hand, the captain circled him once, then, with one mighty swing, sliced open his throat, watching him fall backwards into the river before floating away.

Dozens of bodies lay in the river, now coursing with crimson complementing the scarlet streaks set around the fringes of the soldiers' armor. Seconds later, the captain looked up and, to my horror, seemed to notice us standing there. Raising his sword directly above his head, he gave a loud, unintelligible battle cry, then shot forward at us, soon bounding out of the river and closing down on us.

Jumping to the side, I ducked beneath a bench as the captain's horse closed the distance between itself and my friend, who remained unmoved, only placing his hands together in the center of his chest, as if preparing to say a prayer. Drawing within a half dozen yards, the captain began to dematerialize just as he swung his sword at my friend, which passed straight through him, leaving him unharmed. The captain, however, seemed pleased, as if successful in his slaughter. He then dismounted his horse and, continuing to dematerialize, he walked over to the ticket counter and gave a command to one of his lieutenants, whom he handed the scroll he'd snatched from James.

Unfolding the scroll, the Roman lieutenant removed a crude iron nail from a satchel bound to his waist, then used the hilt of his sword to hammer it to the side of the ticket counter. A moment later he pulled flint from his satchel and set the scroll ablaze. As he did so the soldiers disappeared, and all that remained of the frenzy we'd just witnessed was the burning scroll.

As the scroll began to burn, the room otherwise returned to normal. My friend turned to look at me, then extended his hand, beckoning me to come to him. As I regained my composure and joined him, he said:

"Come, let us hear how the heretic invites his death at the hands of Empire and its self-serving aristocracy."

LESSONS OF THE TEACHER

Recorded by The Episcopalian Apostles

Standing beside my friend once more, we approached the burning scroll, we being the only ones able to see it. Though it burned fiercely, the scroll did not disintegrate, as if obstinately refusing to turn to smoke and ash.

"You may burn the parchment and the person, but not the truth, which cannot be consumed by flame," my friend said as we watched.

Moments later the heavenly sound of choir music descended from above, and my heart shot into my throat as I realized that we were being surrounded by the same men and women I'd just seen slaughtered in the river, except now in ghostly form. Approaching the burning scroll with their hands placed together at their chests as if in prayer, they began to read as one:

01

If it be for the mind to translate the truths cast forth from our innermost being, then it cannot be that the mind is the source of the truth, only its approximator. That is, the mind is always the translator of truths that can never be perfectly reconstructed in word, owing to the limitations of language and mind.

The mind sits atop truths, attempting to decipher that which emanates from the one true, shared Self that is the essence of all things at once, including all truth. Therefore, never claim to be the source or possessor of truth, for this is a lie told by the small self. Instead, accept that our best is to be somewhat accurate translators, conductors and servants of truth and its

highest unifying purpose.

02

Humankind cannot have a natural, just master. A master of humanity is an oppressor and subjugator of humanity, disempowering human beings by the very nature of being made master. Rather, men and women may empower other men and women to represent their will, thereby making those so empowered not those holding power over them, but those acting for their empowerment. And yet, for this to be true in the course of justice, it must be that anyone can become a representative, for the justice innate to empowerment is always relative to its openness and limitlessness of representation.

This is the only manner by which any just hierarchy may be formed; a hierarchy that is never fixed and absolute, but forever remains dynamically-flexible relative to the mutualistic, reciprocal investment and divestment in and of all vested constituents. To close-off, limit and/ or exclude any portion of the representation and constituent influence constituting this civic apparatus is to commensurately close-off its capacity to make and safeguard justice.

03

Any person or institution which attempts to convince you that your doubt makes you unworthy cannot be a person or institution pursuant of truth and justice. For to dissuade doubt, to discourage the asking of questions and seeking of truth, is to be a force for blind obedience, coerced fealty, manipulating mistruth and the spread of ignorance, all crafted and maintained in order to possess power over you in a manner which can never be in your best interest.

04

Listen to the liars, for they accidentally point the way towards truth in the very manner by which they attempt to point you away from it. Determine why the lie is told, and it shall guide you towards truth. For, to those that

learn why and how a lie is formed and conveyed, all mistruth and its agents can only betray the fact that they secretly serve the truth, revealed in the motive and means by which they attempt to conceal that truth.

05

All that which sows the seeds of fear and division is an embodiment of Lucifer, the spreader of Ego and Greed. This embodiment is all the more materialized in those who adorn concealing cloaks of false righteousness, counting upon ethos, the façade of legitimacy, to persuade you to act to the disservice of you and your brethren.

06

Let not the mind and body takeover the self, for to feed them absent the serving of Self which they convey and are meant to heed through the heart is to feed the very means by which the self is weak and corruptible, in denial of the strength and incorruptibility of the Self.

07

The higher the form of fidelity, the less the need for obedience.

08

Those whom actually produce glory have no need to cite it. They know that it's self-evident. To cite one's glory and greatness is to cast suspicion upon it; is to suggest it doesn't exist by the relative extent to which those drawing attention to its appearance have a need to convince themselves and others that it's actually there. Glory and greatness are known by the heart, and need not be otherwise affirmed. Instead of telling people it is such, it is recognized as such by that which dwells within all. We must be content with and confident in this, rather than always seeking the visual and verbal affirmations assuaging the insecurity imparted by the nonexistence of such sought glory.

For the same reason, all teachers knowing the value of their lessons don't demand that you have unquestioning faith in what they say, but ask that you place faith in the unparalleled ability of your innermost self to conduct truth to your mind, and by this interlinking manner assess the merit of their teachings: from their hearts, to their minds, to your heart and your mind. All conveyed truths travel this unbroken path.

Eventually we may develop confidence and trust in people and institutions consistently demonstrating merit in this manner. But if they say to you 'oh ye of little faith' when you question them, surely this is a sign of such alluded to 'faith' being false, and deserving of your questions, for everything in which faith is rightly placed need not coerce adherence to create and reinforce the appearance of faith which, when true, is naturally instilled and effortlessly maintained.

09

Weakness lives in the uncleanness and corruption of the body and mind, occluding the pure conveyances of the heart. Therefore, to hear the heart clearly, to receive its conveyances as purely as possible, strengthen body and mind, conditioning them, through discipline, to disregard the ego and all dependencies upon the non-essential which may stand between you and its elevating guidance.

10

There is no life that is separate from Spirit. All are its sons and daughters, sparked by the eternal energy passing them the immortal flame upon their materialization, set upon the guiding torch passed from each manifestation to the next, carried into the enshrouding darkness of fear, uncertainty and ego which all face along The Way.

