

***A Time
Soon to Come***

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And We created not the heavens and the earth and all that is between them except with Truth, and the Hour is surely coming, so overlook (O Muhammad) their faults with gracious forgiveness.

Al Qur'an: Al-Hijr, 15:85

Foreword

I am a Muslim, not particularly inclined to 'new age' approaches, but simply struck with the undeniable force of what I experienced.

At the time of the message, 1999, I had no awareness of the concepts of great change being assigned to the decades we have now entered and I have long remained unsure of sharing this experience.

However, it is now clear that the message correctly predicted changes in scientific thinking; changes that are now quite apparent to anyone willing to spend a few hours researching this subject.

I discovered that a growing number of reputable scientists are rushing toward a new paradigm; a new view of reality which takes a seat uncomfortably close to 'fringe science' and 'new age' beliefs.

This emerging change in the sciences satisfied my own need for some kind of 'proof'; something that might suggest there is credence in the balance of the message.

This message insists that a remarkably beautiful change is on the way and that we should consider the

significance for ourselves of 'generosity' in approaching these 'soon to come' changes.

The conversation I have recorded is the greater part of what was said but is not always an exact recall of the words. It remains a record of the meaning conveyed.

Things were mentioned that have been grayed out over time. Among these were geophysical disasters accompanying or around the period of change. But because my memory of this is so weak I cannot in good faith do anything but note my feeling that this was spoken of, but I am not able to give it context or detail. Further than this would only be speculation.

Certainly there were no prescriptions for physical or economic survival beyond the simple and repeated emphasis on 'Generosity'.

Thousands of people are expressing their views on these subjects on the internet, in books, and through seminars.

I am but a single voice promoting the oddities of a brief encounter.

I would wish only that the reader might reflect upon what I was told that day and apply this into the mix of their considerations.

Imron Comey,
April , 2015

The Message

In late 1999 I was working as a 'poverty alleviation' consultant in the Indonesian part of the island of Borneo, some forty kilometers from Palangkaraya, the capital of the Province of Central Kalimantan.

It was my habit to make a weekly check on participants in our programs in several of the transmigration sites located there.

I had finished with my meetings and it was early afternoon. I was only about an hour's drive from the office in town and figured I could afford a few minutes to check the roof of a wooden farmhouse I had recently bought in the area. I was concerned the roof might be leaking; something that can lead to quick deterioration in the tropics.

The farmhouse was on a block of land located only a few minutes off the main road.

As I turned off into the rocky little track that led back into the farming area I was already feeling

strange. It was as if I had been hyperventilating, yet was not. A tingling sensation was running through my limbs, becoming increasingly intense; a pleasant kind of “pins and needles” that began to totally engorge my musculature. This fizzing rush of energy filled my cells and ran deep into my bones.

A sensation of extreme well-being which I can only begin to capture with the word ‘bliss’ began to invade me. It was as if I was being drenched in a liquid form of love, utterly comforting, carrying me to a feeling of willing abandon.

As I drove up the road toward the cottage, I found that under the extremely relaxing influence of this ‘bliss’, and the incumbent vibration that now sizzled in my flesh, my muscles were becoming awkward and seemingly detached. My movements no longer entirely followed my intent.

I stopped about a hundred meters from the cottage and stumbled out of the car, my body now behaving as if I were drunk, and lurched awkwardly toward the little house. The idea of checking roof leaks had vanished from my thoughts. I only wished to be somewhere I could allow this marvelous sensation to continue.

Behind the house was an old neem tree. I fell to the ground beneath it, overcome now by the luxury of this feeling and a rather wild desire, noticeably sexual in character, to be consumed by the earth.

I lay under the tree. In this way, relaxed upon the earth, I immediately saw a massive vortex, twisting up into the sky and seeming to descend into the earth only some fifty meters from where I lay. Riding this circling cone, and seeming to be carried up and down

on its twisting spirals, were grayish forms which I took to be some kind of entities.

One of these stopped next to me, hovering on my right side. I was still completely aware of my environment: the feel of the earth under me, the breeze, and the sun streaking through the leaves of the tree.

I believe this an important aspect of the experience; that I still had normal awareness of my environment, the experience then becoming a powerful penetration of a more numinous reality into my everyday world. A fizzing energy continued to course through my body.

It was then that the 'entity' spoke.

"Generosity."

I experienced no surprise and, after a short silence, it continued: "Genesis, gene, genuine, generator, genital, gentle, genius."

This was an amazing set of seemingly related words.

'Generosity' was repeated.

Nonplussed, I asked, "What is this? What are you doing?"

My questions were not thought out. I was in fact hardly thinking at all although very 'aware'. Perhaps this assisted my later ability to remember events and the answers so well.

The voice answered my questions as if they were expected.

"A time is soon coming..."

Those were his exact words. I say 'his' because it was a male voice.

"...when human beings will undergo tremendous change. We are helping to prepare that change. This is a place where we are bringing gifts into the earth.

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These are gifts for the earth, and for mankind, preparing changes that shall soon come about. This is like an umbilical cord for the earth.”

“What kind of change?” I asked.

“Mankind has always lived from self-interest. It is part of his current nature. It is part of the program within. In a time soon to come this will be changed. People will begin to regard others as equal to themselves, even to think of others as if part of themselves. No new growth can occur until this change is fully manifest.

“This change is being made in the DNA of mankind; in your genes. Nothing new is being added, but there will simply be an alteration. Certain genes will be activated that are already present; turning them on.

“When this occurs the nature of mankind will alter rapidly over a short period of time. Many will begin to feel this difference. They will begin to consider the welfare of others as if considering their own welfare. It is difficult for you to imagine the implications of this. There will be chaos, of a kind never before experienced; the chaos of a conflict of natures utterly immiscible. Generosity is the key to your survival in those times.”

“What is this change really?”

“God has given you the internet as a metaphor. It is an analogy for the conditions that are coming, for the way in which human beings will move towards oneness.

“A ‘human internet’ will be turned on; a condition in which a connection will be felt, a unifying oneness of understanding and of sharing of feeling and knowledge. Lying will no longer be possible for many. It will in fact become meaningless. Many will be

exposed to a direct understanding of the needs of others, and will be moved to satisfy those needs. There will be a reciprocity of care, more of the kind that you experience in families but particularly genuine. I have said 'generous'."

In this communication with the entity I believe there were no misunderstandings because his words were transferred on the back of 'meaning' and not the other way around. This is the very special property of that 'internet' of which he spoke. 'Seeing' this internet in my mind at the time, it was for me a subtle web of holographic reflections seeming to be bound into every cell of the body, glimmering in response to those to whom we were communicating, like sparkling neurons in some harmonic play with one another; each a mirror to and already somehow a part of the others.

At this point in our 'conversation' I know more was said, but I cannot honestly recall the detail of the message. I can only mention my recollection that something of 'disturbances' and an apparent parting of ways between those who could contain the changes and those who could not would occur but am not confident enough to place it along with that which I clearly recall and about which I made some notes not long after the event.

He continued, "The internet I speak of is something that already is in place. It is within your DNA.

"As for the workings of this 'internet', the way in which you will experience it, that is easy to show you because you are experiencing it right now and therefore your understanding should be complete.

It is just this; this way in which you are communicating with me right now.”

As he spoke I saw two people facing one-another each with some capacity to serve the other, and the desire to do so, without seeking reward. In the energies of this new world I could see a thousand resolutions and an almost automatic rush to improvements in the conditions of every life. Every lack being filled, the resources of the earth would be turned to honest purpose, leaving some things to wither while others would blossom.

It is not hard to imagine what would be the wheat and what the chaff. The old biblical ‘swords to plowshares’ comes to mind.

Yet, as he spoke I was also seeing our world, a vast grey supermarket of fashionable rubbish for which we all competed. Perhaps my next question, particularly dull, emerged from that vision:

“What about malls? Shopping malls?”

“These are a part of the world as it is, but this form of commerce, built on self-interest, will lose meaning, as will many of the vanities of man.”

I recall seeing a massively confused condition coming into the conduct of business of every kind. My question came from this.

“What about money and banks?”

“These will pass and change form. God has already prepared everything for you. If you could understand it, within ‘generosity’ is already the key to God’s own financial system: God’s money.

“Prepared within everyone since time began are the gifts necessary for their role on the earth. These gifts are meant to be given; employed and developed to bring richness and quality to the life of the earth and its creatures. Yet, in greater part these gifts have

lain within you undiscovered, and many poorly, or wrongly used.

Each of you is born with a unique capacity, with which to bring something which is needed into the world. What mankind has achieved so far is only a shadow of the real possibilities present within him when he takes up his true role."

"What do you mean by 'true role'?"

"To understand this you might look at the example of the rainforest. This island, Borneo, is known for its great forests. These forests have taken countless years to develop. They are home to innumerable species of animals and plants.

You need to understand something about this. Each of these organisms has been created, but not in the way that scientists currently believe. They will come to understand this differently.

Scientists studying the formation of the stars, of the suns and planets, and those studying genetics will soon begin to understand the role of 'Generosity' in this act of creation."

I was feeling that there was a particular significance in the constant reference to 'generosity'; a significance that was tied to the 'gene' in that word, and to the mysterious (for me) science of genetics.

"Within the rainforests it is apparent that every creature, every living thing, is in some way dependent on others for its growth, its life, and further, that every living thing offers something back into the system of the forest that provides for or improves the life of others. The entirety is a living network of interdependence that spans and reaches out in myriad connections; connections running deep into to the earth itself and these reaching further: to the sun, stars and beyond.

“This is something that can be studied and can be understood. What has not been considered, but which will soon begin to be understood, is that the movement toward the tremendous complexity and beauty that is found in the forest – just one tiny part of the creation – is the result of the ever refining movement of the force of generosity.

“Consider that the very nature of a new species is a product of the needs of that which already exists and answering a powerful creative intent. Generosity is the mechanism of this intent. It acts with an energy you call ‘love’; the creative and sustaining force of The One, whom you know as the beneficent, the compassionate, and the merciful.

“New things, in essence, come into being upon the word of intent of the creator, with the energy of love, and the desire to fulfill the needs of that which already exists, perpetually refining and increasing.

“Your understandings of evolution will soon change. Your own sciences will begin to indicate the truth of this generative force and its presence and role in the creation of every creature and in the creation of stars and planets.

“In the forest everything exchanges. Each gives to and takes from others. This is the true and perfect economy; and also the economy of the universe. Mankind should be part of this economy, should be contributing to it, refreshing, refining and renewing it. But currently mankind’s economy is built around his vanity and lust for personal power and wealth.

“With these changes that are coming human beings will be transformed, awakened to their true purpose. They will begin to be bent to the real service of others and to the creation; to adoration of the source, the One; that of which we are all a part. That is

their role. When conditions are like this it is then possible that the Kingdom of God will come upon the earth.

“In the human form is written the whole. All that has been on the earth to this time; the earth itself, even that which is beyond the earth is reflected in your physical and spiritual nature. Mankind is like the fruit of a great tree; a tree that spans the stars of the heavens. Human kind is both a reflection of the whole, and, as an agent of Generosity, a renewing source, its seed, its prototype written within its form and nature.”

Against his lovely picture of a miraculous universe tied into our deepest being, I was seeing the darker world we have created in a kind of crippled mimicry; that of the complex steel and oil fed industrial world in which we lived. Within that vision my thoughts came to rest on my own dependence on air travel, if not my romantic love of aircraft.

“What about airplanes? Will we still have airplanes?”

“All this is in your own hands, as you return to your real needs and your true nature. If you want airplanes you shall have them. Within mankind are capacities to bring into being new wonders, new technologies that are now only like dreams. I have told you of the gifts. These are from The One. Once you understand the principles of working for and with each other, as the creator has planned, then nothing you truly undertake will be impossible and these gifts will bear fruit. Heaven on Earth is possible.”

