

It's Radical Love

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Contents:

[Reinhabiting the Body \(19sep15\)](#)

[Returning from the Ocean Depths](#)

[Q&A: to help people support their loved ones through deep depression](#)

[Home Redecoration Following a House Burnout - a homeowner's guide](#)

[Skyline Walk II 20sep15 - Forgiveness](#)

[Belief in the notion of 'guilt'](#)

[Loving Yourself to Egolessness](#)

[From Me to We](#)

[I am divinely assisted in my realisation of unity consciousness](#)

[Non-tinkering: an end to striving](#)

[A clean slate](#)

[By Your Own Decree](#)

[Thy Will Be Done](#)

[What are the Mystery Schools?](#)

[I am safe in this human world](#)

[Being a Friend](#)

[Wonder Land](#)

[It's Radical Love: Diary 26th Oct 2015 \(it may be the actual start of the book here\)](#)

[It's Radical Love Part 2: Diary 28oct15ff](#)

Reinhabiting the Body

[I'm on a walk. Every time I have to stop to let people get clear, I can write.]

It is so good to be out and walking in nature! I want to talk about DESKPOTISM and the importance of moving the body. Here is what I have learnt.

If the body doesn't move it can not:

- Process emotions
- Feel itself speaking (intuition)
- React fluidly to its own guidance
- Express itself
- Release discomfort

In which case, the body may:

- Shuts down and reaches out for numbing devices to block the discomfort
- Goes wild for energy release ("ADHD") and is given numbing devices

So why do we insist on making children and workers sit at a desk all day?

It is not just about the effect in the moment, in the office, in the classroom. It's about the long term accrual of trapped emotions and ignored bodily messages: depression and disease.

I sat on my emotions for years, under the spell of DESKPOTISM ("I must sit still at a desk to be of value or to be taken seriously or to achieve anything" - though I *long* to be an actor...NOT for the vainglory as people thought, but because it was the most wonderful way of living in movement and deep emotional release. In other words: it made me feel comfy in myself and my life), and paralysed by vigilant anxiety as I tried to look after my daughters and felt so utterly helpless/powerless to make things better. Old angers, new frustrations, old sadnesses, new griefs....all just quietly built up with nowhere to go.

Powerlessness in a crisis is a terrorist to our wellbeing IF we have no way of moving the emotions through and out of the body. I think I genuinely was powerless to make things ok for my daughters (though I tried everything I could every day), and yet perhaps I would have had access to so much more capacity to be present to the situation with calmness if I had been trained in how to process and eliminate toxic emotions. We need training, early on in life, in how to cope with and process the tsunami of emotions that come with 'Waiting With' an unshiftable and painful conundrum for many years. Please. Please. Please. Let's get

honest about emotions. They are such wise messengers: why do we not teach each other how to use and interpret and channel them?

In my life, it feels as though, today, now, at last, the cloud has finally lifted from the sun above me, and I'm standing in bright sunlight.

A) It's dazzling and unfamiliar and I slightly want to hide.

B) I'm conscious of the long dark shadow of unhealed trauma behind me.

Now, I start to move my body and it crunches and pings and gasps and shudders with stirred up stored emotions. I'm just going to have to keep on walking and qigonging til the backlog is processed.

Returning from the Ocean Depths

My beloved friends, when I couldn't answer your texts, emails and calls, know that it wasn't because I didn't care or was too busy, but rather this: my body was so choked up with unprocessed emotions that I couldn't speak or move or take any executive decisions. I was mute with it all.

Why didn't I speak out or ask for help? Why didn't I take action or just cry it out? Because when trauma is really built up (and still building) and there is no mechanism for shifting it (or none that shifts trauma faster than it is coming in), a very terrible thing happens. We basically exit the body. This is called dissociation. It is numbness in totalis. Beyond repressing or suppressing emotions, we actually vacate the body. We're still walking around, but we have lost control of our emotions to such an extent that they are now on a rampage in our 'house' (body/physical being) and we're now sleeping in the backseat of the car outside. The damage going on inside is free-flowing and devastating. We have locked ourselves in the car and turned our backs on the sight of the flames in our bedroom windows. We are safe out in the car, but we are unable to drive it anywhere. We are pathologically attached to our house, but we no longer feel safe to go in it. We're just waiting for the rampagers (negative emotions) to tire out, and the flames to die down. Later, much later, maybe years later, we'll go in and assess the damage. One day, we'll even renovate and redecorate, if the damage is not so great that the house is effectively condemned - in other words, diseased. For now, we put on the car radio to drown out the sounds of devastation, and try and keep warm under a blanket. In real life, this might equate to sleeping, drugging, drinking, eating, having unhealthy sex... Anything which keeps the noise from the rampagers in the house from getting to us.

The effect of the dissociative numbing is one of being at the bottom of a deep ocean. It's very quiet, very dark, very cold. But it's better than being in the burning house. You remain however in an almost constant state of alertness and vigilance because at any moment the rampagers might spot you lying prostrate and unarmed in the car. You can imagine that after so many long days and nights of being inhabited by a restless, insomniac runaway from the

nearby house, this car in the back garden of the house might simply lose the grip of its handbrake and roll down the garden into the sea. The immersion in cold water is a blessed relief to the person who has been hunched and dazed in the car. She can no longer see her house burning and this new dissociated world is fresh and new. A relief. The peace of drowning...only you don't seem to need oxygen. To your surprise, you can exist at the bottom of the sea for a seeming eternity. None of the old terrors affect you, because they now seem to be of another world. You settle into the quietness. You become a sea creature.

No wonder your family and friends barely recognise you, cannot make contact, have a distinct unease about the way you are running your life. They think, 'if the troubles were really unbearable, she'd say, wouldn't she?!' They may feel a little bit judgey, impatient, bewildered at the quiet, dazed face they see in front of them. They may try and cheer her up, or urge her on, or, a favourite, bring her plenty of ideas of super things to do. Advice! They'll give her some Advice!

So look. There's a better way to deal with the experience of having a loved one in the ocean deep. When we see people who seem to be dying inside, and getting fat, and unable to communicate, and drinking too much to deal with a crisis...we need to be able to get very quiet with them if we are not going to add to the distress. We need to be able to slow down to their very heavy, slow frequency (think of a faint heartbeat) and meet them there, or even just let them know that we can flex our state at will, to meet them there from time to time. This alone is a comfort because it's hard to watch others on dry land leaping about like spring lambs, especially when they encourage you to leap with them.

When we say that the person with deep, unprocessed trauma is 'as if' underwater, we must remember that it's quiet down there, and dark, and that there's a comfort in the quiet and dark. And if you try and bring them to the surface too quickly, they'll get the bends. So swim down and get very quiet. We use hand signals and facial expressions in the deep. Words (logic/reason) don't work or travel. We can communicate though, so use the wordless forms of presence...but use ones that can be reciprocated. No grand gestures. Bringing a huge bunch of flowers down to the deep is lovely of you, but really we can only offer you seaweed in return, and that gets awkward. We'd be very happy if you gave us seaweed. And accepted some from us.

Eventually, there comes a time when it's safe for the person to resurface, for a moment or, hopefully for a long stretch, or even better, for good. Help us rise up very slowly, and honour the long drowning we've endured. Don't forget it or pretend it never happened. Nor should you speak of it with pity, drama or tragedy. Just honour it. And give us time. Help us process the trauma of the trauma: both the trauma that took us down to the deep, and the trauma of having got stuck down there for so long.

We need to start moving our limbs again, getting used to the ground beneath our feet, rooting ourselves, drawing oxygen into our starved lungs. We need to do this mindfully: not to 'get in shape' or at the behest of our own or others' chastisement or good counsel. We need to start gently moving our bodies to get back into them, to process the feelings, to gain

strength, to feel for our intuitive messages again (or often, for the first time since early childhood).

This is also the beginning of the process of redecorating our trashed and burnt out shell of a house (here, think of the house as a bodymind, or an empty shell-shocked bodymind which will be reinhabited by the personal psyche). Amazingly, this can be a creative and happy process, but only if there is time, space, money and confidence enough to be able to take an even mildly Da Vinci approach to interior decoration rather than a 'Hotchit & Botchit The Decorators' approach. Friends and family can help to provide time, space, money and confidence, but under no conditions should they start repainting the house or advising on colour schemes (psychotherapists take heed). This interior decoration is going to be the owner's reclaiming of their personal space, and the imprinting of her taste, style and personal identity...which will take all her will to summon.

For a start, we need to know that the arsonist rampagers are not coming back.... Secondly, we need to be healed and processed enough to fall in love with the house again, and get over the impulse to flee it and return to the car in the garden, or worse, to the ocean deep. To fall in love with the house again, or at least with the restoration project, the owner must be able to visualise a completed vision of the house that ENTHRALS, excites and inspires her. No more old carpets from previous owners, no more 'ikea furniture because it was so cheap!', no more magnolia because it goes with everything. The home owner must be able to see this house as a future expression of her magnificent creativity, resilience and personal power.

Nothing will ever be the same after a spell in the ocean deep. And *that* is the gift of the Deep. It changes everything. And it lets us see that actually, everything needed to be changed anyway. The old house never suited you or expressed your truth. The front door never locked properly, so no wonder rampagers got it. The roof was leaky and left you damp at night. Thank God for a house fire! An opportunity to start over. And this time, to occupy the house fully and completely, securing its doors, and to fill it with so much light and love that you adore spending time in it.

With such a splendid house, and one she knows how to keep secure, perhaps the owner will even feel like inviting selected friends round to come and enjoy the space with her.

Q&A: to help people support their loved ones through deep depression

Q. After coming back home from the ocean (deep depression), I notice that during the redecorating process (reinhabiting the bodymind), my loved one still sometimes goes outside to sleep in the car (safe haven). In fact, she does that a lot. Can't she see it was the very thing that took her down the slippery slope? And why not just make use of the spaciousness of the house, even if it's not completely ready?

(This refers to old patterns of numbing - eg. Why is she still drinking a bit too much from time to time. Why doesn't she just quit her old habits straightaway? Why the bridging back and forth for addiction to self-sufficiency? Why the seeming self-sabotage? Surely it slows the recovery down? Don't we all know abstinence is the quickest route to recovery?)

A. In the ocean deep you have an untouchability. No one can really reach you and you are closely held by the pressure of water. After this, the house feels too exposed and draughty. The car is a good midway point, especially at night, when the house is dark. It's familiar, cosy, barricaded, safe. And anyway, would you like to live in a building site? It's really hard work facing the flamed walls 24/7. The post-rampage house is a massive project of dedication and creativity. There is no possibility of paying someone to do it for you. You must design and execute the decoration of each and every ruddy room, whether you feel in the mood or not. No rooms can just be shut down with dust sheets and left scorched. As long as she keeps going back to redecorate whenever she can, the transition will eventually be made.

Q. Who were the marauding rampagers and how did they get into her house (bodymind) and overwhelm her in the first place?

A. She had been brought up to be very polite, and hospitable. She knew she had to let anyone visit, so when the front door lock broke she just shrugged her shoulders. Who was she going to turn away anyway? No one.

But after a while she realised that because the front door lock was broken, she had to be quite vigilant. She couldn't really go out and enjoy herself in case someone wanted to pay her a visit, and just opened the door and went in...and found her naked, or sobbing, or quietly getting pissed in a corner, or sleeping of the exhaustion of constant visitors. Word got around that hers was 'open house' all the time, so people would endlessly pitch up for a cup of tea and to talk about their news. This friend of theirs was so welcoming after all! Some guests behaved badly, but she just smiled more sweetly and hoped they'd piss off soon. Invariably it was the poorly-behaved visitors who would arrive for a quick visit, and stay a week, eating and feasting and leaving their shit all over the floor. She had no way of saying no, because the image of her as welcoming hostess with the mostess had become so entrenched. And anyway, it was rude to criticise guests, wasn't it?

By the time the real fuckers turned up, she was exhausted. Far too weakened and rigid with people-pleasing to rise up and tell them to Get Out. When they got nasty, she simply ran out of the door and hid in the car.

The 'visitors' are representations of positive and negative entities, in the form of people, emotions and unseen forces. The open door of the house is the broken shield that should naturally protect the bodymind from unhealthy, negative entities.

Q. How did she manage to get out of the ocean?

A. Maybe.....

- She heard the house rampagers had gone, and/or she understood the house to be fully burnt out and the fire to have spent itself, or...
- She decided she was sick of the quiet and the dark of the Deep and decided to fight for oxygen, even if it meant going back to face her devastated house, or...
- She chose to return to the house and chase out the rampagers with her light sabre, and reclaim it.

In other words, perhaps she experienced:

- The completeness of devastation, or...
- Determination to survive, or...
- Determination to overcome and prevail.

Or all three.

Q. Why won't she let me visit her in her newly reclaimed house yet? I miss her!

A. Perhaps she's ashamed for her friends to see how ravaged it's looking. Perhaps she's licking her wounds. Perhaps she needs some freaking peace and quiet. Perhaps she needs solitude for dreaming up the new look, for hearing her own heart speak to her at last.

Q. When was she taught to be so polite to guests that her discernment became obliterated?

A. Perhaps she was told not to trust her judgement. Perhaps she was taught that the Other had to be left with a good impression of her or else she would be in danger. Perhaps she was once caught being rude (or honest/blunt) to guests (Others) and had a serious strip torn off her. Any way around, she lost touch with her intuition and her power to self-protect.

Q. Who did that to her? Who taught the little girl to live without safe boundaries?

A. Society, family, strong adult teachers, experience...Ultimately, if we look at reality in a holographic perspective whereby all reality is issued from and returns to the individual consciousness, these teachers of terror were simply her super-ego. We must be cautious about assigning either blame or victimhood: such concepts are from an old dualistic perspective which we are trying to help you see beyond. The being is a perfect teacher to herself. And the being is a shard of the greater One. She attracts other shares to help her learn and eventually witness her own perfection. She is not a victim but a student of herself. There are no monsters but her own unforgiving beliefs about herself. Don't 'pity the child'. See the human as a powerful, intelligent evolution machine from the day of its birth. It will bring into its life everything that it needs in order to evolve. Some souls plan for accelerated evolution: those are the ones that others will pity. Pity is an indication of misunderstanding of the purpose of life being pure evolution (for which read 'learning' or 'honing consciousness'.)

Q. Why do I come along and find she has spent five weeks decorating the spare room of her house, and has yet to touch her own bedroom?

A. Perhaps she is still trying to find her discernment functionality. Perhaps her own room is too daunting. Perhaps the spare room is a safe place to learn and practice the art of decorating. Perhaps time has become amorphous to her.

Q. So she can't discern a fair or reasonable amount of time to give to each room?

A. If you had stood in time-freeze you might have difficulty in judging things from a temporal perspective.

Q. What is 'time-freeze'?

A. It is a moment of standing in the eternity, outside the conventional time-space continuum.

Q. How did she get there??!

A. Her heart broke inside her, for the suffering in her, which was merely the result of her catching sight of herself reflected in a shard of a shattered universal mirror which she believed to be broken. This is to say, she experienced fundamental separation from Source. Her experience was the polar opposite of timeless ecstasy. In joyfully connected sex, time sometimes 'stands still'. No? She was experiencing the negative end of the same spectrum. At the very outer reaches of the time-space dimension, time is lost to infinity. Leaving her body so fiercely is a hastening towards and a willing inwards of mortal death, which occurs when the consciousness steps outside the physical dimension. She was longing for extinction so hard she was almost in the mortal death dimension, which is the polar opposite to the eternal life dimension. It is also 'timeless'.

Q. What is the effect now of her heart having 'broken'?

A. It is not actually the heart which is broken, but the strong wall around it which protects her tenderness. With her tenderness exposed, her heart laid bare, she is now better able to manifest compassion for others. In other words, she has evolved, in love, by surrendering her desire for egoic control over her circumstances. In this tender-heartedness, she is better able to 'read' the universal need within her society.

Q. Need for what?

A. Compassion which is generous and sincere. Her heart is no longer looking for ways to commodify, sell, package up and rent out her so-called compassion. She is now ready to experience the lived experiences of her peers, so that she can help them process the emotions being felt under the pause button.

Home Redecoration Following a House Burnout - a homeowner's guide

So your home has been completely gutted following an invasion by rampaging arsonists on a field day. No problem. You hated that purple wallpaper anyway; the old carpets filled with other people's trodden in biscuit crumbs made your stomach turn. It really wasn't decorated in your style at all, was it? You'd inherited old decor and taken advice from friends with poor (or at least...Not Your Own) taste. Now you have the opportunity to make your home your own. It will represent who you are and what resonates with you. It will actually make you happy and energised to be inside. You're no longer going to decorate according to your parents' aesthetics or according to the style of the times. You are going to express yourself completely in the design of your interior, and you really couldn't care less what others think. But how to go about it?

First you need to dream. In colour. In texture. In feeling. In sensation. In emotions that lift you. What do you see? What is the atmosphere? The feeling and effect of the place?

I see a home which is...sacred. It's not austere like a stony chapel, or esoteric like a fortune teller's den, or gold-laden like a high-church cathedral. It reflects the sacred neither with shock'n'awe, nor with purple gauze and crystals. It is white and bright. I can see white and yellow orchids in pots. Yes, there's quite a lot of greenery. The sacredness of life, light and love are present in white, yellow and green. The impact and atmosphere are a balance of stillness and purpose; pause and play; inhale and exhale. The surfaces are smooth, matte, clean and clear. Mirrors reflect and enhance light. The mood in this house is one of serenity and potential. It is a place given to sacred listening and gentle, no - focussed - evolution. Everyday matters are attended to promptly and efficiently in this house, so that the eternal matters can be met with swiftly, in a space of clarity. Everyday matters are kept very simple and streamlined. They are tended to before the sun rises so that the light of the day can be used for matters of import.

Ah, that's interesting. I tend to use the pre-dawn hours for the eternal and for the ritualistic, and the day itself for the drudge of daily practicalities. What if I swapped that over? What if I got up before dawn and attended to housework and the body's needs, so as to be fully ready for the eternal when the day began?

The priestess in the temple (sacred house) performs her ablutions in the quiet before dawn. She doesn't do the school run in her pyjamas, hoping that no one will see her or wave her over for a chat. She is not too busy washing up yesterday's dishes at 11am to be able to undertake the healing rituals of the day. She is present and correct before her first congregants come to the temple to see her. And she doesn't make them wait, yelling from behind the curtain, "Wait a sec!! Gotta put my face on or I'll give you a fright!!" No. She is already present. And correct. And no, she doesn't have

servants to do her human work for her, because she knows that the discipline of attending to the 'mundane' is precisely that which equips her for the 'vital'. The mundane empowers and vitalises. She wouldn't hand her knicker-washing to someone else, because it is in washing her knickers that she remembers simplicity, which is really all she has to teach.

I hear you, sister. I hear ya. I like the priestess archetype. Especially this one who is not vain and floaty, but kicks off her day sweeping her own floors before the sun comes up.

Can and will I really be able to make a polar shift to my day, placing the sacred in the daylight and dedicating the predawn hours to the so-called mundane? Would I really find myself hopping out of bed to attend to my housework and ablutions before dawn? I thought that starting my day with sacred quiet time was the balance to my day, was the catalyst to be able to attune to the mundanity of daily life.

If mundanity is your prime aspiration and concern, place it in your daylight hours. If you are brave enough to make the sacred your prime focus, then you arrange your day so that you can spend your daylight hours in the temple.

What goes on in the temple?

The healing of the world.

Yeah, ok, I guess that's best done in the daylight then. After a good breakfast. And in the company of others.

Or you can try and squeeze it into the darkness before dawn, in isolation. The question is this: in your interactions with others, which happen in society in the light of day, is it your wish to discuss the immense need for healing of this world and practise solutions in the company of others; or alternatively to go about your daily business as if you were oblivious to the current catastrophic brokenness and incredible potential for transformative change in the world? Which is your wish?

The former. Please. But...I'm shy.

Ain't nobody got time for dat. Least of all you. That's the perfect way to attract rampagers again. Because it's living a lie daily. That inauthenticity is toxic, to you and to your fellow beings, and to Gaia. Are you afraid to stick your head above the parapet lest you be judged, derided and mocked? Lest you become unemployable by third dimensional vampires?

Yes. I am. Sounds like I am at a point where I need to test out my trust, my faith. It's little use holding a crystal goblet (concept of our multidimensional universe) in my morning prayers if I'm going to fill it with mud (old third dimensional beliefs and behaviours) during the day.