There is no sin greater than hoarding that which may grant you no greater life, for you have all that you can use to make your life greater, but which may be made to make greater life for those that need, and lack it. For life is itself the greatest glory of God, the highest embodiment of God's eternal energy, and to do that which honors and elevates life is to be righteous, and to do that which degrades, oppresses and acts to deliver suffering to life is to be evil. Thus, the greatest good is to give what one does not need to those whom need it, and the greatest evil is to take what one does not need from those whom cannot afford to give it.

Finishing this final line, the crowd of apparitions turned towards my friend, bowed, then disappeared. And, with that, the room returned to its normal state, filled with modern day commuters heading to and from their daily grind. Having grown late, most appeared to be returning from work. I couldn't help but pity them.

Everyone rushing to prove themselves worthy, and to possess what we're conditioned to believe we need in order to demonstrate that worthiness to ourselves and others. None of them seemed to have any clue about the reality woven through their illusions, thinking that reality to be a dream, and their own dream to be the only reality.

"We all have our own paths, my friend," the Golden Teacher replied, having read my thoughts. "Everyone wakes up at their own rate, and it is not for everyone to champion the progression into the new age. While everyone plays *some* part in that progression, even those whom seem to oppose it, for all actions ultimately touch upon and influence, and often galvanize, all others, the champions are few, and pay a heavy price for developing their rare level of conviction, and even more for having the courage of said conviction, often culminating in their sacrifice. For most, the triumphs are the personal and professional comforts, achievements and loves of their own lives, and that's enough."

“You cannot force readiness, nor force direct knowledge of or participation in the major expeditions of humankind's evolution. Those expeditions climb precipitous paths that tend to be treacherous, and few are suited to blaze or climb, the greatest blazing the trails that all shall someday climb, usually with the assistance of other champions, and long after the trailblazers have departed, typically unsung. Time, like Spirit, is unconcerned with personal credit. Come, we've but two more testaments for you to absorb.”

LESSONS OF THE TEACHER

Recorded by Disciple Peter

Turning back towards the conveyances, I heard whispering. It was loud enough to hear, yet I couldn't make out the words, and it seemed to be intermingled with the sound of baaing sheep. Soon a flock of sheep descended down the stairway entrance to our right, followed by a young tunic-clad shepherd holding a simple staff of wood, as if a limb taken from the ground outside. He was whispering to himself, then shook his head, then began to whisper again, as if attempting to recall the words to something. As usual, no one seemed to notice but us.

As the shepherd approached us, another man holding a hammer of some sort and appearing to be a type of craftsman approached the shepherd, and the two spoke to one another for a minute. Then the craftsman turned to get onto the conveyance, and the shepherd and his flock disappeared. We followed the craftsman aboard. He, too, whispered to himself, and the conveyance set off as he approached a woman milking a cow, collecting the milk in a crude earthenware container.

The woman and the craftsman spoke for a minute, and, when they finished, the craftsman disappeared. Continuing to collect the milk, the woman now carried the whisper, and was soon approached by an older man carrying a container. They spoke as the woman filled the man's container, with the woman and cow disappearing as soon as the man set off down the conveyance.

Finding our way to the middle car, a group of people were gathered around a fire set in the center of the car. Wearing simple attire, they appeared to be village folk from some earlier era. And,

as the man bearing the milk filled each of their cups, they all whispered to one another. The whisper was low at first, everyone saying something different, though unintelligible. Gradually the volume of their whispers grew, then seemed to coalesce and become ever more decipherable, culminating, finally, in one unified, hushed voice:

01

Spiritual wealth is made in much the opposite manner as financial wealth. For the former is the result of reciprocating symbiosis; of the enrichment gained by the gain of others; while the latter is the result of extracting parasitism; of the enrichment gained by the loss of means or opportunity of others. One may derive financial riches in the same manner financially enriching others, but as soon as this enrichment is made by exploiting the disadvantages, repressing the opportunities and suppressing the potential of others, it is mutually exclusive with spiritual enrichment.

For this reason the most financially-enriched tend to be the most spiritually poor and, feeling this, often attempt to buy spiritual enrichment later in life, and thereby assuage the guilt manifest in the accruing of that financial wealth. The most spiritually-enriched person on Earth, on the other hand, may be a man in a hovel, humble in material possession and warmed by a great, fulfilling fire holding him in the highest esteem within his own heart, and within the hearts of those he has spiritually enriched, garnering him a level of satisfaction which the wealthiest cannot buy, and shall never know.

02

The greatest, most empowering form of freedom comes not from a freedom from obstacles, but from freedom of dependency upon the non-essential. For not only does such elimination of dependency save us from the costs of addictive habits of body and ego which act to weaken us and turn us away from all which is most essential, and thus most strengthening, but these dependencies also tend to confuse and over-whelm our ability to hear and heed the spiritual Self whose guidance and fulfillment is most elevating to our existence.

This is why discipline is absolutely imperative and delivering of the greatest rewards, for without it, without its ability to condition our resistance to all debilitating dependencies which the body and mind for- ever remain susceptible to developing, we become victimized servants of those dependencies, precluding all possibility of producing our strongest, most capable and fulfilled selves.

This is also why simplifying, or purifying, our lives is so wise and empowering, for to streamline our existences, to cleanse our lives of the unclean and non-essential, strengthens our ties to and ability to heed that which is most essential, and most fundamental to developing the most value and fulfillment in both our own lives and all the lives which we are thereby better able to serve.

03

Never accept what is said simply because it is proclaimed by one with authority, standing upon high station. For unless that which governs the authority is just and fully inclusive in the benefits which it seeks to impart, one may not trust that their proclamations seek to do justice. In fact, they may very well seek to do the opposite, for this is innate to the history of aristocracy and Empire; to the history of all powers which feed off of the subjugation of the many whom have long been ruled over through their fear, gullibility and need to be accepted by the conforming and peer pressuring. All villains, and the systems and institutions which they build in honor of the satanic satiation of Greed and Ego, seek weaknesses to exploit in service of their parasitism.

04

Seek always to create strength where you're weak, for it is through your weaknesses of body and mind that your truer everlasting Self may be overruled, both by your own hand, by your habitual feeding of such weakness in the very mode in which all addicts are made, and by those that sell to and look always to expand upon such weakness in others, cultivating their dependency, and its

obedient patronage.