I would now wish to have been able to ask so much more, so many questions that would arise after I left that place. But the condition was fading and this relatively pointless, if not immature, question about airplanes was to be my last.

I felt a diminution of the tingling and the bliss. I was clearly returning to my everyday state and I lost at this point the awareness of that voice, and the vision of the vortex. I stirred to my feet and my attention moved completely back to this world.

Although I recalled then that I had come to check for leaks, I had so completely lost interest in the condition of my house that I started immediately to walk back to the car, hoping to retain the feeling for as long as possible.

I was still bathed in the residual comfort of that marvelous blanket of bliss that had enfolded me during the experience and from knowing that I had been given a startling revelation. As I drove toward Palangkaraya, I realized that the experience was not entirely over. Whatever the condition was that had resided in me, allowing me to communicate with that entity, now continued in a different form.

The 'love' that had enveloped me at the outset of the experience had now subsided to a soft feeling of utter safety, but it now sustained me, the feeling itself containing something that brought with it a marvelous statement about the nature of this life.

In those moments I needed nothing else. I was wrapped in a comfort for which the word 'happiness' fails completely. I was beyond happy. Rather I was 'at home', seemingly embraced by the warm attentions of my creator. What greater security can we hope for?

Somewhere in each of us there is a sense of this 'at home' feeling. Its most immediate image for the western mind is found in the warmth of the hearth, our child self, nestled in the arms of mother at the end of a busy day, the cold dark night locked out, the murmur of a sleepy story, the crackle of the fire.

This brought me to a new awareness of my own condition in this life. The phrase “the truth shall set you free” seemed to capture it perfectly.

‘The Truth shall set you free’.

As I said this to myself in my reverie I was doing so in reaction to a new understanding about the condition of mankind that was invading me with force in those moments. The ‘truth’ mentioned in this phrase was not something external, discoverable, or some finally reduced scientific or even spiritual clarity. It was nothing more or less than the simple state of my own being at any moment when I have no longer the fear of death. And it was this feeling of blissful and penetrating love that worked this magic on me, that freed me, at least for those moments, from that fear.

“It’s not what is wrong with the world!” I thought, “It’s what is wrong with me!”

Truth is about me. About ourselves. It is about what and who we really are; our lost connections with all that is about us suddenly plugged in, suddenly making us part of a greater life that has always been moving unseen within and around, exposing us to the lies and self-deceit we live, exposing us to the fears that move us; exposing us too, to the love and delight, the sustaining breath, that has always been as close as our own heart.

If we are at that moment to be flooded with the truth of our condition and if we are open and accepting, I saw this would be a journey out of our prison of lies about ourselves; an awakening into a new world of a freedom we cannot begin to imagine.

I felt that this would happen. On that Day.

The Universal Family

This message did not come to me in a vacuum. Some nine years previous to hearing 'the message', I had what I feel to be a related experience.

It was early in 1991 during operation 'Desert Storm', America's war in Kuwait. I was in Jakarta as a tourist, having come from Australia on holiday. I was about to depart for Surabaya by train, from there planning to go by bus to Bali. My plan was to stay with a dancing teacher in Ubud, while studying Balinese dance.

That was my plan. However, an American nurse, Lucia Cargil, who had been working in the upper estuaries of Central Borneo, insisted it would be interesting for me to take a short side trip to that island and help her by dropping off a huge duffel bag of prescription medicines to a friend of hers in the town of Palangkaraya.

The medicines were destined for Dayaks way up river, each marked for a specific patient who had been under her care.

She was persuasive, appealing to my love of adventure. She claimed it wouldn't take more than a week of my time round trip and I could easily go on to Bali after.

I would later discover she was mistaken about this. It was true that it was easy to get there.

I stepped off the train in Surabaya and was immediately accosted by a pedi-cab driver. I mentioned I needed to get a ticket to Banjar Masin, the ancient port on the southern corner of the great island.

"Leaving in fifteen minutes," he said. "Hurry."

That seemed amazing; I was expecting to wait a couple days in a hotel for the next ship.

He peddled to the port as a man possessed by devils, squeezing the little honker the whole way.

I bought a ticket on board for the one remaining cabin bunk. It was a lovely Pelni ship with silver service, dinner with the Captain, and "yes sir" stewards. We did in fact cast off within an hour of my stepping on board.

Twenty-four hours later I was stepping off the ship in Banjar Masin where an almost identical scenario occurred. This time the driver took me straight to a World War II ex patrol boat with twin diesels.

We truly roared up river, arriving six hours later in the river port of Palangkaraya. It was after ten p.m. I had gotten in deep in record time. Getting out would not be so easy.

Fortunately my contact in Palangka, Albert, took pity on me and put me up for the night. The next

day he tried to find someone to take the pharma up river.

As it turned out the bag of pharmaceuticals could not be brought up river for the amount I had been given to offer them. I was angry. I figured they were trying to screw me. I became belligerent saying I could do it myself for that and still pocket the change.

Albert said, "Mister is welcome to do it himself."

"How long will it take?" I asked.

"A week there and back, the most," he assured me.

"I need to get the ship for Surabaya in ten days," I said.

He smiled. "No problem, take the speed boat."

Albert himself spoke excellent English and agreed to help me as a guide. I needed a guide because many upriver Dayaks did not speak Indonesian.

The speedboat was brisk to the point of wind burn and did a lot of hard bouncing when crossing the con trail of any klotok coming down river. My butt ached.

We docked in Tambang Jutuh at four. It was too late to take the smaller craft necessary for the trip to the timber town upriver from where we would be catching a jeep to our final destination, a village in the highlands where the maps went blank.

Tambang Jutuh was a real hole. Albert was talking to some fat guy in a torn t-shirt and dirty shorts. I was feeling angry. Everything annoyed me. I hated this place; the heat, mosquitoes, and endemic poverty. Why had I agreed to this stupid 'mission'? I should be in Bali. Dancing!

The intense feeling of annoyance invading me was due to a one-shot malarial drug affecting my reason. But I didn't know that.

It was the latest thing; an injection, powerful, one time; straight out of Iraq war medical technologies and could multiply ones irritations by twenty fold; probably also useful in war.

In my gritty annoyance I saw Albert and Fatty coming toward me. I turned back to the boat to get our stuff, pretending ignorance. The fat guy called out to me. I turned around to tell him to 'fuck off'. I don't know why. Not a nice thing to do and rather the extreme end of my English usage.

Albert looked like he was going to die. "He just wants to say hello," he said, with a touch of agony.

"Hello then," I said curtly, briskly shaking the fat guy's hand and barely adding "Sorry."

Fat man smiled, almost beamed.

Bristling inside like a rabid porcupine, I went for our stuff.

We were soon lugging our way up the hill to a little hotel when Albert added, "Mister should know about that man..."

"What do you mean?" I said, immediately alerted by a spike of fear in my belly.

"He is a Colonel in the Army. This is his region. He wants you to come tomorrow morning before we leave. He wants to see your passport."

Suddenly I was not feeling well. "Come where?"

"The post."

There were ghosts in the hotel. I did not sleep well.

The next morning I was sitting in front of an impressive desk at the Armed Forces military command. Behind it sat the fat guy, now looking very

sharp in full uniform, not so fat really, and rather intelligent.

“You know I can’t let you go up river without a letter from the Department of Social Politics.”

This was a bad start. I didn’t know anything about such letters. “It’s the law as this area borders a foreign country, Malaysia. If you go back to Palangkaraya today you can have one made within a few days. Or...” he then made a simple proposal that involved a lot of money. I begged out. I didn’t want this guy getting a cent out of me.

“Thank you,” I said, “I’ll get the letter.”

He watched us leave. I felt a creepy feeling as we walked out and the hair on my neck stood up. I turned back to see an unpleasant and intimate look straight into my eye from the Colonel.

“Mister better stay away from that man now,” advised Albert. “It’s not good to refuse his help.”

“Help!?” I growled.

“Sorry, but that hotel we stayed last night? It’s the owner his family. He has ilmu.”

‘Ilmu’ was dark science, magic.

We took the long speedboat trip back to Palangkaraya.

While waiting for the letter to be issued I was staying at a tiny guesthouse out of town near a river.

It was the late afternoon, the day before I would be going back up river for my second attempt to deliver the medicines. I was sitting on the porch watching the ri

ver flow by when I was suddenly assaulted by a vision of the area behind me. It was as if I suddenly had eyes in the back of my head.

A huge vortex was spiraling down into the earth, seeming but a kilometer away. I was absorbed by this phenomenon, 'watching' it for maybe thirty or forty seconds before the vision disappeared as suddenly as it had come.

This was 1991. Visions were not a part of my life and I had a little difficulty assimilating the experience and what it could mean.

Little did I know that years later I would buy a small farm in the area where I had seen the vortex in that vision. However, at the time of this trip I was only in Indonesia as a tourist and finding Central Kalimantan particularly annoying, longing to get the medicine adventure over with and just be off again to Bali.

That night before my return up river I was still worried about meeting my friend the Colonel. I was restless, walking like a sentry around the guesthouse.

About midnight the generator ran out of fuel. We were plunged into darkness. I kept pacing back and forth in the pitch dark when suddenly I found myself having a another 'vision', this time occurring right in front of me, slightly elevated and at a distance of about five meters.

I saw myself enter the Colonel's office. As he rose to meet me I plunged a glowing white keris, a Javanese ceremonial knife, into his heart. His chest exploded with light and the Colonel fell to the ground. With this the vision ended. Needless to say I was disturbed at this odd, all too suggestive vision but slept soundly, waking refreshed.

Still, I took precautions. Once more outfitted with a Dayak translator, Yadi Mehel and his self taught English, we left on a night klotok which

would arrive in Tumbang Jutuh in the early morning. I could then slip up to the police and be quietly on my way before the Colonel saw me.

The month I had for my vacation was evaporating. I started to rationalize that a week in Bali would be enough anyway and turned my energies back to the battle to get these medicines to the poor villagers, obviously a hero's task.

Chuffing sulfurous smoke from its ancient diesel engine, the klotok chugged languorously upriver.

Yadi and I went to the gunwale for fresher air, I was drawn into conversation with a man claiming to have particular powers. For openers, noticing me smoking, he said I could smoke all I liked and it wouldn't disturb my health. I immediately liked him. He told a lot of unbelievable stories about snake magic and I was entertained. We fell asleep like everyone else, stretched out on the deck, the smell of low grade diesel smoke in our nostrils and the klotok drumming in our ears.

We docked at sunrise and everything went smoothly. The Colonel was nowhere in sight. I was told it was not a matter for the army to stamp that letter and I could have it stamped by only the police and be free to continue my journey. I felt huge relief.

Still, a little concerned about the weird vision I had experienced, Yadi made some enquiries for me and found that the Colonel was quite ok and seemed to have lost interest in my case. The police stamped the letter and we left for a timber town upriver, gateway to the highlands.

By the afternoon we were on a jeep to the interior and by sunset in a major logging camp on the edge of an operation pulling out hundreds of cubic meters of timber a day on massive semi-trailers

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roaring in and out continuously. I spent the night in this moon base as a guest of the Korean manager and we were off early the next morning downstream in a canoe. That day around lunch we made Tumbang Mahuroi.

There was a Tiwah ceremony in progress. I heard the timpanation of the gongs and sarons as we approached.

These repetitive but distinctive melodies are played nonstop for days, exhausted musicians exchanged for fresh, in mid drum beat, to insure not single moment without the air filled with its trance inducing charm.

A slaughtered pig lay at the foot of a 'maypole' and the dancers were doing a lilting bounce step around it, their gold teeth shining between bright red betel nut lips.



