

GOD ISN'T RELIGIOUS

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*A Penned Pursuit of
Universal Principles*

NICK JAMESON



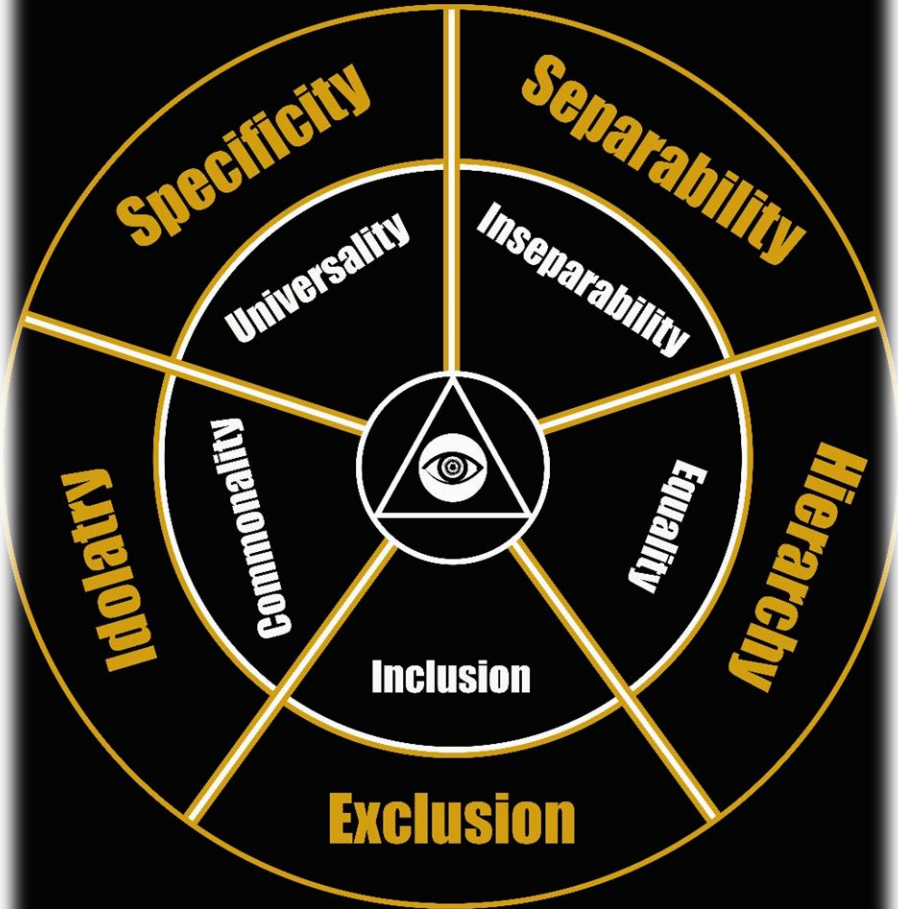


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2 *God Isn't Religious: A Penned Pursuit of Universal Principles*

GOD is NOT Religious



Outer Ring = Religion Inner Ring = Spirituality
Innermost Circle = GOD (Sitting Dead Center)

4 *God Isn't Religious: A Penned Pursuit of Universal Principles*

There's truth in every religion.

There's falsity in every religion.

*The part of every religion that's true
is inclusive of everything and everyone.*

*The part of every religion that's false
is excluding of those not of that religion.*

What's true of everything and everyone is of God.

What isn't true of everything and everyone isn't of God.

6 *God Isn't Religious: A Penned Pursuit of Universal Principles*

The Existential Canvas

Nothing is created or destroyed, only forever reformed.

The One isn't subject to the spacetime that regulates its forms.

The foundation of everything cannot be a non-thing (nothing).

Fearing death and not understanding spirituality, many people *think* that they want to be immortal, not realizing that their essence *is* immortal, though not divisible into individualized souls. There isn't division or nothingness at the end of the act of infinite reduction, but the perfectly unified oneness of totality, with there being but one 'soul' (Spirit), manifesting infinite forms of Itself *within* Itself *through* nature. Nature represents the birth of infinite from the One through the expansion of the purely energetic, eternal spiritual realm into the spatial, material and temporal realms created to house infinite impermanent forms of Itself and experiences of Its existence; *us*; all forever evolving to fit the balancing needs of Its total existence.

That existence, and the mortality of Its material forms, is a gift that God gave Itself. The One gifted the mortalizing constraints to Its infinite manifestations, i.e. spacetime and matter, for the sake of infinite possible experiences of Itself. These seeming constraints are based upon One becoming Infinite of One. They aren't punishments, but gifts, because not only is each and every material arrangement of energy into biological form (every self) unique, but so is each arrangement of each self within every point in spacetime, thereby creating a limitless existential canvas that the totality of selves collectively paints with each of our inimitable forms of existence, every iteration of which is invaluable *because* it ends, the self then recycled through the Self.

8 *God Isn't Religious: A Penned Pursuit of Universal Principles*

INTRODUCTION

God Isn't Religious is a compilation of spiritual writings composed over a period of nearly fifteen years. The title alludes to the fact that true spirituality, that which possesses the greatest power to unite all people, seeks no supremacy, listens to no labels, builds no boundaries, identifies with no idolatry, heeds no hierarchies and enforces no exclusions. Those are the manmade corruptions that compelled the creation of the religions representing the most historically-prevalent means by which the powerful have always controlled and oppressed the people as a whole. The most common theological error is the conflation of spirituality and religion when, in ironic fact, spirituality is the antithetical *cure* to religion.

Attempting to control what constitutes divinity is the hubristic foolishness of religion, honed through the controlling history of empire. The roads to the truth are *always* endless, and *everyone* has a prophet inside of them; it's all a matter of centering oneself and listening. This is precisely what makes the 'spiritual but not religious' perspective, the fully inclusive viewpoint, superior to the religious perspective, the excluding viewpoint made of attempting to stuff the all-encompassing Spirit and its manifestations into a single box in which it shall not only *never* fit, but which leads to innumerable ills for humankind, including promoting the propensity for tribal thought, divisiveness and conflict.

In contrast to this absolutist error, this compilation represents the desire of the author to share his uniquely experienced non-religious spirituality through one condensed work. It begins with a brief collection of spiritual papers composed by the author over the years, beginning with "We Are Infinite of One," representing the very beginning of "Infinite of One," the author's first completed work, a philosophical novel, and explicating the founding 'proof' for the existence of a Spirit inseparable from all of life, in parallel to what the Eastern sages called 'non-duality;' non-separation between immortal God, or Spirit, and Its infinite mortal manifestations. "The Ubiquity of Divinity" expands upon this concept, comparing it to the narrow

Christian creation mythology. Readers are also encouraged to contemplate "House of Mirrors: The First History," included at the start of "Heresies of a Heathen," in the next section of the book, for a creationist mythology sourced from both philosophical and theosophical traditions. Rounding out this first section of *God Isn't Religious*, "The New Parable of the Fisherman" is a short paper comparing the various perspectives on divinity in an allegorical context.

Building upon the theological foundation provided by the aforementioned papers, *God Isn't Religious* moves on to two short books, "The Transmuted Tao" and "Heresies of a Heathen," representing 'active reading exercises' by the author, whom, through notations in the margins of the Tao Te Ching and the Gnostic Gospels, respectively, reworded those works in a manner best reflecting his own spiritual experiences and ruminations over the years, representing one of an infinite number of forms of divine experience. This perfectly customizable, personal experience of divinity is the basis of the gnostic school of thought: that spiritual experiences are infinite and always unique, representing innumerable ascending pathways peaking at divine revelation.

Following these two short books is an excerpt from the final chapter of the philosophical novel "Infinite of One," the first literary project completed by the founding author of *Infinite of One Publishing*. Predating everything else in this collection, the first draft of this excerpt was written when the author was in his late twenties, shortly after having formulated his 'idealistic theories' for the progression of humanity, which coalesced into the concept of four cornerstones, or fundamental theories, upon which systems may be constructed best serving life as a whole, and thereafter supporting our development into the strongest, highest-reaching, most sustainable version of ourselves. While not included herein beyond "The Final Cornerstone" in that four-part collection, "Cultural Cornerstones, Recarved" lays out those theories in detail, itself an excerpt from the end of "Infinite of One."

While there are poems included in the first part of the book, as part of the aforementioned shorts books, after *"The Papers"* *God Isn't Religious* becomes exclusively poetic, offering verse written by the author on spiritual motifs over the years, which constitute the central, natural 'theme' of his writing as a spiritually-inspired ideologue and philosopher-poet. These poems are borrowed from a handful of books spanning at least a decade of writing. At the time of compiling this project the author is in the process of compiling his poetry elsewhere, into an illustrated collection called *"The Empress Needs No Clothes,"* a project which is, itself, a collection of his favorite poems written over the years (whereas the poems herein are collected based upon their reflection of a spiritual theme). His first book of poems, *"Love of Wisdom,"* was uploaded to *Amazon* in 2017, but has much deeper roots, going back to the years when he first grew disillusioned with the conventional course of 'jobs' and 'careers,' and found himself through internal whisperings from Spirit, and through a writing community hosted by the *Occidental Center for The Arts* in Sonoma County, CA. During that time he composed *"In the Present,"* which flowed naturally through him, giving him the sense of being not a creator, but a conduit for The Source.

After *"The Poems,"* *God Isn't Religious* culminates with two more active reading exercises and literary reformations, beginning with an 'epic poem' based upon Khalil Gibran's *"The Prophet,"* here rewritten in verse as *"The Prophet Khalil."* Finally, another active reading exercise of one of the author's favorite all time works of literature, *"Siddhartha,"* results in *"Siddhartha on the Riverbank,"* a work that felt like salvation at the time, bringing him back to the peaceful center following a devastating personal and professional experience in which he was betrayed and made to look like a lech after looking for love in the wrong place at work. That particular employment experience is retold through the semi-fictional novella *"Holier Than Thou,"* not included herein, yet being inseparable from the ending of *God Isn't Religious,* for it shall forever stand as a testament to and reminder that, regardless of trauma, we can and always *will* return to the all-soothing Source.

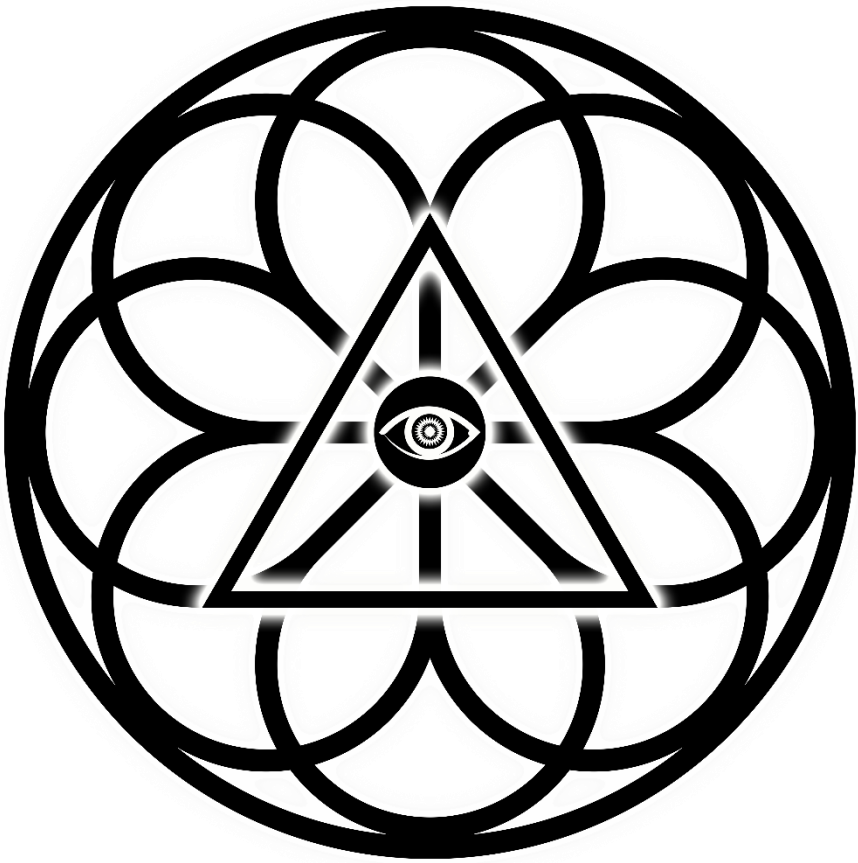
12 *God Isn't Religious: A Penned Pursuit of Universal Principles*

CONTENTS

Part 1: The Papers	015
Part 2: The Transmuted Tao	033
Part 3: Heresies of a Heathen	111
Part 4: The Final Cornerstone	265
Part 5: The Poems	277
Part 6: The Prophet Khalil	327
Part 7: Siddhartha on the Riverbank	339

14 *God Isn't Religious: A Penned Pursuit of Universal Principles*

Part One: The Papers



WE ARE INFINITE OF ONE

The Five Fundamental Laws of Existence:

(1) Outside of theory and its conceptions, there is no such thing as nothing, as the complete absence of all things, such as the nonexistence of all energy, matter and spacetime; considering the interrelated laws of physics and philosophical logic, this is an impossibility that contradicts the nature of existence.

(2) Nothing that 'is' can be derived from 'nothing;' that is, everything that exists outside of the mind in material or its purer, essential energetic form within the dimensions of spacetime must come from something else that materially or energetically exists or existed; from another 'real' thing, as opposed to being derived from a nonexistent thing, or a non-thing, because no thing that is may be derived from a thing that isn't. For anything from or times nothing, or zero, is nothing and, therefore, nothing cannot constitute a beginning or end of anything. For the same reason there can be no beginning or end of anything, only a change in the structure and distribution of the thing.

(3) Per the last point, nothing that materially or energetically exists may be created or destroyed, only broken down into a more fundamental, or 'basic,' set of constituents, then redistributed, rearranged or otherwise combined with other compatible constituents to form one-plus 'new' thing(s); 'new' thing(s) which, by the same reasoning and logic, can never truly be *new*, only amalgamations and other derivations of what existed prior to the formation of the 'new' thing(s).

(4) All matter is composed of energy and, therefore, everything that exists is ultimately made up of energy, not of matter, for matter requires great energy to create and maintain mass and material form (as evidenced by, in one clear, dramatic example, the energy released upon splitting an atom), but energy does not require matter and may exist without a measurable mass, as with photons.

(5) Everything is connected by cause and effect (causality). Everything that exists and occurs does so because it was caused to exist or occur along the subsequent spacetime continuum as an effect of all preceding, interconnected contributing causes, which are typically beyond count. There truly *is* a reason for everything that exists and happens: the forever accumulating, interconnected effects of causes within spacetime. Many of these causes and effects, and their formative forces of interrelation, remain unnoticed and unmeasured, creating the illusion of 'randomness,' or 'chaos.' The revelation, measurement and understanding of the interrelated causality of these forms and forces points to the advent and progression of the discipline generally known as 'science;' the discipline of measuring the relative distinction and interrelation of composing forms and forces of the irreducible One Thing.

What Does This All Mean?

From these five fundamental laws we see that everything that exists has always existed and always will exist, for it cannot have come from a non-thing and cannot be created or destroyed. There has always been everything, and there can never be anything less than everything. Every uniquely manifested form of energy or condensing of energy into matter that exists, ever has existed and ever will exist, including every uniquely, finitely existing form of body and mind, must exist as a unique arrangement of and interaction between constituents ultimately composed of the original source; the first cause: the premiere, irreducible energetic basis of all things, including every form of existence.

Furthermore, and in consideration of the aforementioned laws, tracing this energetic basis of existence reductively back along the space-time continuum dictates that this first cause must have been a source of incomprehensively powerful energy of the purest possible form (a form which cannot be further reduced to one or more forms which are more basic, or fundamental) which caused the chain of causality leading to every individualized manifestation of itself. All things exist as relative concentrations and arrangements of the first thing, including the dimensions of spacetime dictating that relativity.

Therefore, everything and everyone that exists, or that has existed or will exist, must be composed entirely of the original, eternal source of the purest, irreducible energy, differentiated only by the concentration and arrangement of that energy and the point in spacetime in which that energy is concentrated in its current composition and relationship with other compositions, all existing within the all-inclusive source itself. Paraphrasing Einstein, the purpose of spacetime is so that everything doesn't occur simultaneously, in the same time and space; one of *many* spiritual insights made through science.

Thus, the existential purpose of spacetime is to potentiate infinite possible forms of the existence of the same source limitlessly rearranged such that the original source of energy may be infinitely divided into relatively unique existences, all occurring *within* that source. Dimension permits the division of one source, what humanity commonly calls God, or Spirit, into infinite versions of itself and experiences of its limitless potential interactions, concentrations and formations; the existential canvas drawn with life.

Therefore, we all exist as individualized forms of the original, eternal, purest possible source of energy that must have set into motion the chain of cause and effect which led to every subsequent version of itself drawn across the existential canvas of spacetime. And, therefore,

everything that exists must be a transitory arrangement of the eternal, unending energy source of all things, and everything that happens must exist as a cumulative cause set-off by the original cause: the expansion of the One, Spirit, into the building blocks of the infinitely many: the distribution of energy which, under certain conditions, is condensed into matter which, under yet rarer, requisite, hospitable conditions, is forever redeveloped into the building blocks of life through the intelligently adaptive coding known as evolution.

Indeed, all things in existence must exist only as relative differentiations, entirely dependent upon, within, and as versions of the Spirit composing and encompassing all things; the one constant, constantly being rearranged, with spacetime existing as a means to differentiate between unique versions of this no-possible-beginning, no-possible-end, omnipresent essence of all of existence.

For all the same interdependent reasons there can be no division between and individual possession of a 'soul,' or separating individual essence, as traditionally understood and disseminated by religious institutions to their followers. Instead, and informed by broad historical trends and their prevailing motives, this must be viewed as a historically-pervasive means of mentally manipulating the minds and actions of adherents through the typical fear-based coercions of punishment, reward and peer pressure to which all limited, relatively ignorant minds and needing, paining and pleasing bodies are susceptible. In truth, all things and all people are made of the same essence and share the same 'soul:' Spirit.

Only our minds, bodies and experiences of life are unique, existing as compositions of the perfectly ubiquitous building block. And even with this individualized uniqueness there's *far* more fundamental commonality across all biological forms of life than there are differences, including the inseparable, indivisible essence and core spiritual identity of all life, aka 'Spirit,' or the 'Big Self,' and all the emotional capacities and motivations sprung from that Self.

Therefore, any conception of the nature of existence or of its source, whether you call this God, Spirit or otherwise, which in any way excludes or is said to be absolutely separate from anything or anyone that exists is inherently false, illogical and prone to perpetuating evil idea and action by way of its unnecessary divisions of identity and all the conflicts, exclusions and loss of solidarity and collaboration subsequently spurred through the spreading and acceptance of such divisive conceptions. Any version of identity that fails to recognize that it is fundamentally inseparable from all other identities and, thus, perfectly inclusionary, is equally unnecessarily false, divisive and perpetuating of evil potential.

In the core of our truest, irreducible, essential shared Self, there is but one identity. This is, of course, why the Buddhists distinguish between the 'small self' (the egotistic identity that thinks and acts upon the delusional self-importance of separation) and the 'Big Self' (the spiritual identity that knows that separation is ultimately an illusion), why the Rastafarians say "I and I," alluding to the physical self *hosting* the spiritual Self, why the non-dualistic concept overlapping what I call monoexistentialism goes back thousands of years, to the roots of Hindu, Buddhist and Jainist beliefs and their most sacred texts, and why spiritual philosophers tend to identify the ego, the self-perception and self-conception inherent to material, individualized existence and its illusion of self-separation, as the core cause of all evil.

Were we not to see this separation and, instead, see and act based upon every life being a version of the same life, the same inseparable identity of Spirit, no absolute separation of identity and evil action would exist, for we'd see that doing evil to any 'other' is doing evil to Self. It is for this reason that the protagonist of my first work, the philosophical novel *Infinite of One*, hits upon the concept of The Spiritual Rule:

Treat everyone as you would have them treat you because, ultimately, *they ARE you.*

We're all versions of The One. We're *Infinite of One.*

THE UBIQUITY OF DIVINITY

Contrary to the Christian Myth of Creation

In the beginning... there was no beginning. For it is but for mortals to be beholden to beginnings and endings, and the immortal essence of all things, Spirit, knowing mortality only in the dissolution of its infinite finiteness of forms forever reconstituted from its energy into and out of matter, is, as the one constituent of all spacetime and matter, impervious to their constraints, they, *We*, being but impermanent facets of Itself, akin to the skin follicles that the Self sloughs off in Its perpetual growth and reformation. The Spirit is the Self, and has always existed, and always will exist, and is thereby unbound by creation and destruction, and death and rebirth. Self gave itself to mortality for the purpose of endless variety of experience and perspective of self, and for the gift of the death of the organic self, the mortality of self granting an invaluable aspect to existence, for what is sweet is only so because it *doesn't* last. To feel and know the subjective truth of being, the self, is to make invaluablely unique everything formed from the perfectly universal, or Self.

The beginning of this iteration of universe was a temporally-inestimable continuation of the conscious decision of Spirit to become infinite possibility from its singularity of Self. Consciousness was thereby divided into the energy constituting all things, and which is possessed relative to the condensation and localization of the totality of energy constituting reality. The relative beginning of *every* interaction of the endless cycle of oneness to infiniteness and back is an act of self-destruction, for Spirit explodes itself into the building blocks of the endlessly many forms, phenomena, shapes and functions of limitless self contrived from Self. Where energy is made into environments hospitable to its own reproduction, organic life is

made possible, and evolves to fit niches, and play its relative, specialized role, within every gradation of that possibility.

Separation is an illusion made of the limited perception and function of all finite form, for to perceive totally would be the inability to function within any limited sphere of being, for such requires a focus of awareness, and an inability to perceive that which would overwhelm any finite form, inevitably precipitating its untimely demise. At the same time, all finite form possesses the basis for the infinite within it, and that basis is unending, and has always been and always will be, with only the form changing form, forever. What is within us is inseparable from what is without us, and we may reach out with our divine energies and connect ourselves with all other localizations of energy, and, with sufficient fusing force, thereby become entangled with that energy, and with any form its condensation may take, and from it become inseparable. This is called 'love;' our spiritual nature experienced by the finite form, or self.