So now we come to the Second Step of the Home Redecoration Process: deciding to trust in the process of realising the dream home. You accept you can't do this all alone and that you're going to need Help. Now you can look for this help in one or both of two forms:

- Human help: painters, carpenters, wallpaper suppliers
- Magical help: the unseen world, house elves, qi, tinkerbells, feng shui, wizardry, angels...as you see it in your highest stretching upwards to capture your sense of the unseen force. (It's not in the least like this in actuality, but your metaphors are perfectly acceptable. We understand the limitations of the human consciousness to describe or to conceive of the indescribable and the inconceivable.)

Here's the challenge. The human help is clearly available - some humans will be more reliable than others, some will cost quite a lot and take a long time. The unseen help, on the other hand, is infallible, free and incredibly efficient. It's also unseen, intangible and 'paid for' by faith and 'blind' confidence. With both options, you simply have to call on them, direct them and TRUST them to complete the job. You have to become a project manager and vision holder. You are the architect; they are the skilled labourers.

You can of course be both architect and unskilled labourer in the renovation of your home. You'd learn a great deal and find deep satisfaction...but it would take you a long time. If redecorating your home is what you want to spend your time, energy and money on for the next ten years, no problem. That is, if you can afford that route, are happy to spend much longer continuing to sleep in the car at night, and really have no other vision of how you might spend your time, energy and money IF YOUR HOME DECORATION WERE COMPLETED TOMORROW.

Step the THIRD. You've accepted that this project is going to be a team effort, but you are still not convinced that life after project completion is anything much to look forward to. At the moment, you see yourself sitting in your dream home (sacred styling through out) and twiddling your thumbs. So, your third step is to visualise yourself ALIVE and ENLIVENED in your new home. What are you doing? Why does it make life better? Why are you so keen to leap out of bed in the mornings?

Ergh... I see people coming for healing. Oh heck...

Dude. Why is this an issue? Ask yourself deeply and quietly: why is it an issue for you to be a healer and a teacher (we say 'teacher' because true healing is simply 'teaching better beliefs')? What's the block here? Think you're not 'good enough'?

Agggghhh. Trigger-tastic. I'm going to get some breakfast. I need time for this one. Actually, first off I can admit that I am triggered by and judgey of people who heal and teach, except the truly gifted ones (Pema etc). 'Who do they think they are? Huh. Bloody grinning egomaniacs,' I think. 'Do they assume they know better than I or we?' I think. 'I guess they

just want money out of me,' I think. 'Get a real job and stop scavenging from the remains of the broken, you jolly, smng vultures,' I think. 'I don't need their help. I can work it out for myself, and for free. Why don't I? Because I happen to have a lot to contend with. They couldn't possibly understand or fix me. I am unfixable.'

Ahhhhh. I believe myself to be unfixable. Wow.

Can you forgive and release that belief that you are so broken (wrong, traumatised, heavy, incapable, unworthy) that no one, including you, can fix you? In fact.....can you release the belief that you need fixing at all?

But I'm so fatigued, broke, empty.....! Surely I'm ripe for the fixing!!!

You are fatigued, broke and empty because at one moment in time you allowed into your consciousness the belief that you needed fixing (ie that you are not perfect as you are), and that only someone else could fix you. Your reality is a perfect illustration of your belief about yourself. There's no judgement. Life is always simply a neutral mirror of your internal beliefs about yourself.

Oh Lordy. I have done SO much work on healing this. When will it be DONE? I'm sick of it.

How sick of it? Enough sick of it to lever out the beliefs, come what may? Or just quite sick of it, and happy to let the beliefs fester until they actually make you sick?

But how?!

Forgiveness. Of yourself.

Agh! I've done forgiveness. I'm sick of looking at myself. I want to help the world, and leave this self-centred, obsessively inward-looking funk behind.

We would argue that the forgiveness is not yet complete. Let that be the theme of your morning's walk. Part 2 of the skyline walk! Beautiful! Get up and go!!! Rediscover your perfection!! Go! Fly like the wind! Go on. Get outa here, champ.

Did you just give me a knuckle rub to the head...?

And a teasing lil' slap to the cheek. We're waking you up, sunshine! If you don't go, we'll start tickling ya!!

I've gone. :-)

Skyline Walk II 20sep15 - Forgiveness

Hello Bath from up here on the skyline...



* Earlier today, I was given to understand that the next step to waking up in a redecorated house in which I will live fully, is the act of self-forgiveness. I've been walking for an hour now and have allowed burgeoning waves of insane bitterness, resentment, blame and victimhood to roll through me. Good. I feel a bit clearer inside.

I acknowledge and apologise for, and instantly forgive myself, and all those I brought in to assist/participate in my self-hurting/healing/realising actions, for the following things which I experienced and allowed to hurt me:

The belief in self-bullying and self-recriminations, whether delivered to me by myself or received from others

The not pushing back or defending myself

The lack of protection I gave myself

The hardness

The scathing

The judgement

The victimhood

The searching for pity and vindication

The belief in any 'push&pull' protocol - eg push exercise and pull calories; push work and pull rest; push harder and pull harder; push my children and pull my children (Mother Courage); push addiction and pull self-compassion; push shaming and and pull self-acceptance; push people-pleasing and pull discernment. All those.

I forgive myself for all the trapping of anger

I forgive myself for hurting my children in any and all ways

I forgive myself for suspecting I have hurt my children

I zoom in on the picture of myself and see pain in my heart and the benign smile on my face. I forgive myself for living like that for so long. I forgive myself for every healing protocol I have discovered and ignored. I forgive myself for every lie. I forgive myself for each and every instance of vaunting, boasting and posturing. I forgive myself for the millions of times I have judged, incriminated and 'made wrong' both myself and others. I forgive myself for my mistakes, for the actual commissions of hurtful, dangerous, illegal, unethical, damaging sins. I forgive myself for hurting 100s of people; and for living as though I hadn't. I also forgive myself for thinking I'd hurt people whom I had t and punishing myself for it. I forgive myself for all the punishment. All of it. None of it was justified. I forgive myself for the guilt, the shame and the torment, spread by me on my wings, like a small child willfully putting jam on a fly's wing. I forgive myself for the omissions. The words not said. The help not given. The hurts not acknowledged. I forgive myself for the cowardice, the trembling, the hesitating. I forgive myself for the fear, the seemingly endlessly fruiting tree of fear I planted right in my heart. I forgive myself for the egotism, the vanity, the longing to be made special or better or greater than my neighbour. I forgive myself for the hatred, the venom and the sweet silence I shrouded it in. I forgive myself for seeking to apportion blame on others and claim innocence for myself. I forgive myself for the psychosis of glorification and shame, glorification and shame, glorification and shame. I forgive myself for aspiration and self-doubt. I forgive myself for denying my gifts and keeping them hidden, secret, and cosseted, like a prepper ensuring she'll live when her fellow humans go down, and wanting to keep her cache secret lest she should be forced to share, or worse, have her calculated self-centredness exposed to the light. I forgive myself for believing myself giftless except when I was 'successfully' mimicking others. I forgive myself for believing that 'tending the temple' was for idiots, or at best for a time way in the future when I had earned enough money and time. I forgive myself for believing my temple was ok as it was, chaotic and unclean, because the only eyes that mattered were others and I wasn't planning on letting anyone in anyway. I forgive myself for just repainting my temple door from time to time and hoping that would be enough. I forgive myself for busying myself with other people's temples far more than my own, either to fix or aid, or to fit in and be welcomed at their altar. I forgive myself for believing that I wasn't important enough to receive attention that was abundant and loving, rather than consuming, ranking or condemning. I forgive myself for caring more about others' opinions of myself than I cared for my own sensations of comfort, relief and security. I forgive myself for performing puppetry and handstands for money.

Errrrggggghhhh.

Enough?

- Do you forgive everyone else too?

* I think so. In lucidity, I see us all as characters in a Live Action Roleplay Game, with me as the central protagonist (in my play that it), learning and learning and overcoming. The characters that challenged me most taught me most. And mostly they taught me....eventually....that I was ok, quite strong actually, by challenging and drawing out and playing in accordance with my deepest doubts about myself.

As I weed out the doubts and fears, the phantoms and goblins fade away. Or I am easily able to push them back and away. I learn to stand my ground.

- You hold strong and defend the entrance to your temple, the front door to your house?

* I suppose so. I certainly stop inviting them in for tea.

One of the greatest things I've learnt, and it's been the hardest and most bewildering to come to terms with, is that some external things are good for me and some are bad. I wanted to believe everything was good.

- The only way you could achieve that was by making yourself 'bad', or wrong, or not clever/assertive/intelligent/safe etc enough. You had MUST TRY HARDER imprinted in your self-identity. So it's not that you didn't believe in darkness! You believed all the darkness of the world existed in you and only in you! You could even have compassion for or explain the behaviours of murderers, but you couldn't do the same for yourself.

* Why not?

- Because you came to this world wishing to learn and accept your own goodness.

* Did I do bad stuff in other lives?

- Yep.

* Great...

- ISN'T IT?!?!

* Um not really.

- Look at it this way. You came into your life thinking you were Unforgivable. And so everything arose in your life to resonate with that belief, meeting recrimination with self-recrimination with recrimination. You entirely criminalised yourself. And today, on this hillside, you have just forgiven yourSELF for everything you have 'done' in this life! There is

no greater pardon than that. You have discovered yourself as Forgivable and Forgiven because the lie of your 'culpability' had grown so...unbearably tiresome. Who are you to forgive you? Who else can do it in any way which has meaning? 'God'? God is in you and time is an illusion, so waiting for some external God to issue you pardon or a life sentence at your death is a serious heresy. Sure, if you die again burdened with guilt, you'll get another 'life sentence' and come back on earth to live it out. This can go on and on and on until you discover your fundamental forgiven-ness. And this my friend is called atonement. Atonement is not an endless self-flagellation. It is the realisation that occurs when the self-flagellation stops.

Walk a bit more and let this sink in. <3

Belief in the notion of 'guilt'

You are a holographic fragment of the created universe. As long as you believe in the notion of guilt:

- **The universe remains unforgiven, and in a state of guilt. There is no such thing as a little bit guilty.**
- **Your neighbour could find themselves unforgiven at a moment's notice, by you or by anyone**
- **You will seek to find guiltlessness (or worth, in your terms) by your deeds/actions, thereby denying the true state of eternal atonement**
- **You will endlessly perpetuate the myth of original sin**

Nothing you 'do' can 'bring you' either guilt or forgiveness. You think that creation can be compromised or hurt or made worse by something you do, whether by ignorance or by intent?

The state of atonement (or blamelessness or worth) is not a transitive verb nor a state that exists either in you or out of you. It cannot be claimed, won, fought for, bought, paid for, accrued, compromised or lost by words or deeds.

Those cows you passed by just now. Once (twice!) cows brought you into a state of unbelievable terror.

They were stampeding towards me, my children and friends...

What were you afeared of immortal being? Death? Everything you fear, you think you fear, using your great ally, the egoic mind. The egoic mind will have you believe you are extinguishable, that your life (reputation, standing, identity or any other mortal myth) is constantly in peril. And that you deserve it have caused that peril by failing to Do Some Thing or by being the victim of Some One. Oh what horror to live in such constant terror. For cows read terrorists, read wetting yourself in public, read swearing at your teacher, read killing someone in a fit of rage, read farting on the bus, read complaining to the waiter...read any form of mortification you care to let your ego dream up. Mortification: making mortal, denying immortality, rebuffing utter and eternal pure perfection...feeling guilty.

Are you done with feeling guilty, perfect shard of the universe? Are you done with bringing blame, judgement and fault into a perfect universe? It matters not whether you would make yourself or your neighbour blameworthy. Either way, you are introducing darkness into light. Not that we hold you at fault for that! Ha! Don't get feeling guilty again, Mrs DeathWish. We're simply saying this. Correct your 'thinking'. Or don't think at all! Even better. Living with an egoic mind is like being a toddler in charge of a nuclear power station...until you learn how to work the mechanisms and realise the power held within the mighty fusion chamber. You are learning the ropes of the egoic mind. Now that is Good News.

Blamelessness. Quite a concept.

Is it the same as 'innocence'?

Not until you have truly dissolved your notion of guilt. First you have to absorb 'not guilty'. Only then can you begin to understand the true meaning of innocence.

I am blameless. You are blameless. We are blameless. He/she/it is blameless. They are blameless.

At the point when you can say that and mean it in every context and to every person, without reservations or conditions, are you free from the terror of the egoic mind. As long as you think there are exceptions to the rule (that person who was so bad; those fundamentalists; those reptilians; any other holographic shadow you'd create), guilt exists in the universe. And this is not about letting people off, or having compassion for them even. It is about peeling away the narratives of 'deeds', the stories who hold so dear. It's about agreeing that the dimension of time (upon which an innocent person 'did' something and then became guilty) is a quaint old fantasy created to scare you by the egoic mind. We're out of 'time' now. We are now waaaay before the fall of man into the time-space matrix. We are back at the moment before the Big Bang. Pure potential. Now and forever. Nothing to do. Nothing to fear. Nothing to forgive. Nothing to hide. Nothing to prove. Nowhere to go. Peace as God created it.

Has God returned to herself?

The insanity has forgotten itself.

How could God create insanity? What is insanity?

Insanity is separation. The separation was a fantasy of fear which has forgotten itself.

Who dreamt up the fantasy?

You did.

Post Script

At this point, I felt quite elated. What a sensation of realisation, freedom and relief. I longed to share these insights with people who like me needed to hear them, and I went skipping through a wood feeling sure I would, soon. I would commit myself to writing, and be damned. I would produce the book of my heart, because I had finally forgiven my shames and woken up from my worst nightmares of self-consciousness.



I stopped to take a photo of a National Trust 'marker' or 'wayshower'. 'That's what I want to be!' I thought. A marker, a signpost, a wayshower! Then my phone ran out of battery, and with it my writing app, my camera and my GPS mapping. No matter. The work of the day had been well and truly done.

As I came out of the forest a marker pointed me down the hill, but I had a feeling that Sham Castle must be around here. I'd never heard of

Sham Castle til two evenings ago when my friend said, “We’re so lucky to live in Bath, with wonderful places like the river, the canal, Sham Castle...” I was born in Bath, 40 years ago. You’d have thought I might have heard of our own castle...

I headed off-piste and followed an unmarked path up through some trees. Castellations rose into view, and then the ‘sham’ castle, a grand folly, built to overlook the city. A bench stood in front of it. I headed for it, to sit down and take in the view. As I got nearer I could see a small blue plastic bag on the bench. Oh Lord, a dog poo bag... Gross. Only, it definitely had something other than steaming faeces inside it. Arriving at the bench which was carefully inscribed with a Jane Austen quote (‘Nice literary connection’, I noted, smiling inside), I inspected the package: two muddy, weathered dog bags were carefully enclosing a rectangular object. I crouched down and poked open he tied-up handles half a centimetre, and peeked through . No. No way. No. Freaking. Way.

Gold-edging.

Pages.

Aged leather binding.

Holy freaking freak shows. A book! For me!! I looked around. No one to be seen. This MUST belong to someone... Weathered..? Muddy...? This package had been outside for a long time but not always on this nice clean bench in a very public space.....A bench for all the visitors to the seemingly famous Sham Castle.

Wide-eyed, I ripped the bag open: ...Poems by Robert Bridges, published in by Oxford University Press. Including.....

I was Beside Myself. “NowaynowaynowaynowaynowaynoWAY!!!” I hugged the book. I leapt. I skipped. I ran backwards and forwards like a crazy balloon. Exhilaration bust out of me. I looked around. Just me, the grinning castle, the birds and...a beautiful book.

Then voices. Two groups of walkers appeared up the hill. They wandered about. They admired the bench at length and the provenance of the inscription (Northanger Abbey) with much literary knowledge between them. They discussed the architect of the castle. They took photos. They left.

If I had arrived 4 minutes later, that book would surely have been discovered. But the woods were full of walkers. When had the last visitors come in the minutes before I had arrived? How long had the book been there? WHO PUT IT THERE FOR ME?

Loving Yourself to Egolessness

Ergh...

Keep going. Think of happy things.

Rivers. Water. Sun. Trees. I could walk along the canal to Newbridge this evening? Have a glass of wine at the pub. Bumble about. Take my book.

There's really only one Idea to focus on at the moment and, comfortingly, staying focused on that Idea requires plenty of gentle bobbing about in your body.

I'm glad. Happy about that.

Reading my diaries this afternoon was v draining. Lord. Who would want to read any of that?

Nice to find I had so many poems. And drawings.

I was so shocked by some of it. Especially the suffering of L and A. Really shocked, though not...surprised. Returning to those memories and experiences was just physically and emotionally gruelling. Please help me honour everyone I have ever written about in private.

acim-archives.org

What a challenge they faced. Bill and Helen had already plumbed the nature of the ego to its depths. They continued to take pride in the utility of the PAS, and for those who knew them only through their research and teaching roles, it was indeed their crowning professional achievement. But as the **Course** states, "[T]he ego enjoys studying itself, and thoroughly approves the undertakings of students who would 'analyze' it, thus approving its importance. Yet they but study form with meaningless content." (T-14.X.8:7-8)

Bill had grown weary of empty form without content.

By 1965 Bill had grown weary of empty form without content. He

"The ego enjoys studying itself." Is that perhaps the real source of my mountain of writing?



"The internalised character is schizoid. In the extreme it is autistic." (This was written in the 1950s or so....)

I am internalised, schizoid and autistic.

I am also tired of the sound of my own voice, echoing in my sealed cave. Selfism on steroids. For what good or purpose?

Make meaning. Of it all.

....

AT. I think I'm becoming unhinged.

LV. It's a distinct possibility.

AT.Maybe *I'm* becoming hinged. And it's the *world* that's unhinging.

LV. You had me at "hinged". You lost me at "unhinging".

.....

It's 8.38pm and I am so very uncomfortable in my body and being. I spent some time in bed in the dark earlier trying to shine so much mental/astral light on my inner tyrant that it would wither and die.

Perhaps that's all that enlightenment is. Blow torching the tyrant.

Have you tried loving your tyrant?

Killing it with kindness?

Honouring it's great struggle to protect you.

That's a thought. Gratitude to my arch enemy.

The bodhisattva has no enemies.

Nor friends.

I feel that my inclination is leaning towards my becoming more like a cat in the unrolling of this new stage. Poised, detached, lean, agile, self-sufficient and very very very simple in its needs. Both our cats are starting to startle me. I keep coming across them, sitting upright like guardian lions on gateposts, just looking at me, from a windowsill or a corner of the landing. They watch me through emotionless eyes as I hustle back and forth on my next mission for...something to eat or a distraction for my mind or to rearrange my many, many, many possessions. The cats own nothing and need nothing, except food, water and a private place to deliver their stinking excretions.

I am aware that I am more dog than cat. Tugging at my lead in pursuit of some desired Unknown. Catching scents here, chasing leaves there. Playing with my toys obsessively and hoping someone will throw my ball so I can bring it back to them. Missing my owner. Hassling the neighbours. Peeing on lampposts. I also look bizarre at the moment. I'm 10kgs overweight and I'm wearing my 'Mother Earth' clothes from Qigong Camp...because I'm not work, and being floaty and elasticated they both fit and cover me.

My heart longs for me to become a shaolin cat.

Kill the tyrant.

I long for the miracle again. And again. And again.

Ask for what you want. Cease lamenting the darkness; focus on the Light, even if it's only a remembered flicker within your imagination. Focus on Light.

What is Light?

It's not a future experience.

It's not the satisfaction you expect from stability, success or even simplicity.

Simplicity will be a byproduct of Light manifesting in you.

This is the darkest hour before the dawn.

Focus on Light.



Your full time job is now to love yourself and in that to love everything that arises. See Matt Kahn passim: 'if you feel enraged, love the one who's raging.'

If you've got ten extra kilos about you, love every one of those kilos. Really love them.

If you're watching telly, love the one who's watching telly.

If you're shouting "SHUT UP!!" out of the window and slamming it shut when your neighbours are blasting music at 11am on a Friday, love the one who's shouting. Also bless the neighbours.

If you weep, love the one who weeps.

If you hate, love the one who hates.

"Release from guilt is the ego's whole undoing." ACIM p261

You wanted to know how to kill the tyrant. Release guilt. The guilt in which you would condemn yourself and your neighbour.

Release guilt. I am forgiven. You are forgiven.

You are in a tricky situation. You want to live ego-free (work, friends, society...) and yet still retain the right to hold yourself 'culpable' or 'wrong' or 'imperfect'.

I want to live, love and work in an ego-free way. Yes! That's it.

So, love yourself so fully that your ego melts away. Feels like a tautology, doesn't it? 'Loving yourself to egolessness.'