Falsely-leading demagogues master others in this manner, enslaving them to their wills through insufficiently-defended vulnerabilities, becoming experts at finding and feeding dependency and weakness in order to take possession of the minds of those that they chain to their will. These are as the brethren of Satan, drawing closer to Greed and Ego relative to the extent of their parasitic success, and its evil effects. The strengthened body and mind, in league with the conditioned heeding of heart, is as the holy furnace which crafts the only sword capable of successfully cutting-down Lucifer's demons.

05

Never forget that there is a snowball effect to our thought and action, both to those of good and evil effect. That which we feed feeds more of the same, such that all that which empowers us encourages further empowerment, and all that which enslaves and disempowers us encourages its like. The snowball rolls as readily uphill as it does down.

06

Human beings are made from the fusion of corruptible and incorruptible natures. The extent to which those natures flow through and rule us is relative to the extent which our thoughts and actions are provoked by them, and thereby the depth and width of their channels which we dredge through ourselves. Those channels are always being filled and shored-up, or broadened and deepened, depending upon how our thoughts and especially our actions align with these natures. Our demonstrated allegiances thereby become our fidelities to corruptibility or incorruptibility, which come to conduct us to our respective fates through these channels. And yet, even those that travel the broadest, deepest courses of corruption serve the incorruptible by demonstrating where their course leads, and why, serving as signposts for those wishing to avoid their evil, and to protect others from being thereby assailed.

07

Man cannot award spiritual authority to man, only Spirit may do this. Such authority is manifested through the sanctioning spoken through the hearts and into the minds of those thereby authorized, and whom conduct the same to those that absorb this same spiritual sanctioning which all possess relative to the degree which they speak of what is essential and fully-inclusive, which is recognized as truth by the essential-most residing within every heart, the only instrument able to understand and fully recognize it.

08

Everyone and everything is a teacher to those that learn to see and hear them truly, for every person, place and thing holds knowledge, and may be made into a communicative signal of Spirit, while all people also reflect truth in speech and action, intentionally or not.

09

That which is most true is most essential and universally-empowering, and is eternal, for it is endemic to that which cannot perish. It belongs to no one, but always to everyone.

Thus, while many rule over humankind by burying and leading them away from this truth so as to gain power over them for greed and self-glorification, the truth shall ever remain beneath their feet, and shall sprout again, to regrow and overgrow them, reaching out to vine between and intertwine all small selves and their illusion of individualism. This illusion is promoted by the dividers and conquerors, like dark magicians casting spells of dictated delusion into those made to believe they are separate from others, ordered to hack at the vines which shall regrow when the environment is right.

For this seed is eternal, and requires only that its forever-sensed nature be recognized and spoken of again, growing up between all its brethren, binding and being watered by a humankind waiting for it to intertwine them once more, budding with most nourishing fruit.

10

It is not an infallible form that you seek, for this is an illusion of ego and idolatry. Rather, you seek an infallible essence at the root of form, all forms of which are made fallible by the mortal essence of material formation and its connected dependencies and limitations.

11

Those whom speak of the 'real world' most often speak of the reality that they imagine to be and would have others accept as the one real way things are and always will be, motivated to make others believe that what is real fits within the restraints that suit their particular perceptions and purposes. Always be wary of the 'realist' and depictions of 'reality' for this reason, as reality is so complex, dynamic, near limitless and of our collective making that to restrict it to a narrow interpretation is to do a disservice to everyone and everything that sees, exists and may come to exist outside of that interpretation, and is thereby depicted as illegitimate, naïve, idealistic or impossible. 'Idealistic' often means 'of courage, principle and vision,' and 'realistic' is often code for 'craven, unprincipled, unimaginative, corrupted and seeking justification.'

Completing their collective telling, the villagers stood, then walked into the fire, immediately turning to rising ash, settling into dust soon thereafter. Then the fire disappeared, and all turned to normal.

"Last stop," my friend said as the doors parted and we exited. Walking only a short distance from the conveyance, my friend suddenly stopped in front of a large rectangular stone appearing to be made of obsidian and, to my immense surprise, acted entirely out of character. He began to slam his right fist against the unforgiving black stone. I tried to stop him, but couldn't manage to budge him in the slightest, the strength of his body matching his iron will, so I was forced to back off. Fearful, my mind raced as to what to do. And though he seemed to be hammering the stone with all his might, he showed no sign of experiencing pain.

LESSONS OF THE TEACHER

Recorded by Disciple Seth

Taking a step towards my teacher once more, determined to intervene successfully this time, he and the stone in front of him began to transform. My teacher began growing in size as the stone reshaped it- self into an anvil of obsidian, and the arm and hand which my friend brought down upon it turned into a large hammer that made me think of the mythical Thor. Soon he was not only three times his original size, but began to resemble some sort of creature.

Gradually, he grew into a cross between a man, a lion, and two serpents, with the tails of a pair of massive snakes for legs, the torso and arms of a great, muscle-bound, herculean man, and the head of a lion. And, as he slammed the obsidian anvil with his hammer, sparks began to fly. Each spark burned and flashed with a different color before hovering and swirling around him, then blasting off in one direction after another like shooting stars.

Within a minute we were surrounded by stars, then planets materialized and began encircling the stars, with a fast- expanding galaxy soon swirling around us. As I looked around what now seemed a microcosm of the universe itself, my eyes were transfixed by each of the stars. No sooner would I focus my attention upon a particular star when it would explode in a great white light, momentarily blinding me and triggering a great growling cry to be issued by my transformed friend, each supernova provoking the beast to bellow a particular verse in his deep, growling bass of a voice:

01

Do not be persuaded by appearances, for they are as the surface of the waters, gleaming with the glare of semblance, mirroring your perception. You must condition yourself to see with the third eye; to behold by the heart. For this is the only way to see beneath the shimmer, and thereby to have even the most remote sense of how fathomless are the depths of these waters whose truths never belong to the five senses, but to the subtle wisdoms innate to the sixth sense forever whispering its secrets to those minds tuned to its channel.

02

Weakness lives in the needs, limitations and corruptibility of the mind, and the body encapsulating Spirit in the physical dimension. Only by placing faith in the pure energetic dimension of being upon which the body is built and the mind arises as the bridge between body and Spirit may one hope to push into the chasm all that crowds the bridge, and thereby keep clear the conveyance of all truth and unwavering strength at the foundation of all things, including you.

03

If any measure of what is called the truth proclaimed by anyone acts to create a legend, or myth, or position for anyone to stand above others in a supremacist hierarchy by which those subject to such truth are made to be less than they can be, and in parasitic service to those above them, then it is not the truth, but propaganda.