Kaharingan Song Gathering

Yadi and I were invited into the house of the departed to have a drink. There, young girls sang to us,

taking our empty cups and holding them upside down till we put money on them at which point they filled them again. This was an endless process and the 'tuak', a rice wine, started tasting quite nice.

We were totally drunk before we realized it. I remember sleeping somewhere on the floor and it getting very cold in the night. I had no idea whose house we were in.

The next morning we met with the mayor. The medicines were a big hit and I knew Lucia, the nurse who had arranged all this, would be pleased that her efforts had paid off.

With that satisfaction intact I wanted out of there as soon as possible. But it was not to be. My host turned out to be the grandson of Pid'jer.

I had heard of this Pid'jer, more legend than man. Pid'jer it was who, it is said, with the support of a seer from East Java had first influenced Sukarno about Borneo and had recommended the area of Palangkaraya be prepared for its role in the second coming of Eden. Pid'jer was ranked with the legendary Cilik Rewut as half history and half mystery.

My host, Pak Sie'et, took me to meet Pid'jer's sister. She was supposed to be about 200 years old. The numbers didn't work for me, but I had to admit she looked well over a hundred, a skeleton with sacks of very wrinkled skin hanging from her bones. Despite her age she was very energetic, chirpy indeed. She ordered me a cup of tea and gathered some of the woven mats about the house and piled them in front of me in hopes of selling them. They were old and dusty as was the whole house. It was dark and mustiness prevailed. Most of the windows were closed. I sat and drank my tea. Pak Sei'et translated for us as I tried to explain my doings in town and a bit of my family

background, something always important in polite conversation. Satisfied with my pedigree, the ancient lady invited me to view her brother's grave.

Demang Pid'jer was the 'Pope' of Kaharingan, the ancient religion of the area, and I had no other expectation but to see the classic little bone house, the 'sampung', that comprised the last resting place for



Pid'jer's Grave - with roof under construction

Dayak remains; a small above ground box in which the polished and arranged bones of the dead were preserved.

Traditionally the dead were buried directly in the earth for about two years during which time the flesh completely decomposed leaving the bones ready for the Tiwah ceremony, at which time they were cleaned and placed above ground in a 'Sampung'.

As in the ceremony I had attended the previous day the Gods were invited to earth to enjoy dancing and food: pig, bullock, chicken, and fine 'tuak'-rice wine.

While they were in a good mood the Gods were asked if, on their way home to their Heaven, level six, they could drop off the spirit of our dead friend in Heaven level five, the Home of Adam, sometimes called Ed'en. It was all very logical.

The ancient one, sister of Pid'jer, took me along with her grandson, to the side of the house. There was a grave there alright, but it was not a Dayak grave. It was standard Christian protestant. I wondered at this and had to ask.

Pak Sei'it said, "Well, my grandfather, although the head of our religion, is the one who refused to follow its death practices. He was buried in a coffin as you westerners are, exactly two meters below the earth here. And he had this pipe made that goes down to his eye. So he can watch us."

He tapped a metal pipe protruding about 6 inches above the grave tiles, indeed about where the eye of the corpse would be located. Pid'jer's sister said something to her grandson. He argued with her. They were both silent. I didn't ask.

"She says it's alright if you want to," he said suddenly.

I blinked. "Want to what?"

"Want to look in his eye, to see Pid'jer's vision...that's what Pid'jer said, so he could keep an eye on us, but also anyone who looked in his eye would see his vision."

The old woman seemed to be waiting for me to take the offer and nodded at me, stretching her bony hand to point to the pipe.

I was game, it seemed harmless enough. I looked. Well, of course there was nothing, total black down there.

The old woman actually giggled a little then started coughing badly. We went back in the house and I said I would think about the mats.

Pak Sei'et later showed me a couple of heirlooms including a Mandau, a short traditional sword, which had belonged to Pid'ger. It was indeed a piece of work and seemed to have an aura. I felt uncomfortable and declined to 'have a feel'. He said he would die if he sold it. I figured I would die if I bought it. He had another odd item, a large seamless silver ball with the symbols of the ancient Majah'Pahit Empire¹ embossed on it. It was actually a bell and could be 'rung'. He claimed to have turned down a speedboat in trade for it.

"What was Pid'jer's 'vision'?" I asked casually.

"Well I don't know a lot, but that was back when they made Central Kalimantan province separate from South Kalimantan and planned out Palangkaraya city. It was about Palangkaraya becoming the center of the world and something about the descending of a new Eden to the world. I don't really know. I was too young."

The next morning I made my escape. It would be a rough two day trip, beginning with canoe, then bounced about in the sun for hours on the back of a jeep and finally downriver in overloaded speedboats and klotoks.

On the way we stopped to talk with Christian gold miners camped in delightful bamboo tree houses by the river's edge. An elder in a 'Land of Paradise' t-shirt spoke of a magical Kalimantan, a new world, a place which may be the location of the second coming of the Christ.

¹ Indianized kingdom in Indonesia; based in eastern Java, it existed between the 13th and 16th centuries.



Dayak Child in Miner's Camp

I nodded indulgently.

I avoided staying in Tumbang Jutuh on the way back, changed boats and pushed on regardless. Exhausted by the travel, flies, and heat, I was annoyed and fuming on my arrival back at the guest house, stinking, and my butt aching. Everything was shit. I kept saying so. I would never come back to this shit hole.



With the Gold Miners

This temper was all because I knew I had, in all this messing around, missed the one and only fortnightly ship to Surabaya. The next ship would not be for two weeks. Bali was now not going to happen unless I flew.

I decided that I would not give up. I would have my artistic experience or die. To hell with the cost.

Wednesday: I sent the driver into Palangka to book the Thursday afternoon weekly flight to Surabaya and on to Denpasar. I could pay in the morning.

That night I gathered my things. I would be in Bali sunset the next day. Lovely. Happily I packed my bags.

My air ticket back to Australia!

Where was it? Vanished. I tore my room apart. Nowhere. I called the guesthouse driver, Nafar, and paid him extra to rush me into town where there was a telephone to call Qantas in Jakarta. This was long before the days of computer ticketing!

“We can draft a replacement ticket, no problem sir but it will take a week. You will have to apply here in Jakarta in person with your ID.”

That was the end of Bali. With the time remaining I would have to turn around in Bali and go back to Jakarta only three days after arriving in Ubud. Hopeless. How did this happen?

On the way back to the guesthouse I raged at my fate, hoping for sympathy from Nafar.

“Mister is lucky. Now you can stay here a few more days instead before going to Jakarta. I will take you to the mosque tomorrow so you can learn about Islam.”

“Maybe”, I croaked. I was beaten.

“My Grandfather came to me in a dream last night.”

Nafar’s grandfather was always coming to him in dreams, telling him strange things about Kalimantan and the beings there.

“He had a message for you”

“Really?” I said, feigning being flattered.

“As my grandfather spoke to me two men in Arab dress came forward, one wearing white and the other black. The Black one was reading from the Al Qur'an. The white one took the Qur'an, lifted it, and it fell into his chest, disappearing. The message from my Grandfather was that you were like the White man. You don't have to read the Qur'an. It will be in your heart and you will always know what it says...”

Well, Nafar certainly had my number. With this story I was putty in his hands. I agreed to go to the mosque on Friday and learn a bit more about what I would have to do to join up.

Two Europeans, Laksar and Daliani, were staying at the guest house. Since my return from up

river I had spent hours talking to them, trying to resolve my very mixed feelings about Kalimantan, which place they both thought to be paradise. We had become very close through these talks and I wanted them to come along for the ride, and perhaps, to protect me. They were both already Muslims, very fond of Kalimantan and were trying to dispel my fears.

With the three of us aboard and on the way into town Nafar noted that it was Friday and the day of the Ancestors, and that tonight would be the Night of Destiny, occurring on the full moon two weeks before the start of Ramadan Fasting Month.

We stopped not in one but several Mosques. We picked one person at each of these. I couldn't figure out what was going on. By five o'clock there were three very Islamic looking characters riding with us and we were on our way to the oldest Mosque in Palangkaraya, Al Iklas, 'The Sincere', out near the airport. It was modest, quaint, dating from the Dutch period and surrounded by small houses and shops.

By the time we arrived they had taught me the Islamic statement of faith in Arabic, and told me that was all I needed to know to enter Islam; which is what we would be doing in a minute.

I wanted to object since I thought I was only going to be having a conversation about Islam, not joining up, but it all seemed too far gone and Nafar kept looking back at me in delight. He bounced out when we got there to make preparations. He was like the Monkey King, the well-meaning rascal.

The Mosque was totally empty except for a small boy who sat in the middle. He jumped up when we came in and ran straight into the back. Out came a most jolly fellow, the Imam, looking for all the world like a Babushka doll, roly-poly and tinkling.

Nafar whispered into his ear and he broke out laughing. An American joining Islam in the middle of the war in Kuwait with Iraq they thought ironic.

It had no connection I insisted.

Mats were brought out. It turned out that the people with us were actually from the Department of Religion. They had form-ware. I had been worried about the formalities. I did not like Indonesian ceremonies and dreaded a draggy bunch of overdone bullshit with me sitting in the middle. But it wasn't like that.

The first thing I noticed was that there were children coming into the Mosque, lots of them, and yet no adults but the ones who had come with me, including the foreigners, Laksar and Daliani, who waved encouragingly from the sidelines.

The children sat on the floor, surrounding me. I was totally humbled. Children kept coming in and by the time it came for me to make my rehearsed declaration there were in the order of twenty to thirty children around me. This disarmed me completely. I felt like a child myself. I asked why there were no adults.

The Imam explained, "They will be back soon...yes, usually they are here for prayers, but this is a special night, the night of the ancestors, and everyone here goes to the big mosque in town for the special prayer!"

It was a blessing I thought.

The Imam sat on the mat rocking back and forth and bubbling over with mirth. The Religious people got the iron Remington ratcheted up with two carbon copies and did a lot of one finger tik-tacking.



Entering Islam

I gave my name and then did the recitation of the Chahadat. “I bare witness that there is but one God, and Mohammad is the Prophet of God” in Arabic “Ashadu Ash-hadu an laa ilaaha illallah, Wa ash-hadu anna Muhammadan rasulullah.”

Got it right! My ‘Arabic in one easy lesson’ teacher beamed.

I am not sure exactly when the experience was triggered. I think when they began to acclaim my membership in Islam.

There were a few adults and old people filtering in to the group in curiosity. Suddenly I felt myself rising vertically at an impossible speed, yet I wasn’t ‘going’ anywhere. The space became huge in my feelings.

I saw all differently, believing that what I saw was real, for it was a thousand times more real than the dream I had seemingly just left behind.

The awareness 'in a Mosque, in Indonesia' was obliterated. This was just a big room; a big 'living room'. And these people were my relatives; my real relatives, my real children, my sister, my brother, nephews, cousins- although these 'kinship' words don't yet catch the feeling. I truly knew them; knew them as I cannot now in any way begin to express.

"This family is the true meaning of Islam."

These words were whispered into my ear. I know not who spoke them.

I knew in that moment that it would not have mattered who was in that room or what their religion or race, they would all have been in this 'family'.

With heartfelt warmth, I greeted each one in the traditional manner, my hands touching theirs and then taken to my heart in the traditional gesture of pulling their feeling to within my feeling, and they, likewise, drawing a part of me to within them.

This was my family! My family!

There was a deep sense of recognition I had never before experienced in my life, a kinship that seemed to hold us all in a single embrace.

The sensation of being very 'tall' and 'wide' began to dwindle and my feelings were coming back to Earth.