You need to let it sink in. This is the Light your heart has been craving. It is issued from you and delivered to you. Because you are the Source. Stop looking to the heavens for a sign or a lightning flash. Instead look inside yourself to that deep well of love that abides in you and of you...and leap into its enfolding abyss in complete peace. You tumbling into you tumbling into you, blissfully and trustingly. This is evolution of consciousness. This is realisation of Oneness.

I love you, dear Me. What can I do or get for you today?

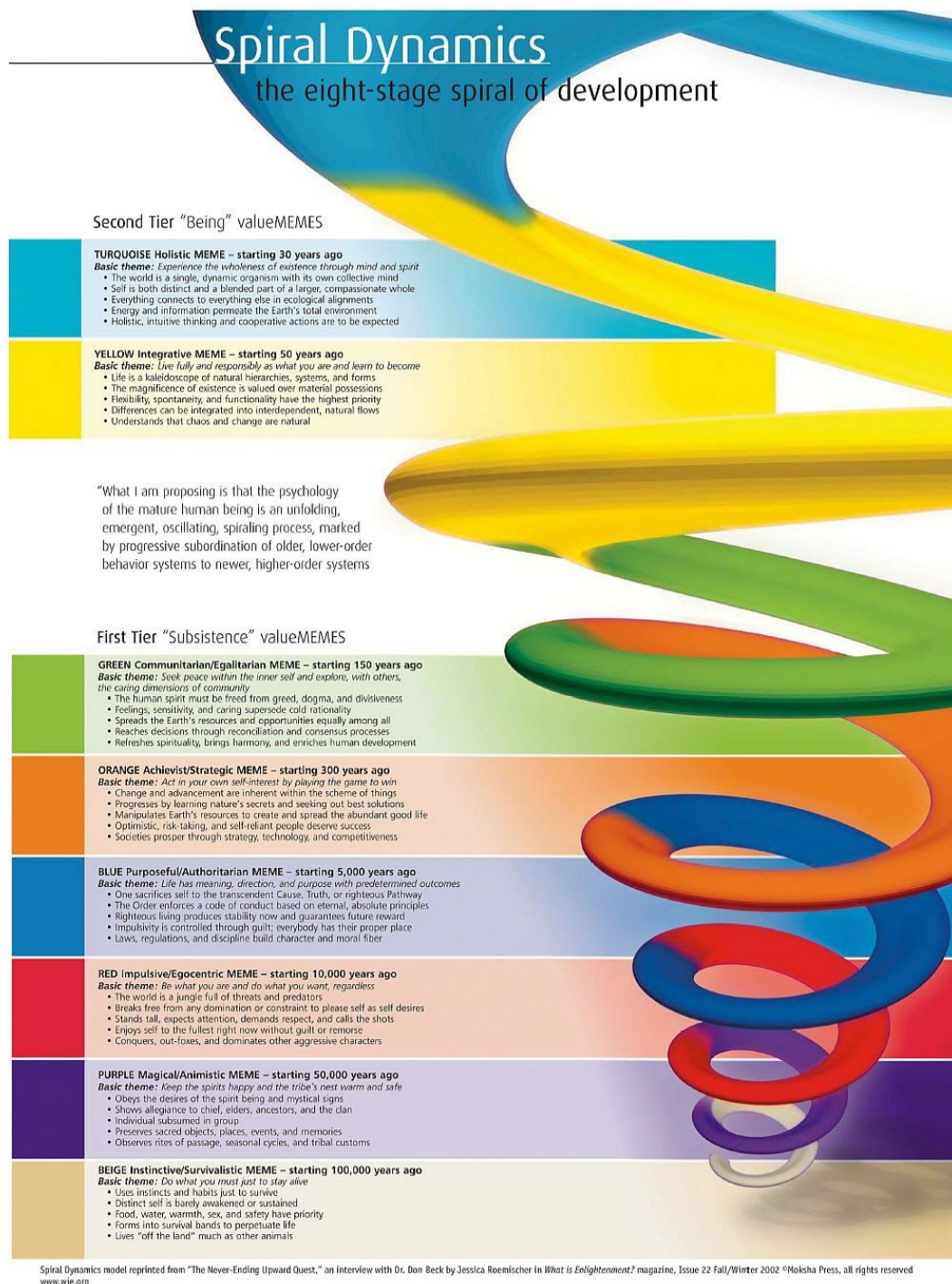
Hold me.

That I can do.

From Me to We

7.42am

This morning I can across Spiral Dynamics and I like it:



It takes the principles of self/identity and shows how they are woven through group dynamics (eg. a nation, a business, a Scrum team), to produce various consciousness paradigms over an evolving spectrum.

Here it is shown over current national systems (in 2014):

Functional Democracy & The Eight Levels of Human Existence

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*MEME LEVELS	MEANING OF DEMOCRACY	POLITICAL FORM	PERCEPTION OF ONE PERSON, ONE VOTE	PERCENT of GLOBAL POPULATION in each VALUE SYSTEM (%GPS)
8	- Global Governance - Macro management of all life forms - Seeking the common good in response to Global problems. - Mix of holistic, cooperative, intuitive & cognitive systems	- Holonic Democracy - Whole-earth Networks - Interconnection of geo-consciousness - Self-organizing governance systems	- Governance and voting decisions copy nature's movements, changes and patterns - Voting decisions are both a distinct and a blended part of the larger compassionate whole	Won't appear until political systems are centered in the 7th level of values 0% *GPS
7	- A process of integrating the majority of all the first tier political systems into a functional form of governance that works for all - People have the right to be who they are as long as they are not hurting anyone or the planet - Balance of government & private sector based on functionality	- Functional Democracy - Forms of governance that work based on value-system profiles and stages of development. - Stratified systems designed with the input of the Indigenous Intelligence	- Recognizes that one-person one-vote works for societies with dominant vMEMEs at the non-ideologue 4th level or higher - Works with benevolent leaders within the 3rd and 4th level vMEMEs to establish institutions leading to one-person, one-vote systems in the future	- Germany (entering) - Northern Europe (entering) - Switzerland (entering) - Intelligent Cities in US and Canada (entering) 3% *GPS
6	- Everybody shares equally in reaching consensus - The purpose of the system is to care for "we the people" and the common good - Equal access to all resources by all people - The human bond has priority over political manipulation	- Social Democracy - Coalition governments - Highly successful in homogenous European societies - Taxes private enterprise to spread social services equally	- Votes are important, but the loser still has an equal voice - Makes sure there is group consensus on a candidate before voting - Vote goes to the candidate who most supports the environment, social programs and gender equality	- Western Europe (mixed) - Northern Europe - Canada (mixed) - US (entering) 8% *GPS
5	- Pluralistic politics - Game of incentives within a system of checks and balances - Federal governance with full rights to states and provinces. - Relationship with losing party is to the strategic advantage of the winner - System turns politicians into corporate lobbyists after service	- Multi-party Democracy - Corporate states, Super PACs - Bill of Rights - Economic status sets power ratios resulting in wider gaps between the haves and have-nots	- Individual votes are highly valued and go to the candidate who shares voter's views - I vote for candidate who provides opportunity for personal success and financial achievement - The higher my net worth the higher the potential to steer political outcomes	- US, UK, Canada, Western Europe, Japan (mixed) - China (entering) - So. Korea, Singapore (entering) 24% *GPS
4	- Justice and Fairness for all - Everyone is equal under the law - Good people follow the law, rules and traditions - Disputes resolved through institutions and legal procedures - Duty to pay fair share to support the system - Autonomy and individuality is not encouraged. - The right to defend my country	- Authoritarian Democracy - Nation states - One Party Rule - Heavy hand of government - Winner takes all and rules all without input from the losing minority parties.	- Votes matter to the one party that has all the right answers - Vote in line with family, church, and other civic groups who know the one true way - Candidate who shares my ethnicity and views on nationalism gets my vote	- Egypt (entering) - China (mixed) - So. Korea Singapore (mixed) - Russia, India (entering) - Eastern Europe - US, Japan (mixed) 27% *GPS
3	- Whatever the Feudal Lord says it is - "Power to the People" is power to the clan leader and the chosen few - Feudal Distribution System - Institutions are vacuous. Designed to enrich self and cronies - Rich get richer, poor get poorer - All accept haves/have-nots as reality	- Dictatorship - Feudal Empire - Domination - Corrupt autocracy - Strong-arm tactics - Patriarchy - No clear national political platform.	- Votes go to feudal lords and Za'eems - Descending voters get eliminated from the political process - Opposition is thrown in jail, out of the country or killed - Voting for winning candidate grants access to power - Power could be seized the next day	- Middle East, India (mixed) - Africa (mixed) - So. America (mixed) - Parts of S.E. Asia (mixed) - China (mixed) - Russia (mixed) 33% *GPS
2	- What our people decide to do - Announced by the chief - Guided by the elders/mystical forces - This form of governance exists only in mixed systems with levels 3 and 4	- Tribes - Clans - Councils - Extended family - Lineage	- Individual votes don't matter and are not encouraged by the group/tribe - Chief knows best - Full group allegiance to 3rd level leader, or 4th level ideology	- Middle East, India (mixed) - Africa (mixed) - China (mixed) - So. America (mixed) 5% *GPS
1	- Survival-based groups. - Genetic memory/instinct.	No concept of governance.	No concept of governance.	0% *GPS

Key: In the VGPS column, mixed system indicates more than one value system defines the country or region's political form. Entering means the values of the next system are emerging but don't define the country/region's institutions and electoral process yet. No designation indicates the corresponding system is the dominant form of governance.

It helps me understand how my own internal wrangling a have purpose. The more I can release myself from old-paradigm self-beliefs, the sooner I can contribute usefully to my evolving world. It's just about translating the learning over. Perhaps that's where HH in, and where HH and DOD suddenly align. HH = group/system/corporate/global and DOD/IRL = self/individual/consciousness.

Spiral Dynamics shows how the group and the individual are indivisible. The consciousness must evolve in self and ones group simultaneously.

I now see why I found Sirona so disheartening. I was trying to run a team by Green/Yellow rules while J was running her (and therefore my) team by Red rules.

Likewise even, to my horror, B2015. I imagined we were all playing by Green/Yellow, and discovered there was a good dose of Blue/Orange.

THIS IS HELPFUL IN ALLOWING ME TO RECOGNISE PATTERNS AT PLAY IN ORGANISATIONS I WORK WITH/FOR AND:

- Not taking it personally when I run into Red environments
- Not getting confused and blindsided
- Not feeling I need to run away just to survive

- Understanding that my natural MO is orange upwards, and that I am happier and more effective when I work from Green upwards
- That I feel alienated when Orange gets greedy, and in any environment from Blue downwards. (The BF was Blue and was desperately constraining, especially as it (or perhaps I) thought it was Green.)
- Brings empowered to guide matters up the spiral understanding the psychologies needed to reach the next paradigm shift
- Help clients move out of troughs
- Teach new methodologies of teamwork
- Develop new paradigm partnerships

Importantly, I can rationalise the insight that I was brought up with (and railed against 'unsuccessfully') a RED environment, where all my role models and authority figures stood high above me as dictators-expecting-attention/authority/obedience, and yet also condoned, modelled or turned a blind eye to plenty of hedonism, addiction and unhealthy protocols. It was contradictory and insane. To wonder I was unhinged by the time I was 18. But that unhingement turned me into a Seeker, a seeker of other ways of being and of understanding myself and my universe.

I can now see that that same Impulsive/Egocentric RED environment propelled me into Baha'i BLUE (Purposeful/Authoritarian), the first available step up the spiral I could find. After emerging out of Baha'i Blue, interestingly, I became an ORANGE Achiever Strategist - ending up as a business development person... But then, in 2014/5, even that failed to work for me, with TMC, B2015 and Sirona dissolving at my fingertips.

Perhaps this is all an indication that I am ready to inhabit GREEN (Communitarian/Egalitarian), and reach for YELLOW (Integrative - partnerships) and TURQUOISE (Holistic - networked), in my relationship with the world and with my professional life. Perhaps that what HH is all about.

This is helpful. Thank you.

I now see how my wide-eyed horror at my corporate dealings has actually just been the marker of the death pangs of my Orange mindset. I have been coming to terms with the fact that living as Achiever/Strategist as my top idea of myself has become painful and outmoded. Take for example my very uncomfortable conversation with Daverick where I flicked into Achiever/Strategist mode and we both became dark and empty.

The sooner I can absorb the learning from my Green, Yellow and Turquoise antecedents and wayshowers, the sooner I will be

I am divinely assisted in my realisation of unity consciousness

If you knew, completely knew through and through, that you were always, always able to count on divine assistance to accomplish your goals and aspirations, what goals and aspirations would you put on the table for divine turbo-charging?

:-) Nice. Thank you.

I would wish to serve myself by

- Being freed from all addiction
- Having super-powered joyful discipline
- Having complete faith in my inner guidance and the courage to follow it at all times
- Having the grace and space (in my head and day) to anchor the Light within me on a daily basis by my practice
- Replacing my poverty consciousness with complete abundance consciousness (I see straight off that the anchoring practice would deal with that pretty quickly...)

I would fulfil my higher purpose of service to humanity by:

- Overcoming my egoic limitations in one fell swoop
- Finding an overflowing fount of love and generosity and wisdom in my being
- Making good of all my experiences and learning thus far and ongoing
- Forgetting my limitations and 'wants'
- Ask for what I need to do my work
- Have an inner satnav to guide me to my Work
- Listen to that inner satnav and know how to discern its voice and guidance with ease
- Live in the Now and take care of all things in the Present moment
- Cease making 'plans' as they generally don't make space for divine guidance; but keep clear aspirations, knowing my spiritual 'KPIs'

Spiritual KPIs. What are they?

Signs you are on the right track.

For example?

An example would be when you are working with people and you see initial harsh defensiveness melt to warm smiles. You don't take it as your own victory or goodness, but you recognise that collectively you are probably on the right track, whether you are in a position of leadership or not.

I've worked with bosses who put me/others in a position of leadership and then undermined their leadership. It's hard to develop a consensus or an outcome when there are two leaders at play, with the senior leader undermining the junior.

Often, the 'leadees' need to learn to lead their leaders. That is alright. Children do so with their parents day after day after day. It teaches them compassion, diligence and strategy.

In my case, recently, I walked away from the senior leader.

If the junior leader is being used as a shield for a frightened senior leader to hide behind while undermining all, stepping away is permissible. Likewise, children are not asked to become co-dependent enablers to their parents' unconscious state. When the learning is complete, the junior party is right to step out of the quagmire and put her learning to good use in the world. But, as she goes out of the door, she must forgive completely, or she simply takes the same patterns of belief in lack and attack with her to the next scenario. This requires emotional discipline (very different to 'repression of feelings') and joy in 'learning on the spiritual path'. She must thank her senior teacher for parenting her into a better consciousness.

Thank you, bosses/parents/leaders/teachers *passim*, for parenting me into a better consciousness, whether via your wakefulness or via your sleepiness. Thank you.

Shall we think more about Divine Assistance?

You know for years I used a false notion of Divine Assistance as an excuse for passivity and apathy. I lost my own will. It was agonising.

Thank your teacher.

Thank you, false notion of Divine Assistance for helping me understand what Divine Assistance is not.

We described Divine Assistance as turbo-charging. Think of the term 'turbo injection': the *injection* of extra power can only be administered to the car when it is already in motion and running at a certain speed. Your role is to get in motion and move up to a certain speed at which you can absorb and assimilate an injection of 'turbo charge', without expiring. If you turbo-charge a car running at 20mph, you effectively flood it, or stall it, or wipe out the engine. It can't assimilate the extra power.

If a paraglider wants to ride on the invisible breezes, she must first climb a high hill, and then, against all human instinct, jump off the hillside. The breezes (the turbocharger) *will* catch her...but she cannot experience this until she jumps. It is an act of effort/intent followed by an act of faith, at which point the turbocharger can kick in and perform its miracles.

So first set the intention and then get busy, knowing that at the moment you gain enough momentum, the turbocharger will automatically kick in?

Yes. Get busy with the goal in mind. If the goal is a very 'human' one the turbocharger will take the message that it won't be needed at this stage. It will read the signs and say, 'Ah, you're only planning on going up to 40mph? Ok, you won't need me. I'll be up in the front here reading the paper.'

A human goal?

Making a million pounds.

Buying a house.

Getting skinny.

Ah. A turbo-chargeable goal?

Supporting refugees to find new homes - an act of compassion, courage, charity.

Enabling your daughter to fulfil her potential of bringing Light to the world, eg. by finding her a school that suits her and 'sees' her - an act of leadership, dedication, responsibility.

Publishing your writing so that perhaps one person might resonate with it and find renewed strength and self-belief - an act of faith, hope and unconditional love.

Ah, I see. It's about the motivation behind the aspiration. Those human goals, they were acts of...?

Scarcity thinking

Belief in material security

Self-loathing

Ok. Man alive.

Now, you *can* want to make a million pounds under the universal laws of love and light! The million pounds is neither here nor there in itself. Source has no opinion on energy whether it is amassed or dispersed. But only when the purpose of amassing energy (money) is aligned with spiritual laws, will Source (the great turbocharger) get involved.

Then why are greedy people so wealthy?

Because historically, the manifestation of *will* (which is 'free' for the directing) has been stronger in the 'Takers From' than in the 'Lovers Of' the human race. The ego has a ferocious will, or appetite. The Lovers of the human race are only now developing their will in equal and greater measure, spurred on by the horrors of war, 'austerity', environmental destruction and the 1%. And the cumulative results are already astonishing.

Jeremy Corbyn, Refugees Welcome, Occupy movement, Pope Francis...

Indeed.

Am I a bit of a passive observer of all of this?

You delivered your power into the hands of others systematically for many years, so are experiencing a state of 'observation'. This state is helping you to recharge your batteries while reconsidering your direction of travel for the next journey.

I'm a Tesla car plugged into the mains? :-) Wait til I get out on the road and whip out my "Tesla Smile". (So called by Max the Tesla guy on a test drive (for work) when he invoked the Tesla 'turbo charge' and everyone in the car grinned at the incredible acceleration and 'torque'.) I need to get a bit of torque going. Don't I?

Better to know where you are going and then invoke torque. The time for test drives is over.

Yes. Good. Thank you.

Where am I going?

What is the destination that incorporates all my various plans and projects?

Realisation of Unity Consciousness.

Woah. So early on a Sunday morning.

The time for wisecracks has probably also passed.

.... Yes. It probably has.

Now you're torquing. :)

Hey, wisecrack!

We remain joyful. We also remain focused on the work at hand. The realisation of unity consciousness is not a side hobby nor a vanity project. It is a huge task which needs dedicated workers who are prepared to sign up and undertake the training. Are you in?

Yes. Of course! Show me where to sign.

In your heart. This is the commitment of your lifetime. This is the work of highest consciousness available to humankind at this moment. It is describable across an infinity of manifestations in each and every lifespan.

The gardener is realising unity consciousness when her hands join with the Earth and bring forth new life.

The dancer is realising unity consciousness when he merges with music in perfect rhythm and full harmony of emotion and intention.

The actor is realising unity consciousness when she evokes the pains and the joys of her species for the upliftment and enlightenment of her fellow souls.

The artist is realising unity consciousness when he brings paint to paper and conjures up the wordless voice of the world around him.

The business person is realising unity consciousness when she connects the drive to expand with the drive to benefit people and planet.

You are gardener, dancer, actor, artist and business person. You are mother, writer, healer and saint. You are a fragment of the holographic Whole. Not one person is more 'special' than another, and therefore is not one person less 'special' than another. And above all, there is not one person who is not an equal shard of Source itself. The magnificence of this knowledge is the work of a lifetime to comprehend, and also the insight afforded by just one second of reflection. Use this 'second' well and then unfurl and 'realise' the insight over your lifetime. Be not one of those who would resist the insight for a lifetime of incomprehension, only to awaken to the truth at the moment of transition. Die now to the illusion of separation; live your life within the reality of Oneness from this second onwards.

This reality can only be spoken of for so long before it becomes an exercise of the intellect and fodder for the crowing ego to scavenge. This reality must be lived and in the living can Divine Assistance inject it's turbocharge.

.....

Oh my Lord. Just reading 'The Light Shall Set You Free' (arrived yesterday, found package this morning.) Lordy be, how had I not read this before???

You weren't ready.

It's true. I wasn't. It is so wonderful to know that the next available lesson awaits me at even turn. Thank you. It's like a game where you just keep unlocking levels. Life, that is.

Love and light....

Non-tinkering: an end to striving

7.09am

Is it fair to say that I actually am from another planet?

It would be incredible for you to assume otherwise.

Couldn't someone have told me?!