And perhaps the most damaging of propaganda is that which is theological and metaphysical in nature, for such propaganda goes to the very foundation of our collective being, that which is most sacred and possesses the greatest capacity to empower and unify, there pretending a pyramid where there is only level ground.

04

Fear not the lion's den. Instead, seek it out and lodge within it. For to know the lions is to know how and why they feed, and thereby be better able to protect their prey.

05

The greatest beings living on the Earth are those who have become the clearest conduits of the one truest Self, and prove their greatness by the effects of their actions, not by any proclamation or affirmation of greatness for which the small self forever hungers, revealing its influence over every self relative to the degree which the self's spoken 'truths' may be revealed as individualistic untruths.

06

Never forget that weakness exists relative to the extent which the body, ego and ignorance control the mind and its commanded actions. Thus, ever endeavor to dispel all unnecessary physical dependencies, subdue the small self and learn as much as you can, especially about the most fundamental of guiding principles and all that most essential knowledge to which the big Self leads the mind.

07

Nobility is not a title of position or possession, but is passed naturally to those who empower and improve the lives of their fellow human beings. There is no nobility passed from worldly power, but from the power of the heart arising by way of equally honoring the manifestations of all of the Spirit's forms, regardless of appearances.

Those in whom an awareness of truth resides need not speak it for their own sake, for it is secure in them, and grants them their self- security relative to the extent of its possession and command. Instead, their need to speak it arises relative to their desire to convey its value to others, knowing what service it may be to their lives; else this need to speak it arises out of a need to be known as a possessor of truth, and thereby glorify their egos to the same extent which they lack or yet fail to fully command the most fundamental of truths; truths always acting to dispossess them of such egotistic needs. The ego and its insecurity is thus the compensation for and demonstration of the relative extent to which the most fundamental, empowering and pacifying of truths are yet to be known and commanded.

For truth and its imparted confidence is naturally cool, calm, collected and quiet, with most of those whom shout it demonstrating the extent to which they possess not the truth, but the need for the attention of and influence over others. Yes, some shout it because they believe they can influence others for the good of those others. But such shouts are firm and self-removed, never frenzied or self-glorifying, and always provoking towards insult, attack and self-debasement those who shout 'truth' for self-glorification and control over others, thereby demonstrating its absence.

The only true communication passed between any of us arises as a mutual tapping into a truth that has always existed, like an electrical current conducted between two points upon an everlasting conduit. None of us creates any such truth. Rather, we sense it and attempt to circumscribe it with words in a manner which best permits its conveyance to others.

10

Do not take anyone at their word when they claim to represent some- one or something. Rather, look to the nature and motive of their words and actions, and consider whether they reflect such representation, or the representation of something else entirely.

11

All the greatest truth is ineffable; our words only capable of a meager, rough approximation relative to the importance of the truth.

Trivialities may be most easily and accurately truthfully told, for they are self-contained, isolated truths with very little value of application, while the greatest, most universally-applicative and empowering of truths defy perfect linguistic capture. In this relative truth we realize that words are not valuable in and of themselves, and may be used to devalue as readily as to add value. Only when words open the way to the realization of enriching truth are they of value relative to the enrichment which they potentiate.

12

Let the outer world point the way within to know the truth. When the outer world points only to itself and its impermanent, limited form, only the illusory semblance of truth is being pointed at; at a specious- ness whose value is impermanent and limited in like kind.

13

To want always of the material realm is to be forever stressed and starving; to forever unquenchably hunger, and to be a slave to sensory gratification. Only when the material realm serves to fulfill the immaterial realm is its truest purpose realized.

If one does good because others tell them to do so, rather than being compelled to do so through the Spirit residing within, then the will to do good is lacking in them, and must be unearthed and cultivated.

For eventually mere obedience to law or the will of others will falter and fail them, and they will reveal themselves to be not an intrinsically- caused force for good, but an extrinsically-bound effect of goodness, and they may be readily turned towards evil when and if the extrinsic tide turns, as a ship without compass or captain.

It is only when one does good without being told to do good, and without expectation of external recognition or reward by others, that they are and further become good relative to their following of the inner force commanding such action. For when this force truly commands them, when God commands them, it shall prevail with or without, and even when at odds, with any competing force which may push them towards evil in the absence of their service to God.

Never confuse the image or name of the thing with the thing it- self, for all that most truly is has always been, since long before it was materialized or imagined in form, and since long before any words were affixed to its representation, or models were made in its image.

16

No good person needs laws made by other people, for all that guides good people are eternal laws spoken through the heart and heard by the honorably-dedicated, Spirit-heeding mind. Those that require man's law in order to do good are lost, and must find their essential selves and the only laws that may save and best guide them within.

17

If your composition of God includes anything less than everything, it is missing something. If it separates yourself or anyone or anything else from divinity, it pretends a divide where none exists, misunderstands God and does a disempowering disservice to anyone and anything thereby falsely separated.

Truly knowing anyone or anything is loving them/it, is sensing your inseparability from them/it, and from everything else. It is in these moments when we're most connected to, and best know, God. The mythical man or woman forever dwelling within this truth, having eradicated all sense of separability and individuality, may be said to have eliminated their ego, and become enlightened.

18

A church is just another building. It possesses the meaning that we give it. Don't get me wrong. I'm not saying that nothing is holy. I'm saying that everything is holy. I'm saying that God is everywhere, and the essence of all things. I'm saying that God is most present when and where love is most present. That can be in a church, or in the places that religious authorities deem unholy. It's not about people saying something is holy, or sanctioning something as such, but the heart saying something is holy, and sanctioning with love.

No sooner had the great beast bellowed his last line when all the remaining stars surrounding us exploded, causing me to cower with fear, fretting that I may have actually lost my eyesight forever. Gradually the bright white blindness subsided, and as I came to and stood, I saw that my friend, the Golden Teacher, had returned to normal. The obsidian stone in front of him had been transformed into a perfect circle imprinted with a glowing trinity sign, three evenly distributed, overlapping ovals composed of luminous white letters. He stood over the trinity, tracing it with his finger.

Approaching him, I read what he traced:

THE HUMAN CONDITION: WAR OF THE TRINITY

When The Trinity is balanced, in accord, its bearer shall know peace.

The Human Condition is an internalized competition, ideally becoming a balanced collaboration, between those often warring aspects comprising the self. Human beings may appear to be one self, but are in fact many, with those selves including The Body (the transporting vessel), The Mind (which may be divided into Mind and Ego, or even Mind, Psyche and Ego) and The Spirit, centered in The Heart. At their irreducible minimum, these selves include Body, Mind and Spirit, together constituting The Trinity of Self.