The adults were beginning to return from the special sunset prayer in town, coming to see what the commotion was about. By the time we were escorted to the car there were so many people that we could hardly move. They had come from everywhere it seemed, waving and laughing. We could hardly manage to get through the crowd to the car and drive off to their waves and calling out...

“This is truly something special” said one of the men from the mosque.

I had to agree.

That was the day I ‘arrived’ in Kalimantan, in a sense never to leave. It was the day when I felt, if but for moments, the sensation of being part of one great family, in touch with and in deep kinship with everyone around me.

In the years that followed my life seemed driven to returning to Borneo, particularly to the area of Central Kalimantan, and by 1998 I found myself finally living there, running a school, and working part time as a consultant.

It was during this period that I bought the farm. It happened by chance.

I was driving along the main road when a friend of mine in the area flagged me down from his motor cycle. He said he knew of a good deal on a small farm not far away. We had a look.

I instantly fell in love with the place and arrangements were soon made to buy it.

I had long forgotten my vision of a vortex many years before at the riverside guesthouse yet I was now buying very near where my vision in 1991 had placed that spiral of energy.

Sukarno, the charismatic first president of Indonesia, was influenced by seers who convinced him to build a city in Central Kalimantan, a project he began in 1957, it even being considered that Palangkaraya could replace Jakarta as the capital of Indonesia.

Sukarno had claimed at the time. “Kalimantan is a sleeping giant, but after the Millennium that giant will awaken and astound everyone.”

I would learn that Pid'jer's revelation and those of some other seers was that the earth would undergo tremendous change and that this area of Kalimantan, Palangkaraya, would be near the new 'Mecca': the new center of the earth.

Others claimed that Kalimantan would become a center for world commerce and for a new kind of development. Further prophetic claims I have heard from locals included, as mentioned, that it would be the location of the second coming of Christ.

It was with these prophecies in mind that Sukarno began building the capital city of Palangkaraya, which means 'royal palanquin'. This name was not chosen randomly.

The image of the great or 'royal palanquin' is from an ancient Dayak story of the decent of their first ancestor (the equivalent of Adam) in a flying sedan chair to the earth.

Generosity

Though I can provide little example of 'generosity' in my own life there have been several occasions when I have enjoyed its blessing. I will tell one such story in hope it may remind the reader of a similar story in their own life, and hence bring a memory of that feeling.

At the time I had a friend who was suffering from the abuse of alcohol and who seemed to be rapidly deteriorating into a wasted life, having no job and nowhere to live. Most of us who knew him were seeing him as someone who had brought this situation upon himself, and who should not be pandered to any longer as it appeared that if given money he would immediately use it only to buy more drink.

To this day I do not fully understand what moved me to act without judgment of him. I wasn't normally like that.

My friend began to call me more frequently and sometimes to borrow money though there was little hope he could return it. This he used for drink. Again I had no problem with this. He would also call me on those occasions that he was released from the Drunk

Tank, the police holding cells for those found in public drunkenness. Picking him up, he would ask me immediately for money and to be taken to buy more grog. This I did quite without concern or judgment, and never stinted; then dropping him 'home' at the derelict building in which he slept.

He seemed to drop out of the scene for a while till one evening I met him with a group of our friends. I had been a little concerned about him and seeing him again I gave him a hug with some relief. This was a hug that was carried with a clear delight, a real touch of love. I felt this.

I would not see him again for a long time. One day he called me. He was in Los Angeles. He wanted to see me and repay all the money he had borrowed. When we met I found a fully recovered man, his life and his drinking now under control. He repaid me and then told me a story that astounded me.

"That last night we met, you could not have known, but I was intending to commit suicide. It was that hug you gave me that changed everything. In that moment I felt again that I was loved, and I felt that God was with me. It produced a change. Just then.

"I left for LA, joined Alcoholics Anonymous, got my life back and began working again."

I knew that it was not 'my' hug. Something had been working through me, and I was just lucky enough to be in the loop. It was truly a blessing for me to be a part of what had happened and gave me a feeling that cannot be described other than 'grace'.

I recalled all the quiet care of my feelings during those times I had been lucky enough to be with him; lucky enough to be given the chance to walk the extra miles with him; the extra miles that I never thought of as extra miles. I say 'quiet care' because I can recall

that I actually looked forward to those times he would ask for my help and a very clear kind of peace filled me during each occasion I was with him providing the simple friendship or small help that I could.

Looking back there are few experiences in my life that I am more grateful for having. I have said that 'something was working through me'. Indeed there is the secret: I was myself to be touched by this and to find correction in my own life.

It is because of this that I am prompted to describe generosity as an attitude allowing the life force itself to move within us, something I strongly suspect occurs upon the very moment we surrender the operation of our little space ship to the auto pilot, as it has been programmed by a wiser navigator.

Although the term 'forgiveness' was never used in my conversation with the 'entity' I personally find the sense of 'generosity' closely linked to that of 'forgiveness'.

The word 'forgive', in its English root words, is interesting to consider. It seems to suggest nothing other than giving before one is asked. And most specifically what we do is give way, making no demands for redress, allow an invasion on our territory, return good faith for an injury; whether that injury was consciously intended or not.

Without question there is 'generosity' in such an act, for we make no claim upon the other, certainly no judgment, and allow the injury with a feeling that cannot be other than a concern that the other is not compromised nor even touched with guilt, treating that other as if they were ourselves.

It is my reflection upon this tries, with admitted difficulty, to capture something of the principle that

lies behind creation and its odd linking to generosity. This was a considerable part of the message.

The word 'forgiveness' was never used by my informant, yet I believe I understood in a clear and penetrating way how these two words, 'generosity' and 'forgiveness', are related.

"Let them pardon and forgive. Do you not love that Allah should forgive you? And Allah is Oft-Forgiving, Most Merciful."

Al Noor, Verse 22.

Forgiveness. Generosity. Non-judgment. In my small experience these were tightly bound.

With my friend, for example, others were warning me, saying he was using me, that he had to learn that the answer was in himself and I shouldn't continue to support his drinking. Yet strangely, given the obvious nature of his situation, I continued to support him and found nothing to judge in him.

'Generosity' was the theme of the message.

The base word 'Generous', I would discover, originally meant 'noble birth'. This connection is already significant. But 'generosity' had been thrown into an even wider context I had never considered before; as a generative force, a creative force.

The string of related words that followed its first mention, I would later feel, were not said without significance. I have not attempted to discuss this significance, but certainly "genesis, gene, genuine, generator, genital, gentle, genius", when considered as if born of the first word, 'Generosity', seem to almost musically evoke the wider meaning my informant gave it.

When this string of words first burst in on me as I lay under the neem tree, it was as if a wind were blowing through a tunnel and the words tied into the energy circulating in me; that energy that seemed to allow the feeling I have described as 'bliss'.

That bliss, that peace, I had felt once before, some twenty five years earlier.

I was working at the time as a truck driver for the city council. I had recently become a member of Subud, a spiritual brotherhood based around an exercise in which one received what is considered to be a contact with the 'Great Life Force', and I was, as recommended for members, doing the Islamic fast of Ramadan, although I was not a Muslim at the time, but a Christian.

Muslims, and those who follow the fast, are always in hopes of receiving a gift of the spirit, called The Lailatul Qadr². Traditionally, this is possible to receive during the final ten days of the fast.

On the nineteenth day of the thirty day fast, at exactly two o'clock in the afternoon, something indeed happened to me. I would like to call it 'the Qadar'. Whatever it was, it was a beautiful, and I was truly lucky to experience it. I remember it as if it happened yesterday.

I had just dropped off the carpenters to fix the north parkland benches. I then got a call on the radio to pick up the painters from the depot and take them to a job site on the east side of town. I began driving back through the city to the depot and was approaching the town hall.

² Night of Power

Suddenly a 'lightness of being' began to penetrate me, an utterly lovely feeling of clarity, seeming to come without preamble out of nowhere and filling my every pore.

It was so terribly fresh and clean, so bright, as if I was being filled with light. I blurted, "Oh god, what is happening ? This cannot be happening, what is this?"

It kept on coming.

I looked at the town hall clock just ahead. It was striking two. Now, although having no difficulty to continue to drive the truck, my whole inside was lighting up.

Utterly overwhelmed, I could only call out, "Dear God, I have done nothing to deserve this! This is so beautiful. How is this happening?" I was gushing and effusive, actually shouting these things out loud in the cab!

And it kept on getting stronger until I could literally see inside myself; see deep into my chest and heart.

There were many black swirling clouds; tiny, very tiny and spinning. And I found I could go up to them, move my attention into them, see what they were.

They were my Judgments! Things I had said or thought about others, or abusive actions. Each one of the tiny dark spinning clouds was one of these; still alive within me, even those from many years before.

And as I was looking inside myself these little black wisps began to rise out of me through a channel in the top of my head. They poured out of me like smoke out of a chimney till I was empty of them, empty and totally clean.

At this wonder I cried out again, gushing with tears, saying "Oh dear God, Dear God, thank you, thank you."

That was all I could say.

With eyes now blurred with tears I looked out on a transformed world. Everything I saw was now bright and alive, truly 'living', filled with something. Even stone buildings were 'alive'.

I can only say that I 'loved' everything, everyone. It was all filled with 'God'. I had 'arrived'. It was a feeling of finally being at home, in my place, in the 'real' world; as it should be. Peace overwhelmed me.

This world was intimately close, personal, and alive; as if a single binding force produced both the sensation of my body and of my environment.

I kept on driving to the depot, easily able to continue my job of picking up the painters.

It was the next event that was the miracle.

The painters, a skinny fellow and his chubby mate (a coarse language expert) loaded their tools on the tray and got in the big old Bedford tray-top to sit on the bench seat next to me.

The chubby fellow was always vulgar, using the crudest of language in every sentence, and this particularly focused on women. It was usually non-stop. Normally as we drove down the streets this gentleman would be saying things like "dig the arse on that sheila! I sure would like to...," etc.

But it is totally silent in the cab. They don't talk. That is not usual. We pull out and drive down the street.

I am still filled with light, 'awareness' filling every fiber of my being. There is nothing of me now but a feeling of peace.

Then it happened. Our usually coarse friend, who has been sitting silent next to me, suddenly seems to take in a breath. Then he blurts out with an evangelical ardor:

“WE NEVER SEE IT! GOD IS EVERYWHERE AND WE NEVER SEE IT!”

I agreed as if his comment was the most natural thing to say. And at that moment I knew that he too was now feeling what I was feeling. Something started crying in my heart.

We continued on in a silent awe at the world around us and they silently got out at their destination, reverently taking their tools from the back of the truck.

It would only be later that I fully realized that this evangelical transformation in my workmate was a miracle.

The rest of my day was filled with this light shining through all things; making them significant and alive; making all into a garden of delight, an ocean of peace. I began to feel that if it went on any longer I would truly die and go to heaven... if I wasn't already there...

I got home, and sat in my 'transformed kitchen' with my 'transformed' wife and two children. Everything was washed with love. I moved into a place of great stillness and just sat for an hour feeling this until the break of fasting at six.

I had a drink. And I remember. We had spaghetti for dinner. As I ate, the dark things that had left me earlier, like clouds, formed over my head, like a bunch of flies. Then they began to swarm back into me through the top of my head. And with this, the words...

“Find forgiveness, ask forgiveness. And do not judge again.”

The experience had only been temporary and the darkness that I had carried within me for years was returned to me. I would still have to deal with it.

But I could never again so easily judge anyone, for any reason, knowing that this alone blocks us from seeing and living in the 'kingdom of God' that I had seen shining through everything on that day.

Reflection on this experience led me to a simple conclusion. In those few hours I had become a child again. This was a gift I felt I had been given without deserving it.

I was not particularly forgiving and certainly not the non-judgmental type. But I was shown what I could experience should I ever truly learn to forgive or not to judge.