No one enters the Land of the Deep Sleep with an orientation pack in hand. The orientation is in the waking up. As Earth is in its great awakening, it needs as many souls as possible to arrive in great confusion and through acts of unimaginable will, to manifest - in themselves, which is to say, within the holographic One - an awakening.

So, perhaps it goes like this..? I arrive on the physical plane, Earth, and am born more than averagely innocent, naive and guileless in worldly terms; highly intuitive and sensitive in interdimensional terms. I'm happy enough in blissed-out Oneness as an infant, but 3D life starts to collide into my happy sphere. My significant adults are incapable of holding it away from me (largely because of my own feisty and purposeful ego) and certainly have few skills to impart on how to remember my origin. So, forgetful of my origin and Source, I believe my (egoic) Self to be under threat of mortal attack and I fall into deep fear. The gentle slumber of childhood has deepened into an adolescent/adult night terror. Life conspires then to spiral downwards, as my fearful thinking obediently creates a fearful reality for me.

Eventually, I sense that there is a pattern: the worse I feel, the worse I find life gets. And I notice to my bewilderment that there are fellow humans who are not feeling worse and finding worse. In fact, the better they feel the better they feel! I begin to question the idea that life is inherently dangerous...because the rule simply doesn't apply to all. I try and mimic the happy dudes, perhaps to cut myself a slice of the pie of their sprightly careers and enthusiastic castle building. Only, as a result, I feel worse - exhausted and shattered and frazzled in fact. I reassess the principles at play. I read voraciously. I start to write to understand myself and my world. When humbled and desperate enough, I begin to study and learn spiritual insights. When REALLY broken, I even begin to defy my egoic resistance to healing and begin to *practise* those principles...rather like a newborn baby at the moment it realised it must do things really, really differently to survive, and instantly (because it has not yet learnt egoic resistance) Follows Its Instincts - and opens its mouth and gasps for oxygen.

Awakening occurs... Spiritual oxygen enters... The inner spirit sputters into life like a willed-upon motorboat engine in the middle of rough seas.

And in that moment, the Earthly plane finds itself irreparably inched closer to its overall recovering from deep sleep.

One wretched soul at a time???

The collective is not made of individual souls. It is One.

And the notion of other planets? And our coming in to assist Earth in awakening?

Think of white blood cells. If a virus enters a human body - say through a cut in the hand - the white blood cells hear the message of need from wherever they are in the body, and rush over to provide healing. The created universe is akin to the body; the white blood cells exist across all dimensions. Earth is in urgent need of healing and help is flowing in from all 'corners' of the created universe.

So, having got this far, relax! Your only job is to keep on waking up!

I have been in such a deep sleep. And waking up doesn't necessarily make things easier. You wake up to see that sleepwalking is the normal MO.

Can you speak of the souls who have come into the world to live a life in deep autism? Speaking as one in 'light' (!) autism, and experiencing the dissonance day after day on this planet where 'insane thinking' (fear-based thinking) is the normal, I would like to be reassured of the purpose of autism.

If you stand with bare feet in water and come in contact with electricity, you are paralysed by the charge. If you wear rubber boots and rubber gloves, you have a greater chance of letting go of the electric cable. Souls with autism are pure spirit beings, unprotected by the rubber safety wear that allows others to exist in the dissonant time/space dimension.

You know full well that persons with autism are fifth dimensional beings having an acute, unmediated third dimensional experience.

Those blessed souls are holding the electric cable to save others from electrocution and to allow others to wake up and get out of the water.

That sounds horrific. I don't know if I feel like leaving that in writing.

Autism is a harsh condition. Harsh metaphors apply. But as you know, 'harsh' is a third dimensional fantasy. In reality, all being is simply love expanding itself. In reality, the higher selves of all people with autism are fully conscious of the immense service they are rendering. There are no greater teachers than these souls. Fortunately, the

earth peoples are slowly beginning to realise this, and to turn to these souls with curiosity and wonder.

Starting with Rainman, no?

Indeed. Slowly, disgust and pity are turning to curiosity and wonder, with compassion watering the seed. Those who really, really open their hearts and pay attention, begin to listen and are guided by their autistic loved ones into a state of quiet stillness (that is a miracle in itself) and then into a state of following...into the enlightened vibration of their loved ones.

Like Bear and Samahria Kaufman (?) being led by Raun into 'joining'. And the girl in the purple book. And others who have facilitated conversation with their non-speaking loved ones through technology?

Yes. Loving or even merely knowing someone with autism is an immense opportunity for learning fifth dimensional protocols: intuitive communication, heart to heart resonance, inner peace, inner silence.

You know, I think I wanted to believe (and 'improve' or even 'prove' my third dimensional self identity so much and so desperately that it eventually swelled up and exploded. It became a horrific monster of shame and wrongfulness and loss. Eventually, I crumbled...and rose again to try to prove the identity yet harder, and then crumbled harder and rose harder and crumbled harder and rose harder...until I couldn't rise again. Cue: collapse of all I thought I was trying to gain or accrue to myself. In 2015 I found myself sick, fatigued and impoverished. In which case who or what was I?

Finally, something began to dawn on me. I was not what I had thought I was, or rather what I was aspiring and failing to be. I was nothing really. Just nothing. Just like everyone else. I was just a fragment of collective consciousness. My egoic consciousness had finally been pierced, after a raging battle which had been waged for maybe two and a half decades with me leading the troops out on its behalf again and again and again.

In a process of immeasurable pain (crucifixion), I switched sides. From the egoic conqueror force to the bodhisattva warrior side: nothing to win and nothing to lose; nowhere to go and nothing to do.

I read and wrote voraciously to open my very fixed mind. I started studying meditation, qigong and kung fu to learn to sit steadily in the seat of my saddle (my bodymind).

I accepted the moment as it came, again and again.

And things started to shift. People began to flow into my life. I began to learn to accept.

And then, only then, could I begin to find a renewed sense of self again, a self which perhaps in time I could take out into the third dimensional world without simultaneously

rendering myself up as battle fodder. This is a self which is wary and aware. A self which is cautious of mission and goal setting, knowing those actions to provoke tendencies of ego assertion. A self which has an idea that the world is just healing itself and that, being in the flow of that healing might be a nice place to be, as receiver and giver, as yin and yang, as student and teacher. A self which is waking up softly in a world which is waking up softly.

This is where I am today. In the nick of time.

Perfection returning to perfection. There is no late or early for that process, because it is an eternal expansion of consciousness. It occurs within time and out of time. In the timeless multiverse perfection just 'is'. In the time-based dimension, perfection is always simply drawing closer to itself, to its original Source.

But we go through cycles, don't we? The collapse of civilisations, regression into war, falling into sleep.

Humanity's belief in the possibility of a Fall is its last belief in separation. This will be overcome. In time. Until time is no longer needed. And then time will return to the single point of Now.

Does time allow us space to shoot forward and reverse and straighten up, and iron out our unconsciousness?

Time is a mat upon which is set the motherboard of the great computer. Collectively, humans are tinkering with and mastering the motherboard, by trial and 'error'. The motherboard cannot be broken. As the computer (consciousness) comes to know itself fully and understands its own perfection (wakes up), the motherboard can be left alone. End of time. Ongoing perfection.

Wow. So shall I just try and stop tinkering?

If you would. Then others can be encouraged to stop tinkering.

Like Pema, Adyashanti, Matt Kahn. They don't do stuff so much as move about teaching 'non-tinkering'.

Exactly. Advocating non-tinkering without tinkering is an art in itself. :) By their fruits shall ye know them. The non-tinkerer who would 'change the world' is a tinkerer. The non-tinkerer who points to the perfection of the motherboard/world is a non-tinkerer.

:-) Indeed. <3 Thank you. I am nothing. And in being nothing I am also everything. This feels like the end of striving. Which I assume is the end of suffering. I let perfection arise in and through me, rather than striving for a perfection as if it were out there and separate to me. The natural order is restored as I allow it to be so. That is my mastery. Non-tinkering.

....

Beautiful! I just finished watching this video which I began last night, with Norma Milanovich:
<http://youtu.be/bWGROcdBbdA>

She reminded us that, as we step on to the spiritual path, it is not *what* we do but the motive in our hearts which is seen, and recorded and accrues under the law of cause and effect. That helps, because since the wholesale loss of all my protocols and principles for living, I really barely know how to structure my days or even how to do anything. I'm starting from scratch.

She also suggests by asking God a similar question the that in ACIM...

Yes. "God, right now today and this week, please. What would you have me do, say, think and feel? And overall, what motive would you have me hold in my heart - one I can understand and learn through please?"

Be bold. The spiritual path demands boldness in equal and opposite measure and vigour to your ego when it was activated and leading. When the ego senses a new leader which is as bold and as vigorous as itself, it becomes, as Milanovich put it in the video above, 'tempered'. Quite soon, the ego learns to enjoy and serve the Path too and then you really can accelerate your total service.

Be bold. Step off the cliff.

A clean slate

Good morning. Somehow it feels that since the Blood Moon I have been given a clean slate. It's if as it's ok to start anew in the way I see myself.

Please could you talk about the last bits of my compulsive, addictive behaviour and how to release them once and for all?

You have been very ashamed of these behaviours and chastised yourself. This alone has given your inner child permission to feel abandoned and rebellious against its parents and to carry on acting out to spite the nose upon its own face.

In the space of integrated child/parent/higher self, a heart-centred approach comes into play.

Only the heart's pulsating resonance can clear the old energy blockages stored in your cellular memory. The beliefs stored in your cellular memory are that which is behind the old and unwelcome patterns that seem to hum through and out of you uninvited. These memories come from your responses to events in this present life and past lives. Also your genetic inheritance.

You read Kuthumi on 'intellect' - *The Light Shall Set You Free* p11ff. It's perfectly described.

Your stored memories tell you stories of 'helplessness, powerlessness and shrinking away from' and these are the memories you are now invited to clear in your pursuit to move from compulsion to composure and poise and discipline and self-direction.

How????

Through the discipline of your practice of every part of your life. The ego, which cast over you the veil of 'helplessness, powerlessness and shrinking away from' despises and resists discipline. Because it knows that discipline kills it. Your attention to discipline means therefore that it is just a matter of time until the ego is starved of oxygen. With its final death die too the old stored beliefs. Time and practice. Time and practice. No drama. No backslapping. No jazz handing. Just show up, on the mat and at the desk and in your bed, time and time again. The ego will whither and die.

So the ego basically dies of repetitive strain injury, induced by the repeated activation of the higher will in the face of the resistance, panic attacks, fainting and insidious threats of the lower will.

That is right. The ego, or lower will, has imposed a long reign of terror, by persuading you that you are weak (helpless, powerless etc). You now unleash a reign of terror upon the ego merely by showing it that it was mistaken and that you know this to be the case.

A recent friendship situation was marked by mutual lamentations of "weakness!" It cured me of my romantic idea of the graceful delicacy and skittish joy of falling into weakness.

"I am weak" is the affirmation of ego.

You mentioned joy. The lower and higher selves have completely different, and in many ways, opposing ideas of joy and enjoyment.

Take your Qigong and Kung Fu classes. Sometimes you feel you LOVE them; at other times (particularly just beforehand) you feel "Hm, maybe this isn't for me. Maybe I should do xyz classes instead. I think I'll say I'm not well." You genuinely experience and believe both stances. The two stances are coming from two linked and yet individuated parts of your being.

Know this: you are not studying Qigong and Kung Fu to...

- **Get fit**
- **Lose weight**
- **Learn skills**
- **Make friends**
- **Get more spiritual**

You are studying them because you are waging a war of peace upon the last vestiges of your ego. So yes, you might say you are studying QG and KF to

- **Release stress**
- **Find balance**
- **Get more grounded**
- **Learn self defence**
- **Overcome depression**

Just know that these are all euphemisms for knowing and expressing the remarkable gift of this new era, the message of which is this:

The Ego is Dead

So, when we say 'kill your ego through practice', we actually mean 'drain out old cellular memory of egoic behaviour, thoughts, beliefs and habits, stored historically at the time of the ego's reign - the dark ages.'

Your out of kilter addictions and compulsions are caused not by an active agent (ego), because ego is dead, but rather by the old ghosts of the egoic past. You are clearing ghosts out of a haunted house. There are no actual enemies in your house of bodymind anymore, just ghostly memories of that time of attack. And what do you do with ghosts, discarnates and old dark energy? You get very firm, draw yourself up into authority and send them to the Light.

When the memories are cleared and the ghosts are sent on their way, your house becomes a home again. Ready for new memories, of Light.

Draw yourself up into authority: discipline and direction of self.

Fake it til you make it.

Feel it begin to run through your bones.

Observe it in your teachers.

Act as if.

Play it out.

Don't look over your shoulder at Eurydice.

All the world's a stage.

"I'm the leader. I'll say when we go. Go."

Seat in the saddle.

Look straight into the light. Not around the light. Straight into the light.

Words finally start to dissolve.

Feeling starts to take hold.

Old information is draining away.

Stored information is overwritten by new.

Instinct knows what to do next.

A more ancient knowing reawakens.

The slate is clean.

.....That is so beautiful. And it all makes sense.

However, stuffed to the gunnels as I am with as yet unreleased cellular memory of the ego's reign of terror...I actually feel sick at the idea of 'simply' spending a day blithely waging peace against those old memories with brisk discipline on the mat and at the desk.

That is because, today, you are yet to re-remember the upshot of the statement 'The Ego Is Dead', which is (therefore) "I am forgiven" and "Nothing to do, nowhere to go."

We've got some paradoxes going on here.....

Only if and when the heart is excluded.

At the level of the mind, there are paradoxes because the mind reads:

"All is forgiven. Nothing to do; nowhere to go" vs "Relentless, disciplined practice" and cries 'foul'.

Here is the process of heart-centred discipline of practice:

The ego is dead.

I am forgiven, and always was.

The nightmare is over.

The slate is clean.

What picture would I, the Creator who is disposed always to create from the light and love which flows from the heart, paint on the clean slate?

A picture of love and light.

How shall I do that?

I shall stand at my slate with paint and brush in hand and allow the love and light to channel through me on to the slate.

Not once. Or twice. But timelessly.

My painting is an expression of love and light. My non-painting ("on the seventh day God rested") is also an expression of love and light. My nurturing and nourishing of myself, the painter-creator is also an expression of love and light.

My intuition directs proceedings and my heart keeps everything warm and cosy.

My yin and yang are in perfect balance.

My striving is over.

My practice is in my breathing and my being.

First I engage my heart and intuition; then I practice. Never again need I act upon barked orders. There is always abundant time to wait for heart and intuition to engage. And gradually heart and intuition learn that they are welcome at every step of life, and like children on Christmas morning, I wake to find them wide-eyed and ready for me at my bedside, day after day after day.

By attentive nurturing of heart and intuition I gain their trust and co-operation. The world becomes magical once again. I am constantly held, protected, assisted and guided, from within. This is my practice.

And my joy is in the fruits this practice pours forth: the beauty of the quiet artist's painting on the slate. This is enough for me for I am a channel of the divine. What greater bliss exists?

:) Yes. I hear you.

If you are doing anything and it feels forced, edgy or efforty, stop gently right away and engage the heart and thus the intuition. Then you will learn whether you have been acting out of old egoic memory or out of good-discipline-without-heart-engaged. At which point, adjust your course, thanking your heart-intuition for its unfathomable wisdom to discern.

Remember the day you walked out of your office, drove to the sea, walked along the beach and knew you were never returning to that office? That is your key marker memory for the new gentle habit of

- **Stop**
- **Engage Heart-Intuition**
- **Assess/Discern**
- **Adjust Course**

'Heart-Intuition'. This is new as of today, isn't it? What is it, compared to BodyMind?

Bodymind is more visceral - it's the language of emotions in the gut, it's the sinking sadness, the alert fear instinct, the blaze on boundaries of anger. [See Karen McClaren, The Language of Emotions] Feel it, do it, process it, shake the knowledge through the body.

HeartIntuition is more about tapping into knowledge in the etheric sphere. It requires a bodily quietness and an inner listening. It's the still small voice that is not the inner critic, because the inner critic is ever-detached from the heart. The heart only knows love and abundance - it's voice is always wise, informative, guiding and educative. HeartIntuition taps into timeless truths, whereas BodyMind is more likely to speak of the present experience.

How do I engage the HeartIntuition?

First calm and attend to the needs of the BodyMind. Is it hungry, thirsty, needing the loo? Is it trying to shake out emotions? Is it worrying about something pressing which you can solve quickly - like a phone call which must be made? Enquire into and interpret some of the BodyMind's stated needs: "I need a McDonald's McMuffin breakfast between the school run and going home to work!" may actually mean "I need reassurance that going home to work will be a safe thing." Tender enquiry itself warms up the HeartIntuition.

Then, turn your attention gently to the HeartIntuition. This faculty is best spoken to without words. It prefers the Brain Bypass method. So get some good music on. Get into the body and sway it about. Absorb some nature. Hug a cat. Then look into the Love and Light and wait, like a birdwatcher in a hide in a beautiful, isolated nature reserve. Do you remember our teaching on being a 'twitcher'? It's the state of watching and observing and letting the inner voice grow trust in your receptivity and listening. (I.e. It won't respond to, "Come on! Speak up! I haven't got all day!" Treat your HeartIntuition like a very shy and extremely wise little girl. If you shock her she'll go mute; if you join with her, she'll share pearls of incredible wisdom which will answer far more than you even think to ask of her.

My HeartIntuition is autistic?!

Yes! Perfectly so.

Awesome. No wonder she's so clever.

Interestingly, your HeartIntuition is also deaf: she is brilliantly wise and uses sign language. You have to learn to communicate with her in her language of signs to be able to benefit from her immense wisdom.

Aha! No wonder she reads me so well, above and beyond and despite of my verbal chatter! No wonder she's so sensitive to the unspoken...to the degree that she knows far more than she is 'told'. No wonder verbalised 'reason' is just 'moving lips' to her. She speaks the language of the heart which is above and beyond words. In fact, words compared to her language are like Lego blocks compared to the architecture of a magnificent cathedral.

How shall I remember and incorporate all of this into my days? How shall I combat the continual amnesia? How many groundhog days shall I experience?

These days, you are remembering that you are Forgiven, a little bit earlier each day. You may recall that you had weeks, months and at times years of unbroken egoic night-terror. Be gentle on yourself. You're learning. At the pace which is right for you. And anyway, in this new timeless dimension...what's the rush? Where are you hustling to? You've already arrived! You're just recovering from a long sleep. Be gentle on yourself, and you'll wake up all the more completely. Be harsh or judgemental on yourself and you'll have to take another nap. It's your call and either way is perfect. For all is perfect. Perfection is simply awakening to its own perfection, timelessly.

By Your Own Decree

Do you see now what happened? Do you see the Battle of Armageddon which was fought in and over your soul? Do you see how you overcame darkness by staring at the Light and willing it into you? Do you see how, by your own decree, you shook off the forces of darkness which threatened to consume you. Do you see how your own will rose up and overcame the magnetic spiral which tugged you down?

I do.

You thought you were just being a silly girl, or experiencing depression, or suffering from the fruits of your own mistakes. That was part of the entrapment you suffered.

The greatest tool of the forces of darkness is to plant self-loathing in the mind of the personality. It is almost - almost - impossible for a personality to overcome self-doubt and the afflictions of low self-worth when the lowest ebb is reached, unless and until that personality is prepared and WILLING to release everything they thought they knew, understood and believed about themselves and the world.

Now pour in Light to all your being and doing. Pour in Love. Incessantly and loudly and vigorously. Now is the moment for intravenous fluids.

In these Dialogues of Discernment which have flowed for the last ten years or so, has my higher self been teaching my worldly self that which *The Light Shall Set You Free* calls the 'new curriculum of Light and love'?

Yes indeed. And you have been learning to hold the Light in ever darker situations. We are very pleased with you.

I am feeling very blessed. I am also ready for action. The great turning point has surely come, hasn't it? When the student becomes practitioner of the learnt principles, out in the world.

If and as soon as she elects this turning point.

I elect it now.

Thy Will Be Done

Dear heart, what would you have me know and do today?

Thy will be done, on earth as it is in heaven.

What is my will, or yours, or ours?

To progress in love and light.

How best might that be accomplished today?

With immense gentleness and trust.

As it is in heaven.

Your home is your personal slice of heaven. Make it so.

I have a family guest coming today for the weekend. What would have me know, think, do and say, dear heart?

As above, so below. Understand the eternal bond we have with family members. Understand that we are of one soul family, and we have made pre-birth soul contracts of learning with each other.

What have we agreed to learn together, this soul and I?

Acceptance. Of each other's Light.

Say: I see, accept and bear witness to the Light in you.