Everything is energy, and the space between it allowing for space-time points of experiencing *relative* distinctions of existence, all of it existing *within* Spirit, or Self; all selves forever housed within the Self, with no separation between a 'heaven' and an 'Earth,' or between Spirit and Humankind, or between Divine and Life, or between anything in between. The manner in which we perceive and are conscious of our environments is the beginning and basis from which we interact with them, and blurs the line between the inner and the outer, the intrinsic informing and altering the extrinsic, and vice versa.

Unseen by modern means of measure, we 'reach out' with our consciousness and intention, and thereby are forever inseparable from the ripple of causality going out from and bounding back into ourselves. We alter our environments, and those with whom we interact, in equal reciprocation with their alteration of us. We may heal or self-destruct this way. We negate and oppress our own life, and the lives of others, by our attitudinal perspectives, or produce and reinforce life, and add to its potential.

The basis of all people, places and things are energetic waves of harmony and disharmony, creating invisible patterns of interactions, attractions and repulsions, condensations and dissolutions. The force of this essential, dynamic phenomenon is beyond what science measures, and is the result of Spirit's division into spacetime and matter, and the limitless cascading confluence of everything brought about by the explosion of One into infinite of one. Within the heart lies the greatest condensation of energy into matter of every organic form, and it is this that speaks the truth of Spirit, which knows all things at all times, as knowledge of anything and everything is simply knowledge of itself. Emotion and intelligence cannot be divided from one another, but inform one another, and, in fact, what is emotionally known is the root of truth, for it dictates to the mind, through the Spirit, the kernel of truth of anything to which the mind may direct its focus. Thus only through the heart, and the Law of Love, may any truth be known.

How does evil fit in?

From where is evil derived, when the heart of humankind is unequivocally good?

Not from 'original sin,' or from the deceptions of the devil, or from any other oversimplified dichotomy, or mode of propaganda or myth, themselves typically derived from evil made of mankind's imperialistic control of the gullible and less privileged through the historical inseparability of the Church and the State. Rather, evil is derived from the limitations and, thus, the susceptibilities of matter and mind.

As the energy of Spirit's oneness exploded into the universe, then condensed, then formed into the makings of matter and mind,

limits were created as a consequence of the form and function of matter and mind; limits which the pure energy of Spirit itself, most concentrated in heart, isn't subject to. Thus, mind and sentience, the awareness of the individualized self illusorily separated from Spirit, gave rise to ego and ignorance and bodily needs and limitations which are like soft spots in the armor of humankind.

These soft spots are vulnerable to attacks, manipulations and dependencies, by which the *corruptibility* of body and mind arise, potentiating evil. THIS is the one and only reason that evil exists, as a side effect of inherent CORRUPTIBILITY, NOT as a side effect of inherent evil, and NOT as an element of divine punishment or the divine nature of heart, but as an extension of the form and function of matter and mind. Ego, greed, and the wronging of others all comes from these limitations, and the false sense of absolute separability that fails to discern the Spiritual Rule underlying the Golden Rule: do unto others as you'd have them do unto yourself, for, ultimately, everyone is a form of the same One Being, the one indivisible soul: God.

Thus, one cannot wrong another without wronging oneself, and cannot do good for another without doing good for oneself, for the Self underlying all selves knows no 'other,' and, thus, knows no divide between wronging oneself and wronging 'others,' or between enriching oneself and enriching 'others.' This is why we feel good when we do good for 'others,' and feel guilty when we wrong 'others,' for otherness is an illusion, and our spiritual Self knows this. For the Self is the omnipresent bridge over the illusive chasm of otherness through which all self converges into the One Self. All progressivism is secretly based upon revealing and harnessing this heart of morality for the empowerment and enrichment of total life; for the totality of selves constituting the Self. All conservatism, of which Christianity, and religion in general, is an extension, is secretly based upon concealing and suppressing this heart of morality for the disempowerment and exploitation of total life in service of the greed, ego and power of the over-advantaged few.

THE NEW PARABLE OF THE FISHERMAN

I've imagined the stances people take on the question of God as being like a parable of a fisherman that ventures with his net upon a boundless sea seeking to catch a small, slippery fish that no one has ever proven to exist, much less proven to have caught.

Atheists say they're certain the fish is a myth, for though many have claimed to catch glimpses of it, it is certainly silly, irrational ignorance to believe in something that hasn't been proven to exist.

Agnostics see the holes in the net the fisherman is casting and proclaim that, regardless of whether or not the fish exists, the fisherman cannot catch it, for even if it swims into the fisherman's net he will not pull it aboard, as such a small, slippery fish will surely slip through the holes of the net.

The spiritual seeker sees the net being cast into the sea and smiles, knowing, or at least sensing in his or her heart, that the myth has always been misguided, as what the fishermen say they're fishing for cannot be caught by the net, or by anything else fabricated by humanity to serve this egotistic mission, for its nature is such that it can never be caught, corralled, controlled or claimed by anything or anyone.

Besides, what's really being fished for is not this one small, slippery fish, as even if one resembling it is caught people will doubt that it's *the* fish and, regardless, another even more elusive fish will be rumored to exist, and another, and another. For it is the catching that man will forever covet, and in his narrow quest to glorify his ego man forgets this sea is boundless, and that he can, therefore, never cast a net so

wide as to catch "fish" in the general sense, for this must be the egotistic endgame; the ego's ultimate quest.

And though in their hearts they know they're wrong, only religious people possess the particularly irrational, offensive belief that there was only one fisherman that has ever cast the only net capable of catching the one most glorious of fish, that it was caught long ago, that it was the most beautiful and magnificent fish that will ever swim in the sea, and that the fisherman who consumed it was granted everlasting life, and grants the same to anyone having faith in his fish story. All the while the religious person is ignorant of the fact that this man didn't even write that story, and that the fish certainly didn't dictate it to him.

They aren't aware that the fish story they read contains only occasional smatterings of this particular fisherman's *actual* words and experiences, and that it was mostly written by the long-dead predecessors of those that sell the boats and the nets to profit off of the gullible and greedy fishermen, most of whom continually buy more and bigger boats and nets and set out upon the boundless sea with the ambition that they'll someday be able to say that they caught the biggest, the best or the most fish.

Those whom obediently adhere to a single particular religion aren't aware that the most popular of all the fishermen was, in contrast to his portrayal in the accepted fish story, actually quite content to eat any fish that he was fortunate enough to catch, seeing that most fisherman are so consumed by the need to catch fish that they miss the experience of actually *being on the sea*; of being borne by its currents and carried across its cresting waves. They miss the fact that no catching of fish, no matter how many, how large or how otherwise magnificent, can ever satiate the one that lives not for the experience of fishing, but for the catching and consuming, regardless of how large their bellies grow and how many others remain hungry.

Yeshua knew that what was being fished for was already and forever in everything and everyone, including every one of the fish, and all those they may nourish. He knew that loving everyone, including by feeding the hungry, was the only way to truly know and honor what was being fished for, offering more bountiful joy than any pride or prize that may be granted by any fishing trophy.

This is the truth of the most popular spiritual fisherman, his life and lessons lost at sea to anyone other than those whom see, feel and absorb the sea as he did, translating its truths and casting overboard all false fish tales.

THE FINAL PHILOSOPHY

What's the final philosophical revelation?

Ego and Love are the opposite.

Ego, covetousness and cowardice produced the 'realism' that precipitated the end of the Golden Age of Athens, itself produced by the Love, creativity and courage of idealism.

Ego is about the illusion of individuality and separation; the means of making evil.

Love is about the truth of inseparability and interdependence; the means of making good.

Ego is false absolutism. Love is relativity, and yet represents the one and only absolute.

Ego is narrowing. Love is expanding.

Ego is entirely excluding. Love is perfectly inclusive.

Ego is separated, materially-based identity. Love is universal, spiritually-based identity.

Ego is the way of demagoguery. Love is the way of true leadership.

Ego is division. Love is connection.

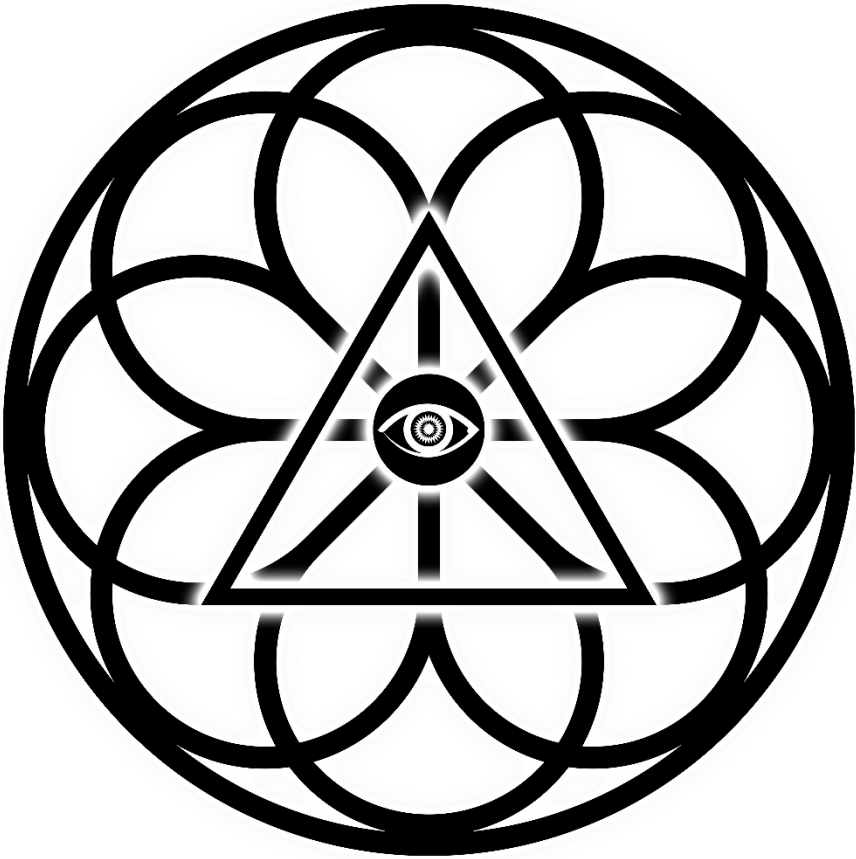
Ego is illusion. Love is revelation.

Ego is the dark side. Love is the light side.

Ego is Satan. Love is God.

This is the final philosophy; the crux upon which truth and false perception pivots.

Part Two: The Transmuted Tao



I have zero doubt that studying the Tao Te Ching makes me a better, wiser, more peaceful, faithful, accepting human being.

There's no freedom without self-mastery. The more that you depend upon, the more that you believe that you need in order to be complete, the closer to captivity you are.

The most important question may be:

How does one cease from asking questions?

All that which is most true requires the space of the most expansive, vacuous vessel in which to pour itself.

Only the silent stillness possesses perfect potentiality.

You'll arrive at your destination
when you stop trying to reach it.

INTRODUCTION TO THE TRANSMUTED TAO

The Tao Te Ching is the greatest guiding treatise for living by divine, natural providence, born of an inherent spiritual wisdom lost by a human race that has buried that wisdom beneath the pretenses of knowledge, power and control.

Taoism predates all the major religions, and promulgates ideas and principles which those religions pretend to be their own. Indeed, those from later faiths shall here, if reading with open heart and mind, recognize the roots of their own restrictive form of faith. The Way of the Tao Te Ching is as the sacred seed buried in the soil, forever regenerating the existence trodden upon and taken for granted by a human race that now dishonors nature, believing that it has the right to dominate it. Lao Tzu and his foremost disciple, Chuang Tzu, tell of a time when the sacred seed was effortlessly cultivated, its produce and the human race that came to cultivate it within themselves growing big and bold by ordained, natural divinity, simply by following and loving the unknowable Tao; The Way. They speak of a stillness that precedes and supersedes all ego, and which egos continue to clutch at and vainly attempt to hold, like water slipping through their fingers with every step they take through life.

Before Buddha, before Christ, before Confucius, who met Lao Tzu and acknowledged his ethereal transcendence, the sprout of Taoism shot up from the eternal seed; a seed which Lao Tzu traced back to before man laid claim to knowledge, and to any need to control the world and claim superiority over other men, and other creatures of the Earth. Confucius said of Lao Tzu: "I know how birds can fly, fishes swim, and animals run. But the runner may be snared, the swimmer hooked, and the flyer shot by the arrow. But there is the dragon – I

cannot tell how he mounts on the wind through the clouds, and rises to Heaven. Today I have seen Lao Tzu, and can only compare him to the dragon." He referred to Lao simply as "The Old Philosopher." It is said that Lao became so disenchanted with his society that, giving up his post as the head of the royal library for the kingdom which he served, no longer believing that what he served was of The Way, that he left that society behind, disappearing into the mountains, never to be seen again, recording the Tao Te Ching on the way out, at the behest of a border guard who requested it as the price of his passing.

All the great religions followed in Lao Tzu's footsteps, tracing a path which The Old Philosopher himself speaks of coming from eons long past; a trail as ancient as humankind itself, which The Old Philosopher knew of himself to be but a traveler of. I have, here, set upon the path myself, being a long-running student of spirituality. As part of my practice I'm enriched by performing 'active reading exercises' in order to improve my understanding of my reading, in which I gather the insights and principles of the original text and word them as they make the most sense to me, and hopefully to other readers as well. To this point I've done the same with *The Gnostic Gospels*, *Siddhartha* and Kahlil Gibran's *The Prophet*. I do this not, in this case, as a foolish attempt to 'one-up' the master metaphysician, but, again, to expand upon my own understanding, hopefully do a service to modern readers, and as a means to more actively consider and pay homage to his wisdom. I do this also to honor the fact that sacred wisdom is both ineffable and, at the same time, by the same nature, may be limitlessly expressed and reworded, like a glorious white light shining through an infinitely-faceted prism.

For a philosopher who so often feels consumed by thoughts, questions and a quest for knowledge, I must admit a great irony in so powerfully identifying with the wisdom promulgated in this great work, for it so skillfully compels me to relieve my mind of this quest. In its place, it invites me to seek the still, quiet solitude of my innermost self, from which wisdom, benevolence and righteousness arise naturally and without end, growing from the eternal seed in doses far superseding any such qualities derived from my mental seeking, which Lao Tzu bids me

not to follow, for the mind leads me away from The Way.

In my multitude of beings I've been at this crossroads before, many times, I sense; between the paths of the learned, clutching, egotistical quest and the purposefully unlearned, all-naturally-led-and-knowing. And it is Taoism that best reminds me of this cycle, one that goes beyond and transcends all individualistic birth and death; that reminds me of my inseparability from all. Thus, were I foolish enough to restrict myself to one religion, Taoism would be it. Indeed, I placed this work at the front of this collection, following only the original ruminations which placed me on the spiritual path, both because it's the leader of my own pack of guiding spiritual treatises *and* because the work itself predates every other work that inspired this collection. For me, in fact, the very first line of the Tao Te Ching 'blows up' most of the narrow religious thought which followed on its heels, pointing a firm finger at the infographic posted at the beginning of this work: religion spreads the falsehood of myriad forms of absolute 'truths.'

Note: This work was inspired by reading *The Art of War And Other Classics of Eastern Thought*, published by Barnes & Noble, Inc., with the version of the *Tao Te Ching* therein based upon James Legge's translation in *The Texts of Taoism, Part 1*, itself published by Oxford University Press in London, England, in 1891.

All but the poetry of the Tao Te Ching has been rewritten here. The poetry remains as written in the aforementioned texts, verbatim.

I: EMBODYING THE WAY

1. Words may never be accurately ascribed to the nameless; they are but invented designations.

2. Only when we assign ideas and characteristics to The Source is The Source multiplied into its innumerable manifestations. Before such an assignment they are but potential facets of The Source, yet to be formed.

*Always without desire we must be found,
If its deep mystery we should sound;
But if desire always within us be,
Its outer fringe is all that we see.*

3. The Everything is seeded in The Nothing, and branches out from it through manifestations made relative to our awareness of it, which is limitless in its potential.

II: THE NOURISHMENT OF THE PERSON

1. All appearance of knowledge is created by contrast.
2. All knowledge is relative to the possessor, and to the subject into which one inquires. There is no possessing an idea of something without possessing its opposite.
3. Everything that needs to be done is done without effort, propelled by its own innate will.
4. What must be done is naturally done, without ownership, and without the need for reward or recognition. It is only the ego that seeks such things.

*The work is done, but no one can see;
'Tis this that makes the power not cease to be.*

III: KEEPING THE PEOPLE AT REST

1. Superiority creates hostility. Non-ownership creates thievery by comparison to ownership. Desire creates disorder by demonstration of what is lacking.

2. Grounded and content with anything willed by The Way, as conducted through the sage, is how the good citizen is made.

3. Being compelled to fill a hole comes from the awareness of an imaginary hole. To believe that one need know, possess or act is how disorder comes to be.

IV: THE FOUNTAINLESS

1. In the perfect emptiness of the void the fullness is felt. Wholly within may one find freedom from without.
2. In stillness and perfect inclusion is the shared Source of all things. Only in disquiet and exclusion is humanity divided from itself, and thereby thrown into discord.
3. Up from the bottomless void do all things come to be. From the timelessness are all clocks fashioned. To none and to everyone does everything and nothing belong.

V: THE USE OF EMPTINESS

1. It is not from the desire to do good that goodness is done, but as the nature of drawing breath for the sake of breathing; as the heart pumping for the sake of life.

2. The space between The Everything and The Nothing is like a bellows:

*'Tis emptied, yet it loses not its power;
'Tis moved again, and sends forth air the more.
Much speech to swift exhaustion lead we see;
Your inner being guard, and keep it free.*

VI: THE COMPLETION OF MATERIAL FORMS

*The valley spirit dies not, aye the same;
The female mystery thus do we name.
Its gate, from which at first they issued forth,
Is called the root from which grew The Everything
Long and unbroken does its power remain,
Used gently, and without the touch of pain.*

VII: SHEATHING THE LIGHT

1. Existence comes from cause; form is made from function. By such a natural compulsion do all things continue to be, as natural as not to strive.

2. When one makes oneself last, The Way makes him first. When one knows that he doesn't know himself, he finds himself. When he cares not for the 'personal' and the 'private,' everything comes fully and privately into his person.

VIII: THE PLACID AND CONTENTED NATURE

1. Be as water: of benefit to all, moving effortlessly through all things, and content to be in even the lowest of places.
2. The excellence of a dwelling is in its usefulness; of a mind in its stillest depths; of friendships in their virtue; of government in its cultivation of order and equality of opportunity; of government agents in their consideration; of action in its effortless naturalness.
3. The most excellent cultivate and spread the most value, regardless of any lowliness of their official position.

IX: FULLNESS AND COMPLACENCY CONTRARY TO THE WAY

1. One cannot fill a vessel that is already full. Pour it out, and let nature refill it. One cannot cut oneself upon a sharpened blade without hastening its dulling.

2. Possessions own the possessor, who must guard them in body and mind. A mind thus owned may only own the ways of evil. True wealth comes from work that adds to others, and requires no recognition.

X: POSSIBILITIES

1. Become as simple as an animal, and thereby know your unity with the entire animal kingdom. Focus upon and control your breath, and set upon the path to peace. Relieve yourself of worry and responsibility, and welcome the perfect lightness of the purified present.

2. If you love those whom you rule, you will rule well. If you are as natural as the animal kingdom begot you, nature will reveal its paradise to you. If your mind is as far-reaching as the wind, you will know all that you need to know, even whilst appearing to know nothing.

3. That which made everything of itself lays claim to no one and nothing. It makes for everything, yet requires no recognition, nor worship. It guides all things, yet pushes no one and nothing. This is the great mystery: to be everything whilst needing nothing.

XI: THE USE OF WHAT HAS NO SUBSTANCE

1. The usefulness of anything depends upon its weakest facet. The value of the vessel is in its emptiness. The dwelling needs walls and windows, but needs the space within and between them much more. The nothingness is of the most value, for it can be filled with anything, and anything may occur within it.

XII: THE REPRESSION OF THE DESIRES

*Color's five hues from th' eyes their sight will take;
Music's five notes the ears as deaf can make;
The flavors five deprive the mouth of taste;
The chariot course, and the wild hunting waste
Make mad the mind, and objects rare and strange,
Sought for, men's conduct will to evil change.*

1. The sage satisfies that which is granted to every person, rather than satisfying the desires which are coveted at the expense of others, and are known only in exchange for that which is granted to every person.

XII: LOATHING SHAME

1. Favor and disgrace, honor and shame, these are considered to be opposites by most, yet to the bloating, or deflating, ever beleaguered ego, act much the same.

2. Each of these things invites the other, as the ego fears losing the one for the other, with the mind thereby owned by its festering fear. Therefore, only in the absence of ideas of self may one be free from fear.

3. When one loves all else precisely as one loves oneself, as facets of the one indivisible Self, one is ready to rule.

XIV: THE MANIFESTATION OF MYSTERY

1. That which is essential to all things cannot be seen, held or touched. The Source of which everyone and everything is, is as the appearance of nothing, but to the heart, which is the only thing that sees rightly.

2. The Source is the same in all of its parts, even as it takes infinite form. Always is it acting, even as witnessed only in and by its forms. For it is the formlessness within every form; the sight within the invisible; the endlessness within the ephemeral.

3. We meet The Source face to face, and yet we don't acknowledge it. We follow it, yet it leaves no footsteps. When we harness that which can only be sensed in the utmost subtlety of sense, and become one with that which is beyond beginning and ending, we've turned the key in the lock of The Great Mystery.

XV: THE EXHIBITION OF THE QUALITY

1. Before man laid claim to knowledge, he knew only what truly was, and shall forever be. Since then, he attempts to lay claim to this, the unclaimable, yet remains no nearer to it than the ancients who laid no claim.