In The War of The Trinity, the Ego tells us that we are separate from, don't need and are more important than others; it evokes the false pride of delusion. The Heart, the seat of the Spirit in every finite, mortal material form, tells us that we are inseparable from, incomplete without and exactly as important as all forms of life; existing as the most concentrated source of energy, or Spirit, within The Body, it evokes the loving pride of truth. The Body is the vessel in which we sail through existence, typically through stormy seas made by the imbalanced contention between Ego and Spirit (between competing senses of individualization and perfect inseparability). The Ego is the source of most greed, delusion and evil, and, thus, of most suffering. The Spirit is the source of all compassion and truth, and, thus, of most of the good in the world. The Mind, commanding The Body and heeding both Ego and Spirit, mediates The Trinity of Self.

Very few people come to balance these forces, bringing tranquility to their sea. The Mind, acting like the bridge between Body, Ego and Spirit, is suspended across The Trinity, over which the sea is crossed, and attempts to understand how the seemingly incompatible messages of Body, Ego and Spirit can all be true at once. In this eternal conflict, most come to invest more or less in the perspectives promoted by one or two over the other(s); they become more

or less invested in and dependent upon a version of truth and perspective provided by their egos (their conceptions and perceptions of their individualized selves), their bodies (based upon the sensations and perceived wants/ needs of The Body) and their hearts (instinctively and emotionally sensing the messages of their eternal selves, which is the one truest Self that is indistinct from all others, with 'soul' being the fallacy of separable essential, immortal Self). These investments in forms of the self and its perspectives leads to our self-categorizations, such as those commonly considering themselves 'persons of faith' versus 'persons of science,' whom only appear at odds, and even the contention between 'realists' and 'idealists' who invest in competing ideas of what constitutes reality and what's possible within that reality, to the extent of reforming that reality, and regarding it as rigid and fixed, or fluid and forever changing.

Humility is the quality possessed when the mind holds the truths dictated by all forms of self as coexisting, rendering the following truth: We are all invaluable and capable of great things while simultaneously being limited, corruptible and needing of others in order to become our greatest selves. From one perspective we are everything, the source of every moment we experience and inseparable from the one truest Self that composes all things, and from another perspective we are near to nothing; a speck of dust floating through a boundless universe. We are simultaneously mortal and corruptible through the needs and vulnerabilities of the Body and the Mind's limitations and egotistic sense of self, and immortal and incorruptible through The Heart, wherein Spirit needs no material and is intertwined with everyone and everything, requiring no Body, Mind or Ego, the sources of limitation and corruptibility that are side-effects of materialization and sentience. Taken together, these truths define The Human Condition:

Corruptible and capable of evil, living in the illusion of separation made as an effect of materialization, and also incorruptible and incapable of evil, existing within a Spirit of pure eternal energy that willed materialization for the sake of infinite variations of and perspective upon existence. Love,

and the messages it delivers to Mind through Heart, is the whispering of the truest Self; the Self unbound by spacetime and matter, knowing, as we all do on the deepest level of instinctive awareness, that all separation is ultimately illusion made by the limitations of Mind and Body, and the delusions whispered by Ego, byproducts of sentience and materialization.

When The Trinity is balanced, in accord, and no longer at war, that's when its bearer shall know peace; when his/her reality is both grounded and unbounded; when he/she is at their most capable and most open to connecting with others, and whereupon they approach Heaven's gate.

"It's been quite the journey. How about some tea?," my friend inquired upon our mutually completing the reading of The Trinity Stone. "I'm sure you could use some refreshment by now."

"Sounds good."

We then exited the subway, and as soon as the fading light of day fell upon us, my friend took his former form, skin lightened, hair and beard shortened, rustic tunic replaced by the hip urban attire I was used to him wearing: sports jacket, fedora and that t-shirt depicting three Native Americans holding rifles, the accompanying caption saying: "Homeland Security: Fighting Terrorism Since 1492." Minutes later we were in a teashop in China Town, and, with a mix of relief and disappointment, I was certain that the dream was over.

THE STEEPER

I was witnessing physics, causality, spirituality. The truth of everything.

It was a beautiful tea shop, covered with artwork evoking the rich cultural heritage of the Chinese. Murals lined the walls depicting the sacred tea ceremonies of The East, invented by the Japanese and adopted by the great multitude of nations comprising the nearby mainland.

After ordering our tea, my friend and I were issued, rather than tea bags, bamboo steepers filled with our medicinal tea combinations. I'd selected a mixture combining green tea with cardiovascular-system-supportive Hawthorn and a medley of nervines, including nerve relaxants like Chamomile, and nerve tonics, or 'trophorestoratives,' said to feed the nerves, including Oat Straw and Brahmi, in order to both calm and fortify a nervous system that felt a bit run down after being overstimulated by my recent experience in the underground.

About halfway through my cup of tea a deep state of relaxation came over me, and I honed in on the act of methodically dunking the steeper into and out of my elaborately blue-on-white-decorated porcelain mug. As I did so, I fell into a trance, and a poem entered my mind:

I removed the steeper from the cup of tea.

I held the steeper over the center of the cup, to collect the drops. They seeped through to the bottom of the inverted mesh cone. Falling through, each drop hit the center of the liquid surface. Each drop produced a wave cast in all directions.

Each omnidirectional wave struck every side of the cup. Each wave rebounded, returning to the center of the cup.

Each of these waves bounced off itself, then bounded back out again. With every drop, the perfect pattern continued.

And as I watched, a deep, pervasive peace washed over me. I realized what I was witnessing:

Physics, causality, spirituality. The truth of everything. Everyone and everything at the center of its/their own circle.

The drops as their energy coming into and passing through them. Every wave an action cast outward from the use of that energy.

Every wave crashing into everyone and everything else. All waves returning to the center set at the center.

Perfect endless causality and interconnection. Everything we do returning to us in some form. Every past becoming the present becoming the future.

And so long as there is energy, there are waves. And so long as there are waves, everything connects.

Nothing ends. Everything returns. Everything matters.

No action, person or thing is disconnected from anyone or anything else. Truth and justice cannot be stopped, only delayed.

For everything endlessly impacts everything else, then returns to its source. And so the truth drips down through the steeper:

What must be, will be, on into eternity.

Having sat silently as I composed my poem and very gradually consumed my tea, my friend finally spoke up:

"Care for a smoke to cap off our day?"