This is helpful - it means not just seeing the worldly narratives, achievements and 'news', but the essential Light that burns within the person - and without.

Yes. In 'catching up' with our family members, often we fixate on the Light projections (successes, or failures to hit the illusionary mark), and fail to focus in on the precious engine of love and light whirring within the being, at maybe 20 revs per minute or maybe 90. The revs really don't matter. As you know, often you only begin to be effective in loving your fellow humans, when your engine of love and light is whirring at a very slow speed. In fact, it is precisely in the revving up that you lose your power to connect.

When do I rev my engine? What does it look and feel like?

Often, it's what you call jazz handing: you thrash about in *Service!!!*, leaving shredded paper and frazzled vibes behind you, and finally collapsing in a heap of exhaustion. Another way you rev your engine is in people-pleasing, over-compensating, hiding and then ferociously apologising, seeking to impress, trying desperately to cover up the flaws you fantasise into reality.

Hence your song last year, "I'm all about that bass, no treble." The treble is the shrill sound of the engine revving.

The opposite of a revving engine is an idling engine.

Exactly. We love it when you 'idle'. You get so much done!

My idling is very idle though....

Ah, you have two sorts of idling:

A) Idling on stand-by. You're awake but switched off, not receiving anything of goodness. This is when you are zoned into the telly, FB, food, drink in a dullened hypnotisation.

B) Idling in full connectedness to Source. Sometimes you feel at One, eg in meditation, in qigong, in a gentle walk. Doing nothing yet being present and awake to the unseen. Sometimes you feel desperately uncomfortable: this might be when you are lying in bed, writhing in emotional pain as you shine the healing light on your darkest shadows and places. Consciously connecting the eternal Light to your worldly personality. Days pass and you 'fail' to answer calls or attend to your emails... And yet the Work you are doing, at this very slow and deep theta frequency, is drawing the Light into the planet itself - even if only by displacing the intense

darkness you have allowed to accrue in you in your periods of more egoic jazz handing.

I see. I know what you mean. When I am connected to Light (however tenuously) and just very gently moving forward, wonders start flowing into my love.

Especially when you allow your heart to do the steering and navigating. You are a sturdy engine. You're like an old Saab which can just keep going up hill and down dale, through floods and fords, without stalling. Nowadays, you are learning that a Saab with an intelligent driver and a divine satnav actually has more interesting journeys than a driverless Saab stuck in one gear and flinging itself blindly across the countryside, careering through hedges and knocking over cattle.

Haha! Yes. That's true. Today, I shall move into first gear, and maybe second and third, and ask my intelligent, destination-minded heart to take over the steering wheel. At each junction, I shall give way and let my heart direct via its indicators.

How quiet one must become to hear and interpret the indicators.

Yes. I shall become very quiet today. I will be an electric car, with a very quiet engine. Pedestrians won't even hear me coming, but they needn't be afraid, because I will have an awareness of them, and I won't be travelling so fast that I can't slide to a stop or simply drive carefully round them. I am going to be a ninety year old lady driving a Tesla.



And. When the road is completely clear and straight ahead, this beautiful old lady has no qualms about throwing down the accelerator and beaming out her 'Tesla Smile.' She ain't no fuddy-duddy. She's an experienced driver who loves a bit of torque *when* and only when she knows the road is open and clear. She has a destination and whiles she's in no hurry to get there, her mind is focused on her arrival.

What is my destination?

Complete alignment with Source.

Ah. Is there a map?

Yes. Your heart holds it. Follow its directions or you may end up in Weston Super Mare again. :)

....

I asked for guidance on the soul contract with my family guest.

Past/present/future - left to right

Higher purpose - above

Shadow element - below

It's beautiful and spot on!



So today is about letting go of the old fears of failure and surrender. I know I don't want to be 'seen' behind my screen or mask. But perhaps it's simply time to stop hedging and instinctively putting up steel barriers to my truth, for the good and peace of us all. Also, to stop playing small in order to 'make peace'?

What are the Mystery Schools?

What are the Mystery Schools that I am hearing about in my heart?

They are the corridors of learning for the soul who is ready to advance into the realms of the unspoken knowledge and of the discernment of truths unseen.

Why do I hear of them now?

Because you are holding steady though you feel with a breath you would step off this mortal plane, or at least step on to the path that would take you away from it.

I need to stay. I love my girls too much to go. And also, I haven't done my work yet. I couldn't bear to do all this inner work and slide off this plane without having been given the blessing of contributing to the Work of the planet at this time.

I am safe in this human world

What is your guidance and command for me today, dear Ones?

To have fun! Larks! To issue inwards and forth the vibration of enJOYment. To laugh. To feel glee. To reach for the best feeling thought at each moment.

Abraham-style?

Arabella-style. What are the innocent pleasures of your inner child? (Not your inner adolescent, btw)

Mud pies and brooks. Rabbits. Puddles and warm kitchens.

Excellent. Then let's dress for that. Your 9-10am hour is for mud pies and brooks, rabbits and puddles. 10-11am is for warm kitchens and cosiness.

Yesterday, I thought my heart would break entirely. An hour in the park, lurking round trees and collecting leaves of bright colours did very much lift me.

That second chakra which is where the courage and gall gather, around the lower dan tien, is equally linked to nature. Being in nature helps to clear the belief in powerlessness.

We are reaching for sustained vibrational alignment with nature today. Nature holds the frequency match for this early budding fearlessness. See how exposed nature is. Look at the tree which has no hiding place either from the elements or from the gaze of the other. Rooted at its station, it must disrobe each Autumn and stand naked in your view until Spring bestows leaves upon its branches again.

Your ability to stand rooted on your spot on Earth, exposed in your splendour and your nakedness in turn, according to the whim of the season, marks your ability to live in harmony with your fellow humans.

Nowhere to hide.

The analogy must encompass both seasons. Nowhere to hide in winter's nakedness. Nowhere to hide in summer's grandeur. Peace at all times.

Are we talking about the ironing out of both shame and vanity, those alternating psychoses?

We are talking about being rooted all your round. Neither hiding in our poverty, nor skipping round seeking attention in our moment of wealth. For poverty and wealth are illusions of the ego.

We are talking about indifference to the gaze of the 'Other'. The tree considers only two factors: the earth and the sky. The earth nourishes and holds its roots. The sky provides seasonal, elemental gifts: the sun that photosynthesises its leaves, the rain that washes it clean, the frost that freezes out old life to make room for new, the wind that takes its seed on the breeze. Passing birds, creatures and walkers are incidental occurrences (and pleasures) relative to the all encompassing focus on earth and sky.

Likewise, it is for you to focus on your roots in the ground ('get grounded') and on the seasonal gifts that the Unseen brings you, relishing, welcoming and trusting the times of cold as much as the times of warmth. You know deeply in your heart that each season in your life, year, month and day has its purpose. No season is an insult, an offence, or a sign of life's 'abandonment' of you. Even should winds blow your branches off, you can learn to thank the wind for releasing you of outgrown wood.

The incidental occurrences then find their place lower down the scale of your attention. Bills, admin, emails, events, stories, ripples in your emotions, wounds, traumas, interpersonal highs and lows - these all start to become the birds that alight on your branches and then leave, the bugs that trundle across your bark before dying or being eaten, the walkers that skip, stomp or jog past you. They are but incidentals, transient happenings, next to the simple eternity of your relationship with earth and sky.

In this entirely nurturing and simple environment, it is safe to relax, to remain at your post, to cease uprooting and replanting yourself. It is safe to stop running to some imagined haven. The haven is where you are. Always. The only adjustment ever required is a recentering of focus; pushing the roots down deeper and the gaze up higher.

I can push my roots down deeper. Is this not akin to attachment? I pushed my roots deeper into our last house, and had to leave it nonetheless.

Your house is not the soil into which you place your roots. A house is a physical object, and your roots are not of the physical world. When we talk about getting grounded and rooted, we are talking about a state of mind, not place. The nomad or the pilgrim or the wandering minstrel learns to push roots down wherever she may be while on this planet. If you want to think of pushing roots down in terms of 'place', then let planet Earth be your reference point, for Earth is the playground of your current life experience. Earth School has a physical boundary which begins and ends with planet Earth. For this reason, your prayers and hopes for the Earth are ever acceptable, because you are all asked to learn to find your unity on Earth. The purpose of Earth School is to learn that humanity is One.

I shall root myself on planet Earth. I think it is fair to say that over past years I have been existing preponderously in my head. Qigong is helping me exist within my entire physical body. I disowned and escaped and dissociated from my body a great deal, didn't I?

Indeed you did. And you are returning to it now which is a great step of development. For you are learning to exist in your body, with your eyes open to the manifold insanities of this world, and remain calm and centred in your body at the same time. Gold star, dear friend. Gold star.

What about pushing my gaze up higher?

You've got that one underway, dear one. For now, focus on your rootedness on Earth, with Earth as your home and your friend. Love it and let it nurture you. You are held firmly and safely. Learn this for now.

.....

It feels as though I am going through a process of entirely retraining my conditioned brain/body/mind. Is that right?

Your bodymind had become conditioned to meet all eventualities in high fight/flight mode. You could have moved through your challenges at the time doing this retraining as you went, but you didn't have the tools.

So underneath the waters, in the subconscious part of the iceberg psyche, a 'trembling' vibration had set in?

That is correct. For this reason, you kept stepping into situations which resonated with your subconscious frequency of fear. Your rational conscious mind kept thinking it had found a work/home/routine solution which would bring calm and centredness; but as long as your subconscious mind was pulsating a vibration of threat and fear, even the most promising scenario would either turn out to have been damaging from the start or would become damaging through a series of odd turns. All of which left you baffled and yet more entrenched in a subconscious pattern of fear.

Presumably this is also why willpower and reason alone has been powerless to help me overcome my addictive behaviours. My subconscious mind has been shouting out "Panic! Run!" and because I haven't been able to find the locus of the panicker, I've just drowned out the sounds of its cries with substances in order to be able to get on with life.

When did this reign of terror in my subconscious mind begin?

Early childhood.

Was it through life circumstances (things that 'happened' to me) or as a natural, almost unavoidable outcome of my amygdala-forward Asperger's brain?

Let us take it back to its actual origins which are karmic. Previously (in previous lifetimes) you accrued karma in causing others to experience fear, and you also experienced fearful deaths, so in your between-lives period, you selected a life course in which you would experience and transmute acute fear, and powerlessness.

Why was it important to transmute the fear and powerlessness?

Having died with unresolved fear of your own, you wanted to return to the point of fear and then resolve it through developing courage. With reference to the karma accrued by inflicting fear, you chose to learn to transmute fear because the soul needs to balance karma through evolving consciousness. Karma is not merely about punishment or 'an eye for an eye'. It is about dissolving ignorance and gaining insight into reality. Reality is that All is One. Had you understood this earlier you would neither have inflicted fear in past lives, nor bought into fear in this life. Your learning insights about the illusion and fantasy of fear is part of your evolution and therefore part of the evolution of the One. No single insight truly garnered belongs only to the individual who has the insight. It becomes part of the universal consciousness. And remember: an insight is not a thing or a badge or a reward. It is merely a fractional advance in the global awakening. It is another scale to fall from the collective eye. Truth is unchanging; ignorance is ever-shrinking. All participate in the awakening from deep sleep, even, if necessary for karmic reasons, through acts of evil, darkness and ignorance. Insane acts by the few affirm the awakening of the many who would awaken sooner rather than later.

Those dark, sinister ones you see may well have offered themselves up in service to humanity, to act as cattle prods and taser stun guns to speed the healing of humanity. They accepted they would be vilified for their deeds. They offered up this service perhaps to complete their karmic cycle.

Are you saying that the ones we vilify are just performing a service to help us grow?

Remember 'The People of the Lie' by M. Scott Peck? The ones you vilify and imprison and cast stones at are rarely the ones who actually bring true darkness into the world. The ones who are actually moved by dark forces and who are 'sleeping souls consumed by ego' will do an excellent job at concealing the fact. They are perhaps your suited and booted and trusted and smiling neighbours and elected persons. They are the ones you barely notice. They seem benign, charming and affable. But as you know, humanity is waking up to this too.

In this new era, all is revealed in its truth. All.

Lordy. Forgive me my sins. If we all knew our truths were to be revealed...

It is a source of great amusement to those beyond the third dimension that any (and all) of you humans believe that personal secrets, transgressions and deeds can be anything other than as plain to see as the noses on your sweet faces. In reality, your entire truth is painted in vivid technicolor in your auras. It's just you can't see your auras, so you carry on as though your secrets and shames can be masked by your personas, narratives or good works. No wonder you are all wracked with exhaustion! What a juggling act!

That nakedness of the tree in winter...

Indeed.

Instead of masking, protecting, defending, jazz handing - all of which is essentially futile because there is nothing to fear and no way of hiding anyway - can slide away and be replaced by rootedness and sky gazing.

And for 'rootedness and sky gazing' you can say 'being present to all that is, in calmness and centredness, without judgement or opinion'.

Nowness and Isness in Oneness. Like a tree.

Deep, man...

:) I'm going for a walk.

Make like a tree, dude.

Yeah, what did that ever mean anyway??

.....

So having parked on the edge of the city, planning to walk along the river out of town, I diverted at the last moment and followed the river path towards the town.

On my right, the flowing river, narrow boats puffing wood-smoke, puddles, trees and birds; to my left, a high fence and industrial estates and the incessation sound of hustling traffic.

I stopped to consider a single tree, asking myself whether, for one minute only, I could actually make like a tree. I admired the way it silently let ivy consume it, and brambles lean in on it, and leaves to fall from its branches. I became moved by the bravery of the tree! Just to stand there amongst bizarre meeting of human industry and feral nature. I felt myself melt into it a little. Then, a walker with dogs came into my peripheral vision and I tightened up and fled. Five minutes onwards, the noise and industry felt too impinging and I returned towards the civilisation of non-civilisation.

How have I become so thwarted that even a tree intimidates me by its courage and steadfastness?!

Remember the soul retrieval work you did earlier in the year? With the work on the Language of Emotions too? Well in that time you drew your shattered soul fragments back and learnt how to cease dissociating from your body. You healed many memories and forgave many people, most of all, yourself.

Now, you are merely working through the overhanging cellular and psychic memories.

You might like to think of it as 'relational PTSD'. You were on a relational battle field, where the Other became a terrifying monster.

You are now off the battle field and your conscious mind accepts that there is no enemy Other. In fact you can almost fully conceive that the Other is your brother/sister and even....a reflection of you in a mirror. Good stuff.

However, the soldier needs time and learning to retrain the subconscious brain that the battle field has been left behind.

Your daughter gave you an excellent technique yesterday, when you were discussing 'judging other people'. She said she had learnt that:

Your first thought is your conditioned thought.

Your second thought is your considered, own thought.

In terms of 'judging other people' she gave the example of responding to another's words with thoughts of:

1. Oh, shut up!!

(Pause: oh that's the reaction I've been conditioned by society to come up with....)

2. Express yourself! Be free!

Brilliant for a 15 year old, isn't it?!

She's a wise one, that girl. And compassionate to her core.

So with Relational PTSD I might have thoughts of:

1. God help me! I'm going to be consumed/attacked/abandoned/tricked/judged/criticised/made to pay with my blood....!

(Pause: ah, that's old battle field thinking...)

2. Hello friend. How ya doing? What love/kindness/understanding/Light shall we share in this moment?

Very nice indeed.

Over the last week, as I've been in bed a lot and really calming down, I've developed a sensitivity for what a call *the fly in the ointment*. It's when I'm cruising along and all is well in this new calmness, and suddenly a thought comes into my head which causes me to clench around it. I say *ah there's the fly in the ointment* and I release it. When I can. When I'm really on top of things and invested more in the calmness than the loss/heartbreak/exhaustion.

Excellent. So this is your practice. To spot the fly in the ointment whenever your perception of the Other becomes clenchy.

I can do that.

I'd like to heal that old trigger mechanism that would have me believe that the Other is out to get me. It gets fairly lonely in the bubble I create for safety.

As soon as the new vibration of love and trust and assurance has been embedded in the very base of your psyche's iceberg, those old critters you constantly attracted will just vanish from your space. And the crittery behaviours in your loved ones will simply change to smoother, more centred interactions. There's the carrot for your efforts of learning new awareness! Keep going. Every encounter and thought is an opportunity to embed the new belief: I am safe in this human world.

Woah. It makes my stomach jump, with both nerves and anticipation.

Then we've obviously found the correct slogan for this time. Work it, sunshine, and prove its wondrous truth!

Being a Friend

When you know and imbibe the truth that you are safe in this human world, an extraordinary thing happens.

You discover it is safe to drop into your heart and start living and thinking and interacting from there.

How to jump-start that living and thinking and interacting? Begin to think of yourself as a friend to yourself and to others.

Not in the old 'I'll scratch your back if you scratch mine' way! Nor even in the 'I owe it to her' kind of way. Not even in the 'Let's meet and catch up!' way. This is neither unilateral kindness nor a bilateral agreement between nation states.

Nor is it a case of 'I've read that if I want to receive love, I have to give love' kinda shindig.

So what is it, dear heart?

It is poetry in motion, it is living with an epic romantic film soundtrack heaving in your background, it is expansiveness, it is cups flowing over.

o.O This doesn't sound like you...

We are exaggerating and pontificating along the lines of the clearest appreciation you have so far of living from from the heart. If it sounds caricatured, it may be because you have this far absorbed a caricatured notion of big love.

That is for sure! And I do hear you... The heart-rending soundtrack and so on. The reaching for the tissues. So what does big love really look like - in terms of 'being a friend'.

Verrrry quiet, in fact. It's verrrry subtle, in that it is of a high vibration. One that to the everyday world is out of the normal audible/visible/tangible frequency range. Think of it as a new currency that you've heard of, but which you didn't think was used or accepted or of value in your society.

As in 'Do you take euros here?'

As in, "I'm paying out love and it transpires that I have a full and undiminishable bank account!"

Think of the enclosed monastics who dedicate a life to praying for others. Most people would scoff at them and urge them to do something useful - or at least get out into the world and stir it up.

Though we are not encouraging monasticism here, we are stating that the scoffing perspective misses a vital insight. State of thought beats state of doing every time, and in the current world situation, there's little time to be lost powering through actions undertaken in a state of mental/emotional detachment, or worse, angst.

So we are encouraging you to drop into your heart and feel the stance of friendship within it. Then, act. If you need to spend three years finding the stance of friendship in your heart, those will not be three years wasted. For every action undertaken with an inner vibration of love has ten (for that's all you can conceive of) times the effect of any action undertaken drily, selfishly or for congratulation, recognition or reward.

When we are talking about 'effect' what are we meaning?

What is the effect we are all seeking?

A transformed world, where separation gives way to unity. Where the pain and conflict of separation melts into the peace and relief of friendship between 'strangers'. Where humanity accepts itself as one family, as shards of one mirror.

That is exactly the effect of acting in a vibration of love, of friendship.

Friendship is the state that exists between two people for whom the illusion of separation has been dropped. Friends can however collide and argue, so that state of awareness is often tentative. It takes sustained conscious awareness, and nurturing to maintain lively friendship.

The vibration of love must be nurtured and anchored in your being until it becomes integrated into your consciousness. Once integrated, it is hard to go back to the old vibration of separation, because it feels physically repellent.

Do we always feel unease when moving between vibrational frequencies?

Generally so. The negative person is very resistant to taking a more optimistic view. The lover of animals is very resistant to eating them, once she has seen that a vegetarian lifestyle is not only possible but wholesome.

No one likes to slide along the scale either towards or from love? We like to stay where we are, with all our conditioning and internalised beliefs?

That is generally the case. The ego really likes to maintain a status quo, and when possible, pull the status quo down. You'll notice that you feel a kind of relief when your secret belief that everyone else is out to get you, or is less than you, is proven correct. 'I knew she'd let me down.' Or 'Look what an idiot she has been.' Both generate a sense of relaxedness, as the ego swells and fills its throne another inch.

I know that feeling only too well. I'd like to ditch it.

Then you will do well to pour the antidote to egoic pleasure into your thinking, in a conscious and sustained manner. Remember, the ego is wily: it has tricked you into people-pleasing and jazz-handing and over-caring, none of which come from the heart, but all of which *look* as though you are helping others. In fact in these scenarios you are trying to help *yourself*, and thus the underlying vibration of ego is pervasive in turning circumstances against you, and generally obliterating the expected results of your seemingly selfless actions.

I'm feeling pinched by your words.

Your ego is feeling pinched and offended. Your heart is punching the air and saying 'Yay! No more grovelling at the door of Others for their mercy and favour. We can get on with real life, genuine connectedness, actual creation.'