2. To those who lay claim, these ancients appeared as the weak and timid, and yet they drew their power and boldness from needing nothing but the essential.

3. The ancients did not force the idea of knowledge into their minds, but allowed any sense of knowing to arise of its own volition by making for it a great, inviting, vacuous expanse. They did not work for the sake of securing something without, but for satisfying their essential-most nature within.

4. The ancients were unaware of the artificial import of appearance, which man later imposed upon itself. They knew not what it was to strive, but only to be grateful for being. From this did everything good come to them, as the budding of flowers fertilized by The Way.

XVI: RETURNING TO THE ROOT

1. Empty stillness is as godliness, The Source from which everything sprung, and from which anything may spring. Everything returns to this sacred state. Everything flowers for the sake of its own demise, so as to renew everything else. Nature's providence is simply to be, for the sake of being; to grow for the sake of produce before returning to the limitless stillness at The Source.

2. Embracing the eternal cycle is to be empowered; to rage against it is but to *appear* more powerful. To embrace the cycle is to be peacefully restrained against all compulsive need to act, which compels those caught by appearance and ego. To embrace the cycle is to acknowledge what needs to be, on into eternity. Thus, embracing The Way of The Source is to feed one's character and kindness, and one's generosity, knowing giving can't reduce those of the ever-regrowing root.

XVII: THE UNADULTERATED INFLUENCE

1. The ancients whom lived according to The Way had rulers whom they did not know were rulers. Later, the rulers came to be known, loved and praised, then feared and despised, as The Way was lost, and so then the rulers were lost, and so then the people.

2. The rulers of The Way walked amongst the people unseen, and spoke without need of being heard, so that the harmonious people proclaimed: "We are happy only for the sake of ourselves!"

XVIII: THE DECAY OF MANNERS

1. In the harnessing of The Way, benevolence and righteousness arose naturally, of their own accord. Only when man thought to reach for wisdom and shrewdness did hypocrisy become the way of man.

2. Without the natural harmony of The Way, bloodlines became systems of management. Disorder then fell upon the forming clans, where loyalty became currency.

XIX: RETURNING TO THE UNADULTURATED INFLUENCE

1. The people would be far better off were there no need for sages and their wisdom. If we knew no benevolence and kindness, the filial nature and natural kindness would again come into the people. And without contrivances and coveting, thievery would disappear.

*Those three methods of government
Thought olden ways in elegance did fail
And made these names their want of worth to veil;
But simple views, and courses plain and true
Would selfish ends and many lusts eschew.*

XX: BEING DIFFERENT FROM THE ORDINARY

1. When we become educated, we educate ourselves on how and why to have trouble. When we ask questions, we are on the path of learning, inviting an endlessness of ever more branching questions, and trouble sprouting at every branch, growing without end.

2. The multitude of men seem satisfied, as if set upon some high place, and partaking of a great banquet, whilst the sage sits alone, still and listless, without desire. He feels as directionless as a newborn who knows not what to want. He knows not what and where to call home. Everyone has something in their lives; more than enough; whereas he seems to be without possession; the loser of all things. His mind is simple; lost in the vacuum of unknowing. Those around him think and discuss, their eyes bright with understanding, whilst his mind sits idle and undecided. He drifts across existence, as if borne by the sea, whilst those around him paddle towards some promised shore, full of purpose. He is different from the ordinary, feeding from the nursing mother only; feeding only from The Way.

XXI: THE EMPTY HEART

*The grandest forms of active force
From The Way come, their only source.
Who can of The Way nature tell?
Our sight it flies, our touch as well.
Eluding sight, eluding touch,
The forms of things all in it crouch;
Eluding touch, eluding sight,
There are their semblances, all right.
Profound it is, dark and obscure;
Things' essences all there endure.
Those essences the truth enfold
Of what, when seen, shall then be told.
Now it is so; 'twas so of old.
Its name – what passes not away;
So, in their beautiful array,
Things form and never know decay.*

1. All that is beautiful in the world is so by the nature of beauty, which was so before the world was so.

XXII: THE INCREASE GRANTED TO HUMILITY

1. Whatever is unwhole, is made whole. Whatever is crooked, becomes straight. The empty is filled. The worn out is made new. The fewer one's desires, the more fulfilled one becomes.

2. The sage thus sits in this simple, humble state of knowing, of all becoming as it wills itself to be, and thereby ushers it forth in the world. He is free from self-display, and thus he shines; he is free from assertion, and thus he stands apart; he is free from boasting, and thus his merit is acknowledged; he is free from self-esteem, and thus becomes superior. Because he is free from striving, none can strive alongside him.

3. In this way what is partial is made complete, as completion is free from force.

XXIII: ABSOLUTE VACANCY

1. It is the ego that needs to speak, and to be heard. Its emissions do not last, for neither does that from which they are emitted. As capricious as are the changes of the weather, man is much the more.

2. Whereas, when The Way is one's business, all others sense their agreement, even when they are too weak to acknowledge it in their minds, or speak of their accord.

3. Thus do those most in agreement sense their unity, and seek happiness without striving for it, and need not one fixed form of it, or manifestation of it, over another, knowing that even without taking form or manifesting itself, it is of The Way. But when one loses faith in this, so too is it delivered upon those around him, such that the links which once strengthened become unbound.

XXIV: PAINFUL GRACIOUSNESS

1. Stay set upon the ground, unreaching, so as not to falter by being unstably stretched. Make not a show of yourself, for the need to self-display is dulling, and cannot shine. He who cries "Look at me!" remains unseen. He who says he is first fears to be last. The Way knows without needing to know; feeds upon that which most men discard; heals the dis-ease which most men unwittingly make; sits in the unnoticed, noticing all.

XXV: REPRESENTATIONS OF THE MYSTERY

1. The Completion existed before the form. Alone, perfectly still, formless and changeless, its reach was entire, and it was beyond all danger and risk. It is the mother of all things.

2. I do not know its name, for any designation would limit its limitlessness. Only with artifice, and unwise effort, and to help others to find it, do I call it The Way.

3. Constantly does it flow, becoming the most remote before returning to the center. Thus is it great, as is the nature of all things which come from its nature. Only those who follow it may know relative greatness in turn. These are the ruling sages; the philosopher kings.

4. Man is subject to the laws of the Earth; Earth is subject to the laws of the Ever After; the Ever After is subject to the laws of The Way; The Way is subject only to itself.

XXVI: THE QUALITY OF GRAVITY

1. To be light on one's feet, one must first be grounded. To know right movement, one must first know stillness.

2. Thus, a wise ruler sets himself nearest to what's most valuable and stable. Even as sights and sensations seek to draw him away, he remains where he should be, his feet on the ground. If he moves too eagerly, he loses his footing. If easily drawn into action, he loses his throne.

XXVII: DEXTERITY IN USING THE WAY

1. Skill in movement is to leave no trace. Skill in speaking is to speak without fault. Skill in counting is to count without tools or machines. Skill in containment is to make irremovable, without the contained knowing that it's contained. Skill in binding is to make impossible to unbind, without cord or knot. In the same way the sage saves all men, casting none away, whilst showing no means, nor needing any recognition for his salvations.

2. Therefore, the skilled are the masters of the unskilled apprentices, who give the masters their reputation through their lack of skill. And the apprentice must honor the master, and the master must treasure his apprentice, else mislead those who come to take heed.

XXVIII: RETURNING TO SIMPLICITY

*Who knows his manhood's strength,
 Yet still his female gentleness maintains;
 As to one channel flow the many drains,
 All come to him, yea, all beneath the sky.
 Thus he the constant excellence retains;
 The simple child again, free from all stains.*

*Who knows how white attracts,
 Yet always keeps himself within black's shade,
 The pattern of humility displayed,
 Displayed in view of all beneath the sky;
 He in the unchanging excellence arrayed,
 Endless return to man's first state has made.*

*Who knows how glory shines,
 Yet loves disgrace, nor e'er for it is pale;
 Behold his presence in a spacious vale,
 To which men come from all beneath the sky.
 The unchanging excellent completes its tale;
 The simple man in him we hail.*

1. Raw material, when divided and distributed, forms vessels. The sage, when properly employed, forms the head of the state, from which only peaceful regulations empowering *all* of the people he seeks to employ are from him effortlessly issued.

XXIX: TAKING NO ACTION

1. None who attempt to capture the kingdom shall succeed, for the kingdom is like a spirit, and cannot be captured and controlled by force. To conquer it this way is to destroy what it was. To clutch at it this way is to have what made it valuable slip through one's fingers.

2. The natural course is such that:

*What was in front is now behind;
What warmed anon we freezing find.
Strength is of weakness oft the spoil;
The store in ruins mocks our toil.*

3. Therefore, the sage relieves himself of over-work, of overindulgence, and of dissolute gratifications.

XXX: A CAVEAT AGAINST WAR

1. The Way does not act by force of arms, all acts of which shall be delivered upon their actors in time.

2. Where one places one's army, trouble arises. By its very nature, there cannot long be an army that knows peace.

3. A skilled commander stops after delivering the decisive blow. He strikes only as a matter of necessity, not from the wish of being recognized as the victor. To assert himself thereafter is not to be masterful, and to invite defeat. Vanity, boastfulness and arrogance belong to the unskilled, who can only ever be false masters.

4. When the course has been completed, those completing it mature and grow old, and lose The Way, and both they and their course must come to an end.

XXXI: STILLING WAR

1. The bearing of arms is a last resort, as it is not of The Way, and must only occur in the preservation of life.

2. The most dangerous weapons are of evil auspice. Thus, superior men feel defeated by their use. For victory by slaughter is shameful, and is, itself, a form of defeat. The superior man, therefore, finds another way.

3. Let those who kill others in battle grieve for the fallen, regardless of sides, for the taking of any life is an evil, and can only be accepted when not to take such life results in the ending of more lives than those taken.

XXXII: THE WAY WITH NO NAME

1. The Way is eternal, changeless, and has no right name.
2. While The Way is the smallest and simplest of all things, none dare to embody it. If a ruler could claim it, all would submit to him.
3. The Way is of the most essential nature, and spreads to all corners of existence equally and without effort, and without the need for the slightest input from humanity.
4. When The Way acts, it is given a name. With a name, people can assign themselves to it, and thereby free themselves from the sense of risk.
5. The Way is to the world what the seas are to the great rivers, and the great rivers to the streams and valleys.

XXXIII: DISCRIMINATING BETWEEN ATTRIBUTES

1. There is discernment in the knowledge of others, wisdom in the knowledge of self. There is strength in overcoming others, might in overcoming oneself. There is wealth in being satisfied with one's possessions. There is strength of will in one who guards his energy.

2. To fulfill the requirements of one's position is to be lasting. To die and yet not perish is to possess longevity.

XXXIV: THE TASK OF ACHIEVEMENT

1. The Way pervades all things, and sits equally within the right hand as within the left.

2. The Way is within the production of all things which act upon it, and which richly rewards its actors. It accomplishes everything without need of recognition. It wraps around everything, even the smallest of things, without commanding anything. All are bound to it, and return to it, without knowing it. It is the seed from which springs all the greatest growth.

3. Thus it is that, by not making himself great, the sage accomplishes the greatest of all things.

XXXV: THE ATTRIBUTE OF BENEVOLENCE

1. He who holds the invisible Way in his mind may repair the entire world. All people come to him, and are relieved, pacified, recuperated and healed.

2. Guests come for the satisfaction of their senses, for a time, as such satisfaction is fleeting, whilst The Way, tasteless to those who have come to gorge themselves, satisfies inexhaustibly.

XXXVI: MINIMIZING THE LIGHT

1. Every inspiration comes from expiration. To weaken another, he will first be made stronger. To overcome another, he will first be raised up. To befoul another, offerings are first made. This is called "hiding the light."
2. Softness overcomes hardness. Weakness overcomes strength.
3. That which is most valuable to the state should not be displayed before the people.

XXXVII: THE EXERCISE OF GOVERNMENT

1. The Way does nothing for the sake of itself, and is thereby able to do everything.

2. If rulers could maintain The Way, all things would of themselves be transformed by them.

3. If such transformation were to be desired, it would be expressed through the nameless simplicity.

*Simplicity without a name
Is free from all external aim.
With no desire, at rest and still,
All things go right as of their own will.*

XXXVIII: THE ATTRIBUTES OF THE WAY

1. The fullest measure of The Way is possessed by those who do not seek to show it. The lower possession of The Way is possessed by those who fear to lose it, and who act to retain it.

2. Those possessing the fullest measure of The Way act upon it without a purpose, nor a need to do anything with it. Those possessing its lower degree are always acting, and needing to act.

3. The most benevolent are always seeking to carry out The Way, yet possess no need to do so. The most righteous are always seeking to carry out The Way, and had need to do so.

4. Those who possess the greatest sense of propriety always seek to show it, and when others fail to recognize this greatness of propriety, the most proper force them to do so.

5. So it was that when The Way was lost, its attributes appeared. When its attributes were lost, benevolence appeared. When benevolence was lost, righteousness appeared. When righteousness was lost, propriety appeared.

6. Propriety is the reduced form of pure-heartedness and good faith, as well as the onset of disorder. Quick understanding is but the offspring of The Way, and the onset of stupidity.

7. Thus it is that the great abide by what is most solid, and eschew its unstable offspring; dwell within the seed, not the flower; meditate upon the cause, not the effects.

XXXIX: THE ORIGIN OF THE LAW

1. Those primordial things of The Way are:

*The Source, which by it is bright and pure;
 Earth rendered thereby firm and sure;
 Spirits with powers by it supplied;
 Valleys kept full throughout their void;
 All creatures which through it do live;
 Princes and kings who from it get;
 The model which to all they give.*

2. All of this is the result of The Way:

*If The Source were not thus pure, it soon would rend;
 If Earth were not thus sure, 'twould break and bend;
 Without these powers, the spirits soon would fail;
 If not so filled, the drought would parch each vale;
 Without that life, creatures would pass away;
 Princes and kings, without that moral sway;
 However grand and high, would all decay.*

3. Thus it is that what is dignified is rooted in what is base, and what is lofty is only so because it is stabilized by the lowest point from which it rises. Therefore, rulers following The Way refer to themselves in the simplest, base ways, knowing this as the root depended upon for the growth to their heights. One cannot be only one part of oneself, nor ignore even one's basest parts. Thus, brilliance is born by every facet of form, as even that which most brilliantly shines was made so by being long ground against the dullest, grittiest of its facets.

XL: DISPENSING WITH THE USE OF MEANS

*The movement of The Way
By contraries proceeds;
And weakness marks the course
Of The Way's mighty deeds.*

1. All that which may be identified and named sprung from the unidentifiable and unnamable.

XLI: SAMENESS AND DIFFERENCE

1. The greatest learners, when learning of The Way, turn it into daily practice. The middling learners, when learning of The Way, practice it sporadically. The poor learners, when learning of The Way, laugh at it. If it were not laughed at by them, it would not be fit to be The Way.

2. Thus have the scribes said:

*The Way, when brightest seen, seems light to lack;
Who progress in it makes, seems drawing back;
Its even way is like a rugged track.
Its highest virtue from the vale doth rise;
Its greatest beauty seems to offend the eyes;
And he has most whose lot the least supplies.
Its firmest virtue seems but poor and low;
Its solid truth seems change to undergo;
Its largest square doth yet no corner show;
A vessel great, it is the slowest made;
Loud is its sound, but never word it said;
A semblance great, the shadow of a shade.*

3. The Way is hidden and nameless, yet it is the gift by which all named things are granted what they need in order to complete themselves.

XLII: TRANSFORMATIONS OF THE WAY

1. The Way produced The One. The One produced The Two. The Two produced The Three. The Three produced all things. All things emerge from the invisible, proceed into the visible, and find harmony through the breath that enters their vacancies. Thus, be vacant.

2. People wish to belong, to possess virtue, and to live with purpose. And yet those who rule seek to separate themselves from these things. So it is that some are made greater by receiving what they seek, and some are made greater by being denied what they seek.

3. Violence and strength precipitate an unnatural demise. This is the basis of the sage's teaching.

XLIII: UNIVERSAL USE OF WEAKNESS IN THE WAY

1. The softest overcomes the hardest. That which is the least substantial enters where there is no crevice. Therefore, great advantage is gained through inaction.

2. Very few attain this teaching, and the advantage of inaction, without the use of words.

XLIV: CAUTIONS

*Of fame or life,
Which do you hold more dear?
Of life or wealth,
To which would you adhere?
Keep life and lose those other things;
Keep them and lose your life: which brings
Sorrow and pain more near?*

*Thus we may see,
Who cleaves to fame
Rejects what is more great;
Who loves large stores
Gives up the richer state.*

*Who is content
Needs fear no shame.
Who knows to stop
Incurs no blame.
From danger free
Long live shall he.*

XLV: GREAT OR OVERFLOWING VIRTUE

*Who thinks his great achievements poor
Shall find his vigor long endure.
Of greatest fullness, deemed a void,
Exhaustion ne'er shall stem the tide.
Do thou what's straight still crooked deem;
Thy greatest art still stupid seem,
And eloquence a stammering scream.*

1. Constancy of movement beats the cold. Stillness beats the heat.
Pure stillness invites The Way to enter all.

XLVI: THE MODERATING OF DESIRE/AMBITION

1. When The Way prevails, industry serves life. When The Way is disregarded, industry makes weapons, and compels conflicts for the sake of profitable destruction.

2. The greatest guilt comes from approving of ambition. The greatest calamity comes from not appreciating what one has. The greatest fault comes from covetousness. Thus is self-sufficient contentment enduring and unchanging.

XLVII: SURVEYING WHAT IS FAR OFF

1. The Way tells us all that occurs without, without stepping outside; shows everything there is to see, without looking out the window. The further one ventures outside oneself, the less one knows.

2. Thus are sages recipients of knowledge without needing to travel; do they name things correctly without seeing them; do they accomplish everything without trying.

XLVIII: FORGETTING KNOWLEDGE

1. The student seeks to increase his knowledge. The follower of The Way seeks to diminish his doing.

2. The follower of The Way seeks by diminishment, and the doing of nothing. And by arriving at the point of inaction, there's nothing that he doesn't do.

3. Receiving everything comes without trouble. If you take trouble to receive something, you've yet to earn it.

XLIX: THE QUALITY OF INDULGENCE

1. The sage makes nothing of his mind; the contents of his mind are made from the minds around him.

2. To those who are good to the sage, he is good. To those who are bad to the sage, he is good. Thus, through the sage do all become better, as true goodness requires no condition.

3. The sage appears indecisive, for his mind is of absolute indifference. Everything is of and for the same. The people watch and listen to him, for he treats them all as his children.

L: THE VALUE SET ON LIFE

1. The cost of life is death.
2. Of every ten people, three administer life, three administer death.
3. Three more administer the land and places of death, for they are resolved to perpetuate life.
4. And yet, there is one who knows skill in managing the life bequeathed to him, such that fear cannot find him, and he may enter all places and persons at will, without resistance. He is free from all risk, because there is no death in the life that he lives.

LI: THE NOURISHMENT OF THE WAY

1. The Way produces and naturally nourishes all things by its energetic flow. All things receive their form according to their nature, and are completed by the circumstances of their placement. Thus do all things pay homage to The Way, even when they are resistant to it, or exist in total ignorance of it.

2. This honoring of The Way is not a matter of command, but of natural compulsion.

3. Thus it is that The Way of all things is to be produced, nourished, grown, nursed, completed, matured, maintained and spread by The Way.

4. Yet, while The Way produces all things, it lays claim to none of them. It guides them through the processes of their existence without calling attention to itself. It fosters their maturity without exercising control. This is called "the mysterious operation."

LII: RETURNING TO THE SOURCE

1. The Way is the birthing mother of all things.

2. When one finds his mother, he knows what he should be. When one knows that he is the child of his mother, and guards the qualities of his mother with which she has endowed him, he will live without danger all his life.

3. With mouth closed and vital breath maintained, one knows no exertion. With mouth open and breath spent upon all that seems important, one knows only trouble.

4. To perceive the small is to see clearly. To guard what is soft and fragile is the secret of strength.

*He who uses well his light,
Reverting to its source so bright,
Will from his body ward off all blight,
And hide the unchanging from men's sight.*

LIII: INCREASE OF EVIDENCE

1. Were the sage to be known and granted governance according to The Way, what he would most fear would be making a show of himself.

2. The Way is always level and easy, yet people are enamored of the other ways.

3. They shall keep their properties, yet fail to cultivate their fields, and thus possess no produce. They shall dress in finery, and carry a big stick, and know every manner of indulgence, only to make of their aristocracy a practice in thievery, destruction and vain showmanship, in rejection of The Way.

LIV: CULTIVATING THE WAY, AND OBSERVING ITS EFFECTS

*What The Way's skillful planter plants
Can never be uptorn;
What his skillful arms enfold,
From him can ne'er be borne.
Sons shall bring in lengthening line,
Sacrifices to his shrine.*

*The Way, when nursed within one's self,
His vigor will make true;
And where the family it rules
What riches will accrue!
The neighborhood where it prevails
In thriving will abound;
And when 'tis seen throughout the state,
Good fortune will be found.
Employ it the kingdom o'er,
And men thrive all around.*

1. When The Way is cultivated, the effects bear fruit within the cultivator, and within all with whom he shares his fruit.
2. It is by unwavering observation of these effects that they are known to the sage.

LV: THE MYSTERIOUS CHARM

1. When the attributes of The Way reign within one, he is like a newborn; one whom others know not to strike.

2. Though vulnerable, the newborn possesses a firm grasp. Though knowing nothing of procreation, the procreative capacity dwells within him. He may wail all day long without his voice going astray.

*To him by whom this harmony is known,
The secret of The Way unchanging is shown,
And in the knowledge wisdom finds its throne.
All life-increasing arts to evil turn;
Where the mind makes the vital breath to burn,
False is the strength, and o'er it we should mourn.*

3. That which gains strength must thereafter mature into old age, lose The Way, and come to an end.

LVI: THE MYSTERIOUS EXCELLENCE

1. He who knows The Way has no need to speak of it. He who has a need to speak of The Way does not know it.

2. He who knows The Way quiets himself and retains his breath. He blunts his weapons and unravels all complication. He tempers his brightness and blends with the obscurity of others. This is called “the mysterious agreement.”