I would understand that the most available form of Generosity is to be found in just in that; in forgiveness, and that the payment in return is incalculable.

I now see the qualities of childhood that accompanied me in that experience, and in the change that was described in that message from the 'vortex'; those qualities to which Jesus referred when he said,

"Honestly I tell you, unless you be converted, and become as little children, you will not enter into the Kingdom of Heaven. Whoever will humble himself like this little child, that man is greatest in the Kingdom of Heaven." (Matthew 18.3)

In most religions and philosophical traditions humility is rated chief among the virtues, unveiling the modest and reverent within us, an attitude that is

always mentioned in the character of the saints and as the door to unity with the divine.

Is this 'unity with the divine' really so distant? Observe children at play. They build cities, forts, play houses, mud mansions, swings, from dawn to dusk, their energies united, with little thought for exchange or profit. The mutual creation is their profit, their joy in the doing and sharing. There are no banks in their world. They are gods!

The message I had heard from the vortex was that we would become more open and in touch with one-another; finding new and very genuine concern for one-another. I had felt too, while hearing the message, as if I were a child.

If our child-self was awakened, and suddenly humility fell upon us, what might happen?

We might turn away from being dark acquisitive plotters to being free of concern and enjoying the prospect of every moment; a prospect rich in the desire to create, explore, learn, or to bringing ease and pleasure to others; finally understanding who we are.

Imagine at that moment:

Everyone runs outside where they find their neighbors, to whom they have never spoken, standing, looking at one another, the surprise of recognition on their faces.

Or imagine: someone turns upon their office swivel chair to see a room of people they have never seen before, yet these were their co-workers for years, recognized now as if known from another time, another place.

In the moments that follow it is as if layers of skin fall away from their eyes. They are facing not,

'neighbors, or co-workers, but someone who might only be described as a brother or sister; a brother or sister long lost; forgotten! A brother or sister they never knew they had!

Gone are the motivations that had been moving them to do whatever they were doing. The 'employees' are no longer 'employed'. Their bosses have vanished from their hearts. All is Family.

In that moment of recognition moves a wonder and a desire they have not felt for ever so long. Yet they know it with a certainty. It is a desire that has always dwelt within them but never found a moment to surface.

Actually this is not so very difficult to imagine, nor does the human heart actually lie so far from this realm.

John Lennon's 'Imagine' was a song that touched upon the possibility of that world. It was not hard to identify with the message in the lyrics; an image of a world somehow miraculously cured of the ills that have infected it from the beginning of human record; a world impossibly transformed:

"Imagine no possessions
I wonder if you can
No need for greed or hunger
A brotherhood of man
Imagine all the people
Sharing all the world..."

So if this 'internet' in the genes is turned on what happens next?

It may be something that has never happened upon the earth in recorded times; mankind returned to

quality of childhood, now free of the prison, utterly open, at play, returning home. Jurisdictions would collapse, as would 'rights', ownership, and all the laws of men.

For myself I could see that within me is a world of plotting and planning, of struggle to get a place in the system, secure its rewards and places of status, to obtain a few 'modest' accolades, to be deemed 'valuable' in the eyes of my peers and my family.

Little or none of this burden of plotting and effort contains any concern to return something to that which gave me life. It is all about how to get a bigger share of the goods and prestige that would seem to lie 'out there'.

That 'plotting' would melt into thin air. And without it I would be standing in my body and notice, perhaps for the first time, that the tree in front of my house is actually alive. The air would touch my face as I have never felt it before.

As my wife comes to the door, the travesty of the criticisms that I have held against her would turn into burnt ash in my chest, and her face would glow as I have never seen it before. There would be so much to set straight, so much to forgive, and so much to be forgiven for.

As my children come around the corner I see them for the first time in my life; the rich beings that they are, the promise and bright energy that they carry, suddenly becoming little men, open and joyful, a deep soul looking back at me through eyes I had never looked within before. A discovery then, of blessings I never knew I had.

From that point I could step out in this 'imagining' into a world thirsty for reconciliation, walking back through a life where so many things still

needed resolution, things, many of which I had forgotten about; things hiding in my darkness, now rising into the light; my secrets, my shame, my fear, all pouring out into the world.

I found that if this exercise of 'imagination' is continued too long there actually begin to arise, out of the real darkness within me, real memories of my own transgressions surfacing; things that name themselves, real mistakes, broken things, harm, things I know have lived in my cellar for so long, desperate for a cure; to be healed; behind a door I long ago closed, and bolted.

This is the door that I felt would be opened.

I knew it to be the same door as that of my personal prison, the prison that has kept me from feeling and knowing all that life is really offering.

“The time will inevitably come when mechanistic and atomic thinking will be put out of the minds of all people of wisdom, and instead dynamics and chemistry will come to be seen in all phenomena. When that happens, the divinity of living Nature will unfold before our eyes all the more clearly.”

Johann von Goethe, 1812

Survival and the ‘Biological Internet’

New Scientist, one of the world’s most respected scientific journals, carried the following report in its January, 2011 issue:

“A Nobel prizewinner is reporting that DNA can be generated from its teleported ‘quantum imprint’.”

The article continued, “A Storm of skepticism has greeted experimental results emerging from the lab of a Nobel laureate which, if confirmed, would shake the foundations of several fields of science. ‘If the results are correct,’ says theoretical chemist Jeff Reimers of the University of Sydney, Australia, ‘These would be the most significant experiments performed in the past 90 years, demanding re-evaluation of the whole conceptual framework of modern chemistry.’”

“Luc Montagnier, who shared the Nobel Prize for medicine in 2008 for his part in establishing that HIV causes AIDS, says he has evidence that DNA can send spooky electromagnetic imprints of itself into

distant cells and fluids. If that wasn't heretical enough, he also suggests that enzymes can mistake the ghostly imprints for DNA..."³

This experiment suggested a heresy more devastating than Galileo's insistence that the Earth actually rotated around the sun! In lay terms it could mean that DNA has the unthinkable ability to impress its coding at a distance in a way that would mean that quantum physics applies well beyond the micro-cosmic worlds in which it is tolerated to this time. It would begin to suggest that the universe is something very 'other' in nature and DNA not a kind of 'substance' but a creative force, or at least the tool of a creative force.

Years past with Montagnier being subject to criticism and even called a 'quack' for suggesting these possibilities. Then, in 2014 he reemerged, giving a seminar in Paris sponsored by the UN in which not only himself but others would claim successful repetition and validation of the original experiment. At the meeting, Montagnier presented new, unpublished results purporting to show that living cells can pick up patterns of electromagnetic waves—even if they're sent over the Internet—and then synthesize the DNA encoded in them.

These proposed mechanisms claim to go a long way toward explaining observations about 'water memory' and associated behavior of high dilutions in the practice of homeopathy.

Lynne McTaggart in *The Field: The Quest for the Secret Force of the Universe*⁴, tells of respected scientists all over the globe who have produced

³ New Scientist, 12 January 2011, article by Andy Coghlan.

⁴ McTaggart is an investigative journalist and author of 'The Intention Experiment' and 'What Doctors don't tell you'

evidence to show that an energy field – being called the ‘Zero Point Field’ - connects everything in the universe, and that we ourselves are part of this vast dynamic network of energy exchange - and communication.

The Field highlights a radical new biological paradigm. Increasing experimental evidence seems to insist that the human mind and body are not separate from their environment, but rather like an envelope of vibrant energy in perpetual interaction with a vast sea of energy.

Further, the new paradigm insists that our communication with the world does not occur in the visible realm of Newtonian classical physics, but as she says, “in the subatomic world of Werner Heisenberg”⁵.

Taggart explores a number of emerging properties scientists now claim can be ascribed to DNA. Of particular interest are assertions, experimentally based, that a substructure underpins the universe that is essentially a recording medium of everything, providing a means for everything to communicate with everything else. This emerging science sees the human organism as indivisible from its environment.

This paradigm well matches the ‘human internet’ described in the message.

A host of books in this genre have been appearing over the last fifteen years, and not a few scientific papers. Certainly these ideas are no longer

⁵ Werner Heisenberg (5 December 1901 – 1 February 1976) was a German theoretical physicist who made founding contributions to quantum mechanics. He is best known for asserting the ‘uncertainty principle’ in quantum theory. He made important contributions to nuclear physics, quantum field theory, and particle physics.

considered radical or relegated to the fringes they once inhabited.

Now, in 2015, some are becoming a part of the accepted scientific outlook.

Dr. Edgar Mitchell was the sixth astronaut to step onto the moon. For Mitchell the experience would change the direction of his life and drive him to seek answers to the fundamental questions of life.

As Mitchell left the moon, with his capsule spinning in space and the moonscape rolling beneath him, the Earth loomed large and blue in the sky before him. Something happened within his feelings. There was a shock; a realization that his body, the moon, the distant earth, and the stars spinning around him were one; a single living entity, a matrix of interconnected parts of a single whole. This realization carried him into a state he described as 'euphoria': Bliss.

In the years to follow he would work with reputed scientists around the world, coalescing the growing body of evidence and theory around what is now called "the Holographic Universe" or the "Quantum Hologram".

In the body of this research, from many sources, is the substance of what may well become the new paradigm binding all the sciences into one.

At the core of this paradigm is empirical evidence that promotes a view of a single living entity encompassing all of creation; experimental data that has unequivocally established that the exchange of energy at a quantum, molecular and even macro level is also an exchange of information. This exchange is accomplished through wave phase relationships, and resonance.

The most important evidence came from studies by a Quantum Physicist, Walter Schempp. Schempp and others demonstrated that the emission and absorption of energy by particles is coherent and this energy carries information. It is the “carries information” that was the revolutionary part of this discovery.

Assembling these ideas into a general concept, Mitchell was to publish an acclaimed paper, originating from a talk he gave in Belgium, entitled *Nature's Mind: The Quantum Hologram*.⁶

It is already astounding to consider that at a quantum level real information is being passed between particles and, as in Genetic activity, being applied to perform tasks; to ‘communicate’. This information, it is claimed, can be said to form a ‘memory’ that is accessible to any part of the greater hologram; that is, to any other form in the universe that is at that moment ‘resonant’ to it. It is for this reason that Quantum Holography, as the particular science is called, is now being applied to the study of psychic phenomenon.

Psychic phenomenon too are no longer passed over by physicists and biologists, there being now a creditable means to explain this phenomenon through quantum views of information exchange.

The important quality of the transference of information is that it is ‘non-local’; that it seems to occur at any distance instantaneously and this fact strongly suggests that our ‘minds’ are not entirely located in our bodies but that our brains are linked to, or embedded in, the entire structure of the universe, it

⁶ ‘Nature's Mind: the Quantum Hologram’ by Mitchell, is available as an E-book at <http://en.usenet.nl>

being only our local perception that creates the impression of individuality and separateness.

In a nutshell the theories of Mitchell and others use 'holographic' to mean 'the part contains the whole' as in a photographic hologram where each section of the photo, on inspection, is found to contain the entire picture, albeit in a lower resolution, or cruder form.

'The whole is in the part' reminds us of the words of Jesus, "I and the Father are one."

These are complex topics which I mention only to show some of the new directions in which the sciences are taking us.

These new directions (new to me and perhaps most of us) are not entirely new. Some began many decades ago with radical thinkers, among them eminent scientists of international repute like David Bohm, who could see no other way of explaining certain phenomenon. The work of Bohm and others was that which originally opened the path to an application of 'Holographic' models to DNA.