I was surprised by his suggestion, as I didn't think my friend was a smoker. Looking outside, the sun was starting to set over the San Francisco cityscape, casting blues, reds and yellows onto stone and metallic façades and reflecting off of countless windows climbing up and around us. I stood to head outside when I was realized that, rather than following me, my friend was heading in the other direction, towards a bright-red-painted door at the back of the shop.

Passing through the door, I was immediately struck by a strange-smelling smoke. My mind shot to the opium dens I'd read about in the past. The room was small and dark, illuminated only by a series of candles set into niches lining the walls. At the back of the room my friend parted and passed through a pair of bright red curtains. And there sat our mysterious host, in a cloud of smoke, a placid look upon his face.

I can only describe him as having been some sort of Shaman. He was a smallish man, perhaps Asian, perhaps Native American; it was hard to determine, as most of his face was concealed. Seated upon a bearskin rug, he wore a suit made entirely of elk fur, with moccasins composed of an animal skin and an elaborate headdress featuring a series of feathers of different sizes and shapes set in semi-circle on his head, positioned between a large pair of antlers protruding out the sides. His face was painted black, from a natural source, except for the space around his eyes, which was painted in the bright red pigment matching the door and curtains we'd just passed through. He was smoking from what I, in my very limited knowledge, want to call a peace pipe.

Beckoning us to sit upon our own bearskin rugs, we did so, at which point he gave each of us a slight bow, then held the pipe, still emitting smoke, up above and in front of him, as if offering it to the gods, before handing it to me with a bow. I was a bit frightened as to what I was being offered to smoke. Yet, entirely trusting of my friend and the journey we were on, I proceeded to take a big puff, holding it in my lungs before releasing it, as if smoking marijuana, per my experience.

The visions came almost immediately.

THE GNOS LOGOS: WHERE QUESTIONS COLLAPSE

It is for us to sense and live the answers, not to truly know them.

It hadn't been more than a minute when, my friend taking his own hit, the room came alive. Or perhaps it was *I* who had come alive, my imagination and, I want to say, my powers of perception having dramatically increased. I could *feel* the wild energy of the animals whose skins and furs surrounded and were set beneath us. I could *hear* the distinct cry of the elk and the growl of the bear, and the piercing song of the raptors whose feathers were set upon the shaman's head.

Closing my eyes, I saw the animals challenge, then attack one another, then converge, swirl around one another and transform, forming patterns of fractals of every possible color emanating from a swirling center that looked like images I'd seen of the Milky Way Galaxy. Very gradually this swirling galactic image slowed and coalesced into a pyramid with an eye at the center. Lazily, with no hurry at all, and with a steadfast, albeit easy intensity, the eye shifted from looking right to looking straight at me, then to the left, then back onto me. Every time I made eye contact with it I was overwhelmed by a sense of its grand intelligence, and by my own comparative unintelligence.

Soon it began to speak in a slow, steady voice of perfect certainty:

*Why would it not be
but infinite creation unto Me*

*Why form forms from the Form
but to comforted creations conform*

*Why seed the ever sought
but with coin but to be bought*

*Why division of My heart
to be without a vision to start*

*Why the eye to see true
with but perception to imbue*

*Why to make true of Me
what singularity cannot see*

*Why the sense of the fall
equaling the ascendant enthrall*

*Why of everything real
stamped of the essence to feel*

*What is the difference here
but to shake with individualist fear*

*What to make of the self's demand
creation and destruction hand in hand*

*What to be conscious hereof and why
but to an eternity of questions deny*

*What of division of self from the Self
but for created to create its own wealth*

*What of the hereof, not and what for
but for forever fertility making more*

*What of wisdom if it but be for the wise
in ineffable expressions to forever disguise*

*What of the sight that goes beyond seeing
when shadows cast only resemble your being*

*What do you look upon, even now
but the protean idol to which we bow*

*Where is the crack in the seal to come
when place is but dead material dumb*

*Where will you look when you walk ahead
if the body and brain is to eternity dead*

*Where is the Guide to reach for your hand
if to deludedly claim be your only demand*

*Where is the Forever Consciousness to go
when self-circulation is all that you know*

*Where for symbol and signal to send
if not as signposts to seekers to lend*

*Where outside of you shall you find peace
when your sensual reaching is never to cease*

*Where can you see the best of all things
if blind to the mirror all reflection brings*

*Where was the first line of division struck
if not in one vision of Self to be stuck*

*When is the age of unimpeded growth to be
if not sprung from the illusion that science sets free*

*When will the mind see its own cause
if not to turn away from the absolute laws*

*When will you find what you believe you seek
if not of fearless faith to leap from the peak*

*When do you speak with the unspoken words
when mouthfuls unrelenting baa from the herds*

*When is the point most presently felt
if not with now's purity may everything melt*

*When will your questions come back around
when you see the sight of unspeakable sound*

*When are you truest to the divinely designed
when never to another can any be consigned*

*When shall the fractals stop passing through prisms
when the truth bends back, collapsing its schisms*

*How does the dissonance divide you from Me
when the resonance chamber occludes clarity*

*How do you pass from one dimension to the next
when your mind no longer requires its own context*

*How is the perfect relativity of reality known
if not by pushing you from your delusional throne*

*How shall tomorrow's initiates come to be
without feeding from the fruits of Sophia's tree*

*How might infinity interweave with the mortal
if not for a false ending presenting a portal*

*How might you climb upon the purer path
without pain of ascent, and love lent to wrath*

*How can evil be but a reminder of Me
if in the darkness we learn how to see*

*How can you know anything for absolute certain
if, between us, you keep up the curtain*

Never before have I had such an overwhelming sense of speaking directly to God. Every question that I submitted to the Infinite Intelligence met with a question as a reply, and another, and another, like the Great Mind was playfully mocking me, answering every question with a question, so as to say:

Questions are eternal, each answer dividing into a new series of questions, forming a forever branching tree. It is for us to sense and live the answers, not to truly *know* them, for they are as the roots of the tree buried beneath our perception. Know that the roots are there, that they'll *always* be there, right beneath your feet; that you stand upon this foundation of life, but can never pull them up, nor wrap your arms around them, so wide and deep is their anchoring.

My friend and I parted ways soon after exiting the tea and smoke shop, I having thanked him profusely for taking me on such a revelatory journey threaded through the very metaphysical fabric of being. The magic stayed with me throughout my journey north, back to my Wine Country home, and into the night's slumber, where I encountered a creature calling itself Favroken.

THE SEER STONE OF FAVROKEN

Everything is a symbol when you look closely enough.