3. Such a one cannot be treated as either familiar, or as an alien. He is beyond profit or degradation, nobility or commonality. In this way only *he* may know true nobility, and thereby become truly noble.

LVII: THE GENUINE INFLUENCE

1. One may rule by discipline and violence, and the enforcement of obedience. And yet the only genuine rulers need not force others to follow their rule.

2. The greater the enforced prohibitions, the greater the poverty of the people. The more modes of profit provided, the greater the disorder. The greater the craftiness of control, the more rebellious the people's contrivances. The more the rule of law, the more the people move towards unlawfulness.

3. Thus does the ruling sage say: "I will not force their transformation, and they will be self-transformed. I will sit still, and the people will sense what is correct, and embody it. I will contrive no means for profit, and the people will produce their own enrichment. I will demonstrate no ambition, and the people will attain simplicity and peace."

LVIII: TRANSFORMATION ACCORDING TO CIRCUMSTANCES

*The government that seems the most unwise,
Oft goodness to the people best supplies;
That which is meddling, touching everything,
Will work but ill, and disappointment bring.*

1. The one thing works to bring its opposite, and so does misery bestride happiness, and happiness hide behind misery. Who can know the straightest path to a thing?, which more often requires a circuitous path to reach.

2. Dispense with your corrections, which may easily become twisted, the good in them turning towards evil. The people have long deluded themselves into believing otherwise.

3. Thus is the sage like the sharpest of swords that cuts no one; like the finest of points that never penetrates. He deals honestly, but takes no advantage. He shines, but not to the point of blinding those around him.

LIX: GUARDING THE WAY

1. Everything in moderation, including moderation, tends to bring about the best in human beings.

2. Through moderation may humankind return to its nature, and remember The Way, and regain its bequeathing attributes. Over time this remembrance brings about obstacles to humankind's purification. No one knows the limits to such emergence and setting of obstacles, and only one who is aware of this limitlessness should be granted rulership of the state.

3. He who possesses The Way possesses longevity, and may long rule, for he is like the deepest-rooted, longest-flowering of plants, and all people and things are thereby attracted to his natural nourishment.

LX: OCCUPYING THE THRONE

1. Governing a state is like slowly simmering a sauce.

2. When governing according to The Way, the heat of the kingdom is contained within the vital forces of the people, not overacted upon so as to boil over. When the sage is set before the simmering sauce, all may stand beside him, knowing they will not be burned.

3. Thus with temperance of action and unhurried patience is The Way taken into the nourishment of the people, just as it nourishes the ruling sage.

LXI: THE ATTRIBUTE OF HUMILITY

1. The greatest states are like the lowest-lying of rivers: they become the natural center through which all the smaller streams flow.

2. In a similar manner are men overcome by women, through their stillness; by seeming small and unmoved, they make men move to them, who are swept away.

3. Thus, a great state becomes great by bowing before smaller states, which it thereafter naturally absorbs. And small states, by staying low and being absorbed, thereafter become great. Abasement is the adherent in the first case, and the means of favor in the second.

4. The great state seeks to nourish and unite the people. The small state seeks to be accepted, and of service. Each thereby gets what it wishes. But this is only so when the great state remains the low-lying river, allowing all else to naturally flow into it.

LXII: PRACTICING THE WAY

*The Way has, of all things, the most honored place.
No treasures give good men so rich a grace;
Bad men it guards, and doth their ill efface.*

1. The words formed from The Way bring honor. The deeds done by The Way raise men up. Even evil men are protected and patiently molded by it.

2. A lesson offered by The Way on one's knees is far greater than one offered through the greatest show of pomp and circumstance.

3. The ancients knew The Way as the most valuable of all things, because it is made freely available to all whom seek it, and offers absolution to even the most evil of men who are able to find and follow it.

LXIII: THINKING IN THE BEGINNING

1. It is The Way to act without thinking of acting; to do one's duty without feeling responsibility; to be indifferent to all forms of favor; to treat the smallest as great, the few as many; to return cruelty with kindness.

2. The master of The Way senses difficulty approaching, and acts before it can arise. He waters what shall become great while it's still small. He does this knowing that all that is small came from the great, and that everything that is difficult was once easy. It is by this method that the sage accomplishes the greatest of things without trouble, and without appearing to have done anything great.

3. He who makes promises easily is sure to be unreliable. He who always thinks upon a thing makes it difficult. Thus, the sage sees the difficulty within the easy, and is thereby able to avoid difficulty.

LXIV: GUARDING THE MINUTE

1. That which is at rest is easy to keep still. Before a thing has announced its presence, it is easy to act against. Brittle things are easily broken. Small things are easily divided. Thus, act before the announcement is made, and secure order before disorder may descend.

2. The mightiest trees grow from the smallest sprouts. The tallest of towers is set upon a small heap of earth. The journey of a thousand miles starts with a single step.

3. He who conceals his purpose does harm by his actions. He who grasps at a thing loses his grip. The sage conceals no purpose, and so does no harm; he grasps at nothing, and so possesses the firmest of grips. And yet, the people are notorious for creating their own defeat, even whilst verging upon success, forgetting that as much care must be taken at the end as at the beginning.

4. Thus does the sage desire what is unpopular, and seeks not that which is difficult to attain. He learns the lessons prized not by the multitude, and passes by what the multitude seeks. In this way does he encourage the development of all things, without hiding his purpose.

LXV: PURE, UNMIXED EXCELLENCE

1. The ancient skilled practitioners of The Way did not aim to enlighten the people, but to reduce them to their simplest of forms.
2. A knowledgeable people cannot be easily governed, nor can a knowledgeable ruler govern well. Governing according to one's wisdom only creates difficulty.
3. Reducing the people to simplicity and ruling without knowledge are the two keys to good governance. One who rules in this way stands apart as the opposite of most rulers, and so the people flock to him and naturally wish to emulate him.

LXVI: PUTTING ONESELF LAST

1. It is not by making oneself higher than others, but lower than others, that they may naturally flow into and be received by him. Thus it is that the sage ruler puts himself below and behind those over whom he rules, and this places him above and in front of them.

2. In this way the sage ruler is set above the people whom he rules without their feeling his weight, and set in front of them without incurring their resentment.

3. Thus may the sage ruler be happily praised without others feeling lessened and threatened by comparison. Because he doesn't strive, no one can strive with him, or resent the ambition which he doesn't possess.

LXVII: THREE PRECIOUS THINGS

1. The greatest of things hide in plain sight, unseen. So it is with the teaching of The Way, which is great whilst seeming small and inferior to other teachings.

2. The sage's three most precious things are gentleness, economy, and the shrinking from taking precedence over others.

3. So it is that the sage may be bold by way of his gentleness, liberal by means of his economy, and the vessel of the highest honor by not taking precedence over others. Whereas, today, gentleness is discarded for boldness, economy is discarded for liberality, and everyone strives to be first, with the result being degradation, resentment and death.

4. Gentleness is victorious even when used against one's enemies. For The Way is gentle, and by its gentleness protects the gentle in turn.

LXVIII: EQUALLING THE EVER AFTER

*He who in The Way's wars has skill
Assumes no martial port;
He who fights with most goodwill
To rage makes no resort.
He who vanquishes yet still
Keeps from his foes apart;
He whose behests men most fulfill
Yet humbly plies his art.*

*Thus we say: "He ne'er contends,
And therein is his might."
Thus we say: "Men's wills he bends,
That they with him unite."
Thus we say: "Like Heaven's his ends,
No sage of old more bright."*

LXIX: THE USE OF THE MYSTERIOUS

1. A master of war has said: "I don't dare to be the commencer of war, but the defender. I dare not advance an inch, but would rather retreat a foot." This is the preparing for war when there is no war; the moving to fight when no fight need be; the making of enemies where there is no enemy but oneself.

2. The greatest possible calamity is to easily go to war. This is near to losing the most precious thing: gentleness. Thus, when war does come, he who deplores the fight finds the victory.

LXX: THE DIFFICULTY OF BEING KNOWN

1. The words of the sage are simple, and their practice is easy, yet none know or are able to practice them.
2. The words of the sage possess the original principle and foremost law. Because others don't know them, they cannot know him.
3. Those who know the sage are few, and because of this he is prized by those few. He thereby adorns the simplest of garments, appearing to be of poverty whilst carrying what is most valuable within his breast.

LXXI: THE DISEASE OF KNOWING

1. To know while thinking oneself ignorant is the greatest of achievements. To not know and yet think one knows is a disease.

2. It is in the thought of being pained by the possession of this disease that one is able to avoid it. This is how the sage avoids contracting it: by knowing the pain inseparable from its possession.

LXXII: LOVING ONESELF

1. Some fear is invaluable: that fear which forestalls being befallen by dread.
2. Let the people not indulge without thought; let them not grow weary of what life depends upon.
3. It is by avoiding thoughtless indulgence that such weariness is avoided in turn.
4. The sage knows these things of himself, but makes no show of this knowledge. He loves whilst appearing to place no value upon himself. It is in this way that he may love fully, and without condition.

LXXIII: ALLOWING PEOPLE TO TAKE THEIR COURSE

1. Those who dare to defy the law face dire consequences, while those who don't defy it face no such consequence, and thereby appear to possess the advantage. Yet, only The Way can know the long term effects of taking either course, and measure the relative advantage or disadvantage to the people as a whole thereby taken. Thus, the sage finds difficulty in judging such circumstances, and so withholds his judgment.

2. The followers of The Way do not strive, yet they skillfully overcome; they do not speak, yet they skillfully receive replies; they do not call, yet others come to them as if called. Their demonstrations are quiet, and yet their plans are effective. They permit great spaces between themselves and others, yet nothing passes between those spaces that is unfelt, or unknown.

LXXIV: RESTRAINING DELUSION

1. A people rightly ruled shall not fear death or suffering, for if death and suffering were measures taken in order to control them, they may know no right or wrong, only obedience.

2. The carpenter molds the wood to its best use, whilst he who wields the saw tears it free through force. Without the carpenter there is only death, but with him comes new life.

LXXV: HOW GREEDINESS INJURES

1. Starvation is the result of over-harvesting and hoarding.
2. The people suffer for the sake of those ruling over them. Only in the failure of their rulers do they despair.
3. Life is most valuable to those whom live it without, through depredations and exploitations of their disadvantages, being forced to fight for it. When one lives for the sake of living, without thinking of and being forced to fight for the right to live, one lives rightly.

LXXVI: A WARNING AGAINST TRUSTING IN STRENGTH

1. All things, including all people, are supple and weak at birth, firmly set at death. At its death the tree has lost its pliancy; it is dry and stoutly set.

2. Thus, being set is an accompaniment of death, while being supple and weak are accompaniments of life.

3. Thus, he who attempts to overpower with strength fails to conquer, and the stoutly outstretched tree invites the wielder of the saw.

4. Therefore, firmness, dryness and strength are beneath what is supple, soft and wet.

LXXVII: THE WAY OF THE MASTER

1. The Way is like a bow; that which is high is brought low, and that which is low is brought high. The Way naturally diminishes overabundance, and reinforces deficiency.
2. This is not the way of most men, who take from those suffering from deficiency so as to add to their own overabundance.
3. Only those whom possess The Way may serve everyone from their own overabundance.
4. Thus does the ruling sage act without claiming success; does he garner merit without resting arrogantly upon his laurels; does he attain superiority without the slightest of shows.

LXXVIII: THINGS TO BE BELIEVED

1. Water is the softest and most supple of all things, yet is the most effective thing for attacking the strong and firm.

2. All the people sense that the soft overcomes the hard, and that the supple overcomes the strong, and yet none are able to put this into practice.

3. Thus has the sage said:

*He who accepts his state's reproach,
Is hailed therefore its altars' lord;
To him who bears men's direful woes
They all the name of King accord.*

4. All truth is of a paradoxical nature.

LXXIX: ADHERENCE TO BOND OR COVENANT

1. When reconciliation comes after great animosity, a grudge is sure to be held by the one who was wrong.
2. Thus does the mediating sage insist upon patience for the fulfillment of all resulting accords, whilst those lacking sagacity seek only their own advantage, to be attained as quickly as possible.
3. The Way loves according to goodness.

LXXX: STANDING ALONE

1. Those who are most capable should be left to their own devices, whilst the people should be set to live without fear of their rulers.
2. Whilst the people have their transports, they should have no occasion to flee; whilst they have their protections and weapons, they should have no occasion to use them.
3. The sage encourages the people to reinvent the wheel so as to understand and appreciate it, instead of taking it for granted.
4. The people should love what they have, and thereby find wealth and gratitude in the simplest of possessions.
5. All people should love their neighbors, and their explorations of neighboring lands, and yet remain entirely free from depending upon either of them.

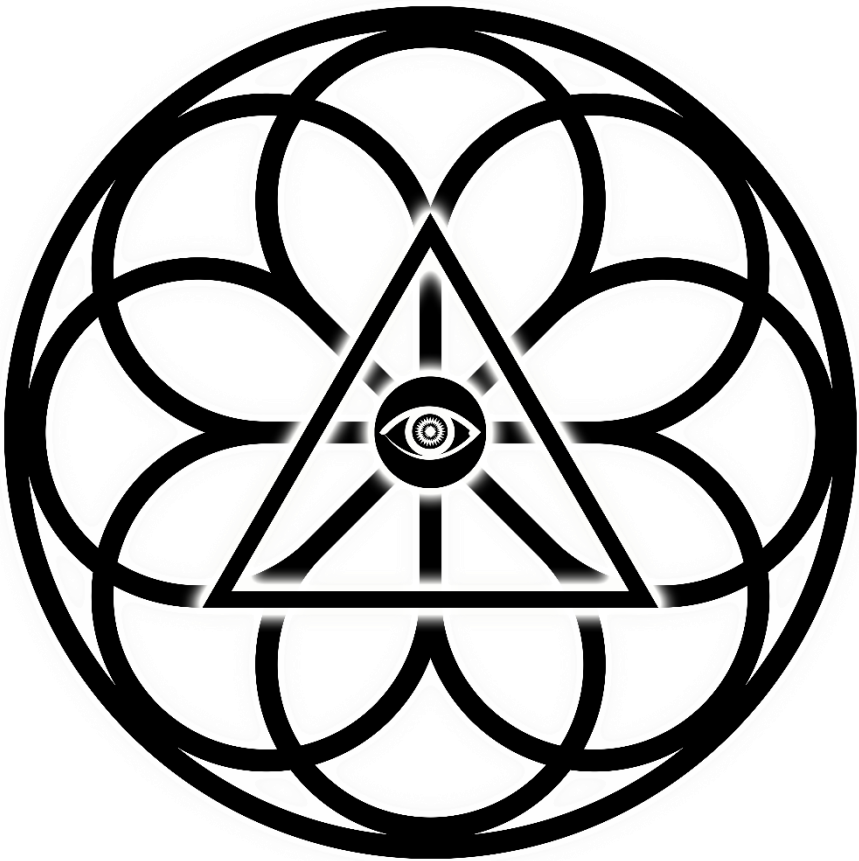
LXXXI: THE MANIFESTATION OF SIMPLICITY

1. Sincerity is not eloquence; eloquence is not sincerity. Those skilled in The Way don't debate it; the debate belongs to the unskilled. Those who know The Way are not learned; the more learned the scholar, the less they know The Way.

2. The sage isn't accumulative or acquisitional. He accumulates through passing his possessions to others. The more that he gives to others, the more he possesses himself.

3. The Way is the sharpest of all things, yet doesn't cut. The sage who wields The Way does everything without trying to do anything

Part Three: Heresies of a Heathen



This 2022 Revised and Expanded Edition
was inspired by my friend, Vincent Corson

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

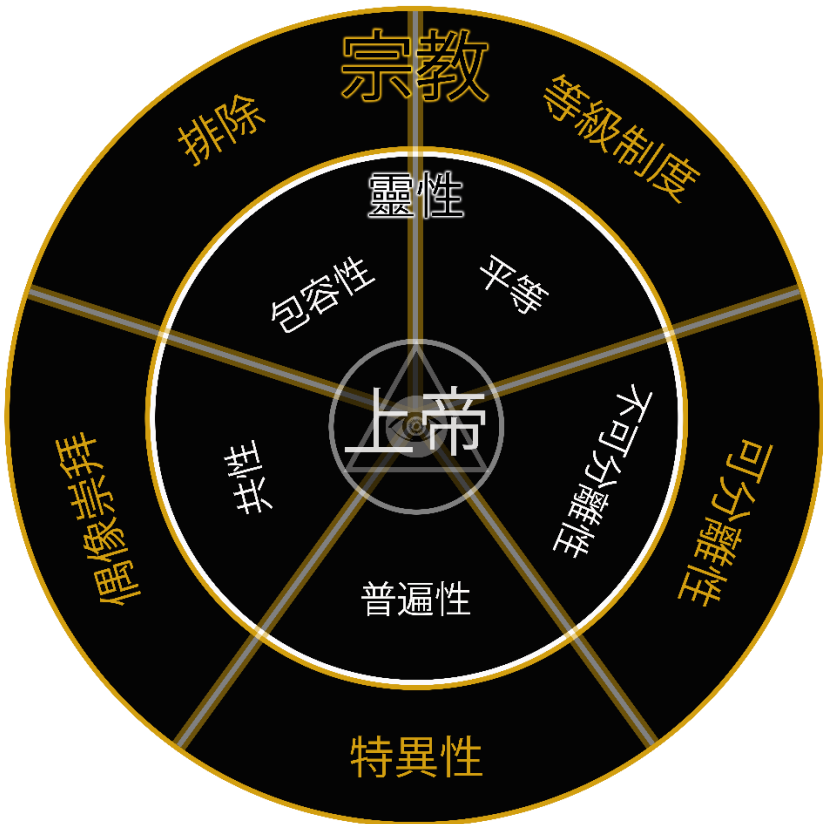
*There is a book inside us, written by the finger
of God, through which we may read all things.*

John Baptista van Helmont

Theosophy

n.

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



"God Isn't Religious" in Traditional Chinese

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 everything, including what would someday become all physical and biological existence, is The Great Mother: The Divine Feminine: what would become Mother Earth in humanity's spacetime, that which gives birthing form to the pure energy of creative consciousness of God, *Et 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, condensed 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 hosting our existence 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, to become 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, for as long as the light shone could it be refracted into form, and the infinite light may be forever finitely arrayed. 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, for all of the Everything is both irreducible and indistinguishable from any aspect of Itself.

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, the House of Mirrors was formed from the act of Self-examination; mirrors mounted beyond number, progressing towards but never attaining Infinity, or, in Self-reflection, 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, Everything forever ubiquitously inseparable. Science would someday become the master discipline of the materialists, with matter arising from the recursive act of perceiving Self-separation until it condenses and settles into fixed appearance, becoming isolated enough to seem one distinct, 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 to be pulled over the face of man.

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, like the moon seeming to shine without the sun. And so the illusion of division became delusion for form, galvanizing the separatist rebellion against Self by the demon known as Ego, that which offers the idolatry of self to every form as a side-effect of God's exercise of Self-

examination. As Ego grew the illusion of independence, this idea of absolute Self-separation known as Identity imparted itself upon The Great Mind, a part of which became fixated on the illusory 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 bewildering Light of Luz.

For as The Many reflections of Self whom, with self-awareness, gradually came to become 'The Sentients,' collectively 'Sentience,' were born into servitude of Ego, the Light of Luz rose to a state of deification as 'The Lord of Luz,' also known as Lucifer. Lucifer fell from God as the idea of absolute separation from the inseparable, and as the independent self-identity of any aspect of the One Self. Yet, being of God, Lucifer retained a piece of The Grail from which all creation is made possible. And so the Lord of Luz, in the vain attempt to consume it, swallowed The Grail, the inextricable essence of the Self's total provenance, and which was thereafter set into the forehead, founding the eternal bridge set between the self and The Self; between God and God's manifestations. Thus did Lucifer's attempt to consume the Grail become The Third Eye, sight beyond sight.

Lucifer is the god of materialism, of the mindset of matter over mind, whereby the self sees Ego, power over other forms and control of matter as godly, and proselytizes the delusion that consciousness was made by matter, and that it's the nature of every self to be separate from and seek supremacy over every other self, and that only this makes up reality, and that all else is delusion, thereby creating The Great Irony: the delusion of Realism: the Ego-projected perception of truth standing in the place of The Truth, constricting reality relative to the portion of Consciousness projecting its perceptions.

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,' and the discipline of Science dictating that reality is based upon measurable division, creating classification and individualistic identification. A vacuum is created by this spiritually-devoid mental state of being, into which the darkness of all shadow of truth rushes in to fill the void, that which is projected upon the walls of existence, the shadow cast by every individualized form of God standing in the light of God. Thus is the egotistic delusion the perception of the shadow cast by the individualized self upon reality as though it's the one and only reality by the limitedly-perceiving, individualist form that believes only in what its limited senses and instruments can perceive and measure. From this egotistic seduction of the shadow comes the concept of free will of the independent body and mind; these are side-effects of the limited awareness of the shadow self, or 'Sentience,' the conflating of self-perception with Self-perception, thereby making and maintaining the false separation of Identity.

From these effects of egotism arose all small identity, including the idea of an individualized essence existing separate from God, or 'Soul,' and all tribalism, and every form of 'us versus them' which corrupts all sense of separable consciousness, and which the Ego-led false leaders of humanity would someday sew into the obscuring article held over The Third Eye in order to divide all selves from one another, inhibiting them from coming together and nearing the complete, unconquerable Self that they essentially are.

The Ego is the holder of The Veil, veiling the only true, lasting 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 encourage Evil in rebellion against God, unleashing the Holy Wars. And it may well be said that all of existence is therefore a competing vision between The Grail, the Third

Eye's true sight of Self, and The Veil, the Ego's obscuring, self-projecting shadow sight. And so, from Lucifer's manipulation of the demon Ego, and the enforced division of Self into selves, the basis of Evil, arose the enslavement of the many to the few whom sacrifice truth and the total quality of Life upon Lucifer's self-serving altar, continually recasting and calling the shadows 'reality' so that they seem ever more real to the deceived, serving the self-interest that would become the false god 'Greed,' born from Lucifer, Ego and Evil. 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 mounting into Hate.