There have been a string of discoveries along the 'holographic' model. The startling results I have mentioned in Luc Montagnier's experiment had a predecessor in the work of the Russian based Gariaev group in 1992. They proposed "a theory of the Wave-based Genome in which the DNA-wave functions as a Bio-computer. They suggest that (1) there are genetic "texts", similar to natural context-dependent texts in human language; (2) that the chromosome apparatus acts simultaneously both as a source and receiver of these genetic texts, respectively decoding and encoding them; (3) that the chromosome continuum acts like a dynamic holographic grating,

which displays or transduces weak laser light and solitonic⁷ electro-acoustic fields”⁸.

These are not simply scientific speculations but are based the group’s experiments with laser interaction upon DNA and the startling and entirely unexpected ‘phantoms’ that were projected. These can be seen in pictures in an outline paper by these scientists on this subject.⁹

At the time their work was too heretical for the scientific community to accept. Now we can see that they were pioneers down a path of new understanding that will radically change our view of the universe and our place in it.

What is clear when we look over the spectrum of emerging scientific thought is that it is rapidly approaching an almost ‘religious’ paradigm. For the first time the great questions of ‘who are we?’ and “what is consciousness” are actually becoming part of scientific dialogue and formal experimental research.

Perhaps it has always been the case that religion is more ‘scientific’ than we think. ‘Forgive us as we forgive’, ‘Judge not that neither should you be judged.’

What is that prison that Jesus claimed we would be locked within, that we would not be released from till the uttermost farthing of our debts were paid, or forgiven; the subject of so many of his parables of debt and forgiveness?

⁷ A soliton is a self-reinforcing solitary wave (a wave packet or pulse) that maintains its shape while it travels at constant speed.

⁸ Miller, Iona, Miller, R.A. and Burt Webb (2002), “Quantum Bioholography: A Review of the Field from 1973-2002.”, *Journal of Non-Locality and Remote Mental Interactions* Vol. 1, Nr. 3

⁹ *Crisis in Life Sciences. The Wave Genetics Response.*, P.P. Gariaev, M.J. Friedman, and E.A. Leonova- Gariaeva

Something more than a simple metaphor, there are now serious suggestions that this may be a biological reality, where our biology and our psychology is now seen as not limited to our immediate body, but directly and indirectly programmed by our intentions, our thoughts, and our interaction with our environment.

When Jesus washed the feet of his disciples he instructed them to do the same for one another. For the disciples this was an almost shocking reversal of expectation in the role of the rabbi as 'teacher'; a leveling, and yet a powerful example of the core of the gospel teaching in a simple, practical way. "He who would be greatest among you must become the servant of all."

Said the Prophet Muhammad, "None of you have faith until you love for your neighbor what you love for yourself" and the Qur'an advises many times that we should "Return evil with kindness".

Said Jesus, "Do unto others as you would have them do unto you." This commandment "which is all of the law and the prophets" would seem to capture generosity as a principal, and, if the biologists are right, embody an intelligent approach to living our lives.

Five hundred years before Jesus, the Chinese philosopher, Confucius declared this same principal to be "the Law of Heaven".

'Jen', which in Chinese means 'humankind', became for Confucius the primary idea of his teaching, carrying the idea of humanity, benevolence, and generosity.

The Tao Te Ching, 'Way of Virtue', developed from an ancient oral tradition and attributed to Lao

Tsu in the sixth century BC, established these same 'principals of generous behavior'.

What had been suggested in the message I heard was that this 'principal of generous behavior' would become our inclination, our pleasure, our natural way.

The generous attitude is fleshed out with considerable example in the Sermon on the Mount; the 'Beatitudes'.

"And if any man will sue thee at the law, and take away thy coat, let him have thy cloak also. And whosoever shall compel thee to go a mile, go with him twain." (Matthew 5:40)

Taking this advice would seem to place one under threat of abuse and eventual impoverishment. What then is the value? Why was a messenger supposedly sent from the creator insisting on such foolhardiness?

The people of the Prophet Muhammad's house killed a goat, and the Prophet enquired, "What remaineth of it?"

Aisha, the youngest wife of the Prophet, said, "Nothing but its shoulder; for we have sent the rest to the poor and neighbors."

The Rasul (Prophet) said, "The whole goat remaineth except its shoulder; that is, that remaineth which ye have given away, and what ye have kept in the house is frail."

In this story seems to reside the principal I was seeking. "That which remains is that which has been given away." Remains?

There is a suggestion of a certain magic here, as if benefit has been stored with the giver; that there is a

fruit from this action where as that which was kept back is called 'frail': hardly there.

If we take the principal behind this story to heart something begins to take shape in the understanding. It is this: The very substance of 'gain' or 'value' or 'owning' is, if we truly feel about it, a property of the heart, of the feelings. The question then is whether real 'gain' is tied to provision for ourselves, or to the greater good; the welfare of others. For the prophet gain was only possible through giving. He was famous for not being able to sleep if there was any money left in the house.

In this illusory world in which we are drowned, and in which we daily swim, the warmest waters are those in which our more profound feelings are involved. By this I refer to 'love', to 'fulfillment', 'satisfaction', and to 'peace'.

In these are found the 'real' substance of our life, the place of value. The struggle is always about getting to this. All else is but sensation, the momentary taste of things.

It is not difficult to admit that on those very occasions when we use our heart to gift our world with our time, our effort, or our good will something is 'fulfilled' within ourselves as if our gift to the world, or to another moves to fill something in ourselves.

The observable universe is a perpetually maturing, refining, creating host to an outpouring of wealth of every kind seemingly provided to the benefit of all its creatures. The way in which this wealth forms would seem to be through a manifestation of inbuilt desire in nature to care for the needs of these creatures it harbors. If swim, the warmest waters are those in which our more profound feelings are

involved. By this I refer to 'love', to 'fulfillment', 'satisfaction', and to 'peace'.so, our own intention may be empowered to do likewise, but in a manner that returns certain good back.

Recalling the biblical adage 'As ye sow so shall you reap', there seems inherent in these words an insistence that this principal has a substance, is an actual 'law' within nature.

If these are biological realities -that DNA can both communicate and record - and this was a law, a cosmic determinant built into the structure of what we are, it may be that Jesus and the Prophet Mohammad were uttering something more than ethical pleasantries. It was a kind of survival advice.

Physicists now claim what they call 'torsion waves' and 'spiral energies' penetrate all of space and matter and are tightly tied into the sub-atomic world of genetic materials. As noted, it is becoming clear that it is at the level of these waves and energies that we communicate with our environment. That is, through our DNA.

It was when I came upon this information that I recalled how the entity had insisted that I was communicating with him through my DNA or at least implied this.

If communications at the level of 'spiral' and 'Zero Point' energies were considered to be elements of the spiritual concept 'Life Force' then 'Generosity' could be seen as actions of intent that match the intention of the generative force in the universe, allowing this force to circulate more freely through us and, in moving through us, allows us the feeling of being with and close to its current of communication with a greater life.

Could this communication and matching of intent be that simple satisfaction we feel when truly able to be of use or help others?

“Not those who cry ‘Lord, Lord!’ but those that do the will of my Father...”

Both the sayings of Jesus and the Prophet Muhammad refer to the ‘gift given in secret’ and the gift of those who are even poorer than, or in as difficult circumstances as those to whom it is given: We are told that the widow’s mite, her ‘two pence’, given in secret and comprising most of her disposable wealth, is greater than the ostentatious gifts of the wealthy.

The Prophet Muhammad tells similar stories, and adds that, for alms, it is also important that any money given is a product of honest earnings or it can do no good.

The substance of generosity seems bound to the quality of sacrifice and the nature of the intent that is behind it.

Is it this intent that then is re-encoded in our biological state such that the universe will then also seek to bring the good we wished for another to ourselves?

Nature, or the Creator, has prepared a system which automatically moves to supply all the needs of its creatures; that something has created all the wealth of the heavens and earth. Generosity is then simply an intentional channeling of this wealth, in its myriad forms, to where it is needed, opening the divine credit card and allowing the life force to flow in its natural path toward provision.

Only our greed and selfishness has reversed this, to create limit and lack, poverty and fear.

Science is now suggesting that this law of 'sowing and reaping' is not 'mystical' but Cosmobiological, an inherent factor in the way the system is governed and programmed; a part of natural law.

The stories of the prophets concerning the true act of generosity are simple, but they always point to one thing; that the intent is of more importance than the amount of money. The proposal is that, given in secret with honest concern, the widow's 'mite', in the end, will accomplish much more than a thousand talents given in hope of recognition.

How is this true? Logically it can only be true if the very intention itself works a wonder upon the world, magnifying the force of the 'mite' into a thousand talents.

It was in considering this point that I realized where the 'generosity is God's money' might mean in my informants explanation of things.

Given almost any scenario we might imagine where a gift is applied to satisfy a real need we can usually trace a passing on of benefit in a chain.

I use the term 'passing of benefit'. It is only necessary to consider what actually happens in a trade cycle with a ten dollar bill to understand the significance of this.

I buy a haircut with a ten dollar bill. With the same bill the hairdresser buys a bunch of roses. The flower shop buys a massage, the masseur buys a chicken.

Where does intent come in? It is only necessary to toss away the ten dollar bill and to substitute 'gives' to produce an identical chain. However, the difference lays in an unlimited empowerment to create and give - if there are no 'black holes' of greed in the system. But more is promised:

"Give and it shall be given unto you; good measure, pressed down, and shaken together, and running over, shall men give unto your bosom."

(Luke 6: 38)

Given the horrific history of John D. Rockefeller's conversion of our society to the great petro-chemical monster it is today there is an aspect to his biography that does stand inspection.

John D. began his life as a clerk, earning \$3.75 per week. He saved twenty per cent of his income and gave fifty percent to his church. He lived on the thirty per cent that remained. He got into the oil business in the early days of that industry and eventually started a little company he called the Standard Oil Company.

Highly competitive and consumer based this tiny company soon became the largest company in the United States. Rockefeller would become (if we compensate for inflation) the richest man in history.

During this time of growing his company he forgot his intentions in youth to always give a major part of his earnings to charity, and by the time he was fifty, although the richest man on earth he was now weakened and ill. His doctors told him he had but a few months, a year at most, to live.

Rockefeller realized he had long ago forgotten his charitable intentions. He returned to them with vigor and sold half of his interests to the tune of 500 million dollars, an unthinkable amount of money in those days, and began giving away money to worthy causes he had long admired. This activity became formalized in the now famous/infamous Rockefeller Foundation. Amazingly, the more he gave away the

healthier he became and he would live on for another 40 years.

Rockefeller's half interests in his companies then doubled in value and all he had given away was returned, and more. Perhaps Confucius was right when he claimed generosity can prolong life and change ones fate!

Tithing, giving a set percentage of our earnings to the poor, has long been installed in the Abrahamic religions: Judaism, Christianity, and Islam.

There are thousands of testimonies about tithing to be found of those who can show enrichment in their lives, not only in their feelings, but in their luck and the growth of their personal wealth.

Emmet Fox, a highly influential Christian author and speaker in the early part of last century said, "The Truth about tithing is that those who set aside ten percent of their net incomes to the service of God not with the primary motive of getting but simply because they feel that it is right to do it, do find that their prosperity increases by leaps and bounds until all fear of poverty disappears."

The popular 'law of attraction'¹⁰ would seem to be behind this phenomenon. The question remains as to whether this 'law' is really part of the workings of the universe.

Concepts like the Quantum Hologram go a long way to suggesting that there is indeed a 'law' and a mechanism for this if, as is being discovered in experiments, 'intent' can be communicated to our environment and that our environment can respond.

¹⁰ The Law of Attraction is a belief that "like attracts like", that positive and negative thinking on an unconscious level will manifest positive and negative physical results.

If we are to believe the millions of testimonials to be found that assert how honest generosity has returned benefit to the giver we begin to believe there must be a principle acting on their behalf, something installed in the nature of the universe.