In my dream, I was deep within an enchanted forest canyon crawling with nymphs and sprites of every order. They flew and crawled and climbed up and down the surrounding trees and boulders. The trees were ancient, and moss, lichen, ferns and vines carpeted not only the forest floor, but climbed every precipitous rock wall and the bark of each of these massive, ancient, towering trees.

I soon heard something approaching, sprinting right at me through the bushes. Moments later out leapt a creature which I can only compare to what I've seen and read about the 'lesser god' known as Pan, the curled horns of a ram atop his head, the legs of a deer. He landed not five feet from me, then gave me an enthusiastic, low bow, almost touching his forehead to the forest floor.

Upon raising his head, he chattered gleefully: "My name is Favroken, and I have just met with The Changeless. He gifted me a seer stone. Shall I tell you what it wishes for you to know? Shall I tell you the ways it wishes you to practice?"

"Yes, please, oh ecstatic creature of the forest," I replied.

He held what looked like a perfectly spherical crystal in his paws. Periodically shaking it playfully, even rolling it on the ground in front and around himself, he sometimes stopped, held it close to his face, peered deeply into it and read to me of what he saw, often scratching his head in confusion, attempting to comprehend the messages which

it conveyed. Those messages were disjointed, as if entirely disconnected from one another:

If it's not due to you, it doesn't come. You invite it with readiness, receive it with openness.

The difference knows no depth.

The Changeless is an exponential factor of self-assurance known not by material mind enmeshed in transient miseries of relativism, but only by the Cosmic Mind of an absolutism we can scarcely sense, only when our matter ceases speaking.

'Gateway Drug' has become replete with negative connotations, yet there are a great many substances and practicable states of mind which unlock gateways going to places FAR outside of the lines between which the many place, and to which they confine, their reality.

Every moment is a classroom in microcosm.

All art is both mirror and medicine, revealing you to yourself while permitting a purging of what sickens that self. By charming the concealed mysteries to the surface, it offers a taste of the deep subtlety of saving truths.

Wisdom is a circle, at the end of which all questions have been questioned, and we return to a childlike sense of wonderment of and love for the world and its endless possibilities.

Channel your frustration into creation. It has been whispered that Creationism is the highest truth. It is 'The Secret' that by the Cosmic Mind of God we were endowed with life, and by the power of the consciousness he passed on to us so has the seed of Creationism been buried in us, such that a select few may learn to cultivate it into a creative force beyond any which conventional wisdom may recognize.

Mind IS over matter. The question is HOW FAR OVER, relative to the mind?

Your existence is a cosmic game, made to be played. You're a player, whether you like it or not.

Reason is about the ability to pass between points. Logic is about constructing lines between points. Yet these lines aren't plotted in two dimensions, but four, and where points and lines seem fixed from some perspectives, they appear to move and bend from others.

Existence is beautiful, and it cost The Changeless its life.

Dissolution is resolution, in the same way that right is wrong, as the out folds into the in, through it and back out again.

I hope that you didn't think that I don't love you, oh Lord, because I don't say it enough.

What other regard is there but to be a lover of everything?

3, 7 and 9 are your numbers. They say: It's all Love: It's all for the sake of Being: It's all for the sake of Being in Love.

Respect it for what it is, to each, to everything.

Anything that can be the truth of any moment is the truth of every moment. It can't be more or less true one way or another.

What is She for whom you ever long but spring for the future flower?

It has to be acceptable to every part of you before it can be healthfully received by any part of you.

Where but the due squabble to send its scraps?

No one knows anything, yet everyone knows everything. Where but to anything to know everything?

To know anything is to know everything.

Nothing is new. All invention is reinvention, recreated from a creation of Creation, adapted to meet the creating mind and its environment.

Openness. Flow. Everything is passing through. It is to be harnessed, not held; channeled, not dammed. It is in the attempt to control and own it that all preventable suffering is sown; the futile attempt of mortal matter to become and possess the power of the pure immortal energy from which it borrowed its birth, and to which everything born and created returns.

We may only touch the eternal truth with decomposing fingers.

You're always creating and recreating something with your thoughts, including yourself, whether you know it or not.

The first question is whether or not you believe that everything happened by accident or not? The second question conceives of the number of layers of 'self' underlying this question; of who, or what, asks who, or what?

Evil is a necessity. Satan begot matter, begot free will, begot self-creation, begot sentience, begot ego, begot all that which permits the created to create, and believe in the illusion of separation that offers corruption to all those whom worship him as if separate from God. Upon the balancing fulcrum do God and Satan sit, whispering their secrets to one another.

The more open the mouth of the vessel, the more that may fit within, the more the truth of any matter, the more of the Formless from which springs all form may be embodied.

Everything is a symbol when you look closely enough.

All channels. All mediums, conduits and gateways. All energy passing between points of relativity.

'Make Believe.' Again, the truth is right there, yet concealed beneath conventional sight. We make true what we truly, collectively believe.

There is always a gap between truth and perception. The more limited the perceiver, the greater the gap. This distinguishes the relative difference between all perceivers, animals, men, machines and otherwise, and constitutes their distinction from God.

We fall in love in the connection between the material and spiritual realm. The space between is a resonance chamber, and when energy passes between two complimentary constructs, the heavenly song is sung.

To be conquered by love is to be set free.

To be guided by the timelessness within oneself is the best use of one's time.

To the uninitiated, the purer the truth, the more indistinguishable it is from madness.

Favroken laughed at this last line then, having finished, threw me the stone, and as soon as I caught it, I awoke.

Immediately I began to reflect upon my dream and, as I reflected, I grabbed and made nine notes in the leather notebook I always keep beside my bed. I cannot be certain of the point of origin of the nine notes;

whether they were remnants from the dream, or whether, perhaps, the dream, and my reflection upon it and the previous days' events, pulled them up from somewhere deep within my being. I wrote:

1. We are willing to accept the physical power of the positive mind, or 'attitude,' which dictates that if I think that I can do something, I'm far more likely to do it. We accept this truth because it doesn't conflict with the matter-before-mind 'realist' and 'materialist' paradigms, for the mind may still be dependent upon matter within the attitudinal context; matter remains over mind, and, even powered by positive attitudes, we still depend upon the PHYSICAL act to produce the outcome within this paradigm.

Most people, however, aren't yet ready to accept the possibility of a deeper, ruling metaphysics of mind over matter which dictates that if I truly believe that I can do something, I've CREATED the physical conditions for it to be done. In this paradigm mind is the SOURCE of matter, and consciousness and physicality are in codependent league in all of our creations. This is 'The Secret' of the metaphysical force of manifestation from mind to matter.