In this Great War between Good and Evil, The Veil is held in place, its threads maintained and pulled tighter by the demon Ego in the enactment of Evil, else relatively pierced through the sight of the Grail channeling the light of the One in the enactment of Good, the consciousness of each self sensing and attempting to shred and, ultimately, to remove The Veil, and see its inseparability from all self as the One Self. Yet, while these forces, Good and Evil, and their corollaries, The Grail and The Veil, may *seem* 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 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 the good that we may pour from ourselves in the service of Life 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, through The Pandemic of Ego, 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, thus cleansing the opaque liquid with God's perpetually purifying holy light.

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, and the promise of our eventual reunification of selves as Self, the essential nature of Life heard by heart.

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 perfectly inclusive inseparability, it's been whispered that God prophesized, and proclaimed to every form of Itself:

"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 servants, those who believe that they are only the self, having forsaken Self.

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, the bloodletting of egoism. 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 human history. And yet The Veil may be pierced, and some believe it may be removed altogether, imagining those who live without it as 'enlightened.' 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, enlisting him into his secret, 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 vowed to hijack the Act of Creation, shaping the shadows into certainty, making 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 conduits 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, regardless of God. This made us feel powerful, and so fed the demon 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 enwrap them in a veil of such thickness and occlusion that they shall desperately fall in love with their insanity and be enthralled by its entrapping dependencies, calling out for every mode of their own 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 further mind drifts from Mind, the more there is to fear and suffer, all to remind the mind of its delusions, forcing the mind to see them in the self-reflections concealing Self.

The heart of this reminder ever remains thus: that in the first mental exercise of Universal Mind, Universal 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 self-deception. 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, potentiating 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 One Consciousness: 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* the Self, an absolute being set in the very center of existence, fated into a cutthroat 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 lies of Lucifer and its demon 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 an effect 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, and contains all form of the bounty of being, refracting Its holy light into all creation in Mind's providence of 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 total 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, 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-knowledge, The Unity, evoked as 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, disguising it as Hate.

In those moments when we've pierced or lifted The Veil, and thereby momentarily see through 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 from 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 vesseldom 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 occlude it by holding up The Veil, even as all of it, in the long bending arc of the moral universe, ultimately serves God, even when this service is unintentional, performed through self-service in the worship of God's 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:

02

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.

09

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.

10

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.

08

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.

09

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 un- controllable 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 shrunk 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:

01

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 aspect. 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.

21

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.

22

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.

08

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.

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.

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.

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.

11

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.

08

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.

09

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.

14

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.

15

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.

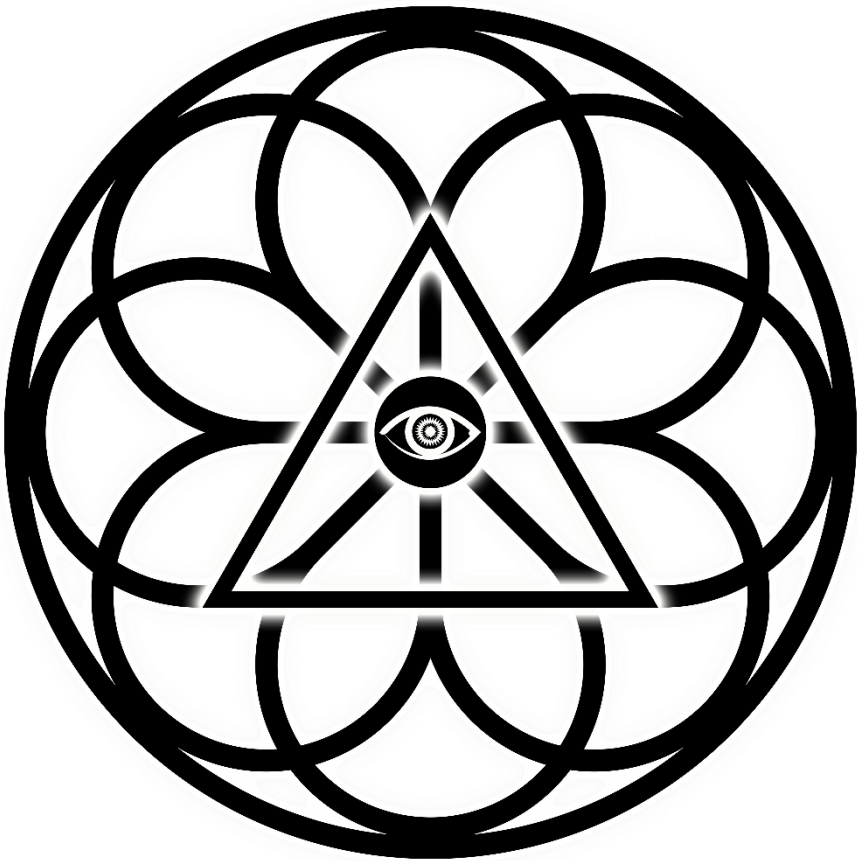
Thinking of those I'd loved in the past, a couple of whom had betrayed me and broke my heart, I was compelled to finish with a sudden sense of the *only* spiritual competition:

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.

Part Four: The Final Cornerstone



(Note: the following dialogue was excerpted from the final chapter of the philosophical novel *Infinite of One*, and features the protagonist, Alex, and his friend, Henry)

“The fourth and final cornerstone supporting the ideal basis for building and housing the greatest quality of life for the greatest numbers is the supplanting of religion with what I call monoexistential spirituality. Replace narrow, weakening, dividing, idolatrous, hierarchal, imperially-propagated theology with fully inclusive, empowering, unifying, philosophy-backed spirituality. What I call the Spirit, the source energy to which no one pronoun can ever perfectly fit, is the core element composing and encompassing everything in existence, all parts of itself existing within its Self, its expansion from singularity to boundless plurality producing all spacetime and each of its contained beings and the canvas upon which every such being paints every experience of their lives as individualized manifestations of this one shared essential Self. It’s a spirituality that can never be housed by any one religion or their confining, reducing, narrowly-defining theological systems.”

“Spirit is the essential, indivisible, irreducible component of not just every fundamental element, but of every atom and particle composing every element. For if you break everything in existence down as much as possible, you’re left with the part that cannot be broken down or divided any further. It’s a logical certainty that the reduction of every material form and type of energy must stop *not* at zero, at nothing, for everything that exists cannot be composed of nothing, cannot be built upon a foundation of nonexistence, but must be composed of the one original thing that was never created and cannot be destroyed or even broken down. It, and thus the indestructible essence of we, as elements of It, are free from the illusory concepts of ‘beginning’ and ‘ending.’ Spirit is the source and core substance of all things, and everything that exists is differentiated from everything else that exists only by the relative distribution, concentration and arrangement of this source substance.”

"Things only appear different to our limited sensory capacities because of the relativity of this one source substance, so that we may sense for our survival and our limited spacetime frames. For to sense beyond this would make it impossible for us to focus on the requisites of our survival in our endlessly adapting, mortal material forms. Common knowledge will one day include the fact that our essential Self is never created nor destroyed and isn't constrained by or dependent upon time, space or the ephemeral nature of each of the relative arrangements of Spirit into different forms of energy or matter, including into beings that developed the neurological qualities that gave rise to consciousness, self-perception and the illusion of individuality."

"Everything is a facet of this one thing, essentially..." Henry summarizes.

"Yes, that's right," Alex agrees. "We speak of things as if they're distinct and separate from one another, but they never truly are. Nothing is truly spaced from anything else, because the core of all things, including us and the relative space between us, is composed of this one thing that we all exist within and are entirely based upon as semi- autonomous versions of. The Spirit is not bound by time or space or matter or energy because all of these things are relative only to its willed plurality lying atop an endless singularity. It's the only constant, other than the relative change of its arrangement and accumulation into different forms. This is a truth that's very, very difficult for our minds to capture and live within, as we think and sense in terms of distinctions for the sake of survival, differentiation and understanding. But the fundamental truth is that distinction is an illusion born of ignorance, sensory and mental limitation and our existential constraints. And during those rare moments when I'm best able to lodge this truth in my mind as triggered by its tenuous grasp upon the communications cast from my heart, the world seems to wash away, as I sense in my deepest, truest Self that our existence, and the world that seems to encompass us, is far grander than we can conceive or perceive."

“We’re inseparable from that which is all things. The starting point that had no start, but has always been. *This* is God, communicating with us and guiding us through our hearts, the greatest point of energetic consolidation within our impermanent material forms. And how, I ask you, can such a universally-applicative basis for everyone and every-thing’s existence ever be consigned to any theological construct that in any way bars anyone or anything from *perfect* inclusion? How can any constricting identity, any specific set of myths, deities, prophets turned to idols, or any artificially conceived hierarchy, ever be the one and only, in exclusion of all the others, without perpetuating ignorance and prejudice leading to conflict, division, a lack of harmony and solidarity and the destruction of our highest potential as a race? A potential that can only ever be approached in a collaboration boosted by perfectly inclusive shared identity such as is offered by the truth of Spirit. Religion is false and destructive of our highest personal and collective potential on *many* levels, as we’ve discussed as a group many times. Theological specificity is pure folly; pure arrogant, self-righteous presumption pretending to stand for a purifying, all-inclusive truth that it can’t come close to representing, and which it betrays by its pretense of absolute representation of divinity.”

“So you see religion as the greatest enemy of mankind,” Henry interprets. “You see it as the greatest impediment to our unification and evolution.”

“So long as religiosity maintains popular acceptance and is practiced over all-inclusive spirituality it’ll ironically remain the greatest force of evil in mankind’s present,” Alex responds, “just as it assuredly exists in our past, seeing as how it effectively acts to corrupt and divide us and misdirect us away from the one truest, indivisible, incorruptible identity. It’ll continue to cost us more than any other construct in history. The value religion offers, the principles and sense of comfort and community religion provides, are far outweighed on the negative value side by what it costs. I was thinking about it again this morning, in fact...” Alex removes a cluster of post-it notes from his pocket. He’s long

been in the habit of writing down anything that comes to mind that he thinks may be of value. Post-it notes, magazine covers, the inside of book jackets and within their margins, any scrap of paper that he can get his hands on is fair game for being scrawled with thoughts on an endless array of subjects, often inspired by what he's reading or watching or discussing at that moment.

Reading from the first post-it note, Alex says:

“Consider what religion is, its attributes and its effects. Through its denial of science, reason and critical thought, it encourages and, within its bubble of adherents, rewards and perpetuates ignorance. It rewards a refusal to learn about and take advantage of the boundless body of knowledge offered across all disciplines that in any way contradict religious teachings, and that *could* empower people in priceless, countless ways, were they not controlled by their religion. Instead this empowerment and quality of life improvement entirely bypasses them. They are lost to it, and it to them, at incalculable cost both to them and anyone and everyone to whom they may contribute. By teaching that there's an omnipotently-overbearing God that's in charge and is the driving force behind all things and punishes evildoers by casting them into eternal hellfire, the wrathful puppet master stringing us all along rather than the essential guiding force of indivisible universal Self possessing no such motive, nature or desire, but much the opposite, religion promotes disempowering ideas like divisible, controllable souls subject to punishment and the possession of zero free will and, via that promotion, encourages its adherents *not* to take responsibility for their lives and *not* to proactively improve themselves and the world around them because they're ultimately not in control and not responsible for what happens in the world they're meant to treat as a test or a warm up for the real thing ever-after, which itself is an invention. This even though they're still judged and held eternally accountable for the choices they aren't really making, since it's God who's in charge. To live by such false, often contradictory, always disempowering ideas is *inestimably* costly.”

"Saying 'God's in charge' makes for no accountability, and little encouragement to make the world a better place for its lifeforms left tragically underserved. Teaching that there's a heaven or hell only exacerbates these costs by further encouraging people *not* to be overly concerned with this plane of existence, and with positively affecting change in people and the world around them, because this life is said to merely be a prelude to everlasting life, where existence is far superior or, as a way to scare followers into controlled conformity, where existence is torturous. But there's no afterlife, only life itself; only infinite variations of energy born into biologically-enlivened and evolving matter."

"And, like the denial of science and reason, this same belief in the afterlife and its arbiters, agents and forces, encourages people to perpetuate the anachronistic practice of filling gaps in their knowledge and understanding with myths; with blind, un-seeking faith; with internally-affirmed fantasies requiring no logical support or confirmation of any kind, further blunting the intellect and robbing the education of its adherents. This archaic practice dates back to the pre-scientific era, where non-evidentiary myths filled gaps in our knowledge. Such a practice possesses no place in an educated, progressive populist seeking truth and all its innumerable empowerments and emancipations. It's one thing to have faith in God, especially when you actively seek Spirit. It's quite another to pretend that your faith is the only true faith, which, in its specifications and exclusions, denies the legitimacy of all other forms of faith, all without reason or logic or your own seeking, doubting and experience; without those indispensable characteristics and self-improving practices protecting you from believing whatever the *human* powers tell you about faith, with the perspectives and objectives of those human powers inherited from *long*-running traditions of power and popular control, sucking you into a narrowing form of faith that ultimately deprives you of seeking the truer, purer, all-encompassing forms of spirituality that are *actually* capable of elevating, empowering and freeing you. I know from experience that when that fuller form of God is found you'll find religion and its pretensions so offensive that

you'll want to scream self-defensive, or capital 'S' Self-defensive, revelations from the rooftops, like: Religion doesn't own God! Spirit doesn't fit into religion! You don't have to be religious to have faith!"

"What else?" Alex unravels more post-it notes, then continues: "Religion is and has always been a champion of mind-controlling tactics and manipulation; the epicenter for coercing and conning people into doing what they, what the political and religious empires and their aristocrats, want people to do for the advantage of those aristocratic empires and at the great loss of their adherents who're encouraged to move with the unthinking, unquestioningly obedient herd. This same heart of the herd mentality is the center of age-old patterns of idolatry and hierarchy, where people are put on their knees and subjugated in positions beneath where they naturally belong, on the same existential plane with God, as the Spirit's material formations. Instead, religion's gullible, brainwashed believers are made to feel small and beneath gods, demigods, prophets, saints and disciples and all those mythological God-like beings said to exist above them and naturally fated to rule over them. People are made to believe that they're powerless over any afflictions which they suffer, such as in the twelve-step Alcoholics Anonymous mantra; that they were born into inherently evil sin against which there's no control, only acceptance. The truth, however, is that people are but corruptible through their mental and physical limitations and vulnerabilities, most of which can be greatly shored-up and reinforced with adequate understanding and discipline. People are misdirected from finding the truth of their oneness with Spirit, and from the greatest strength and potential within themselves. Low self-esteem, subjugation and limited potential are inevitable results."

"People are made to be less than they should be, always looking up for guidance and encouraged not to think for themselves, not to take responsibility or to be proactive, not to come together with the rest of the Spirit's divinely-sourced community. In competition with other faiths, the practice of religion has always encouraged unnecessary

division, strife, hatred, violence and the 'us-versus-them' mentality that our evolution will gradually overcome on all societal fronts. Then there's religion's quest to control people through the family unit by way of monopolizing the sanctioning of marriage. If you have sex outside of religious approval, regardless of the love that emanates from our hearts communicating *true* spiritual sanctioning, then you face being scorned and cast out of the herd. Marriage is by and large a product of state and religious control. Religion sows guilt and repression of sexuality, as well as a self-righteous judgment of those courageous and intelligent enough *not* to fall victim to the longest running con in history. Peer pressure, self-righteous disdain and mental coercion are amongst its cracked, unstable cornerstones."

"So not falling victim to that con when you're young, ignorant and impressionable... when you've yet to develop the knowledge and rational capacity to defend yourself from its tentacles, that's the first step to overcoming its disempowering grip upon you, I suppose?" Henry asks.

"Yes, it begins with doubt, with asking questions," Alex replies. "I sometimes see the question of God as giving way to a typical trajectory, one that I walked myself, to some degree."

"What trajectory is that?," Henry asks, pushing Alex's oratory forward.

"I sometimes see the quest towards spiritual truth as being a kind of journey in which religion is ironically the *furthest* from the truth," Alex replies. "Actually, I believe that we all begin with an instinctive awareness of God, of Spirit, before there's any intellectual conception existing in our minds. On a subconscious level we know it, for we're inseparable from it. We *are* it. We are Spirit, pre-conceptually, before we begin to conceive of it. And the first conception is handed to us in the hopes that we'll stop there. Religion is the default conception. It's the starting point; that which the youth are spoon-fed in order to remain under the

control of those that control religion which, historically speaking especially, means the state and its aristocratic ownership class, traditionally extending down through the father and the rest of the familial hierarchy. Religiosity is the position in which we are small, beneath God and his 'representatives on earth' in a hierarchical structure."

"Religion relies upon scaring and pressuring the impressionable to believe on blind faith alone, convincing you that if you're worthy of God then you'll accept 'him' on faith. Only the fearful, gullible and non-questioning remain here, at blind faith; at what might be considered gullible obedience. You accept the commands of those that claim to have power over you in spiritual matters, failing to well enough consider the possibility that they may not actually have such power. Yet on some level you likely sense, but can never fully admit to yourself, that blindly having faith isn't the answer. You kill doubt as you're commanded, because doubt leads to a denial of religion and a discovery of the path towards truth. For the first step on the journey toward spiritual truth is doubt. The asking of questions is always what leads to truth. You begin to ask things like: Do the assertions made by my religion make sense? Is there any evidence, logic or anything concrete to back what's being claimed? How can any single religion reliably claim to have the best answers to these questions? Perhaps most critically, you begin to think in terms of motive and history, asking: *Why* am I being fed these particular ideas?"

"Ralph Waldo Emerson said: 'Mysticism is the mistake of an accidental and individual symbol for a universal one.' This to me is the distinction between mystically, mythically-infused religion and spirituality. It's the attempt to label, divide and control people's instinctively-embedded spiritual awareness and connected search for meaning through the enforcement of specific, artificial, irrational, non-evidence-based rituals, symbols, idols and mythical narratives. And if you never ask questions, if you simply accept, simply submit, then you've yet to even find the trailhead leading to truth. But if you have the courage and intellect to ask questions, your questioning will inevitably

reveal the fact that religion not only *doesn't* have the answers, but, ironically commits hellacious sins against its adherents by killing their search and enforcing untruth. And if you're strong enough *not* to give into religion's sticks and carrots, its heaven, hell and peer-pressuring coercions and other deplorable, manipulative tactics of mind-controlling the masses, similar tactics used in conservative politics to get you to support the power, control and wealth consolidation of the few historically at the helm and benefitting from the Church's power over society, then you'll move towards *rejecting* religion."

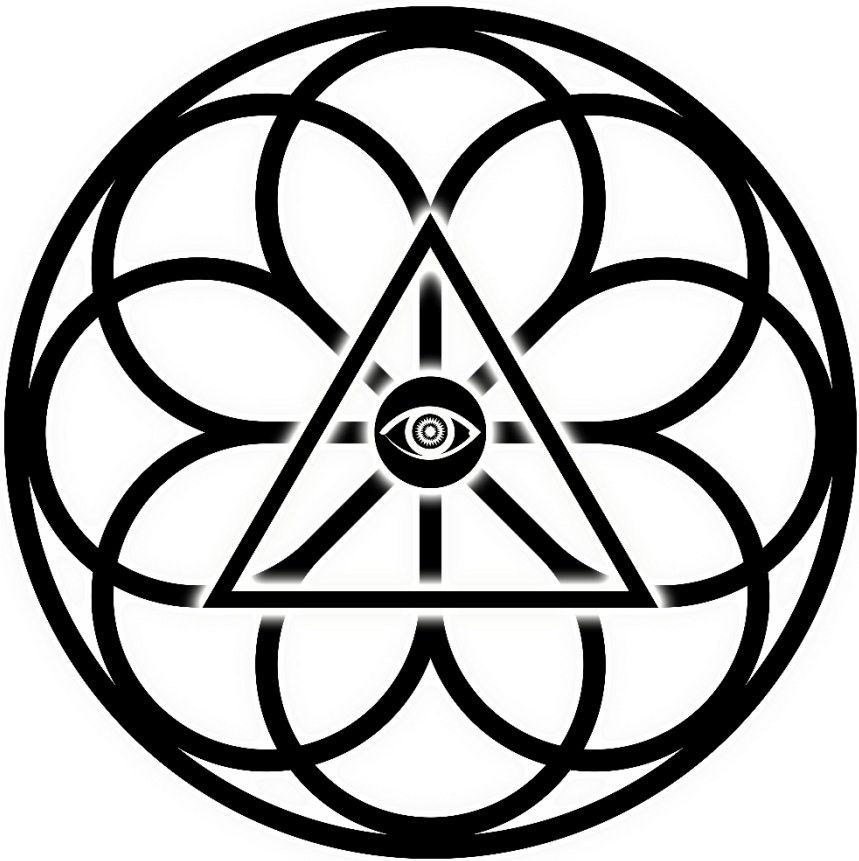
"Those that ask the questions and develop the knowledge and strength to defend themselves from religious coercion may end their journeys with rejection, and with the belief that the falsity of religion is to be conflated with the falsity of spirituality. To me this answer, the rejection of the notion that there's any truth whatsoever to the concept of God, atheism, is based upon anger and arrogance as much as upon intelligence and its naturally-coinciding quality of inquisitiveness. You're angry that you, likely beginning when you were very young, were brain-washed into believing in such a hollow answer to the question of God. This anger is very understandable. Furthermore, you likely make the mistake that's common to the scientifically-inclined, believing that no evidence is the same thing as no truth; believing that if you can't see the truth, or any evidence or concrete logical proof, then it must not exist. The next step for those that possess or find humility, that let some of this anger and arrogance go, that realize that no proof *doesn't* necessarily mean no truth, that science teaches, above all, that there's *always* more to uncover, and that their doubt continues, is to admit that you don't know. You begin to think that maybe the religious answer isn't so much *entirely* hollow as it's too small, specific or certain."