A friend of mine recently told me of her travels with a companion who seemed to epitomize this law. Her companion had only limited funds, but this he freely gave away in donations, or to anyone who asked.

It then seemed that luck wasted no time bringing massive discounts, free travel, accommodation and perpetual concessions to him, assuring that he saved more money in his travels than he ever actually gave away. My friend was astounded at the impossible amount of luck that consistently flowed their way.

Stories of this kind, and there are many, would indicate that the more of your wealth you give away without expectation of return, the more powers seem to come into play that work to restore what you have given.

How can this be explained? Certainly there is one clear and immediate benefit: We feel a growth of self-esteem. We feel good about ourselves. We are more satisfied, open to others and relaxed.

This is precisely the image projected by the successful among us. The more positively we view ourselves, the more positively others view us. This in itself can bring opportunities into our life.

The extent to which self-image can actually bring genetic change is now being seriously explored by researchers, an outcome of recent research into the nature and sources of illness that is increasingly tied to genetic influence. What is becoming clear is that

genes are programmable and that this programming can be created from sources outside the DNA material, such as the environment, thinking, or even the intentions of the organism itself.

Joy, satisfaction, and peace seem to require of the environment that it produce the outer signs of these states.

It is possible that our actions not only communicate to our DNA, but that this is further communicated to the world, creating pathways to improved material benefit. If, as many reputable scientists are now suggesting, everything is connected and communicating on a subtle level then it is no longer far-fetched to suggest that what we plant in our intent, we will harvest in our life.

Given this understanding it is not too difficult to imagine that we can influence events to move in the direction of our intentions since the entire universe must in some way serve or accommodate them; the blessing or curse contained in our action then literally following the law of "As you sow so you shall reap."

"Spend in the way of God."¹¹

This phrase is one of the most heavily used in the Qur'an. It is associated with any action which improves the common good, from removing an obstacle from the path to giving to the poor, from spending time with someone who needs company to protecting the weak.

This phrase gains fresh meaning when placed in the context of the 'quantum hologram' or the emerging

¹¹ For example, "And whatsoever you spend of anything (in Allah's Cause), He will replace it. Al Qur'an, Chapter (34) sūrat saba (Sheba)

view of a single penetrant mind enclosing the entire creation. It could mean “place your energies at the service of the intent of the universe which moves through you at every moment to accomplish its ends; to refine and nurture.”

The animal kingdom is full of mysteriously ‘guided’ behaviors, such as migration and feeding, and the incredibly accurate ‘locked’ flight of birds.

The Red-billed Quelea, ‘African Weavers’, are so prolific that a flock can contain millions of birds and consume every grain crop in their path. In groups of hundreds of thousands they fly centimeters apart, wingtip to wingtip, swooping diving and turning, with never a collision. Likewise the movement of fish in schools is impossible to explain unless a group consciousness or network is proposed that is outside ordinary space time, a kind of group soul.

For mankind we might propose this as the One True Human Being; a group soul of mankind, penetrating and yet independent of individuals. We might propose further that this ‘True Human Being’ has a heart.

If mankind answered to the dance of that that heart, what a dance that would be!

Many in their eighties now will remember how, after Pearl Harbor, the United States was almost instantly galvanized into a massive engine of production pumping out munitions and all the accoutrements of battle at an unprecedented rate. Jeeps were made at one a minute, three ships every week, a bomber every hour. All to be fed to the flames!

War galvanizes the efforts of millions to achieve massive physical and logistic tasks; yet accomplishes nothing but death and devastation. Imagine if we really wished as one to conquer poverty,

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homelessness, and famine; a war not popular with the banks; a war in which mankind has never united to fight...

What could we not achieve?

"What is the kingdom of God like? And to what shall I compare it? It is like a grain of mustard seed that a man took and sowed in his garden, and it grew and became a great tree, and the birds of the air made nests in its branches."

Matthew 6:24-34

The Grain of Mustard Seed

Something so tiny, a mustard seed, whose content under a microscope might seem relatively simple and nearly homogenous, yet it contains the blueprint for a large tree, a complex organism able to harbor other life forms.

In only the last few years, discoveries of complex life forms arising spontaneously at the mouth of undersea thermal springs located at tremendous depths has raised significant questions about what really 'forms' life and the pathways by which it creates its myriad complexities. Simple ideas of 'selection' and genetic modification over time are falling short and utterly failing to account for the species found at these thermals and the circumstances under which they are arising.

Mankind's unique set of a mere twenty five 'distinguishing' genes (those which have no predecessors in any other species) out of the total 20,000 or more that we share with other species are also making it difficult for 'evolutionary' explanations to continue without significant changes to the way in which genetics must approach the questions of 'evolution'. These changes must posit new understandings about what the genes and genetic materials are and how they are 'instructed' to either mutate or resist mutation, and what in the end is the intelligence, seemingly inherent, that is guiding this critical process.

As if to add greater difficulty to the now weighted burden of proof, the old idea of evolution is further threatened by a discovery announced in March of 2015 by several teams working together at the university of Cambridge. Lead author for the landmark paper, Alastair Crisp from the University of Cambridge, UK, said:

"This is the first study to show how widely horizontal gene transfer (HGT) occurs in animals, including humans, giving rise to tens or hundreds of active 'foreign' genes. Surprisingly, far from being a rare occurrence, it appears that HGT has contributed to the evolution of many, perhaps all, animals and that the process is ongoing, meaning that we may need to re-evaluate how we think about evolution."¹²

We only need to reflect that although the mechanism for HGT remains unclear, it is a 'sharing' of

¹² Reported by Casay Luskin in Evolutionary News,
http://www.evolutionnews.org/2015/03/a_big_problem_f094701.html

genes across species where, it would seem, such sharing is of benefit to the parties in furthering the capacities or even modifying the nature of the participants.

Again I was alerted to the 'sharing' concept of creation and evolution mentioned by the entity in his message.

The ENCODE project, an international team of 147 scientists, similar to The Human Genome Project, several years ago announced that they had been able to verify the real use of what has long been called 'junk DNA' - the greater part of the strings that previously seemed to have no significance. What was 'junk' has now been granted the status of a signaling 'control panel' for the operation of genes. The very appellation of 'Genes' to areas of the double helix is now clearly passé as elements and componential signaling units of any Gene are actually now understood to be scattered over great distances and only related through a much more complex three dimensional analysis of the entire architecture of the helixes.

"Job Dekker from the University of Massachusetts Medical School has now used ENCODE data to map these long-range interactions across just 1 percent of the genome in three different types of cell. He discovered more than 1,000 of them, where switches in one part of the genome were physically reaching over and controlling the activity of a distant gene. "I like to say that nothing in the genome makes sense,

*except in 3D," says Dekker. "It's really a teaser for the future of genome science."*¹³

Geneticists and Astrophysicists know a leap in understanding must be made, and they know it is something that will revolutionize our understanding of who we are, and what this great universe means in relationship to us. The world's scientific community is increasingly becoming that of excited detectives who think they are about to solve a baffling mystery.

Through the latest studies in quantum mechanics we understand that particles can communicate over light year distances instantly. This is lending credence to the suspicion that genes work on a quantum level to communicate and can indeed 'project' images of themselves or produce effects over a distance particularly in water.

As noted earlier Professor Montagnier's team presented in a UN sponsored symposium in Paris in late 2014. Of the conference content it was said that:

"water is an important mediator in the transmission of molecular information, such as that carried by DNA. To achieve such transmission, water generates organized structures, which also emit electromagnetic signals. Marc Henry and Giuseppe Vitiello, relying on concepts developed by Italian physicists Giuliano Preparata and Emilio Del Giudice, will explain how quantum physics can elucidate these mysterious phenomena. They will reveal new

¹³<http://blogs.discovermagazine.com/notrocketscience/2012/09/05/encode-the-rough-guide-to-the-human-genome/#ENCODE>, Blog by Ed Yong.

fields of research that are areas of consistency activating water molecules..."¹⁴

"To those who have eyes to see and ears to hear, only to such is it given to know the mysteries of the kingdom of heaven."

This, said Jesus, was because his parables contained "things which have been kept secret from the foundation of the world."¹⁵

The parable of the mustard seed, the mention of the 'kingdom' and of things 'secret since the foundation of the world' are all tied together as if the parable of this tiny seed blossoming into something of a great sustaining nature is a metaphor for the creation of the universe itself.

"For since the beginning of the world men have not heard, nor perceived by the ear, neither hath the eye seen, O God, beside thee, what he (God) hath prepared for him that waited for him."¹⁶

Reading these words now produces a chill in me. Could it be that my little idea that 'heaven' is some nice dream world of floating souls enjoying themselves, forever sipping on crème liqueurs in a rose garden bedecked with lounge chairs, is just a little out of date? Could it be that from the beginning in the ancient sacred texts, the Vedas, the Bible, and the Al Qur'an, these references were to a world that is even more 'real' and more 'solid' than what we are

¹⁴http://pipeline.corante.com/archives/2014/09/24/luc_montagnier_make_s_his_case_in_paris.php

¹⁵ Matthew 13, 11-35

¹⁶ Isaiah 64.4

now experiencing; a world just a dimensional slide away from our own?

Truly how little we know about ourselves. How dwarfed we are by the sheer wonders of this universe we can see. What of that which we can't see? What prevents there being much more... and even more wondrous?

Prominent biologist and author of *The Biology of Belief*, Bruce Lipton, insists that, with the work of what is referred to as the 'New Biology', a radically new understanding is unfolding.

Dr. Lipton is a former medical school professor and research scientist. His experiments, and that of other leading edge scientists, have examined in great detail the processes by which cells receive information.

Cellular biologists now recognize that the environment, the external universe and our internal physiology, including our perception of the environment, directly controls the activity of our genes.

The implications of this research radically change our understanding of life. The research demonstrates that genes and DNA are not the source of control over our biology; that instead it is DNA which is controlled by signals from outside the cell.

Could this same situation also apply to the generation of stars and planets?

A growing body of evidence in Celestial Mechanics and Quantum Physics does suggest the likelihood of an intrinsic and coded dynamic for the development of stars, planets and galaxies; a dynamic that will render passé the mechanical understandings we have pursued to date.

These sciences, exploring the unimaginably small within us and the incomprehensibly vast beyond, converge in a single understanding: that there is evidence of some kind of generative code embedded in the fabric of the universe.

I have only briefly pointed to this subject and its impact on current scientific thought. Anyone exploring this will agree that it is not easy to capture and explain the complex ideas upon which it is based. Certainly I will leave such explanation to those who are now specializing in that kind of journalism.

Many maintain that we now are faced with data that insists this universe is not an accidental amalgam of fiery and icy rocks plunging in abandon within the grip of Newtonian physical law, but a spectacular living being in which each part is tightly tuned to all others, vibrating with an innate creative code, animated with a heart that beats from some deep center.

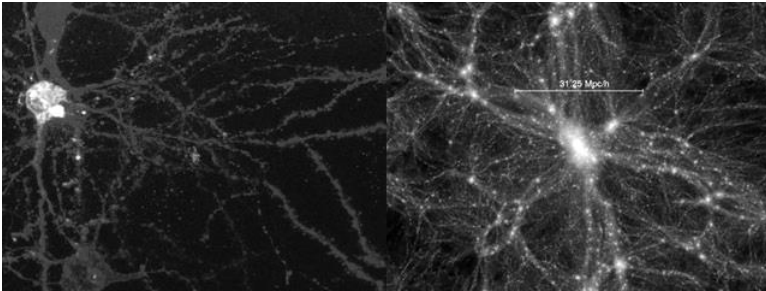
It would seem that the search for life 'out there' is over, for the whole itself is in many ways a single organism, and, by the best definitions we use, very much alive.