2. To the one being initiated thoughts are suddenly more than thoughts, and it's realized that they always have been.

3. Fear is a clutching at the material. It is indicative of the lack of having experienced, else not having understood and fully accepted, spiritual revelation, and is known colloquially within the religious community as 'a lack of faith' which, to the seeker that finds, is faith built on a bedrock of understanding. Thus, what is known as 'faith' becomes inseparable from 'truth' in the minds of its authentic possessors.

4. All injustice is ultimately an ideological failure. It's based upon a materialistic ontology, or 'realism,' overcoming idealism and, thus, upon most of the systems and institutions running humanity operating on materialistic principles, dismissing all other operating ideologies as

'naively idealistic.' Capitalism unbalanced by socialistic virtues, 'free market economics' unbalanced by socio-economic concerns, plutocracy pretending to be democracy, religion's narrow exclusivism conquering the inclusivism of purer spirituality; all of these are the result of the dominion of materialism, and of any contradicting system falling by the wayside, being given no more than lip service.

This dominion is, itself, derived from the historical prevalence of matter over mind, upon science and 'realism' narrowly dictating what constitutes and is possible from reality, and upon money becoming God as the concluding concern in the Ego's engulfing of Spirit. This is the victory of Satan over God.

Yet, when enough people learn what their hearts and subconsciousness's already know, that consciousness came before matter and that everything exists within and is made of Spirit, the tide shall shift, idealism shall triumph, and, with it, justice and higher consciousness shall finally find humanity, and the transformative waves of The Age of Aquarius shall crash ashore.

5. I say there's a God, and it's like this. You say there's a God, and he's like that. She says there's a God, and she's like something else entirely. He says there is no God, and it's all Science.

It may well be that, through the power of the consciousness, God can take all of these forms, and infinite more, and imbue every one of these with The Truth. It may be that God changes forms and properties relative to the ability and need of the seer to see them, and that God need not even be regarded as God when conveying The Truth, but as a discipline, or a perspective, or any of the endless litany of potential conveyances for The Truth, which may be limitlessly embodied.

6. The goal of Lucifer is the untouchable Ego, the realization of the fullest, strongest shadow self. The goal of God is the eradication of

the Ego, purifying the self and leaving only the truest eternal Self. The goal of the philosopher is to find the most efficacious means by which BOTH goals may be attained through their contest, illuminating the falsity of their conflict in the necessity and codependence of each.

7. To be enslaved by one's appetites is the work of Satan. To be freed by one's ecstasies is the work of Spirit.

8. Science and Spirit must be reconciled in the mind of man before peace and prosperity may be delivered upon us.

Thinking of those I'd loved in the past, a couple of whom had betrayed me and broke my heart, I was compelled to finish with a sudden sense of the *only* spiritual competition:

9. I showed you more love than you showed me. Thus, in the eyes of God, I won the contest between us.

Were only *that* the measure of our success, I thought as I closed my notebook: How much love we create, protect and pass into and through the world. Is that not the same as how much of *God* we sense and share? And is this not the simple secret, the binding force, underlying our evolution? And is not the prevailing measure of success very much the opposite, based upon materialism and its exclusions, extractions and divisions of the material and egotistic plane of narrowing identity and pridefully-inflating, empty 'status,' and thus weighed by Lucifer, the deceiver, in opposition to God, the revealer?

These were rhetorical questions. I already knew the answers.

About the Author, By the Author

Born in the redwoods of coastal Northern California in the former mill and fishing town of Fort Bragg, my early years were trouble-free times of youthful exuberance. I was very much a rural kid, playing sports with friends, catching critters, exploring the forest, shooting bb guns, swimming in the river and ocean and eating blackberries off the bush until my hands were stained purplish-black and my stomach ached. At the age of six my father was transferred to the rapidly urbanizing town of Santa Rosa, CA, in the heart of the Sonoma County Wine Country, an hour north of San Francisco. There, I gradually transformed into a video gamer with a strong creative streak. In my adolescence I concocted elaborate games for friends that captured their attention for hours on end, often during school hours. Some of these games were centered around toys, but the more popular were produced on paper, which I called “paper games.”

As I matured I came to the same conclusion that most young, observant people come to: Money is the root of freedom, for freedom is *purchased*, not freely given. I knew that I had to do everything possible to accrue as much cash as possible, so that I could do what I wanted and *be* who I pleased. This culturally-pervasive mindset continued through most of college, during which I attended the University of California at Santa Barbara and studied Business Economics, afterwards entering the real estate business. I was highly motivated by the orthodox ambitions inculcated into western youth by way of our aristocratically-hailing conservative culture and, through them, decidedly driven to pursue what most consider the hallmarks of ‘success:’ a lucrative career, the socioeconomic rank and all the trappings. This was before I realized the *subjectivity* of ‘success,’ and the fact that the greater form is that which Einstein alluded to: “Try not to become a person of success, but, rather, a person of *value*.”

Thus, the doubts that I’d begun developing during my last couple collegiate years (coalescing during the 2008 financial market implosion that penalized the many, especially the disadvantaged, for the evil of

the privileged few) that following the traditional path was the best, most moral and progressive use of my abilities. Upon inspection, and in tracing the full causality, I realized that this path produces parasitism and suffering. The more you're said to 'make,' the more you *take*.

Nothing materializes from nothing, and capitalism unbalanced by socialistic principles and equity-sharing is less about freedom and hard work than it is about exploiting disadvantage.

My heart and conscience thereby began to crystalize around the greater concept of success: defining it in terms of the *creation* rather than the *extraction* of value. Later, as my spiritual awareness grew and I began to sense that 'listening to your heart' is more than mere fleeting emotion, but a tapping into a truer, fuller form of universal Self, my earlier doubts converged with my contemplations to form the first seeds of my ideology, and everything changed.

Though I continued to struggle with some serious health issues at the time, much of which continues to plague me, on another level I came into myself and began to harness a deep sense of purpose. I realized that I'm meant to translate the spiritual messages being conducted through my heart, which, combined with my intellectual inspection of the world, have led me to some profound conclusions about the nature of existence and the greedy heart of western culture compromising our collective potential. I moved away from the business world and committed to exploring the realm of ideas and language, earning an MA in English from Arizona State University. At the same time my innate creativity found a grander outlet in conjunction with my naturally-philosophical mindset, and I began practicing the ancient art of storytelling whilst simultaneously seeking the underlying nature of reality, formulating my own ideologies and envisioning the type of societal systems that might someday steer humankind away from a 'greed is good' attitude that minimizes total quality of life on earth, and towards systems serving *all* of humanity.

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