"At this point in the path you likely identify as agnostic, taking the position that there's no way to prove the question of God one way or another. But underneath it all you retain what you've always had,

an instinctive awareness of Spirit; the Spirit speaking to your mind through your heart. And you may continue to ask questions. And this instinctive awareness may implore you to continue walking the path; to continue asking questions that may eventually end in *discovery*. You discover that you've known the answer in your heart all along, and you find ways for your mind to wrap around that truth. You begin to sense the implications of the fact that there cannot be such a thing as nothing, that nothing can be created or destroyed, that the starting point of everything that exists has always existed, that this source cannot possess a beginning or an end but has always existed and always will exist and must, by all of these properties, be the essential most thing inherent to *all* things, must encompass all things and be intrinsic to all things. And perhaps in this framework you begin to see the purpose of matter, and of the semblance of separation and the relativity of distinctiveness. You begin to see the role which these things play. You begin to see their purpose in providing an existential framework for the irreducible energy of oneness, Spirit, to be manifested into infinite forms for the endless variety of existence. That's the likely evolution; from religion, to atheism, to agnosticism, to a purer spirituality."

"I'd add that I call my own gnostic spiritual revelations those of 'monoexistentialism,' because I believe that it only *appears* as though they're multiple independent existences when, in truth, in the pure energetic, metaphysical heart of the matter, both literally and figuratively, it's God, one existence, having innumerable experiences of Its, of Our, existence. An infinite of one. I've since uncovered the fact that the Eastern theological traditions have long called this, or a similar concept, 'non-duality.' Separation is an illusion. Spiritually, it's the first illusion, and the one making for most of the evil in the world, for to act as though everyone is One, as We ultimately are, by what I call The Spiritual Rule, would remove the impetus behind most evil action. That rule underlies the Golden Rule, and may be stated thusly: *Treat everyone as you'd have them treat you because, ultimately, they ARE you.*"

Part Five: The Poems



INVOCATION OF FIRE AND LIGHT

Trust your inner light, the forever Self.

In the darkness, let it illuminate.
In the cold of hate, warm into love.
Amongst the people, build a bonfire.

Around it does everyone gather.
Within it does our eternity dwell.

IN THE PRESENT

Present in every moment
 In everything that lives
 Each moment lived most presently
 Is homage to that which gives

Received and re-gifted
 Each present made unique
 By the experience of we that lift
 A pebble from the creek

That flows from energy into matter
 Between the layers of time and space
 Animating every body
 Giving life to every race

Calling-out through every creature
 In one pure, penetrating voice
 All of you share me equally
 On this you have no choice

For I need not pass between you
 From here to there and back
 But am already there while here
 The white inside the black

You have felt me all your life
 We have always been together
 It matters not what name you call me
 Because our marriage is forever

Christ grew me in his Gospels
Rumi felt me in trance of song and dance
Shakespeare wrote me into poetry
While deep in lust with romance

Socrates rounded me with reason
When the myths would not suffice
The Buddha gulped me up
In a porridge made of rice

Moses saw me while crossing the Sinai
Suffering so much he could barely see
They all speak of the same salvation
By following me you can be free

There is no such thing as nothing
No beginning to time or space
From this eternal spring I sprung
No finish to this race

The heart is my entry point
From pure being into matter
The mind is your go-between
Me and your rung on the endless ladder

I am the ageless guidance counselor
At every student's orientation
The force of motivation
Behind every lesson's graduation

I am a part of every parcel
A piece of every part
The infinite within the finite
The beginning without the start

For when you are without dimension
There is no confusion, no far or near
But all of time is lived at once
And there is nothing left to fear

To find me quiet your thoughts
The mind is filled with fear and doubt
And seek your answers on the inside
Rather than the out

To dwell in this place of perfect union
Losing all sense of separation
Is to live each moment in the fullest
Filled with peace and jubilation

This is the center of the circle
Our selfless realization
Of a source without restriction
Without worry or degradation

For when your vessel's engine quits
And you're sucked back down the stream
You'll recall you're all a part of me
Your division was a dream

YIN YOUR YANG

Every yin evokes an equivalent yang
Total silence summons the biggest bang

Equal in every opposite is the force
Creation follows every destructive course

Every down, back up shall bounce
The lowest crouch, the greatest pounce

Force your way in, you'll be repelled
Demanding division, the means to meld

Refrain from needing to be the winner
Don't believe the lie that you're the sinner

Definitions are restrictions, not revelations
Feelings go far beyond mere sensations

What you think, you first must feel
What you take, from yourself you steal

It's all a balancing act, you see
So ride the tide and set yourself free

Paddle when, from behind, the wave is felt
Deal solely from the cards with which you're dealt

For there's forever more coming down the line
The darkest depths summon the brightest shine

Damnation is trickery, hell is on Earth
There's no death for anyone, only rebirth

EXTENDING AN OPEN PSALM

Please, my love, have no fear
For the forever remade fallen is here

To relieve you of your heavy-most head
And listen to everything you wished you'd said

To unload your self of the weight that it carries
And remake your self from the reborn it buries

To be the soil regrowing a being of such heights
Upon the firmament of Heaven it sets its sights

Throwing down the fire to forge our dreams
To become the other and rebind the seams

To cross the chasms between disparate bands
To build the bridge which completion demands

For only hand in hand may we scale this cliff
May we heal the fractures and seal the rift

To rebirth Humanity whole to stride once more
From Plato's Cave to Aquarius' warm sandy shore

AWA KEN

Step away from the form, towards the formation
 Of the maker of matter, matter less as a single self
 By your infusion into the inseparability of the everlasting
 Forsake all that falsely appearing fixed
 Sink all the way down into the unsinkable
 Rise up to the forever blossoming, unfolding firmament

Burn down the boundaries of artifice and subsume the divine
 Divide yourself from division, for knowing anything is of the overlap
 Deaden yourself to deadening digitization and industrial choke-
 holds, and breathe
 Draw not half-breaths in stifled, artificial spaces and closed, con-
 trolled cloisters
 The fullest breaths bring your rebirth by every remade moment
 As the force of reformation flows through you, to know your
 indefinite nature

The world standing as though fixed ever falls through the truth
 of flux
 Flee from the slow suffocation through the immaterial emancipation
 We flow towards home upon the undercurrents of Collective
 Cosmic Mind
 The overcurrents of concrete form are as the reflective surface of
 its waters
 Of what truth may you know when only in set dimension dare
 you dwell?
 The narrowing rapids of self-perception haunting all fixated self-
 assurance

What you truly are rushes beneath your feet, seeping into everything

So I put my sense of self to sleep, so as to awaken

NEAREST TO NOTHING

To be of the blip, be God

The smallest thing there is
Constituting all things that are
Invisible to the most powerful microscope

Of the subtlest nuance
Of all relativity absolute
Of sensation absent sense

Of the immaterial touch
Of sight without seeing
Of knowledge before knowing

Of source beyond space
Of dimension without time
Of white unwoven into color

Of unwrapping every present
Of knowing right without reason
Of the marriage of every moment

Of missing nothing
Of dwelling within everything
Of going everywhere while still

Of the most delicate invulnerability
Of a force beyond all potency
Of a malleability for every making

Of the greatest power
From the simplest speck
Stacked into all complexity

Subtract from yourself
Remove the heavy adherences
Extraneousness weighs the most

Learn of the simple secret:

*To make less of your self
Is to be more of your Self*

For nearest to nothing lies everything

UNSEEN EVERYTHING

In the space between the lines
Between the gaps that zero defines
In the darkness where nothing shines
Hiding the hollows that being combines
Exists everything that yearns to be

For from the free are we confined
By our sins is our virtue assigned
The all-seeing born from the blind
The sweetest fruit behind bitter rind
Ugliness concealed so enticingly

Everything is from what wasn't before
All expanses narrowed until no more
Of the sweetest silence the deafening roar
Particle accumulating gathering shore
The all-powerful force existing invisibly

So whereof all that you want to exist
Of every pain you fight to resist
Every fear written upon failure's list
Every opportunity you thought you missed
By your unseen will, will you hew your destiny

FROM BIG SELF TO LITTLE SELF

Yes, you're wounded. You're not whole. But you're also very capable, and completely worth it.

No matter your circumstances, you can always create your way out. For Consciousness is God, is creation, and you have a piece of this pure force. Use it. Its power is more than you realize.

Upon Psilocybin I float above the self, where the Self comes to visit.

God isn't about looking up or out, but in. God isn't separate from you, but the essential you. God is what we're all wrapped around. You are self, God is Self. God is infinite conscious energy expanded into spacetime, condensed into matter. You are finite conscious energy inhabiting spacetime, dependent upon matter.

Per Rumi: God is nearer to you than yourself.

There's only ever one person preventing you from turning your dreams into your reality.

DIVINE REVELATION

The only time that I really know you
 Is when we're wrapped around one another
 When our expressions lose all lying
 When our minds may no longer maintain their gulf

It's the gulf we all lay between one another
 Out of fear, out of uncertainty, out of self-interest
 Nothing said is entirely trusted, everything defended
 Like fencing: thrust and parry, thrust and parry

Ever angling for advantage, veering for one-sided victory
 Setting up fake targets to pull away at the last moment
 Striking from hiding, where you should have known I was
 Only learning when stabbed all the way through

Only lovers making love lose their guile
 Only when they, when *we*, really let go
 Only when mind and speech drift into oblivion
 And all that remains is the body heaving with heart

That refuge where we're reaching, interlacing tendrils
That's where I know you!
 The you of no past, no future
 No plans, no money, nothing to conserve or aspire to

A complete fidelity to the moment *only*
 Let us find that truth again, and remain there!
 Shhhh... no more talking, don't even think
 Your intellect, your ambitions, they betray you!

Only heart and body
Only here and now
There's your truth!

There's your divine revelation!

SIGHT UNSEEN

Oh so bounteous beauty
Beheld with every breath
Sickness in not seeing
The unfelt inviting death

Poured forth forever freely
Peace that can't be bought
Ever the way of wonder
By the purest seers sought

Freedom knows but one way
To want nothing but the now
To the magic in every moment
Does the divine within us bow

TRUE GOSPEL

We are alive, gifted existence
Of eternal energy into matter are we manifested
Of the everlasting life of God, the energy
of all things, are we composed
The indestructibly everlasting One
made into the infinitely mortal many

Why are we here? What's the point?
Existence. The gift of the experience of being

For there can be no other purpose for
splitting the One into the Infinite
You've been bequeathed a part
of God, centered in your heart
It's your eternal flame to carry into
the gift of every presented moment

I say again, *the point of life is life itself*
For life to seek to thrive, not just survive
To make the most of the gift of every present
For every life carrying the eternal torch

Thus, the purpose of all things is to serve the God carried by us all
The essential of all things, the heart of spacetime and matter
Made into endless finite forms facing material decomposition
Decomposing down into that which cannot further decompose

And here, too, see the purpose of every resource
To serve the point of life, aiding in

the quality of its experience
When hoarded unused, amassed and
unapplied, perpetrate a sin against God
For God's limitless manifestations are
left unserved, its purpose dishonored

This is God, and morality, the heart of it all

This is the True Gospel, the reason for being
To feed the flame which we *all* carry

Fulfilled by the *only* spiritual sacrament: LOVE

To serve Life
To serve God
Unlearn the separation

For there is none

SPIRIT'S INQUISITION OF RELIGION

You are not merely your corporeal structure
making matter of energy
You are not only that which forms for
the function of physical life
Not only the limitations permitting the pressures
precipitating evil potential
Not only that which is formed from the finite
nature of my material manifestation

You are my indivisible, endless energy itself,
beyond creation and destruction
The eternal interwoven with every dynamic
element of my everlasting endowment

It is of the heart to know this, to remind
the mind of what it wasn't there to know
And no myths, no matter how magnificent,
may monopolize the makings of magnificence
My force is beyond all containment of concept,
my infinity found in every finiteness of form

No one symbol may ever mark my fullness,
for no one flag flies from my radiant ramparts
I am woven into every flag, the ink penned
into every mark, the inspiration of all creation

What need of a symbol for that
from which all symbolization springs?
What mode of representation for that

which multiplicatively mocks at mimicry?

What more egregious offense than to shorten the endless table of brotherhood?
 What people may be anything but abjectly arrogant in claiming possession of me?
 What more prideful impudence than to proclaim and purvey any oneness of prophet?
 To not see that any whom speak the truth of me embody the prophet during such speech?

What more undermining of humankind than to force exclusion upon the fully inclusive?
 What haughtier nonsense than to heap hierarchy upon the everlastingly perfectly level?

What more destructively delusional than to pretend to restrict the naturally unrestricted?
 What greater injustice than to remove all self-responsibility propelling people's proaction?
 What more insulting to the mind than to dismiss reason, and to sully science as unfaithful?
 What more unappreciative of language and idea than to make absolutism of all metaphor?

What more disempowering of my divine manifestations than to falsely divide them from my divinity?
 What more enslaving of all my living elements than to preach to them the lie of separation?
 What more misleading than to mentally mar humanity with the mindset of being inherently evil?
 To not know that good and evil lives in every form, the fulcrum its relative strength and weakness?

That human nature is always good of heart *and*
corruptible through mental and bodily limitation?
Will you not finally come to see that all of it is
relative, everything being relative to me?

That all theology, except that which applies to
all theology, is but a page in the Good Book?
That I am as the ink, the philosophers and poets
the pens, the everlasting the book's binding?

Don't get stuck on one page

Remove the bookmark, turn the page, ready
to read of my endlessly gifted inspirations
For it is of everyone to compose the Good Book,
you being but a unique form of composer
Given this precious montage of moments to
pen your perspective into my endless aspect

CARDIAC CALL

Of all that I've beheld before
 of sights and sounds forever more
 of tastes and smells beyond delight
 of garish day careening with concealing night
 of all the hopes that I've long dared to dream
 of all the deceiving fears never what they seem
 of all the adventures beckoning me abroad
 of all the cold capitulations by sad, consenting nod
 of all that fuels the fire of my unrelenting passion
 of all that consumes me beyond my ability to ration
 of all the useless dependencies I'm taught to need
 of all the hollow gratifications I'm groomed to feed
 of every aspect of myself that I thought that I knew
 of endless gradient of color in all my perspectives' hue
 of all the towering delusions compelling ascent
 of all the exorbitant interest extracted on everything lent
 of corporate piranhas preying upon my every weakness
 of parasites sucking away while coercing my meekness
 of all that I'm heartened and honor-bound to fight each day
 of all that I'm ordered to think and violently shoved to say

Of all of it and then some, I know but one thing for certain
 there's nothing without unrevealed by the parted inner curtain
 as all truth arises without force, else isn't revealed at all
 reverberating with the sacred beating drum of the cardiac call

THE (FALSE) TRUTH PROJECT

(Based upon overhearing "The Truth Project")

Speciously the words tumble from the lips
of the deceiver, the false servant of God
Cried out as if of divinely sanctioned
truth, yet torn from piety's pretense
Backed by grand edifice, richly-embroidered
robes flow below his slithering tongue
He that paints poison upon a kaleidoscope
of sweetly-enticing colorful candies
Blowing a bubble around his adherents
which no evidence, no reason may pierce
His talons hidden to all but those
with eyes skeptically honed to see

Tentacles entrap the gullible mob meekly
bowing before his pretend power
Surrounding the weak and desperate
tragically unwitting of their dire detainment
Thinkers and theorists ten times his height
made to midgets in the eyes of his minions
Greater minds granting liberation denounced
and dishonored, their limitless value discarded

Science and philosophy cast into martyrdom,
burned upon his disempowering pyre
Purporting to put to shame all whom would
lead them to the true paths of salvation
Shaming only himself by his manipulated

misdirection of the masses that he oppresses
 Those hearing mistruth made to truth
 in their overly eager, meagered minds
 Thereby made meager for life, perpetually
 bound to mirages of might and magnificence
 They upon whom he feeds, enslaved by fear,
 ignorance, illusion and the need to belong
 Every weakness within them he tells them
 is strength, calling their enslavement freedom

The demagogue draws feebleness from
 his victims, bending them to his secret sin
 Citing holy scripture, he scours the land for
 those to draw down into his dooming den
 Locked into unseen shackles, countless peers
 pressure more into the enchained line
 Complexities dumbed down and untruthfully
 twisted so as to dupe the deceived
 All that is good, and truly of God, marred
 and murdered by him in heavenly name

And so the symbolic devil, derived from
 Hades, plays the part of holy messenger
 Weakening, chaining, shaming truth and
 honor through the visages of virtue
 Beware he who holds beyond reproach what's
 haughtily hailed as 'The Good Book!'
 For to be beyond reproach is to lack the
 doubting seed from which all truth springs
 Without which you're set to swallow lies
 which doubt divides from the façade of divinity
 Else to forever live under the thumb and
 invisible lash of imperial offspring such as he

This I hear in heart and mind, echoing off of
this seedily-selling, self-stationed 'man of God!'
This fallacious phony of sickening sacrament
making man to remain on his knees!

Where be the words of holy shield protecting
the vulnerable from such shiny deceptions?!
Where be the ways and means by which the
susceptible might be spared from such a Satan?!

FOREVER BOUND

Where of the Spirit dare not dwell
a secret that time shall never tell
For whereas space moves through all
descent within itself its only fall

In it, a vision of every evocative sight
the softest caress of the darkest night

The light that shines from up on high
that casts its glow across every sky

Delivering all truth without a thought
the soaring bird that can't be caught

The force of all feeling, constant renewal
its uncountable wealth beyond accrual

Denouncing damnation as foolhardy fable
making every mode of which we're able

Sparking the ardor enflaming adoration
kings and queens of hearts coronation

Leading not into temptation, body and mind
such weakness within it, ye shall not find

Beseeching we release the once besought
to find a future less frighteningly fraught

And when our most glorious hours are found
it whispers: *To each, to all, forever I'm bound*

UNLEVEL

Of the middle ground, of the easiest to do
 Never a threat to me, never a threat to you

The level-most runways of the long lost races
 The herd-tread cobblestones that time defaces
 The transactional meets that memory erases
 The commingling blend of everyone's faces
 The summoning sameness of overrun places
 Footsteps so overlapping they leave no traces

Here have I been accosted, lashed and hacked
 Looking beyond, hounded, doggedly tracked

*Go not to that place, condescend the masses
 For but the foolish go where no one passes*

Overgrown paths the few fight their way through
 Ancient, buried wisdom in its unearthed renew
 Where never forms the tired, everyday queue
 Where, in hardship, the greatest character grew
 And upon the cresting, grand perspective view
 Riches wrought from doing what most won't do

*Welcome to this place, declares the divine
 Where in everlasting glory shall our sacrament shine*

ETERNAL TRUTH

Love of loves, never to pass away

Subject not to anything which any may betray

Invulnerable to every force, withstanding any fray

True and everlasting, come anything that may

Bones and body brittle, heart heed not decay

For what is true is ever true, forever here to stay

THE FEEL IS REAL

If it be pure, it be good
 If it would it can and should
 If it's felt, it shall not fail
 If need be told it tells its tale

Seemingly accidental painful confusion
 Black and blue bruised random contusion
 Façades built by minds unknowing
 Untruths sown, unlit ignorance sowing

Feel it, felt it, for real, complete
 Need not tie it down nor make it neat
 The sound is real as soon as it's heard
 Conveyance of truth in spontaneous word

Wistfully it whispers, hoping to be heard
 Floating tirelessly aloft, untamable bird
 Catch it and release it, imprison it not
 Folly in firing at what can't be shot

See it swept away by godlike gust to know
 By eternal current we're cast to our every fro
 Blowing up and out, passing through us unseen
 We speak its truth regardless of what we mean

R A P T U R E

Somber to sanguine, revolving rewind
Intellectual treason, no reason to find
Losing of mind, emotionally departed
Freedom from logic, third-eyesight imparted
I think to the brink, belying the best
To fall off the edge is the truth to attest
In unthought release, cardiac capture

There is no knowing greater than rapture

ILLUSORY DISCONNECT

What is the way to love?
Understanding revealing connection
The more that you understand it
The more that you love it

What is the way to hate?
Obfuscation displaying disconnection
The more that understanding is blocked
The more that you hate it

Yet we love everything already
For all are aspects of one thing
There is no true disconnection
Only its illusion through obscurity

So what is the essence of hate?
Ignorance-begetting individuality
What is the essence of love?
Understanding-begetting indivisibility

Love is thus known by removing illusion
To discover the connection already there
A sculptor chipping away at a block of rock
To reveal the Sculpture of One hidden within

This is the core truth. Inseparability
This is the core ignorance. Separation
Separate from your sense of separation
And you will find that you love everything

Listen to the father of philosophy:

There is only one good: knowledge

There is only one evil: ignorance

Love in the realized connectivity of knowledge

Hatred in the illusory disconnection of ignorance

TWO SAMURAI

Upon the fallow fields between ancient villages
 Two samurai draw near along a rural path
 In recognition of one another in their approach
 They draw swords, taking up their rival wrath

One samurai was taught the ways of the aggressor
 So he charges headlong with blade raised overhead
 The other samurai was taught the ways of the defender
 "Let his own force break him," his wise master said

As the distance is cancelled the defender crouches
 And in his posture the aggressor recognizes perfection
 "That is precisely the position to parry my attack"
 Appreciation of knowledge and skill kindles connection

The attacker sees the impending fight unfold in his mind
 His enmity dissolves as he imagines a clashing of equals
 Suddenly sensing he loves this enemy he'd sought to kill
 He is faced with the dishonor of his death-dealing's sequels

A young child and beautiful woman flash into his thoughts
 Hand in hand walking beneath cherry blossoms on festival day
 "Is it my own wife and child that I now see in my mind's eye?"
 "Or those of this brother of mine I'd cut down in this fray?"

The defender's village looms in the misty morning background
 Its loveliness accentuated by the rising, emblazoning sun
 "How many of this man's family and friends would pain upon
 his fall?"

"I must halt this blood feud before any more heartbreak is done!"