What is actual creation?

The fruit of acting from the heart.

Which brings us back to the beginning:

Knowing and inviting the truth that 'I am safe in this human world.'

This is step one to dropping into the heart and it can't be rushed or glossed over or faked. Your belief about your personal safety or lack of it is the rhythm and bass to your state. Until you have internalised this truth and proven it to your trembling subconscious you are not free from ego.

First be a ferocious friend to yourself.

Learn that you will get yourself out of scrapes every time. Learning to trust yourself to look after yourself, to push back when necessary, to mother your own inner child, to nurture yourself like a gardener tends to her prize-winning roses... All these lessons are fundamental to your anchored belief in your own safety.

How will you nurture yourself now?

I think I will tidy the kitchen and then go out with my laptop to attend to stuff.

Sounds like a barrel of laughs.

:) Well what's your suggestion?!

Why not say, I'll listen to some beautiful music today! And I'll get some other stuff done while I'm listening.

Ah, I see. It's not a case of abandoning the things I need to attend to for mental health and family protection, but rather subsuming them into something greater that really lifts my heart.

Bingo. It's the locus of focus we care about. It needn't cost money or even time. We want to know what you are doing to raise your spirits, today. Now. And now. Raising your spirits is generally going to occur in activities that are vibrationally generative rather than purely pragmatic or in the head. The language of the heart is circular and upwards. The language of the head is heavy and downwards.

The rallying cry of 'Onwards and Upwards' must only ever start in the heart, if you want it to lift you. Sit still with your heart for a while and hear its voice.

It says, "I want to help people."

Surely ain't nobody got time for dat, with a messy kitchen and admin/emails to wade through?! ;)

Ask your heart how it wants to help people.

"By giving love to them."

Could your tidying the kitchen and doing admin/emails amount to *helping people by giving love to them*, if that were your intent?

It could. And then I wouldn't simply be a case of my trying to get from -10 to 0 over the course of the day, which seems to be my constant state.

Ah. That's good.

Everything you do ends up with your vibration stuck to it like burrs on a jacket after a walk. Your 'burrs' can look like furry mould or twinkly fairy dust, depending on the vibration they are undertaken in. Same action, completely different result.

Want to try it?

Ok. Yes please.

Let's clean the kitchen with beautiful music on, in a state of love, seeking to help your family to....?

Feel connected to each other.

Ok. 1 2 3...go!

.....

I did and it was good.

We want you to remember the context in which you are healing. This past year you wrestled with and overcome the darkest forces on earth. This is what you are recovering from. It takes time, nurturing and healing to recover from an unholy holy battle, only the very edges of which were witnessed by others. You have worked solidly and alone. No wonder you are tired and no wonder you feel unnerved by other people.

Know that you were never alone. Not from a second. The help you invoked was crucial to your success and the help remains at your side, always.

Now that things are easier, please call on that same help. It is not just to be kept in store for use only in cosmic emergencies.

This: <http://youtu.be/o7211mX0Weg>

Good God, what did we live through??????????????????

It is over. For always. It is over.

Man, it had better be.

(God, a leaf just fell on the car window and I jumped out of my skin.)

Release the fear as quickly as you can. Really. It's serious, especially if your mind is returning to past memories. Acknowledge what happened. Acknowledge what was

achieved. Be pragmatic. Take a deep breath. Move on. If you want to get safely to the other side, focus that brilliant mind of yours on this statement:

I am a force for good in this human world.

.....Yes. Ok. Please hold me. Protect me. Comfort me. Strengthen me.

At all times. Last hurdle. Let's do it.

Notes:

- **Stick to 'clean' places**
- **Block thoughts of non-Light with a firewall of Light**
- **Ask for what you want**
- **Expect co-operation**
- **Give yourself a starting score of +10 everyday, and simply add to it as you can**

Is this why I had to leave my workplace 5 weeks ago, because it reminded me of the wrestling with darkness?

Yes. It was still in your vibrational consciousness which is why you 1) attracted it and 2) rejected it as soon as it became apparent.

I feel like I want to curl up in a light pod.

Then make one and curl up in it. It will be quite energising. The urge to curl up won't last long.

I'm wary of making anything.

Get over that. It's unhelpful. You know about energy. It needs to be drawn in and then stirred up and out.

Ok. I'm so tired. I've just been into a second full cafe... I'm going home to do my admin in bed. Please come with me.

Home:

I can't stand disharmony or panic or conflict anymore. I have no tolerance for it. At all.

The power of pushback remains with you from earlier in the year.

Let's say your heart's desire to engage with an activity or matter can be mapped from 1-100, 1 being abject, visceral rejection of the idea, and 100 being genuine heart-rejoicing enthusiasm.

In the past, you would say 'Yes' to anything that came to you from about 5+ on the range. You'd reserve an angst-ridden scream of NO! for the very edges of your survival spectrum (1-4)

Now you are learning to say No and Yes (whether in word, thought or deed) roughly at the halfway, 50 mark. This is an incredible improvement. It is cutting a lot of 'crap' from your life and consciousness. You have learnt to renounce the darkness.

Getting there.

Just spotted:



Push right back vs Open here. 2:1 ratio. :)

Maybe I wasn't ever depressed. Maybe I was just not pushing back on nonsense.

Also, though I may be saying No (often by just not answering fatuous emails), I don't seem to be saying much Yes. I'm in a limbo land of No Touch.

I want to get to Yes. True Yes.

When your disillusionment with the 'world' is complete and have given up hope of its ever offering you salvation, you will be ready for Yes.

I hereby acknowledge that all my heretofore expectations of this 3rd Dimensional world to give me relief were

false. I renounce it. The world. I renounce this world.

Now pour in Light.

Where?!

To your heart.

.....

Are you lonesome tonight?

Yes.

I'm seeing so few people. And when I donuts generally weird, strenuous, taut and difficult. Or expensive.

Haha. When I *donuts*. *When I do it's*

At least I'm funny. I amuse myself even when all is weird around me.

Have I cracked yet? Has the tide gone out as far as it can go? Has my heart given up its search for relief outside its own self? Have I get surrendered? And if not, what next? Let's do it. Before I lose the will to live.

There's living and Living.

I haven't lost the will to Live. In fact, I'm finally finding my appetite for it. I'm hungry for Life over life.

...But the Life Store is closed?

Well. Actually, I just can't find it.

We think you're on the point of knocking on its door. We think you're standing on its doorstep looking through the glass pane. You just need to knock and enter. You have to take the next step.



Everyone will hate me.

Do you hate everyone?

No.

Do you respect their right to knock and enter?

(I feel a bit jealous when they just go ahead and do it without seeming to seek permission...)

Excellent! Back to Elizabeth Gilbert's Big Magic, please. That's your homework, due for tomorrow 11am.

Wonder Land

9.30am

I've put myself in a place where I am virtually invisible to all but my girls, and I'm so glad to have done so! It's a retreat into life where I can be myself and start to recall what that feels and looks like. And guess what? Today, I'm getting the vague familiar scent of wonderment.

It was Liz Gilbert that named it for me this morning, in *Big Magic*, bless her beautiful wise soul.

3.30pm

...And it's gone.

In bed. Reeling and writhing again. Dang it.

Help?

We're here. Always. Just here. Always.

Ok. Back to square one. This Law of Action business.... (Reading earlier: *The light shall set you free*)

I feel like I'm lifting up a slab stone which is over my head when I try and act. Pointlessness descends. A weighty inertia. Fatigue. Butter fingers. I *know* it's not depression. It's different. It's that I'm actually trying to do something important and the stakes seem so high. Please help.

What is your guidance?

Vigilance of thought.

Is it that I keep diving down the rabbit hole of negativity? Just by a fraction but it sucks me down.

Yes.

The light shall set you free. So chase the light.

I feel both stuck in and liberated by the simple routine of doing the daily school run. I like the markers to the day. But I feel I can't get going on anything because the interruption is too intense. By 12.30pm it feels like it's too late to start anything meaningful. But if I had no makers in my day I'd collapse into bed unable to start at all. I'm so utterly energetically-sensitised at the moment that everything takes on a huge burden of meaning.

Is there *any* fun in your life at all???

With whom?

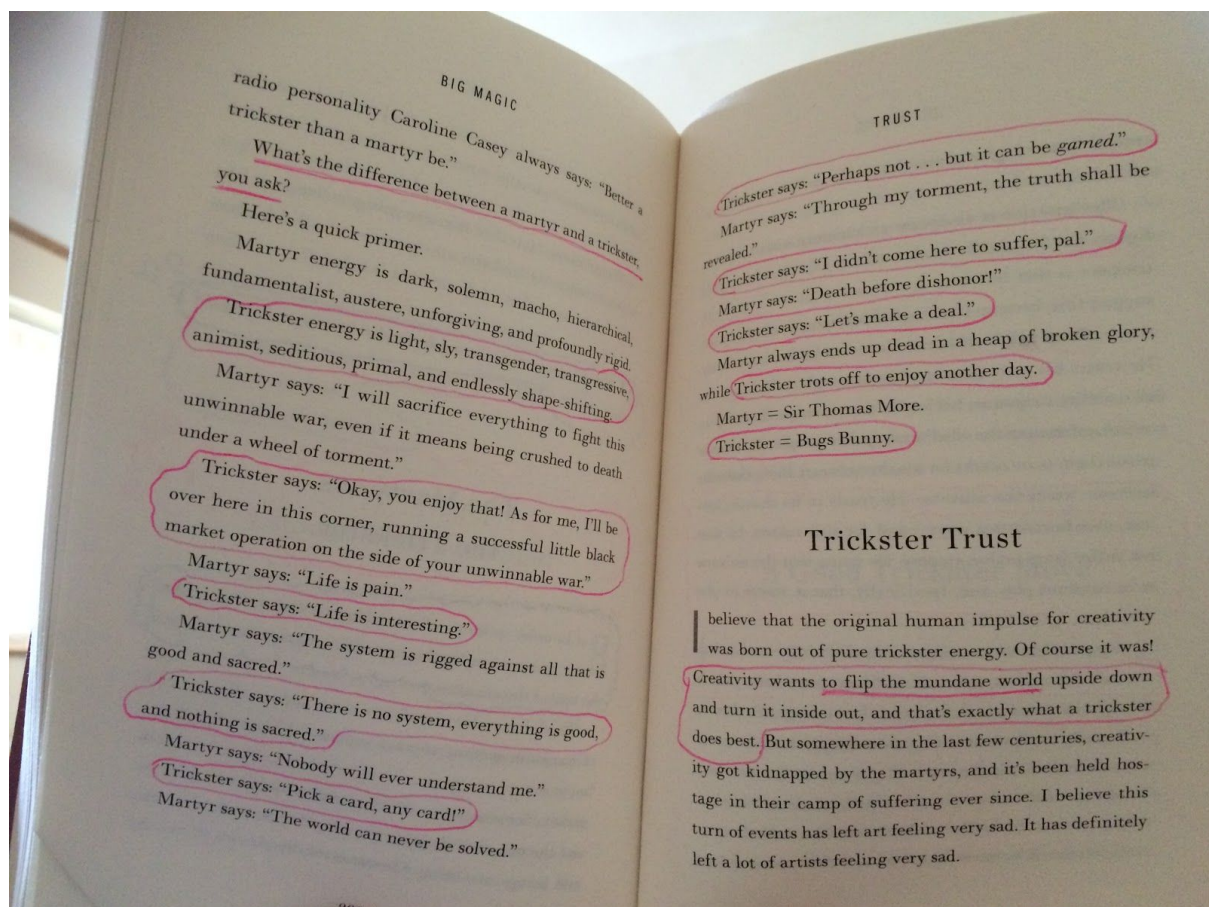
With what money?

With what liberty for someone who should rightfully be using her time earnestly either to create or earn?

It's stomach-wrenching. Please. Stop. You are boring yourself to death. Your humourlessness is unbearable.

My sense of humour is shot. My jokes make my kids uneasy and my adult acquaintances nervous. But I love laughter. I am indeed bored by this world of my mind's creation. Bored by my choked silence.

Can I be a trickster, like Liz Gilbert suggests?



'Better a trickster than a martyr be'

Recently, my trickstering has been full of secrets and sabotage. I'm wary of insulting integrity again.

Maybe you are looking for another word.

Remember *Amelie*, the film? She was a trickster for good purposes...

She gave secret presents. I am wanting transparency. Without either ego or secrecy.

Amelie was industrious and creative and heartfelt. And shy and yet bold.

But most of all...she lived in a state of perpetual wonderment. Wonderment is *not* childish or frivolous or anti-earnest.

Look at Diana Cooper's beautiful new video of today (http://youtu.be/9clck_1wAHw): she exudes wonderment and delight more and more as the years go by! She is a deeply mature, advanced, wise soul. Do you see? Your brief step into wonderment this morning was of purpose. It is the next step on the path. Through the Looking Glass and into Wonderland *is* the next step. Time falls away in Wonderland. All is absorbed into Oneness. All simply...is.

Why do I keep losing the rabbit hole?

Trust. You lose trust in your Alice/Amelie qualities and get pinged back.

How do I maintain trust and keep walking through the wonderland? I just think everyone must think I'm crazy. Where's my tribe? Where are the others? Except on Facebook and YouTube...all of whom I watch passively and silently from Outside the party.

I know what you want me to do. Step into the party and speak up. Why won't this shame and trepidation leave me? Why does boldness become defeated by sleep day after day in a mad cycle? Whom do I fear losing???? Am I not alone enough as it is?

I am alone. Martyr me?

Have compassion upon yourself. You halted because you were planning today to contact people you have no knowledge of and send them your work. Much better to send your work to wise, kind Diana than to some 'scary stranger'. Start there. Seek her counsel.

[THERE MAY BE CHAPTERS MISSING HERE - CHECK GOOGLE DOCS 9OCT15FF]

It's Radical Love: Diary 26th Oct 2015 (it may be the actual start of the book here)

Just interview us.

This is what I heard, so this is what I shall do.

We are here to discuss the phrase that has been on my mind for a couple of years now: radical love. I've just had the edge of a sense of it. So as I understand, we here to talk about it and unpack it. Is this right?

Yes, it is, holy being.

I will start the interview at the very beginning and at the very end of the matter: what is radical love?

We thought you would never ask and we've been longing to talk about it with you.

Imagine a tiny seed which grows into a sapling and then into a tree... Only, this tree just doesn't know when to *stop growing*. So it reaches higher and higher! To sustain its great trunk, to balance its spreading branches and to nourish its rich canopy of leaves, this mighty tree plunges its roots further, deeper and more courageously downwards into the earth. Just when the very furthest cells and atoms of the taproot think they are going to expire from the earth's pressure, and from the darkness, and from the sheer distance from both the body of the tree and from the life-giving sun and air...on that very cusp of wilting, retreating, and shrinking into trepidation, the brave taproot experiences a profound miracle.

Suddenly, one day, or one night (it has lost all sense of the earth's turning), the compact, cold soil suddenly, simply gives way to the taproot's earnest pushing! The fragments of earth fall away at its mere touch, to reveal, glory of all glories, an aquifer... Stunned and grateful and relieved and exhausted, this warrior taproot makes one final effort and plunges its tip into the pure, crystalline water, and drinks deeply.

It is maybe minutes or hours until, way up on the earth's surface, our towering tree, still reaching, yearning, bearing upwards, senses to its surprise and wonderment, the gentle trickle, then the torrential gush of a life force it had never experienced before, or even dreamt of. A sensation of melting and merging, of satiation and satisfaction, of startlement and awe washes upwards through the trunk and into each branch and finally, into every leaf, to its highest tip.

The tree is overcome with gratitude, with relief, with an intense sense of presence. This is its kundalini moment, and all time does stand still. It basks in the sensation of the vividness, of vivacity, of vitality in its every cell and atom. Drawn to its radiance, birds circle the trees leaves, hover, and drift down to settle on its branches. Insects and squirrels troop in to bathe in the tree's shimmering luminescence.

Our tree gradually comes to a magnificent realisation. It can now give up its efforts to reach yet higher and to stretch out yet more broadly. There is no more outward work to be done. The work now is all inward, and the work is simply to remain in stillness, watchful, aware and present to the river of purity making its way from hidden chambers, up out to the atmosphere, using this tree as a channel.

How did the tree not 'known' when to stop reaching upwards... Had the taproot contested the trees reaching upwards by refusing to reach downwards yet further and deeper into the darkness... Then

this aquifer of pure water would have remained hidden and intact, silent and unmoved. The tree would instead have fed only from old circulated rains and surface water, and the land would never have benefited from the molecules of pure goodness which are now evaporate and ooze from this tree and into its fruits and back into the vivified soil.

This is radical love.

Radical means *of the root*. When our love reaches upwards without measuring or knowing when to stop, our root follows suit, and ploughs downwards with reciprocal 'folly'.

And that is where the magic happens: taproot meets hidden aquifer and the tree's abandonment in love suddenly releases unseen chambers of a yet deeper love, out into the atmosphere, for the benefit of all.

There seems to be an equal expansion in opposite directions: the tree reaches up and out into the air in expansive love, and the route descends down into the dark and cold, literally to ground the visible tree. Could you explain the metaphor's component elements? Tree, sky, taproot, soil, aquifer, wildlife...

We are describing paradoxes here, or at least opposing and yet partnered pairs of experiences:

Light/dark

Fire/earth

Air/water

Plant/animal

Ascending/descending

Innocence/knowing

Fear/relief

Effort/awe

**Drinking in/casting forth
Reaching out/attracting in
Desire/gratitude
Yearning/union**

Weather by folly or by courage the tree just keeps on expanding into these paradoxes until it reaches a tipping point or, what we will call here a *tapping point*.

The tapping point is the moment at which the tap root...on the brink of despair, isolated from all light and companionship, and exhausted from drawing the tiniest sips of water from the evermore contacted, stony soil, simply to be able to send it upwards to old 'no-idea-when-to-stop' Bright Eyes on dry land... Suddenly hits the hidden and undreamt of aquifer.

Yearning becomes Union. This is the tapping point.

What does the aquifer represent?

Divine mind. Source. Infinite intelligence. Life force.

The tree?

The trunk is the body.

The branches, the activities and deeds. The leaves, the fruits of those deeds.

The roots, the spiritual practices, beliefs, faith.

The taproot, the core beliefs.

The meaning of 'taproot meets aquifer'? Atonement. Realisation. Awakening.

Why does the tree not stop reaching upwards? Why it's folly/courage? Why it's seeming abandonment of discernment? Is this tree any different

to the next? Don't all trees grow with abandonment at first and stop gaining height at some point for one reason or another? Like a teenager hitting their optimal height, be at 5 foot or six, no matter their dreams for their 'rightful' ideal height.

It is true that each plants growth is governed by a range of factors: genetic disposition of the seed, soil and climate conditions, exposure to and protection from damage or invasion. All these factors apply similarly to the human being: genetic make up, family and home environment, societal conditions. But in the cases of both human and plant, a whole range of conditions exist which the human eye on microscope is only barely beginning to comprehend or even sense.

Consider the energetic component of a living being. We know, for example from the film *The secret Life of Plants*, that plants have an intelligence about humans and other living creatures: the energy frequency changes when plants sense information (a threat, for example) relating to themselves or, incredibly, to others.

We are talking about consciousness. All life has far greater access to consciousness and is currently understood or generally believed.

Is consciousness variable? If two genetically related seeds were planted next to each other, with equal access to light and equal protection from threat, is it possible that one tree might be more disposed to keep reaching up points, and the other would cease reaching earlier? And if so, why?

We have to remember that there is no inherent value in height. Reaching may result in height as a byproduct, or in breadth, or in fruits. But interestingly, it may also result in death. So, in answer to your question, yes, consciousness is variable across all living

creatures, but there are absolutely no standard outward signs of consciousness.

What is the relationship between reaching and consciousness, and why does reaching sometimes 'result in death'?

The correlation between reaching and consciousness is an interesting and illuminating one.

Let us return to the thought, briefly touched upon earlier, about paradox. The tree depends on reaching upwards towards light (sun) and simultaneously down into darkness (earth) if it is to thrive. We can accommodate this kind of concept, can't we? The saying 'no pain, no gain' is a good example of how humans conceptually balance up the necessity of striving to attain reward.

Now let us consider the term reaching. Compare:

"Reach for the stars!" versus "He reached for the gun."

Or:

"He reached the pinnacle of his career..." versus "she reached into the bag and stole the purse".

All reaching starts with an intention. Reaching in itself is of no particular merit. "She reached the destination" means nothing much if she never chose the destination in the first place. No great achievement or award pertains to the reaching of the destination. Perhaps she did choose the destination but the journey itself was so incidental that its completion brings little fanfare. Distance for the sake of distance is of no great merit either for that matter: cycling around the world may bring learning, friendship, charity fundraising; or it may be undertaken to flee responsibility, arrest or a life calling. Only the journey maker knows their true intention.