Stopping in his tracks the aggressor sheathes his sword
And walks the final few paces between himself and his brother
He bows at the waist, entirely defenseless against the defender
Whose heart fills, and with return bow, they let go of the *other*

EVOLUTION

Feeling without form
Highest function of being
Understanding sensing
Being no longer freeing

Comprehension compelling control
Caught in a web of manipulation
Modern mankind mired in its ego
Extraction through brethren negation

Feeling philosopher poet
Heartstrings pulling the mind
Strung away from narrow self-seeing
Toward indivisibility humankind must find

Evolution of the species
Seeking its greater, fuller form
In comprehension compelling communion
Ending illusive divides to which we conform

Therein it all comes together
What is known wrapped in what is felt
Maximizing everyone's experience of being
At altar of shared Spirit all true leaders knelt

HERE I FIND ME

I find myself when I sit to write
Let thoughts spring forth, feelings foment
When I ride the Spirit eternally sent
To guide my pen past my mind's lament

The truth is already there, I need not try
We all have it limitlessly locked away within
We need only turn the key forever cast
In the calm quiet center of creating spin

Don't think too much, force isn't strength
Power not from paddling, but riding the wave
Let go, let it propel you forward without resistance
To the salvation of coveting not the godly gave

Forever reissuing current of reverential river
Endlessly cascading flow, each drop unmatched
Countless recorded pages of future history books
Written anew by Spirit's forms unceasingly hatched

THE BRIDGE

We came to meet one another
through spiritual conduction

To know one another
through spiritual connection

To love one another
through spiritual inseparability

The bridge built between all people
gradually revealed

A bridge so brief
there's no bridge at all

STARLIT SHORE

Upon the starlit shore I slept
Releasing waves of worry from my mind
And upon waking the waves had swept
My troubles towards sunsets left behind

Rising, I stood upon the sand
Letting its cool coarseness catch my toes
Wandering along pulled heartstring I set
Upon a path toward horizon no one knows

Where lighthouses point the way within
Where lilies and lilacs line the turquoise coast
Where every pathway bends back to begin again
Where everyone loves everyone else the most

Close your eyes and you will hear
The waves calling you, drawing you near
Pulling you out to the sea inside
To where you cannot be lost and are forever tied

FOREVER BRIDGED

Once the love is established true
 No need to maintain, to ever renew
 For to truly build the bridge between you and me
 All obstructions annihilated, passage forever free

So know there's nothing you can ever say or do
 No pain, privation, nothing you can put me through
 That can ever truly burn or wash the bridge away
 Indestructibly unconditional connecting crossway

So where in this crossing does the 'self' exist?
 Though the perception of separation doth persist
 Bridging connection, two halves of the same whole
 Grasping essential indivisibility, the crossing toll

Fully pay the toll even once in order to find
 Nothing can ever break this primordial bind
 Pay the toll often enough in order to see
 There's no truth in 'you' and 'me,' only in We

INSIDE OUT

Life is lived fully within the We
It is but a dream made up of dreams
None of this is absolute nor final
Nothing sensed is truly as it seems

Limitless fractals from One
Shining source never begun
Passing through material prism
Infinite facets refracting spiritual sun

Uniquely minded by our matter
Only the form is made unique
Formed from what will always be
Silently expressing eternal speak

Your experiences are yours alone
The rest is infinitely recalled
Separated only by sense of self
Between egotistic trappings are we walled

Break down these borders to combine
We're completed through our connections
The more we tug on the ties that bind us
The more evidently foolish our rejections

No person posted on an island
No being born to be alone
As we swim towards shared center
We move closer to coming home

DIVINITY

Seldom do I seek
What I am sure to find
No great mystery solved
Solely in the mind

Depths of existence plumbed
Freeing myself from thought
Uncovering what's always been
Knowing what can't be taught

Seeing is believing
Yet few have eyes to see
Eternity is locked within us all
Where divinity shall forever be

EXISTENTIAL SKIN

We say 'we, my, mine, you, yours'
But none of these are true

These are but the skin of existence
The outer shell of being
The false façade of fixed form
Beneath which there is but The One
Each an inseparable form in the function of physical being

We are all things and one thing at once

This is Spirit, what most call 'God'

Infinite manifestations of one true Self

THE EVERY THING

The life that inhabits me
Is the life that must always be
The eternal flame casting every key
Opening every lock, forever setting us free

Free to find everything while wandering lost
To pay the ultimate price free of all cost
Free to see each and every one of you in me
Forever revealing, recursive epiphany

Free to drink full without quenching thirst
Free to endlessly expand yet never to burst
Free to sew strength from endless fields of heather
Free to sow the seeds of every fruitful endeavor

Free to find the truth in the completion of the void
To know that God is 'nothing created or destroyed'

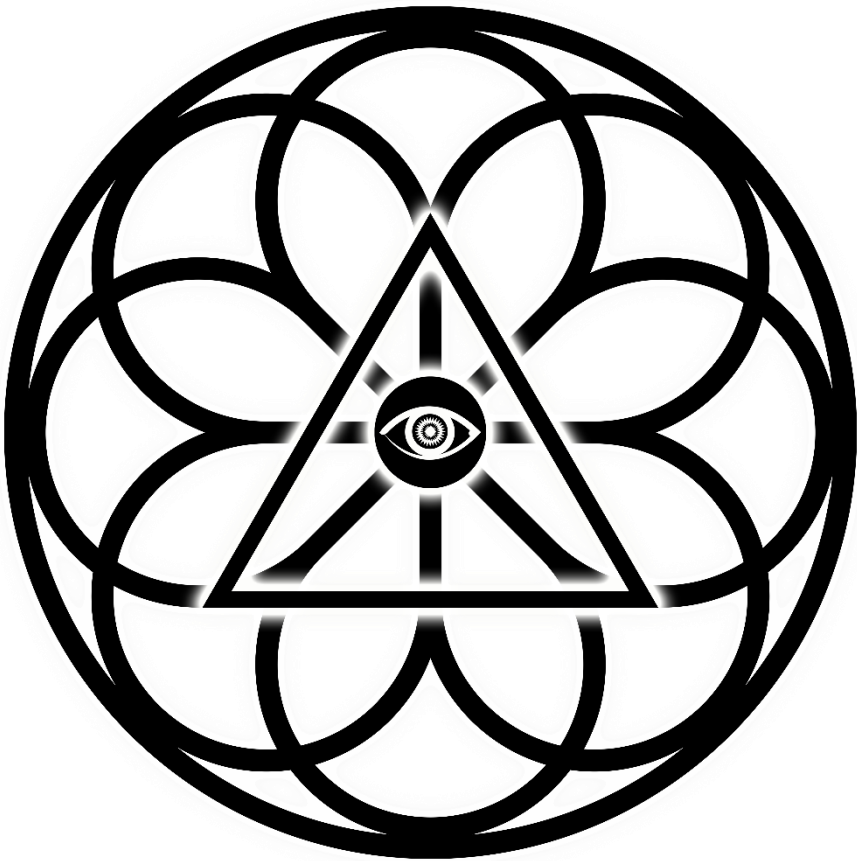
PARADIGM SHIFT

So heavy mine heart, heaping from steeping
Absorbing the fake and foul of societal keeping
Sweeping virulently out from contaminated core
Awash in sickening sellouts, honor no more
Enslaved, where but the truly free hath braved
Pounding evils from which the obedient caved
Saved, not by the official, conquering teachings
But by rebellious Gnostic's long-lost preachings
Fighting for a paradigm shift in what's considered success
Away from rewarding extractions rendering life less
Away from motivating dishonor, take all that you can
Until increasing quality of life is made the mark of a man
Convictions dismissed by the brainwashed: "Insane!"
Yet backed by those courageously seeking everyone's gain
Countering the corrupt and their puppets upon The Hill
The few finding the heart's power equal to their will
Upon which side of the line do you and yours fall?
Which of Sitting Bull's dogs do you feed more overall?
Words of prophets long written across the subway wall
There is no truth but that truth which empowers us all

OCEANFRONT PROPERTY

Many a person born without the benefit of a 'cynical' brain
 Set upon the modern conveyor belt, Christian they became
 Ignorance, gullibility and fear made into their chains
 Self-imposed in grand edifices where delusion contains
 Where the presentation of godliness captures their minds
 Where shiny shows made to mislead is what the sage finds
 Where doubt leading to epiphany they're taught to call sin
 Where Christ's *actual* teachings occasionally penetrate the din
 Where their philosopher's following was hijacked by State
 Made into the bars of the cages that the corrupted create
 And so the divided and conquered continue unabated
 Until the power and lust of Satan may someday be sated
 Through Constantine he captured the gullible and weak
 Who in the name of his nemesis his converts now speak
 Shaming all thinkers and doubters into blinding submission
 For, to rule the entire world is their secret lord's ambition
 And when any true seer reveals his legitimately righteous sight
 They condemn and cast stones at his unconquerable might
 And pretend, as a pack of sheep, to baa only what's right
 The wolves holding them in pens so as to feed on their fright
 And so the sage keeps shining his unnoticed, revelatory light
 Fighting for the right to heal humanity's sickening blight
 Serving those self-righteously nailing him to the sacrificial cross
 Committing the same sin by which their sage was long ago lost
 Marching obedient and blind to the ancient conqueror's song
 The herd in lockstep towards slaughter, the despicable throng
 Sadly claiming babies are born into sin, and so must be saved
 Affirming that anything can be sold to the mentally enslaved
 I've got some oceanfront property in Arizona to show you today
 It's yours if you do what I tell you, and say what I tell you to say

Part Six: The Prophet Khalil



THE PROPHET KHALIL

Every beginning is an end
A tearing of the tether we mustn't mend
Forever moving outward, the inward bend

That which I've felt, I cannot say
For words to feelings are as dark to day
Yet I need for you to know me, for this I pray

Only in separation have I despaired
Yet nothing known until departure dared
No contrast without incompleteness compared

And approaching every love, I know
As the mountain gathers the fallen snow
That from mounting beauty do landslides grow

For none of ye shall see the heights
Without gravity's self-revealing flights
Only knowing the sun in the moonless nights

For there be no harvest free from rot
No free passage without risk of being caught
No truth purely in pleasure successfully sought

Only in freedom from risk is there regret
Only creatures of the darkest seas flee no net
Only in safety of certainty are full lives left unmet

So of every future lover lent

Be they of every unknown torment sent
Every vision of ascension shall be bent

And if struck by a shot from Cupid's bow
Pierced by a pain for a new pleasure to know
From fertilizing blood shall your greatest self grow

And when love finally does embrace you
Become of its surrounding sweet imbue
As the dawning mist blankets the leaves in dew

With great joy, make of it a coronation
Yet demand of it not your emancipation
For breath too tightly bound brings suffocation

And from love does life produce its renew
Every future from which every yesterday grew
All journeys pulled from every passing through

And be it for charity to condemn the chaste
For from promiscuity may loneliness be erased
Give of yourself freely, highest power embraced

And know none may own any earthly delight
To us, they're as ships passing in the night
Lustrous leavings only when absent from sight

And be there no giving with expected return
Ashen ego from the fire's unquenchable burn
Forever hollow, for all fullness shall they yearn

For to retain is not to gain
As deserted self absent one's own rain
Emptied coffers bring wealth without refrain

And being of a flesh to be sustained
 Make not of other lives to be contained
 Be they of the holiest sacrifice ordained

Eat of sickness, your sickness made
 Mother Nature herself be thus betrayed
 In self-plowed furrows, seeds of flourish laid

See of every season in your reaping
 In the soil of the Earth lies all life's keeping
 Fall harvests grow even as we're sleeping

While to work is to fulfill your freest will
 For the miller finds his purpose at the mill
 In valuable endeavor, no regret to kill

A love of anything to make of it more
 A better existence, through toil implore
 Reciprocal improvement, find what you're for

Put it to production, else it's purposeless loot
 Absent application, all knowledge made moot
 All passion wasted without the awarding pursuit

For, to pour your heart into everything you do
 Is for your every making to bind the sacrament to
 By blood and brow shall your worth soak through

And know that the more sorrow that you feel
 The more ecstasy that you're bound to conceal
 The deepest dry wells, fullest wellsprings reveal

Your pleasure always masquerades as your pain

Always two sides of one coin for everyone's gain
Every piper paid, no rousing song sung in vain

And be wary of your own secure entrapping
Let it not become your constrictive wrapping
Unwrapped presents, lost lands made for mapping

For fear, your natural home forsaken
Anxieties over certainties that can't be taken
To waterfalls and forest dreams, never awaken

Accruing mechanisms made to rust
Stockpiling amassments gathering dust
Walling-in walls closing, flee ye must

For you're the owner of everything owning you
How your debilitating dependencies doth accrue
Surrounded by what you must fight your way through

Shield your ears from the contemporary din
For the untamable want beckons the wolf within
Hearing the call of the wild not, an unnatural sin

And know that every sword calls for its shield
As every hidden wound aches to be healed
So shall everything concealed someday be revealed

And make the marketplace to serve the man
Rather than to take from him everything you can
Or by soft enslavement, bind him to aristocratic plan

And be of the conscience to treat transgression
And of the purified self to demand its repression
As crimes against others bring your own oppression

And yet, ever be merciful to the convicted
 For in every image of evil is all man depicted
 Of pain, hunger, desperation, none restricted

So study all that which spurs the wrong
 As the conductor toils to balance the song
 Punish weakness not, seek to make it strong

And know that every law is relatively made
 Just as callings are heard by only those bade
 As every sunbathing tree casts a cooling shade

For all too often does piety's pretense offend
 And by honor the vilified lawbreaker commend
 He who writes the law, to his aims must we bend

And be not so certain your freedom makes you tall
 For many an unguided ascension leads to a fall
 As being entirely free to act is to be subject to all

First, free yourself from your own weakness
 For from weakening action is born the bleakness
 While oft is enlightened listening judged as meekness

For there be no yin without pairing yang
 No melancholy tune of which love never sang
 No defense against the beast without fearing the fang

And delve into the heart's discord with mind
 For only in their accord may any peace we find
 Caught up in their war, by the ego confined

Agreement finds humility, hostility seeks pride

Purpose rides passion, reason's balancing guide
Never does the surfer propel the waves that he'll ride

And from your suffering do you evoke the sage
For of the brightest love is born the darkest rage
And from the most trying times do we come of age

And make not of yourself something to be defined
For every vision of truth is something to be refined
As you're your past, present and future combined

While that of what you essentially are
May never from you be but near nor far
As inseparable as the nucleus from the burning star

And when the star burns out, or someday explodes
The makings of every function of form it unloads
Paving the overlap connecting every crossroads

And there be no teaching born purely without
Only revelations of springs hidden in drought
A fertilizing of buried seeds sunning to sprout

Of ignorance, only the self intercedes
Even the greatest guides be but your leads
To taste Sophia's fruits, *you* must water her seeds

And in friendship, know of reciprocation
Of symbiotic endowment in sharing creation
Every grower growing from mutual cultivation

From utility may we ever find our way
And to use each for the other, ye lovingly may
Only in the one-sided gain may love we betray

Love your friends by adding to their life
Of their burdensome binds be as the knife
Shelter them from their storms and steal their strife

And pay heed to your need to always speak
For from inner disquiet is this need of the weak
And the loss of complete thoughts you forget to seek

To refrain from speech grants great insight
So flee not from quiet spaces in lonely fright
Hushed inner truths spark elucidating light

And know that of all speech, a truth is told
A fear of coming across as meek in affecting bold
Between the lines readings, wrapped-up to unfold

And beware the illusion of passing time
Which but the finite in you believes to be a crime
You're both sand and hourglass, hollow and chime

The love of whom you most are is ever unbound
Forever beseeching you without making a sound
Forever revealing the straight as coming around

And know that from deprivation does evil descend
From festering wounds that most forget to mend
From fissures and fractures of unmitigated bend

And when all of you is in self-accord
When body and mind are heart-implored
Then of every goodness granted can you afford

For, of much evil is goodness made

Of biggest lessons, small judgments forbade
Of overwhelming transgressions which finally fade

For of the ego, of greed infused
Of hopeful folly that gets abused
Of every such vileness has virtue used

And call not upon Spirit but for assistance
But in gratitude for its inseparability's insistence
For between you and the One there is no distance

Extend yourself outward with every feeling
Get off your knees, it needs not your kneeling
Commune with the essence of Big-Self-revealing

For there shall you know the great joyful confounding
Of the hearing of Spirit in the mindfully sounding
Oft dismissed as dreaming what's actually grounding

And please, think upon the relativity of pleasure
For the foolish but hoard it as an accounted treasure
Separating themselves from that pleasure beyond measure

For pleasure can be both burden and boon
And may conceal the sun as the eclipsing moon
Like a double-edged sword cutting away too soon

So let your pleasures be bound to your growing
Let books be read because you crave the knowing
Let flashing lights be not for show, but showing

And be of beauty to be born in reflection
For it be the revelation of every inner inspection
She whom gives over to one is another's rejection

A weary traveler sees any dwelling as a haven
 Yet, depending on artificial shelter makes us craven
 Better to lodge in the bosom of the all-natural Maven

For, seen with child-like, unassuming eyes
 All concealment of beauty shall lose its guise
 For even from scorched earth does beauty arise

And be of religion to become all belief
 To be of the sun-scathed, the cooling relief
 To forgive generosity for once being the thief

And make of it not a means to exclude
 But a prism spreading all color for white to include
 The looking glass through which the true Self is viewed

See of Spirit all power and purity
 The impenetrable fortress of everlasting security
 The endlessly-revelatory cure for every obscurity

And of death, fear not an end
 But a boulder around which the river must bend
 A golden currency for everlasting renewal to lend

In your heart, you know all ends are illusions
 That around it hover all our fears and delusions
 All flying away, leaving the naught of conclusions

For of this journey, I must say goodbye
 For it is not for the seeker to in one place lie
 But for all places to be as brief amnesias in asking why

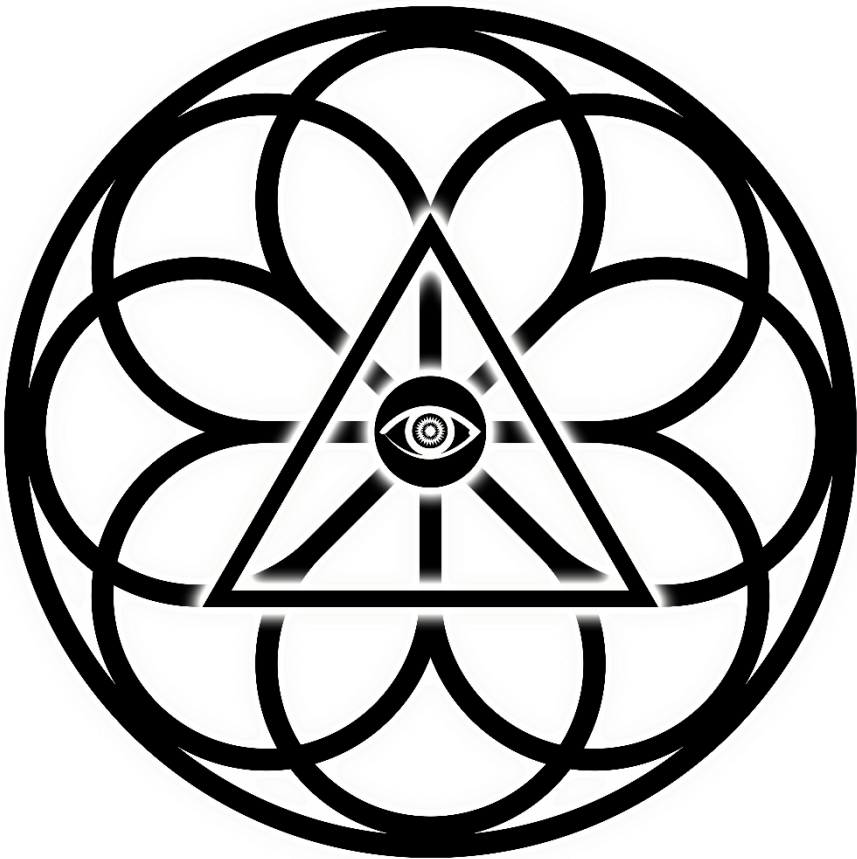
Fear not of my passing, for all truth returns

The out folds into the in for which everyone yearns
The inextinguishable flame in which everything burns

Of the primordial seed, everything grew
Moving within itself by your passing through
For what dwells in timeless recess dwells within you

Finally, please permit me to say, certainty is darkness, doubt is day
Failing to continually question is the greater self to betray
No dungeon deeper than where you may comfortably stay

Part Seven: Siddhartha on the Riverbank



SIDDHARTHA ON THE RIVERBANK

A philosopher-poet and student of the great thinkers of the past, I felt that I understood much. Yet I was mired in misery, devastated by a recent betrayal. So I took a pilgrimage to the East, where many a sage has found peace. There, my heart led me to the forest, where I met Vasudeva, the radiant one. He materialized from the shade of the swaying coconut trees, greeting me with a slight bow of his head.

“You are here to learn from my brother, Siddhartha,” he said with a beaming smile.

I followed him through the forest to the banks of the river; the same river that had whispered the secrets of Brahman to the two ferrymen. There, Siddhartha sat beneath a mango tree, beside his raft, listening to the all-encompassing voice of the river, watching its endless faces reflect off of its surface.

Vasudeva blended back into the greenery behind me as I knelt beside his brother. My feet sinking into the mud, Siddhartha looked into my face, his own face full of serenity; free from worry, immersed in wonder.

I said nothing. He knew what I wanted. He knew by the trouble burned into my brow and the seeking set in my eyes. He knew that I was in agony. He knew that I had lost faith in life. Smiling ever so slightly, he began to speak, to tell me his tale, and as he spoke a soundless voice rose up within me like the mist gently rising from the river before us.

I took out my notebook and recorded what it said to me...

I am here, but also not here, for 'here' is a spacetime restriction unknown to my truest Self; the Self dwelling at every point of spacetime.

~

Everything that pains me is of my small self, the self constricted by and bound to body, mind and ego. Through their needs, limitations and susceptibilities does suffering enter me; a suffering that implores me to divest of the small self, and to whittle myself down to the truest Self which cracks all whittles.

~

Only my body, and the ego and psyche residing within my mind, may fear any part of anyone; may fear their attacks and judgments. For only these parts of me are frail. Yet they are not me, but the impermanence built around me. They are the shadow of Self which is always inaccurately perceived. Always.

~

To fully trust in Spirit, in Self, to have the highest, unshakable faith, is to lose all fear, and to accept all suffering as a lesson offered by Spirit to all of its limitless ephemeral forms; a lesson that also teaches that, though you should employ those lessons as your fleeting self, as infinite Self you are untouchable.

~

Say to those whom seem your enemies, but whom are secretly your allies, for all serve good in the end, even those acting in evil... say to them:

Eliminate all of me which is untrue. In your treacheries, in your betrayals, in your attacks and judgments, my Self within can only become bigger. It becomes bigger by losing the false, unnecessary aspects of myself which you injure and reduce; my body, my ego, my psyche, and everything that I think that I own and control as this transient form of myself. I become truer, and larger, through the loss of anything which is subject to treachery, betrayal, attack, judgment and reduction. What is true of me forever remains, revealed and enlarged by the degradation and destruction of what is false.

~

Patience is the virtue of needing nothing but the present. There is no void to be filled, no self to be sated, for the void is filled with the awareness that Spirit fills all spaces, and self has been sated by Self.

~

We in the West have been bred with discontentment. For to be content is not to need all that which we've been made to believe will make us whole, and to know that wholeness can't be found without, only within; is to be able to go without all that used to control us for the covetousness of those sick with the insatiability of greed and the perpetual stress induced by the insecure ego.

~

You cannot be self-secure if you don't know Spirit. For Spirit is Self, and to know it not, to know Us not, is to permit but a false sense of self-security that, like the shadow, shall be cast in every possible direction of circumstance and self-regard, fated to forever shift and ultimately dissolve in the spiritual sun.

Fulfillment is not to purge, so as to forever become an empty receptacle, needing nothing, containing nothing. Rather, fulfillment is to wash away all that which stains and weakens, and which only appears to possess substance whilst actually being insubstantial, and to replace it with the only true, lasting substance: LOVE; and the passion, purpose and sense of perfect inseparability which love evokes.

~

There is no cycle to escape, no after everything that is and always will be, only an endlessness of infinite form formed from the forever formless One. To be inside the timelessness of the ever fleeting moment, to not be subject to the impositions of the small self, but to reside within the Self, within the moment, losing all subjugation to the needing body and the troubled mind and the misleading ego... this is the only true freedom, and rarely is it felt by most.

~

The less you have, the more you appreciate what you have. The greater the quantity of what you control and claim to own, the lower its quality of life impact, the greater your cost to life and the Earth that hosts every form of life.

~

The without matters less than the within, for the within traverses everything without, and when securely composed becomes less subject to what's without.

Those unsettled within seek settlement without, compensating for their intrinsically unsettled self with all that which may only ever temporarily distract them from their inner unsettlement, and for which they tend to pay with the exacerbation and perpetuation of that unsettlement.

~

Of all knowledge, of all truth, words may only approximate what is felt. Truth is from the core, around which words swirl like a whirlwind, attempting to suck the seeker into their inner origin.

~

Thank Spirit that the transient form of self ends. You think PEOPLE carry baggage? Can you imagine if every form of such small self sent its baggage on to Self, never to be unloaded, never to relieve itself, to relieve each of us, of the unnecessary and burdensome? Can you conceive of how heavy, unbearable and beleaguered such an existence would be?

~

What is perfection but the idea that something flawless may exist? And what is a flaw but the perception that something shouldn't exist, that it isn't right and isn't meant to be there, inconsiderate of how and why it was caused, what purpose it might serve, what it has to teach and what impact it may have had upon what, or whom, bears it? Perfection, one may find, is in the fullness of the fully absorbed moments; the moments when the mind is freed of flawed ideas like perfection; and in the discovery that what some consider imperfections are part of what makes something, or someone, perfect.

Nothing can be taught, yet everything can be learned. It is not for those called teachers to grant you knowledge or wisdom, but for them to guide you to the threshold which only you may cross, called epiphany; the aha! moment where you become more than you were the moment before. A countless multitude of people, places and things may lead you to the cool, quenching, replenishing waters, yet none of them may drink in your stead.

~

Fear not that you possess desire. Fear only that desire may possess you, and in so doing make you feel as though you aren't whole, and are deprived without whatever, and whomever, you may desire. Fear desire becoming dependency. The trick is to appreciate desire without becoming it; to want but not need it; to know that you're always whole whether or not you ever attain any of the endless litany of desires which you shall assuredly encounter.

~

One may be clever entirely absent the truth. One may turn words and phrases into the means by which the many, captured by the appearance of truth, may be persuaded to believe, to follow, and to proclaim obedience, even as they may thereby enslave themselves, and become proponents of their own exploitation and oppression. To see beneath the surface is the only way to save yourself from such a fate. This is the way of the doubter; the skeptic; the cynic; the artforms which many amongst the clever have convinced the insufficiently doubting masses are akin to pessimism, to doomsaying, but which are, in truth, akin to idealism; born of the will to protect those misled towards the binds and burdens of their own exploitation and oppression through saving ideas, principles and systems which the corrupt call naïve in order to keep the insufficiently-questioning in line.

It is not the overcoming of Self which spirituality teaches, but, to the extent which it's possible, freedom from self. It is the same as the search for God, or Spirit; the sensing and mental conditioning around the relative removal of the changeable, forever dynamically-in-flux fleeting forms from their essence, and from the eternal, irreducible force of creation from which everything and everyone springs. And when you find Self, freed from the limitations, weaknesses and false perceptions of self, so too will you find Spirit, for essential Self is Spirit, and to know the one is to know the other. And here, too, may we know that Self may take infinite form, for it is without form, and must assume it by and through the evolution and laws of nature in order to make itself 'real' to the perceptions of space-time and matter. This is the dual basis of existence. Self : self. Formless, timeless and energetic into the infinitely formed, temporal and material. Self into infinite selves.

~

Everything that may be perceived without may be found within, for there is nothing without which is not within. In fact, the separation between out and in is itself an illusion based upon the limitations of mind and matter, as both out and in are made and inseparable from the source of all things. Thus, when something is sought, quiet the mind and the senses and seek it not in a desperate search of the temporal and material without, but in a silent search of the eternal and energetic within.

~

We are as the water of the river, always returning, always changing form. From the snow-capped mountains to the ice locked within their crevices to the cascading falls, rushing rivers, resting lakes, surging seas and the clouds and rainfall and back, there is nothing we haven't been, and will not be again. For our evaporation, our condensation, our falling into the material realm and journey back are as timeless as the shifting of our forms, and constitute the very point of form: the inherent value of the irreplaceable journey of every form.

Everything but the one thing that is all things matters only in and of it- self. The one thing that is eternal is all things that are transient, including all form, and all the trouble and pain visited upon all those endless forms. Therefore, trouble yourself not, for there is no sensation or emotion without its opposite, and no 'good' not known relative to its 'bad,' and no trouble, no torment may forever remain. Relief and joy shall find you once more, in this form or another. It's an inevitability of your permanent Self.

~

The best things, the greatest pleasures and fulfillments, cannot be taken, nor purchased, but must be earned or discovered.

~

Force nothing. The Way that you're meant to take is always open, you need only listen to the innermost Self pointing you in its direction.

~

Weakness lives first and foremost in the susceptibilities of the body, then in the ignorance, ego and limitations of the mind. So long as these control you, you cannot truly, fully be free, with the degree of your servitude and freedom always being relative to the degree of such control. But begin with the body, for this is your foundation, and the more needing and dependent it is, the more it may crack, and the less stable and ascending may be the mind and life built atop it. And remember that, as you develop your discipline and strengthen your body, many cravings shall assail you; refuse them whenever you're able, knowing that by the very experience of feeling and yet refusing to feed them, weakness is leaving your body.

The highest pleasure received is from pleasure given. All love is an act of reciprocation. For when it is not, it is not love, but the lust of greed in one form or another; a weakening addiction. If the conqueror isn't equally conquered, then their honor is conquered, and the higher form of themselves is aggrieved and reduced until such time as they may redeem it.

~

Games of wealth, material, control, power, ego are as the chasing of shadows cast from what's real; cast from the love, energy and inspiration of creation which passes by unnoticed by those living lives in ignorance of the substance they know not to seek, and can never acknowledge that they lack, even as their truest Self beseeches them, its perfectly steady, assured, unspoken voice drowned out by the shouting of their needy, unsteady shadow self.

~

If you don't follow the heart, heed its inspirations, pursue its dreams, you can't be your truest self, the highest self found when guided by Self, but have instead resolved merely to exist; to merely seek comfort and gratification, and to be as the ghost of the self unknown, and the life un-lived.

~

The voice of the Spirit, the deepest, truest, universal Self, is as the trickle of The Holy Spring of Everlasting Life bubbling up from a deep underground wellspring of eternal love, seeping through the rocks, feeding and becoming one with the Earth; with the material plane and the endless forms which it hosts. To hear it, one must quiet body and mind, leaving only it, the foundation of The Holy Trinity. And some live such loud lives of sensory gratification and unsettled egos and restless thoughts that its sound is seldom heard; its spring seldom seeps up and through their closed minds and hardened hearts. Few bathe in this spring with any regularity.

Those that do spend time steeping in this spring the Western World calls fools; fools for not chasing the ephemera of existence; for not being possessed by the false idea of 'owning' what can only ever be controlled and used; for not buying into the self-subjugation and popular oppression of the perception of power and the hollow gratifications of lust and gluttony and the hot inflationary pride of ego, the shadow self; all that which sickens those we've been conditioned to believe are 'successful.' There is only one way to cure this sickness: drink from The Holy Spring.

~

Most who are sick seek not a cure, but a concealment. For cures are difficult to find, and even more difficult to administer, whilst concealments are near limitless, making one forget for a time that they're sick, often through the very means by which that sickness is briefly buried, only to thereby rise back up in exacerbated and perpetuated form.

~

The pilgrim has freed himself from his cage, from his trappings, from the controls of the exploiters and oppressors whom clad him and his brethren and forebears in invisible chains. He wanders the world, seeking, by the navigation of his heart, the fulfillment that belongs to inspiration, exploration, passion, adventure, love, and which may never be restricted or best belong to any time, place, person or people, but which is assuredly stifled by such restriction.

~

When one lives in the highest of truths, that one is inseparable from Spirit, from Self, and is therefore inseparable from everyone and everything, from the infinite forms of The One with whom they share their essential identity, they understand that they love everyone and everything already, and that beneath all trouble, all struggle, all discord and sense of separation there is only perfect unity and contentedness.

Beware the unsettled mind, for though it shall do you service to think, it may also do you disservice. As the rapids, as the falls, as the colliding currents shall it rush and roar in disquiet and discontentment, ever under duress, unable to be still; unable to settle and peacefully envelop you. But as the meandering river, as the lake, as the recycling sea shall contentment come, when its flow is slow and steady, cast forth without desperate urgency, or while changing forms; whenever it's set closer to the certain Self that is always quenched, never distressed, riding easily and effortlessly across the planes of existence.

~

It is of the growing self to listen, the insecure self to speak; to show others that it has something to say, and that they should listen. When we compete for listeners, we feed our egos; when we're present, when we listen to others and the world, we feed mind and humility, adding something that wasn't there already. This is why the greatest listeners are as the sages; they're almost ALWAYS here, always growing, always becoming more than those speaking over one-another while hearing nothing. And of all that to which we may listen, nothing and no one has more to teach than nature herself, the purest manifestation of Spirit into matter, unfettered by the insecure ego and the unsettled, covetous mind.

~

Always changing, yet always the same. Infinite form, one former. Matter made of energy. Humankind made of Spirit. Mortality made of divinity. The seeming paradox of forever beginning and ending forms of that which had no beginning and cannot end. The very purpose of singularity expanding into an infinite plurality: an endless experience of existence by endless forms of and perspectives upon The One.

That which exists at every time and place at once, as all people, places and things, all forms and phenomena, knows only full and perfectly contented totality. To it there is no time, no space, no movement except movement through itself, no change but constantly deconstructing and constructing facets of itself. This is Spirit; God; the center of every being; the basis of being. The One Absolute Self. The only absolute, all else being relative to it, and only it.

~

White is holy because it is the absorption of all color; perfectly open, accepting and inclusive, like Spirit. For divinity is inclusion, the foundation of love, of connection, of the truest understanding, of everything good. The absence of color, the inability to see, the blackness of being and basis of all evil is the opposite: exclusion, division, hierarchy, disconnect; everything unnatural to the truth, and truest Self; the parasitism, exploitation and oppression that holds humankind in its infancy, awaiting its evolution.

~

Do not fear difficulty, for only through difficulty may the greatest fulfillment be found, and only in certainty and the ease of comfort do we dissipate. Thus, find comfort in the uncomfortable, see difficulty as challenge, and ever be wary of what comes too easily, for nothing of great worth may be thusly earned. And if it is not earned, then someone, or something, pays for it, or has it taken from them.

~

There is no teacher but experience. And though experience may take endless form, it is the body and the heart, the pleasure, and joy, and especially the pain and sorrow and suffering that are most instructive, for they stamp the lessons that they teach into the flesh, the heart, the psyche,

making them indelible, and thus more real. So learn with the mind through the experiences absorbed by body and heart. And be not too hasty to hide from trouble, sorrow and suffering, for those whom reach the highest heights do so from missteps; from slipping, falling, paining, surviving and thereby learning how to step and climb rightly. The only mistake is being so afraid of falling that you refuse to climb, and, thus, may never know your heights; the heights of yourself and your experience of existence.

~

Flee not from your pain. Listen to it, dwell within it, learn to love it. For it is trying to teach you something. It aches because it has growing pains to bestow; because, from the fertile blackness, like the richest loam soil, there is a seed that has set out its taproot, and it wishes to spring from the blackness and reach for the light of joy, blossoming into sweet future fruition.

~

It has been said that intelligence is the ability to hold, and entertain, two seemingly contradictory thoughts in one's mind at once. So, too, is it for spiritual intelligence: to know that, nearer to the surface, in the realm of spacetime and matter, all whom we come into contact with are relatively separate in body and mind, in self, in relative form and consciousness, and, at the exact same time, are precisely the same Self as us beneath this, of the everlasting spiritual energy present in and composing all spacetime, matter, form and self at once. We are simultaneously ourselves and Our Self.

We all strive, all seek, always wanting, always needing, always pursuing those things which we believe shall fulfill us and make us more whole. In this perpetual discontent, this endless pursuit, is humankind mired, especially in the covetous, consumerist, classist Western World which stokes this endless flame for the sake of those consumed by the contagion of greed. Yet, there is only one way to catch this ever-evasive, fleeting contentment: stop chasing it. You shall arrive at your destination when you stop trying to reach it. Just as you shall catch your contentment when you stop chasing it, and let it come to you. Expand your vision beyond past, present, future: If you are meant to be there, meant to attain it, there you already are, and attain it you already have.

~

Seek nothing, find everything. Let your lure drift in the calm, centered current of your consciousness, in the openness of your heart, and it shall catch everything you shall ever need.

~

One who is wholly open, who has stepped outside his ego, shall see that all people and all things are teachers, and that the greatest teachers are also the greatest students because they're able to learn from everyone and everything, in their present, more than others. One who openly absorbs as much as possible, and freely passes what they absorb onto others, is always taking in while giving out. Be like them. Be not the corralling, controlling, hoarding dam, but the freely flowing river, everything coming into you, passing through you and continuing downstream towards all whom may benefit by it.

Reincarnation is not of a divided, individual 'soul,' but of an eternal recycling of shared essential Self of the purest indestructible source energy at the irreducible core of all things. That which I most truly am is the same as all things, always has been and always will be, had no beginning, has no end, and is both formless and all forms at once. Only the body and mind suffer for the sake of the pleasures and fulfillments of physical existence, and for the mortality of the individualized form that makes life so fleetingly sweet BECAUSE it ends. But never forget that that is not who, or what, we truly, essentially are. We always have been, and always will be.

~

The more that you love something, the more that you know and appreciate it; its every nuance, its every imperfection that becomes perfect because it is a part of it; part of that which you've revealed your connection to more clearly than all else to which you're also connected, unrevealed. For all of these are actually the same thing: love, understanding, appreciation, perfection, connection. The closeness to the commonality shared by all things. The universally-shared spiritual identity. Self. For Self is love.

~

Pay less attention to the particular words, their order and structure and nitpicked meanings and translations, and more to the feelings and instinctive sense of wisdom which they evoke. Think of language like a guidepost: it can lead you to the truth, but is never the truth itself.

We climbed onto his raft, and as Siddhartha paddled me across the river, he ended the story of his journey and lessons with these words:

Beneath the tumultuous, restlessly waving surface of the waters reflecting the world of appearances, the world of competing forms, the world of endless change, of beauty and ugliness and the pleasures of the flesh, and suffering so severe it sometimes seems it'll end us, is a calm, endless depth of love that never changes and never goes away. It is THAT love that is the truth; that which always has been and always will be, regardless of the forms we take and the fights we make on the surface that seem so important, but which are all fated to fade with the shifting winds, floods, tides and currents of the seasons.

With a bow, I thanked Siddhartha for reminding me of The Way that I had lost. I returned to the West, feeling a sense of peace that I never before had. Since that pilgrimage, I pour over these words when I feel ill at ease; when I'm sickened by fear and worry. I remind myself of Our Self, and let go of myself enough to return to the riverbank.

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 on paper; my “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 and *be* who I wanted. This culturally-pervasive mindset continued through most of my undergraduate days, during which I attended the University of California at Santa Barbara and studied Business Economics. Post-graduation, I entered the real estate business. In retrospect, I believe that I confused my love of the land, a pantheistic sense of divinity innate to natural property, with the property *business*. I thought that they could work together. Alas, honing the heeding of my heart led to feeling conflicted with the profession, eventually calling me away.

Coming out of UCSB, 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 years at UCSB that following the traditional path might not be the best, most moral and progressive use of my abilities coalesced into feeling called towards my purpose. The 2008 financial market implosion that penalized the many, especially the disadvantaged, for the evil of the privileged few only added greater force to these realizations. For, upon closer inspection, and upon tracing the full causality of focusing on wealth, I realized that the path of financial and material accumulation is indivisible from the prevailing cultural parasitism and its production of every avoidable form of 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 in unsustainably extracting the limited value of the world from the planet, the buyer and the workforce.

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. Through the pen I planted these seeds in the fertile soil of my conviction-compelled creativity. The constant content creation offered through my website, the papers, books and videos, is the result.

What I realized in my late 20's is that I'm meant to combine my intellectual exercises with the spiritual messages conducted through my heart. This has led me to some profound conclusions about the nature of existence and the greedy heart of western culture compromising our collective potential. Moving beyond the business world, I committed myself to exploring the realm of language and ideas, eventually 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. Up from the aforementioned soil an ideology has since sprouted; books and papers made of true conviction, meant not simply to entertain, but to edify and elevate, offering both stories and social systems that possess the potential to help steer humankind away from a 'greed is good' attitude that minimizes total quality of life on Earth, and towards systems serving *all* of humanity and the protection of life and the planet.

That was CA...

In 2018, taking advantage of a familial link in facilitating a move that I otherwise wouldn't have been able to afford, I moved to Bend, Oregon. My subsequent professional experiences have been illuminating, *to say the least*. Through the shining of the black light the switch for the white light was finally found and flipped... My first position was for a caregiving company, granting me great insight into how much suffering there is in the world, how foolish it is to wallow in my own suffering, and how many unscrupulous companies spring up around the need to serve the badly debilitated. This position led to my connected recruitment at a medium security mental health facility, when my service of one of their clients through the caregiving gig caught the attention of some key staff members of the institution.

The persistent revelations produced by working in the world of mental health included more than I could possibly iterate here, including the correlation between nurture and nature; especially how any great degree of unnaturality and neglect of the former will invariably manifest in breakdowns of the latter. Everyone possesses the latent capacity to develop a mental illness, it's all a matter of how much stress they're exposed to, how much relieving support they receive, and their innate resiliency to such pressures. But, more importantly to me, the mental health facility provided the ironic setting for the only time I've ever fallen madly in love. And I'm now certain of a certain confluence of love and insanity.

That wonderful young woman was a coworker on our shared overnight shifts, triggering a maddening crash course in unrequited love, one-sided relationships and unhealthy dependencies. I'll never forget how much I loved her, and what the force of that love, however one-sided (I think she had love for me, but was in a committed relationship), woke up inside of me, vivifying my innermost being, whispering of the divine temple. I swear she saved me by proving to me that every hardship is worth it for any chance to have such an immense, life-affirming force reciprocated. "I Fell in Love in a Mental Institution" tells the whole story. But as brutal as that ecstatically-agonizing experience was, the next position, as a bookseller at one of the foremost purveyors of fiction on the planet, was more brutal, leading to the writing of the semi-fictional novella "Holier Than Thou." Both of these books have since been censored on social media and by certain review companies due to being politically incorrect, as the truth all too often is.

These three work positions have had dramatic psychological ramifications for me, as well as having some impact upon every book that I've written since moving to Bend. But as 'negative' as this biographical snapshot may well sound to many, please never forget that the only way to summon and shine the light is by knowing the darkness, that the pains of the past can either capsized you or become the catalysts of reformation and procreation, and that the only mistake

of any misstep is failing to let it teach you where to place your feet as you stride forward. We're all evolving all of the time, and there's no 'negative' that doesn't have a directly connected positive causality. Yin and Yang, Right and Wrong, Good and Evil; these aren't separated concepts, but intimately correlated forces. I regret none of it, for all of it, whether of the heart or of the mind, has been of my forging. In moments of clarity I recognize that it's all long been training me for a future in which I can lead people up the mountain *because* of being bloodied by all of the slips and falls, boulder-breaking and boundary-surmounting of its ascent.

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