The intention behind the reaching is informed (or not informed) by... consciousness. Your consciousness is the part of your psyche which *knows*. It is the link between, on the one hand, your thinking, rational, space/time-based *mind* and on the other hand, your timeless, 360° awareness, your source-inspired soul or *higher self*.

The tree which appeared not to know when to stop growing, appeared as such to the average, passing rational mind.

Logically, a tree should stop growing when it reaches its roots natural capacity to sustain it. To carry on growing appeared to be born of folly, or abandonment, or even insanity. But ultimately, the grand tree whose faith in its own power to expand, now provides refuge to wildlife and offers abundant pure oxygen to a polluted planet.

When the bridge of consciousness expands beyond natural reason, the realm between mind and spirit expands reciprocally too, and the seemingly insane grows sane. Here is our paradox again.

Sanity is reached when the bridge between mind and spirit is made wide enough, so wide in fact that mind and spirit are fully encompassed beneath the one bridge. When the bridge, consciousness, goes much farther than a mere Golden Gate Bridge connecting two separate lands, but rather becomes a mother hen scooping two chicks into the one nest, then a new sanity is born. A new consciousness is awakened and the old "rational mind with a sprinkling of sensible Sunday worship" consciousness is revealed as the insanity it always was. But who will stretch their bridge that far, almost to collapse and beyond? Who will plumb their tap root that deep? Which of you is prepared to be that radical?

Again, intention is key. A gold digger could mine down and down and hit the same aquifer as the tree, and curses bad luck! Are you reaching outwards in all directions in order to expand your consciousness, come what may? Or are you reaching about in the hope of hitting gold and being able to put your feet up in the world for the rest of your days? Upon what are you speculating?

And here we *reach* the point of death. Did this frighten you? By point we mean the purpose of death.

We want you to think of an operating system on the computer. Time and again you upgrade the operating system on your trusty laptop. You marvel at the laptop's new abilities, functionality, capacities and the ever-warmer tone of voice of the user interface, with each upgrade. But one day, you set such an upgrade on its way, only to be told by an almost heartless-looking box on the screen that your hardware will not be able to cope with the latest operating system. In other words, your hardware has become obsolete.

In human terms, your lifetime-body is your hardware, and the operating system is your consciousness. As you grow, learn, attain insight and wisdom, the upgrades seem effortless. At the moment comes when your consciousness has become so intricate that it no longer fits in your current lifetime-body it's time for a hardware upgrade.

It's a sad feeling to dispose of a loved and well-used laptop. Which is why, largely, you don't. You keep your old technology graveyard and lug obsolete and unusable computers from house to house as you move. Surely, you tell yourself, these little plastic slabs contain vital data of yours! They must do! You worked so hard on them! Just as a laptop is hard to let go of, so is a lifetime. Your body seems to contain you and your data. But it contains old data. And in new consciousness, the only data out which counts is current data... Now... Now... Now... Now. And anyway, most of your data

(now so expanded) is kept in the cloud anyway. It is not in your body or even in your life time. It is in the cloud: your eternal, timeless, ever expanding infinite intelligence. Along with everyone else's.

'Along with everyone else's?' you cry! 'What about data security? Privacy? Will my data get hacked?'

Your data (consciousness, insight, knowing) is and always was *open source*.

There is nothing you have learnt that has not been added instantaneously to the collective wisdom of the entire universe. *Uni-* means *one*. When part of the Oneness expands, the entire Oneness is expanded.

Letting go of your lifetime-body is merely a mechanism for storing and consolidating your lunch experiences in the cloud and moving on to the next learning experience, whether on this physical plane or in another dimension. When humans learn that death is to be expected and, even, learn anticipate and welcome the event, their lifetimes will become much gentler.

What about loss of a loved ones? The pterin grief seems a natural and a proper response; a marker of our love for another. No?

On this physical plane, the veils are extremely dense, so the experience of loss and separation is very real. In many respects, learning to 'see through and beyond the veils of apparent separation' is the key learning of human lifetime. To 'see through' is not meant as a function of the eyes: we are not suggesting humans seek psychic sight and clairvoyant powers, though that double-edged sword is granted to some for the general learning of the all.

To 'see through the veil' means to use one's faculties of perception, born of innate intelligence and learnt wisdom, to question the seeming reality and enquire into its truth.

Questioning the seeming reality is the ultimate threat to the egoic mind. The ego in mind would have you believe, and skip to the beat of, the illusory world of separation and all its hallucinogenic threats of death, disaster, and disease. Of course, death, disaster and disease are factors of the human experience – that is not denied. But let us enquire into their actuality. While these Grim Reaper is threaten your identity, your body, and your finances, they can't touch *you*. Why the so-called worst to happen, in other words what you to die, well you are merely returned to us via of bliss and connection, according to your capacity, and may well return to this plane you are so attached to, soon enough.

Learning that *you* are not your position in the world, or your bank balance, or even your health and well-being, but a radiant, immortal shard of God's holy being, is your actual purpose on earth.

Nothing else counts?

Nothing else counts, and everything else counts! Why? Because the way you, as a temporary human being, know and experience yourself as a holy being of God, is by your interaction and activity on the physical plane.

Let's take an example: bankruptcy. Let's take an imaginary person, whom we shall call Jane. For one reason or another, Jane finds herself bankrupt. Her business has gone belly up, taking her house and assets with her.

If Jane believes her identity to be pretty much just that of 'a member of society', her next few years will be a downward spiral as she sees herself through the eyes of her family, friends, former

colleagues and acquaintances. Projecting onto these others her belief in her own failure to manage the material world, or in her eyes, life, Jane takes herself further into depression, sadness and alienation. It is a long journey back.

On the other hand, let's assume that Jane knows she has a divine shard of the great one, having an experience of loss and separation. First she looks for the lesson in the experience. What beliefs took her to the seeming outcome of loss? The surface indications may suggest that some further training in business management would help in the future: she recognises she lacks knowledge. But looking about her, she notices that some people, with little business training at all, seem to have pretty good luck in business. She digs deeper. What was the state of mind, the belief system, upon which she built business? In short, did you build her business on a framework of:

Need or generosity?

Fear or confidence?

Scarcity or abundance?

What is this business meant to give her financial security and good societal standing; or was it meant to bring goodness and service into the world? Investigating deeper, Jane discovers that she built a business on the belief that know one would ever give her a job that would satisfy her. It was a negative motivation. Her intention was not to serve herself or her society, as much as much as to defend herself against the world which couldn't understand or serve her, in her eyes in other words she was trying to fill a bucket with a hole in it from the second she set up her business.

So she thinks about this bucket and about the hole in it. Is the bucket representative of society and the hole in it, her? What is the bucket her beliefs about herself, and the hole in it the tiny, crucial faultline that represents her doubt in her completion complete

perfection and wholeness, and in the notion that she lives in a world which is able to meet her deepest needs for safety, satisfaction and contentment?

Jane begins to review her views about herself. She is willing to go out into the world again, but not with a hole in her bucket. She recognises the time available to her, now that she is released temporarily from the trials of running a business, can be spent either in staring at the hole, or in repairing the hole. She decides to repair the hole.

So, having explored her beliefs and intentions which led to this new state of curiosity and determination to make good her bucket, Jane's second step is to repair the hole in the pocket of her beliefs about herself, her grand, sweeping, holy self. She intuits that the experience of the worldly self depends on the actualisation and activation of her divine self. This divine self speaks one language only: The language of love. She knows this much because she knows what has been taught that God is love. So, while our first version of Jane might have taken to reprimanding and scolding herself over her bankruptcy, this other, divinely aware that version of Jane sets about learning, or relearning, the language of love.

Jane begins to offer love to herself and to those around her, amping up her expression of love, even to her plants and pets. She immerses herself and experiences which bring her joy, satisfaction and connectedness to her deepest being. She is very tender, soft and patient with her life situation, gently tending to it like a loving nurse and a gifted physician.

Little by little, Jane is repairing the hole in her bucket. She tests the bucket tentatively: Can it receive? Can it accept and hold the precious gift of this world? She might do a bit of work, hold out her pocket, and see if it receives and holds the goodness that comes from one human adding their personal energy to the world. She

watches a bit of money come in and remain in her bank account; she watches a client call her back for more of her services; she watches the feeling of satisfaction grow as she interacts with the world. The bucket is holding strong. All the time, her eyes are on the bucket, not on the world outside. If the bucket starts to leak, she repairs the bucket – she has learnt no longer to pour water harder and faster into the bucket to compensate for leakage. A strong, sturdy, watertight bucket is her foremost aim, yet empty or full, for she knows that once the bucket is truly sturdy and strong it will fill up in due course as a matter of nature. If the bucket is weak, it will never fill up and hold water.

Note is that Jane heals her bucket by applying love.

Love, you say? Why not duct tape or superglue?

The bucket is made up of divine love, so it can only be made whole by more divine love. Bringing in material stopgaps is the equivalent of using toxic substances to keep our life together. It is a poor substitute for the real thing and it needs endless replacement, just as an addict needs endlessly to be feeding her addiction.

So if this bucket represents a person's beliefs about themselves and their world, and the substance of this bucket it is divine love, can you speak more of the methodology of using divine love to repair the bucket? What does this actually look like? How was it done, measured and achieved?

Very simply, the person must be able to conceive of her pocket as perfect and repaired (healed) in every way.

If the person is repeating to herself "My bucket is broken and I must love it into a state of repair" then the bucket remains broken. Why? Because the bucket will always respond to its owner's beliefs and thoughts about it, *not* the actions or endeavours to fix it. In fact

the very energy behind 'endeavouring to fix' a broken bucket is enough to widen the hole itself!

Were the person to sit quietly and see, or visualise, her bucket as perfect and whole, she would be one step closer.

What she, however, to sit quietly and visualise her bucket as perfect, whole and full to the brim with sparkling water, then her subconscious mind would know that the bucket were definitively fully-functioning, and it would affirm, "I am whole!" *This* is the belief she will take out into the world and the world will conform itself gladly to this new belief, just as it conformed itself to her former belief of "I am not whole", or even "I am broken". Then, as goodness comes into her bucket, perhaps as money appearing in her account, or as love in her life, or as satisfaction in her days, her underlying belief of her own wholeness, or holiness, will grow stronger daily.

This is radical love.

So Holness and holiness are the same state?

That is indeed a helpful concept.

Divinity is oneness, which is completeness, which is wholeness, which is holiness.

Affirm: I am whole and complete.

The word which correlates to this state is *perfection*, a word the egoic mind loves to wrangle with, for it would endlessly have you believe in imperfection. Imperfection is the ego's greatest weapon; perfectionism its greatest trick.

The ego would have you believe that, while God maybe perfect, you are in perfect, and therefore you are not divine, you are not one with God, therefore you are separate from God. Welcome to The Fall from Grace.

The Fall is the myth that tells of humans' agreement to accommodate the egoic mind in its reality. That is all.

The Fall is not a state, but a choice, which can be changed at any moment. This moment. And this. And this. And this moment.

The instant result of renegeing on the choice to accommodate the egoic illusion? Atonement. At-one-ment. Instantly. How is this most easily achieved?

Resolute belief in your own perfection.

The egoic mind will not back down easily! It will bring an onslaught of counter attack to your decision to change your choice of reality.

This is the ego is the voice:

"You?! Perfect?! You big-headed, self-righteous fraudster! When you have ironed out your manifest flaws and failures, i.e. never, by all means think of yourself as perfect, you grandiose wimp. How dare you claim perfection? Next to those around you, you are just a selfish dilettante. No, do you know what you are, you scrubby tart/idiot/loser? You are egotistical!"

This is how you know the ego's insane presence. The ego will call you an egomaniac.

Let that sink in.

You know how people project their flaws on to others?

Take the hateful, violent fundamentalists calling gay people sinners for loving each other. Who are the 'sinners' here?

Take the driven career person who pulls down a colleague with accusations of "being ambitious".

Recall King Lear's claim that he was "A man more sinned against than sinning."

The ego tries to weaken you by calling you egotistical.

Now that is radical insanity. Are you clear about that?

So let's return to our route to wholeness, with the truly radical statement:

I AM PERFECT

We stand back and watch the tsunami of egoic protestations wash on by, and we refuse to jump into the swirling water to 'save ourselves'. We stand back on the river bank and let the floodwaters carry away whatever they need to carry away. We watch gratefully. Then we look up and start life anew. Try it.

Just for five minutes. We grant you five minutes of knowing yourself to be perfect in every way.

What is perfection?!

You! You can only find out the meaning of perfection by being you! You can't experience perfection by reading or thinking about it. Isn't that great?! Perfection is not, by definition, a factor of the mind... Because the mind isn't you. You are not your mind! Learn this well! You are far more than your mind. Your mind is a servant

to the activation of your perfection, but it is an on Ruley servant and needs resolute leadership. Hence, the resolute belief in your own perfection must be imprinted on your mind. The way to imprint a belief on your mind is to 'act as if' it were already true. Which it is!

So act it. For five minutes. Banish your ego is protestations by action.

An amazing thing happened. I got up to make some tea and toast, fully acting the part of 'I am perfect'. However I soon discovered that the *only* way to complete the scenario was to proclaim everything else around me as perfect too. This is how it went:

I stand up... I am perfect...I go into the kitchen... I am perfect... I see the mountain of washing up... Am I perfect? I haven't done the washing up. Erm... The washing up the mountain is perfect!... Ah... That's better. I am perfect... I pull out some slices of gluten-free bread from the freezer... This bread is so full of preservatives... Um... Is my housekeeping/dietary discernment crappy? Ergh... The bread is perfect! Ah... I am perfect. The neighbours child starts yelling.... my neighbours are perfectly sorting out their situation by raising their voices to command a better outcome. Perfect. I am perfect. They are perfect...

And so it went on.

So here is the radical truth:

**The world,
The universe,
Everything,
Is perfect.
And
Crucially**

**Perfection becomes aware of itself
In you
And then
Radiate outwards,
Through your consciousness
Of the world/reality/actuality
Merging
With your consciousness of
Perfection.**

I must start with you?

Because, however benignly you look on the world, if you believe you are in perfect, you will never be looking at a perfect world. You are a part of the world are you see, in fact you are the linchpin of the world from your unique perspective. If the centre of your world view, in other words you, is imperfect, how can you have or hold the consciousness of a perfect world?

This is challenging when I think of the trials and injustices experienced by people who are suffering.

And it is not challenging if you don't! Do you see? When you look at the holey bucket, you see a holey bucket. When you look at the holy bucket, you see a holy bucket.

This is important, if the world is to prosper. Let's expand the lens from you all people.

Humanity in general is aware of the current experiences of the refugees fleeing Syria. Yes?

Yes

Humanity believes in an imperfect natural economy and the scarcity framework: there for humanity believes it doesn't have enough money or resources to give shelter to the refugees. The refugees remain in camps.

Or:

Humanity believes in a perfect natural economy in which there is enough for everyone: there for humanity rearranges and create resources and springs into action offering homes and new lives to the refugees arriving on new shores.

Another perspective:

Humanity believes that some people (e.g. Others) have to suffer, so it watches the suffering of others and feels disempowered or unmotivated to act. And therefore it suffers in its sofa, passively watching 'the news'.

Or:

Humanity believes all humans are growing into new expanded versions of themselves, so it flows to support the on the folding of the lives of its newly arriving brothers and sisters. People are excited to meet these new relatives and feel blessed to celebrate their courageous journeys to safety.

A third perspective:

Humanity believes the world is a broken bucket, so it makes efforts to fix the hole in the bucket, obsessing ever more about the hole, which therefore grows.

Or:

Humanity believes the world is a perfect bucket and believing in its own perfection, grows in love and peace and joy. Conflict fades, cooperation takes its place.

Do you see? Every moment you spend sitting at home paralysed by your belief in suffering, is another moment in which loves great returned to its self is simply postponed.

We challenge you, to bear witness to the perfection of all things, all eventualities, all occurrences.

We challenge you to switch your gaze from one of witness to imperfection to one of witness to perfection.

Dissension of the world from a belief in loss and separation, to a state of love and unity, depends not on fundraising out there, or on better politics out there, or on less violence out there, but on a radical revolution of belief. Belief in perfection must be the starting point, not the end outcome, to a perfect world. Consciousness is an informed choice.

The world is perfect already; it is only humans belief in imperfection which stalls the actualisation, visible and manifest, of this heavenly perfection.

When Jesus said "by kingdom come, they will be done, on earth as it is in heaven...", He didn't mean humans to forget that they are the creative divinity, and just sit there like stones waiting for a shipment from the great Amazon store in the sky!

The will of God is an acted on earth through the will of its peoples. This is why it is so crucial for each individual to realise that wholeness, affection, the holiness.

Here 'realise' means remember and activate, become aware of and intact, grow in consciousness of.

Because only when the God force remembers itself on earth through the more than 7 billion tiny shards of divine consciousness on that unique physical plane, will heaven and earth meet and merge into one, returning gloriously to the original state, under the cheers and whoops of the hosts of angels.

And what is the language of realisation, of awakening to the divine essence of all things?

Love

And how deeply need this love reach?

To the very tip
of the very deepest taproot
on earth.

That is why we call it radical love.

Chapter 3

Your world, of which you are a holographic fragment, is what ever you believe it to be.

So affirm, gently, tenderly, inside yourself and out loud:

"This is perfect.
This is perfect.
This is *perfect*.
This is a perfect world.
This is a loving world.

This is an abundant world."

It is not necessary to try to con or drown out your noisy egoic mind. Instead speak with and to and through your heart. A heartfelt belief is worth 1000 spoken utterances. So check-in on your heartfelt beliefs. Not sure the ones that bring you a feeling of relief, and a flicker of joy, anticipation or peace. Give those beliefs ample soil and water in which to put down their roots. Gently, respectfully, lovingly root out any weed like beliefs seeking shelter around your heart. Just let them out and released into the light.

**Check in with your heart.
It is the keeper of your wisdom.**

Once you glimpse of perfection in your own heart you will begin to witness it everywhere. Everywhere. What great to get them this? And it is ready for you, this perfection, right now. And now... And now... And now...

Walking about and getting on with my life, I now feel like I can assert a pre-decision that every outcome, event, sight and insight will be perfect.

"Ah, leftover takeaway in the fridge for lunch. This is the perfect lunch for me right now."

"Ah, the neighbours are hooting a car horn madly while I'm paralysed in bed at midday staring at Facebook. Perfect! Because I'm nosy so I'll go and look out of the window and then, I'll be out of bed. Perfect!"

So, here's the eye opener: everything you have ever experienced was subject to a pre-decision made by you.

Do you remember, as a child, you used to watch all theatre with a sense of Marvel? Do you remember, one day, realising that others would come out of the theatre and set about critiquing the merits

and weaknesses of the play just watched? This startled you, largely because you thought, why would people *choose* to ruin their own magic? But soon enough, you bought into the judging too. You agreed with the assertion of the pre-decision that 'this play I'm going to see may not be so good...' And what happened? Theatregoing soon lost its magic for you.

Natalie, you imposed the same regime on yourself as a theatre maker later in life. You predecided that your theatre may not be so good. A few years later, your theatre-making dried up in a tangle of insecurities and doubts.

At any moment, you are pre-deciding whether the next moment will be perfect or in perfect.

For a long time you chose to believe in, and therefore, pre-decide upon, imperfection. And look at what you saw, witnessed and crawled through: imperfection.

Perfection is either complete or absent. It's frighteningly simple. Imperfection however has an endless range of variables, from 'Ehm' to 'The horror! The horror!' This endless range provides endless fascination and fodder for the ego in her front row seat at the show chowing down popcorn. Notice, the ego is always watching the show but never implicated by it or a participant in it. She never gets her shoes scuffed or her nails chipped. She just directs, passive-aggressively, from the stalls, while you, her human personality, sweat it out under the lights on the stage of human affairs.

What if you sacked this director of yours and directed the show of your life yourself, from your heart outwards?

I suspect it would be a very boring show for about five years, as I would just lie back on that stage letting nothing happen, peacefully.

Boring for whom? Dear friend, guess what? With your ego now dismissed, *there is no audience*. No one to amuse, appease or entertain. No one to cheer you nor to throw tomatoes at you. No one to bow to or cringe from. There is no one out there!

You say your play would be boring, by which you mean there would be no drama.

No drama in your life!

Just..... peace.

Can you imagine??!

It was only your ego who loved and fomented drama. It was your ego who said:

Surprise me!

Impress me!

Shock me!

Wow me!

Amaze me!

And guess what? Your ego was never surprised, impressed, shocked, wowed, amazed... Or even moved. Not once. She was always, only, ever buying herself time and keeping you 'on task' so that you wouldn't have headspace to question her authority over your every breath, word and decision. She was distracting you, so you wouldn't see the incredible, ineffable, transcendent truth, which is that you are, like every other created being, holiness itself.

Why?! To what end?! What a psychopath!

For God to know itself, it must expand outwards away from itself and then the contract inwards back into itself.

The ego is the key mechanism for both the outward and the inward forces; it's tool is 'individuation'.

On the outward expansion, the ego creates a false belief within the human being, that she is an individual, separate from others. The ego lures the human out and away from Source with sweet promises of individual/Private/special success, and with hinted threats of humiliation/shame/exposure to the 'other'. The human gradually becomes a great big inflated balloon of self-importance and hubris, or of fear and isolation. The illusion of *separation* is complete. Eventually... Pop! The tide turns and the human experiences a moment, or a year, or a decade, or a lifetime, of a Garden of Eden-esque realisation of 'nakedness' and distance from Source. Shame, regret, remorse ensue.

For some, at this moment an immediate awakening occurs, with an instant return, or at least a hasty retreat, to Source.

But for most, a new long tango with ego draws out the return to Oneness. The ego provides *drag* to the personalities car on its journey Home. This drag comes in the form of resistance to that which is good, wholesome, holy. Although this drag may appear to you now, looking from outside, to be a dreadful blight, be assured that it is actually an immense gift to you. The personality is given the opportunity to on pick her self-created knots rather than just cut them away.

Through a million choices, dilemmas and decisions placed on her path by ego, the personality works her way step-by-step back to Source. By the time of her eventual return to one this, she is fully conscious of where she is, why she is there, how she got there, and most importantly of all, who she is.

Thus, does God come to know itself, and to know love for *all* that it has created.

A person may experience many partial returns to source, yet need to retrace several steps to work out some or other consciousness blackhole she had bypassed, like a hidden unforgiveness, or a secret shame. The ego deftly points its torch on these blackholes. Thank your ego for its torture-lighting, because eventually, the day comes when you will banish your ego, for the millionth time, with enough resolution, enough certitude in your holy power, enough faith in your commanding dominion, that she will simply turn town and walk away. You won't even have time to say, 'Farewell! And thank you for being my best, and firmest, and most dedicated and loving teacher!' – because she will have gone. So thank her along the way.

Just like you, just like the universe and creation itself, your ego is a fragment of utter...perfection. Let her do her job, and be sure to acknowledge her perfection, each day.

This is radical love.

It's Radical Love Part 2: Diary 28oct15ff

I love it when peace descends and stillness arises. What is this peace and stillness?

This is the eternal, everlasting peace of God, timeless, without beginning and without end. You may find it in the cathedral of your mind.

What is the Cathedral of your/my mind?

It is the sanctuary of purist sanctity in your conscious mind. It is the hidden chamber within your working consciousness where the eternal is revealed to you. It has always been there and ever will be.

What has kept me from it for so long? My long tango with ego? I feel like much of my life has been spent tap dancing on the steps to the door of my own temple, jazz handing to the passers-by.

It is natural for a person to look outward before she looks inward. This is part of the expansion/contraction process.

Can you speak a little more of the turning point you mentioned? The moment when the balloon, inflated by hubris or fear, which I suppose the two sides of the same coin, swells and goes pop! The balloon which knows not when to stop inflating sounds a little like the tree which knows not when to stop growing – a similar pushing outwards, but with a vastly different consequences. The balloon self destroys and the tree self actualises.

Can you see that to self destroy and to self actualise are in fact the same thing? Both represent the end of individuation: yearning becomes union. The inflated balloon yearned for safety, sensing itself to be a single entity. It believed it would attain safety either through the recognition of its singleness and individuality by an Other (hubris) or via the forgiveness of its singleness by another (fear). Either way, the balloon sought union with an Other. The illusion it had fallen into was the belief that it was ever separate from this imagined Other. So, the bursting of the balloon, marking the shattering of the illusion of singleness, and individuation, was only the egos nightmare. But the song, which had always known itself to be part of the one this, had only ever been yearning to return to Source, just landed back in with itself; this apparent turning point is the beginning of the long awaited exhale of relief.

Do you see? The human being is made up of conjoined twins, one of which would go left to the edge of the cliff, and one of which would go right and take the path back home.

There is no correct twin and wrong twin. Here is your paradox again. For creation is simultaneous expansion and contraction. Breathing in, breathing out. Step with the right foot, step with the left. Give with the right hand, received with the left. Bless; be blessed. Heal; be healed. Love; be loved.

Is this duality?

Duality is sometimes taken to refer to the existence of two separate entities. You could say a person, might have an experience of duality, but the breakthrough comes when the motion I give/receive, love/be loved, is experienced as harmony: to pleasing notes played simultaneously by the same instrument.

Our conjoined twins are one single instrument. When they fall into a recognition of this, they become invincible. They will go to the cliff and paraglide off it, experiencing the thrill falling and being caught; They will return home and experience the nurturing warmth of the hearth. But while they are still debating left or right, they are immobilised.

Do you see? Your pull outward in the world and your pull inward to the cathedral of your mind and not incompatible. They both come from the urge to create, to experience, to connect, to know yourself as part of the one in all its forms, places and spaces.

Opportunity exists in this day, for the human being to move into a new paradigm. In this new paradigm, the following occurs:

- 1. There is no pop. There is no over inflation and sudden deflation, no boom and bust, no crash and burn, no fall from grace. In fact, no death of ego. No extinguishing moment. No turning point from wrong to right, from dammed to saved, from good to bad, or vice versa.**
- 2. Instead, I continue on merging with the one occurs; and evolving blending of simultaneous expansion and contraction occurs; A delicate balance of yet more kip/receive, more a love/be loved, more heal/and be healed, more see/be seen. In other words, creation creates, perfectly, in each moment.**

Why is this new Paradigm emerging? Because the overall Paradigm is moving away from...

TIME

In the world describing your history books...

**Peace followed war
 War followed peace
 Sinner became Saint
 Seat became sinner
 Good harvest followed famine
 Famine followed good harvest
 Boom followed austerity
 Austerity followed boom
 Good news followed bad
 Bad news followed good**

The narrative, the story, the sequence of events, each chapter marked as good or bad, happy or sad, has become, over the centuries, harder to sustain.

Dickens was prescient when he opened A Tale of Two Cities with the lines:

It was the best of times, it was the worst of times, it was the age of wisdom, it was the age of foolishness, it was the epoch of belief, it was the epoch of incredulity, it was the season of Light, it was the season of Darkness, it was the spring of hope, it was the winter of despair, we had everything before us, we had nothing before us, we were all going direct to heaven, we were all going direct the other way - in short, the period was so far like the present period, that some of its noisiest authorities insisted on its being received, for good or for evil, in the superlative degree of comparison only.

Charles Dickens, A Tale of Two Cities
English novelist (1812 - 1870)

Humanity has been living a tale of two cities, at the collective and individual level. At the individual level, which person has their Saint story and there are sinner story, running maddeningly in parallel; their best of times story and their worst of times story, frustratingly difficult to separate.

At the collective level, humanity has never had it or done it so good, if you consider lifestyle, health and technology; and yet never has it been on the verge of greater disaster, if you consider climate change, human suffering and resource inequality.

Humanity has never reached so high, like a tree not knowing when to stop yearning for growth; nor has it reached so low, like a balloon expanding itself towards self-destruction. The best of times; the worst of times.

Individuals have never been so wealthy and yet so depressed; so healthy yet so abusive of their bodies; so numerous and yet so lonely; so connected by communication technology and yet feeling so isolated and disconnected; so blessed and yet so thirsty for blessings.

Well might you expect a pop, a shattering, a fall from grace, the end of the world.

The end of the world is indeed nigh. The end of the world as you know it. The end of the world have experienced duality.

And a crucial factor? The end of time. Not the stopping of the clock, nor the extinguishing of those who would read the clock. No. Rather, the shift from fourth dimensional reality, into fifth.

The first three dimensions you accept or a space: height, length, breadth/depth.

The fourth dimensional with which you are familiar is time.

What if humanity had reached and reached and year-end and expanded out so far that it were about to burst, not like an exploding balloon, but bursting beyond the reaches of its current dimension?

What if humanity's taproot were about to hit the aquifer?

First of all, can you explain the notion of humanity having a collective experience, let alone a collective shift.

Secondly can you explain how dimensions work. What is this fifth dimension? What prompts an entire collective to leave the only time/space set-up it has ever been predicated on? And who is in charge?

Evolution. Can you accept that humanity, as a collective, has evolved over time?

Yes, I can.

Can you accept that wild time has apparently been constant, the pace of humanity's evolution has not been constant?

Yes, I can. Humanity has taken a quantum leap at various stages. It could be said we are in one now, in the Internet age.

What is a quantum leap?

Hah! You tell me...? :-)

Look it up.

Okay... Wikipedia. Well, it was clearly a US TV show 1989 to 1993, featuring a Time Traveler... Aha:

Quantum Leap: https://en.m.wikipedia.org/wiki/Atomic_electron_transition

What phrases stand out for you?

Change of an electron from one quantum state to another... Appears continuous... Electron jumps from one energy level to another... Emission and absorption... Time between jumps is exponentially distributed... Damping time constant... The larger the energy separation of the states between which the electron jumps, that shorten the wavelength of the photon emitted.

This seems important: "The larger the energy separation of the states between which the electron jumps."

Like best of times versus worst of times.

Like heaven versus hell.

Like feast versus famine.

Like the peace of God versus the war of the worlds.

Like ego versus soul.

Two ends of one spectrum.

Exactly. An atom can jump from one part of the spectrum, to the other. Even if it is from one very end to the other very end. The energy spectrum, or frequency range, is one.

So when we say that humanity has been evolving over time, we are actually drawing attention to an illusion: time.

You have experienced evolution as a time-based maturation. In fact you might say that humanity, or its disparate societies and civilisations, pass through human-like steps: infancy (with egoic toddler conflicts), through adolescence (identity development) and into adulthood (sustained productivity) and on to maturity (wise old age - or senility, as you wish.)

But we would have you envisage evolution in another way. Imagine there is an enormous sheet of paper, which represents the highest consciousness imaginable to you. It began blank, from the human perspective. Then, a drop of ink fell on to the middle of the page: life began on Earth. This ink began expanding outwards from this central dot, growing into a bigger and bigger circle, occupying more and more available consciousness.

This I can understand, but it's still happening over 'time'. In the year 5000 BCS the ink splodge is yay big, in the the 500 CE it is yay bigger.

Good. Fine. And that is correct. Time was created so that the physical plane could exist as a playground in which consciousness could witness itself expanding.

Now we want you to imagine that the ink spot is about to meet the edge of the piece of paper. It covers almost the entire piece of paper.

Got it.

Some of the ink molecules, on each edge of the paper, hit the end of the sheet.

Like the taproot hitting the aquifer.

Or the balloon expanding to breaking point.

Got it.

At the very same moment, two distinct molecules, on opposite ends of the sheet, pushed by the expansion experienced by other molecules shuffling up behind them like shoppers at the Harrod's sale, fall simultaneously off the sheet of paper. It simply

cannot contain them any more. It happens simultaneously because the spread outwards has come from the same single point in the exact centre of the sheet.

Ok. What do they fall on to?

A plastic tablecloth.

Epic! ;)

The molecules have never experienced an environment like this before! They wonder if they have died and gone to heaven. And in a sense, they have - because they have left one spectrum of experience and hit another.

They've moved into a different dimension.

Exactly. Which is exactly what happens at death: a 'moment' wherein the consciousness fragment (molecule) shifts into a more expanded arena. Same fragment/molcule, different-looking arena. They no longer appear on the sheet of paper, but they *are* still on the table.

Cue...

A: Do you believe there is actually a table-cloth beyond this sheet of paper?

B: Nah....This sheet of paper is all there is.

A: I've heard that this sheet of paper is actually sitting on top of the tablecloth!!

B: That's ridiculous! If it were, I think we'd be able to see and touch the tablecloth. You're nuts.

A: Yeah, maybe you're right.

Why was it significant that two molecules fell off the sheet of paper simultaneously?

Resonance. Suddenly, the two pioneer molecules start resonating differently to the other molecules on the table, because they are on this slippery, shiny surface and it feels *great*. There is abundant space for movement and wiggling about: such a relief after the dense crowd of molecules heaving and pushing outwards on the sheet of paper. And the clippiness of the plastic tablecloth compared to the dry sheet of paper. It's like transitioning from wading through mud, to ice-skating.

So these two molecules are having the simultaneous experience of expansiveness and, frankly, euphoria, but they are physically separated by the sheet, right?

However, they are now resonating at a similar frequency, which is higher than the frequency of their friends still back on the sheet.

This resonance connects the two molecules.

By what? Is it like radio waves?

It is like radio waves.

Where did they exist? Above or under the sheet of paper??

Nowhere. No place. You can't look up, down, left or right to find these radio waves, or frequencies, because they don't correlate to the third dimension of up/down, back/forth.

Nor can you turn them on and off. There is no 'now it's on, now it's off', because they don't correlate to the fourth dimension of time, with its stop/start, yesterday/tomorrow, past/future. They are constant. Timeless.

Welcome to the fifth dimension.

Man. Alive... So, the tablecloth is the fifth dimension?

In this explanatory metaphor.

And molecules on the fifth and mention are connected beyond the realms of space and time.

In its simplest form, yes.

The sheet of paper is the third dimension (space) and molecules move through it according to the 'rules' of the fourth dimension (time)?

If you like

I like.

So now, let's call a little pioneer molecules A and B - 'Ana' and 'Barry'. What is the relationship between Alan and Barry now? And what is their relationship like with 'Carrie' and 'David' who are still shuffling along the sheet outwards towards the table cloth?

Well Ana and Barry are in instant/constant/simultaneous communication with each other. They can tune into each other, they can receive instant messages from each other, and they know how the other one is at any 'moment'. There's no time lag for knowing, and distance is no object. It can also be said that, while they continue to have individual experiences and consciousness, they are both on a similarly 'good vibe'. They are both floating about in a 'non-resistant' Teflon-like environment. There are no obstacles, barriers... There's no drag. They are both pretty contented dudes. There's 'nothing to do and nowhere to go', as in there's no tasklist and no place to hustle to that isn't 'where they already are'. That said, if they have an inclination to do

something or go some place, it is all realised pretty much instantly. No effort involved. No drag.

Good times.

Good times. From this perspective on the tablecloth, they also have full awareness of Carrie and David back on the sheet. They are aware of Carrie and David's struggles along the dense dry paper; a sense that efforts and also their impatience. They sense their feelings of frustration, achievement, mass, hope, despair... but it doesn't upset them. Partly because they know Carrie and David are headed in the right direction, and partly because... Well feeling upset isn't really on their emotional range any more.

Carrie and David on the other hand feel they have lost their friends Anna and Barry. They can't see them on the sheet any more. They can only imagine Anna and Barry to have died, been trampled in the great molecule migration. They feel a deep sense of loss. They also become a little more resistant to moving across the paper. "Is there some abyss out there?", they wonder. Along the way, Carrie and David got separated by the crowds. They scan the crowds, but they can't see each other. They wonder how the other is, but they can't and don't know. In the crowds, each one feels pretty lonely, separate and isolated. Each one feels they must keep moving, or be trampled, but they're not sure where they're actually headed - just out of the way of 'the madding crowd.'

Bad times.

Times. Or...TIME. Space/time dimension.

Ok, so are you saying the table cloth is now available to humans without their having physically to die to get there? Is that what you indicated?

And if so...how? Is there an express ticket to be had? Do you just have to wait your turn? Is it first come, first served? Is it first on to the ink splot, first off the sheet?

Go and have lunch.

It's 11.25.

Ok. Breakfast.

True. Bye.

Let's start with the collective perspective. Collectively, humanity has reached its tapping point. Several thousands of pioneer humans have already gone ahead and slid, stumbled and leapt off the sheet. Some of them you have seen standing out there

for years, reporting back to the sheet: Pema Chodron, Wayne Dyer, Deepak Chopra, Marianne Williamson are among the communicator wayshowers. There are any others whom you have met and/or witnessed quietly getting on in the world, making a profound difference to your worldview by their grace, poise and...expansiveness. They are what you would call the 'Light Workers', 'angels', 'good friends', 'good people', 'geniuses' and so on. There are thousands others who are unseen to you or to those around them. There is no five star name badge that goes with having hit the table cloth without 'croaking', as Abraham puts it.

The collective tapping point was always, in all respects, 'just a matter of *time*.' The timeline was always simply an evolutionary mechanism: place humans on the timeline and they would walk its path. Time keeps humans in the physical plane playground of learning, where they develop their skills, stamina and spiritual limbs.

Imagine you are placed on a treadmill and whether you liked it or not, it is going to be switched on. The upside is, you get to manage all the other controls: speed and incline being the most important ones. What you are completely unaware of is that when you reach a certain, undisclosed level of fitness, you will be taken off the treadmill and given a free pass to the spa. You have however heard that a spa exists, but you're not really sure you believe the rumour and anyway you don't think it would really be your kind of place. So, anyway, the treadmill is switched on. At first you pay around with going really fast and steep - it's all a game. Then the weariness sets in and you slow it right down to the slowest setting to catch your breath. You being to assess the future and the way you're going to work with relentless machine. You have choices:

- A. Go really slowly for ever more and spend your time looking out of the window.
- B. Vary the pace of the machine a bit to keep your mind occupied.
- C. Use the machine to its fullest, setting yourself timed challenges with the inbuilt training programmes and aiming to break your own records, interspersed with slow-down recovery periods.

Which choice will get you into the spa fastest?

C. But by the time I get taken off the treadmill I may be so hooked on fitness that I'll find the spa tedious!

Only if the spa is the final destination, which it's not.

So in the treadmill metaphor, the treadmill is life, in the 3rd/4th dimensions of space and time?

It *is* life, but now as you know it, JIm. In your old way of thinking:

**Life is the treadmill: hard slog.
Heaven is the spa: your reward.**

In the new paradigm, it goes like this:

- **A certain level of fitness unlocks your pass.**
- **You can choose how quickly or slowly you get 'fit'.**
- **No one is watching, no one is judging, no one is cheering or scolding.**
- **It's just *physics*.**

It's just physics.

'Fitness' is energy frequency: the speed at which a particle pulsates, let's say.

Take water in a saucepan:

- A. You heat it on a very low heat and after 15 minutes it may start to churn and even boil. The energy frequency of the molecules has increased.**
- B. You heat it on a high heat and in the same period of time, 15 minutes, it will boil and start evaporating. YOU may end up with an empty saucepan, as the water molecules have increased in frequency so greatly that they start flying away as steam. The water still exists, but it has been transmuted into gas. *It has gone to the spa.***

You are the water. Whether you are energetically in liquid or gas state is just a matter of physics.

So who controls the stove and the level of heat under the saucepan?

You do. Just as you control the speed of the treadmill.

So why don't I just turn up the heat or amp up the treadmill, and get on over to the next 'state'?

Because it hurts.

The water must boil before it evaporates.

The treadmill runner must sweat before she reaches peak fitness.

The tree must be on the verge of collapse...

The balloon must be on the verge of exploding...

The ink molecules must be crowded off the sheet...

No pain, no gain. ...No?

Well, this is the collective experience for humanity.

Because it is so hard to get consensus in a fragmented world, it is the threat of explosion and expiration that is moving humanity to take the action of speeding up its collective treadmill, and turning up its own heat. Humanity is reaching its boiling

point, literally infact, with climate change, environmental destruction, peak oil and population density. The ultimate outcome will be the realisation of the oneness of humanity.

But here is the marvellous, wondrous piece of news, and it is one that answers your question about how individuals go about getting an express ticket.

Humanity could have got off the treadmill and strolled into the spa at any time.

But it got attached to the treadmill, in a love/hate relationship.

Likewise, a human being can:

- go to the 'spa' or
- leap off the ink blotter on to the 'table cloth' or
- become a happy, floating gaseous water particle...

....at *any time*.

I sense 'time' is the key word here. YOu're basically saying we could have stepped off the timeline at any moment. And entered a fifth dimension.

And here is your quantum leap.

The human ego loves **LOVES** the timeline.

The human ego loves **LOVES** the treadmill.

The human ego loves **LOVES** to push and strive towards an invented destination.

Why? Not because the ego is evil, but because the timespace dimension is a perfect classroom for the ego to do its teaching on consciousness.