Now that our electronic eyes can at last begin to glimpse the unthinkable wonders of the universe, the vast face it shows to our instruments should crumple our egos under the weight of its unspeakable beauty and design.

We only have in the last few years come to know that at the center of our galaxy is a black hole throbbing with a pulse of gravity waves and huge plumes of magnetic flux that reach out to the billions of stars around it. Even at the cold rim of this galaxy our own sun is moving to the harmonies that chime from this deep center.

A Time Soon to Come

Modern astrophysics is coming to the edge of something astounding: the rim of the mystery, the discovery of a great seed, the 'DNA' of the universe, a potential, everywhere planted, in all space, in all matter; growing, becoming, and preparing 'something'. This is what today's scientist is beginning to admit; forced to suggest in the light of what they are seeing with the ever sharpening eyes of modern technologies.



The above photos compare the connections in the brain (the first photo) with those now found along 'dark matter' pathways between galaxies (second photo). These latter are generated by supercomputers tracing the gravitational anomalies generated by dark matter in galactic movements.¹⁷

Erwin Schrödinger, one of the greatest mathematical physicists of the twentieth century, wrote that "what we observe as material bodies and forces are nothing but shapes and variations in the structure of space itself".

Einstein also came to believe, as Schrödinger, that particles were in fact part of a unified field. And now growing number of post quantum physicists are aligning with this view.

¹⁷ Manuel Lima- <http://www.visualcomplexity.com/vc/blog/?p=234>

They are proposing a theory that we live in a wave-based universe. Matter, in this view, being simply the focal point of a vibration in an energy sea called the 'aether'.

Plato referred to this 'aether' 2300 years ago. He saw everything as manifesting out of it and returning into it. He saw this as based on a principle encoded within mathematical relationships like the golden mean and primary geometric forms now referred to as the 'platonic solids'.

In the form of 'the zero point field' and 'zero point energy', and in studies of the inherent geometries of nature and matter, it is exactly this ancient theory that is once again beginning to enjoy the attentions of physicists and biologists.

'A secret since the foundation of the world.'

"The day will come when this earth will be substituted with a new earth, and also the heavens, and everyone will be brought before God, the One, the Supreme."

(Qur'an, Abraham, Chapter 14:48)

Judgment Day

In Judaism, Christianity and Islam, a certain humor is to be found in the prescription, often mentioned, "If you are about to plant a tree and you hear the Hour has come, plant the tree first!" It seems we should not be over anxious about predictions that name a date.

What was described to me was an event. A turning point of unilateral proportions. A horizon of change that is part of the growth; A necessary development that may have a terminating or at least transforming impact on what has been.

In Islam and Christianity, as well as Judaism, the idea of the 'Judgment Day' is a prominent concept. In Islam belief in the last day is a requirement of faith.

The major religions are not alone in this. Hopi and many other beliefs also have prophecies pointing to a time of 'purification' and 'return to oneness.' They also, as does the bible in the story of the Tower of Babel, refer to a time when mankind was individuated; was cut off from the One, broken into individuals and clans.

The trumpet shall be sounded, when behold! From the sepulchers (men) will rush forth to their Lord! They will say, 'Ah! Woe unto us! Who hath raised us up from our beds of repose?' (A voice will say) 'This is what The Most Gracious had promised. And true was the word of the apostles!' It will be no more than a single Blast. When lo! They will all be brought up before Us! (Qur'an, 36:51-53)

Judgment Day is given the character of a turning point, a unilateral event in which mankind is 'raised up'. With Judgment Day are associated images of the dead rising from their graves; with bones clothed again in flesh, but most importantly 'Judgment'.

The concept insists that every part of our being is to be questioned, to learn of its actions, the good and the bad of them; something that seems an absurdity to our reason.

However, in the past few years both cutting edge physics and biology have begun to propose mechanisms by which these otherwise difficult to believe ideas could actually happen.

This does not mean scientists have directly tried to explain a 'Judgment Day' but rather that they have

come up with now creditable theories that are suggestive of these ideas.

The important feature of Judgment Day is the claim that all our actions will be recounted to us and judged.

Giving some credence to this concept is the astounding assertion by biologists that our cells contain an imprint or 'memory' of our actions, thoughts and emotions which can be passed on to future generations. This imprint is recorded in the complex fourth dimensional world described by Quantum physics and can only begin to be understood through the study of Scalar (4th dimensional) energies¹⁸.

With a little poetic license it would not be hard to describe these imprints of our actions as being written in a book that could be read back to us.

"My whole life flashed before my eyes." This phrase is associated with the claims of those who have gone through NDE's; Near Death Experiences.

An example is that of a German submarine crew member, now in his eighties, recalling his near death experience as his submarine filled with water after being hit with depth charges during an allied destroyer attack in World War II.

He emphasizes that, although inconceivable, in those few moments during which he nearly drowned

¹⁸ Scalar energy and waves are those that travel not in the physical dimension, but only along 'time'. They are part of the Zero Point concept that attempts to account for observed phenomenon that indicate instantaneous (faster than light) communication between points or particles over any distance; a coherent wave that moves simultaneously throughout all of space, not travelling 'along' it.

he literally saw his whole life pass before his eyes. "Every incident," he insists. He was sped from his childhood through the many of experiences of his life leading up to that moment that should have been his death. He was able to recall and review his entire life as if in a different dimension of time, only a few minutes passing by the clock. He virtually lived it all again.

This type of claim is not unusual in NDE's. Many say they were shown particular incidents that reflect choices they made, actions they took that had effects on others. Often they were shown the consequences of these actions, sometimes feeling exactly what these others suffering their action felt.

When judgment is mentioned it is almost always self-judgment. But most particularly it is always in a world characterized by complete truth --exactly what really happened- and usually concerning matters of care and love.

In one case, a woman's near death 'life review' centered on a completely forgotten incident from her childhood in which she paused on the sidewalk to crouch down at look at a little flower that had managed to grow up between the cracks. She once again felt the love and delight she had felt for that flower all those years ago.

The critical point of this and many NDE experiences of a 're-visitation' of events in their lives is that they were not 'dream' states but quite 'real' for those experiencing them.

The illusory or 'simultaneous' nature of time in Quantum physics, besides perhaps accounting for time compression in NDE's, is one way to account for other so-called 'time travel' experiences.

A Time Soon to Come

Many have had experience of these unaccountable shifts through time. I can give a simple example of my own.

A few years ago while still living in Kalimantan, I had returned home early from work, exhausted. I lay down and fell immediately asleep. No sooner asleep I awoke. I got out of my little bed and made my way down the hallway outside my bedroom to a door. It was open and the afternoon sun shone in. I saw my parents were outside planting a tree at the edge of our red brick patio garden, at the corner, near the end of a line of rose bushes. I was so short. I was maybe five.

I was happy to see my parents in the warm sunshine planting that tree. I stepped out on to the patio.

They looked at me and I could see they loved me. I wanted desperately to tell them of a strange dream I had just had. I didn't know the words or how to say it. I wanted to tell them that in the dream I was an old man and I was living in a place far away, not California, but an island called Borneo. I had no way to convey the mysterious future image or experience of myself to them.

Suddenly I 'woke up' again. I was in my bed in Kalimantan, in Borneo, shaking all over and full of energy. I had only been asleep briefly.

I was confused because the 'dream' about being a little boy I had just experienced was not a dream, nor a memory, but a fully fleshed experience as real as any part of my life, as if I had walked in and out of time and place like it was all but a circus sideshow. I knew then the 'dream' was an earlier real event in my life. My realization was that when I was a little boy I had had a dream of being a man in Kalimantan. But that

'dream' of my boy self also had not been a dream, but an experience of a future time in my life.

Tasting my childhood again, convincingly, as flesh, made me rather suspicious of this 'reality' we usually find so substantial.

But it is the very substantiality of our perceived world that scientists are now bringing under scrutiny, and their assertions about time, space, mass, energy, and consciousness are beginning to sound as mystical as any of the ancient philosophies or religions.

Christianity, Islam, and Judaism, beyond their concern to return mankind to the laws of God, focus on something called 'resurrection'. This would appear to be the insistence that the body can be returned after death to life and wholeness, or at least raised into a new state of life. Muslims are, as a requirement of faith, to believe in both 'the Hour' and in 'the Resurrection'.

It is here we must take a strange turn.

It is now possible to quote sensible scientists who suggest that mankind, like the caterpillar, could morph into a 'butterfly'; could take a sudden turn or make a huge advance in its evolution.

The word 'Psyche' in ancient Greece, meaning 'soul' or 'life force', was commonly associated with the butterfly. Some of the oldest myths are based on simple observations of the life cycle of this creature, turned to allegorical purpose— such as the story of Psyche and her marriage to Death or to a 'monster'. Worth noting is that at the end of one version of the story 'Death', in his dark palace, when light is shone upon him, is discovered by Psyche to be none other than 'Love', Eros.

What is truly remarkable about the cycle of the butterfly is that the lumpy caterpillar climbs into the cocoon it has spun and there turns into a simple soup of amino acids, even the DNA seeming to break down in this homogenous mush. Whatever then remains of the DNA receives an entirely new set of instructions from some little understood source and is entirely rearranged to a new 'genome' now programmed to produce a flying creature with an entirely different set of vital systems, and built to consume an entirely different diet. This has always been difficult for straight Darwinian theorists to explain.

It is now possible to suggest that, as with caterpillars, powerful rewrites of the Human Genome are conceivable. There are scientists developing scenarios about how this could occur, suggesting that it could institute over a period as short as a single generation.

In a study entitled "Retrotransposons as Engines of Human Bodily Transformation," biochemist Colm Kelleher¹⁹ writes on the subject of radical genetic adaptation or evolution as a result of what he calls a "transposition burst."

"If one were to hypothesize a transmutation of the human body," writes Dr. Kelleher, "it would be necessary to orchestrate a change, cell by cell, involving the simultaneous silencing of hundreds of genes and the activation of a different set of hundreds more. A transposition burst is a plausible mechanism at the DNA/RNA level that could accomplish such a genome wide change.

¹⁹ Dr. Colm Kelleher is a research scientist and author. He received his PhD in biochemistry at Trinity College, Dublin and has 23 years of experience in the field of cell and molecular biology.

“Transposition bursts comprise the concerted movement of multiple mobile DNA elements from different genetic locations to new positions, sometimes on different chromosomes. Human DNA contains an abundance of the necessary genetic structures to accomplish a transposition burst involving hundreds, or even thousands, of genes.”

This is hardly ‘resurrection’ but it does suggest that a ‘new body’ for mankind could be generated. At very least it gives us reason to pause and consider that our very physical form is generated upon orders from sources over which we have no control, and that these orders could change at any moment.

“And ye certainly know already the first form of creation. Will ye not then reflect that you will be raised again like this?”

(Al Qur’an, Surah 56)

*Let your busy life go in the wind,
for it is nothing but a field of weeds.
Turn rather to clean the rooms
of your heart.
There make your lover's bedding place.
For when you are under white sheets,
He will come in to you in secret.
He will unveil His divine beauty.'*

'The Beloved Guest',
from 'The Secret Rose Garden:'
'Mahmud Shabistari (1250-1340)

Rooms of the Heart

When Shabistari speaks of 'cleaning the rooms of the heart' he reminds us of a forgotten challenge, the most difficult task that we can face; that of cleaning our heart and restoring it to the condition it was in when we were children.

I have associated freedom of the heart and generosity with childhood; that condition to which Jesus was referring when he said, "The greatest person in the kingdom of heaven is the person who makes himself humble like this child."

Humility, I find, is the one factor that is always present at that moment I am honestly practicing generosity; at any moment I am sincerely caring for

something outside myself. And therein, I feel, lays the path.

In the message it was claimed that a change in our DNA would be implemented; this being the awakening of generosity in mankind, and this through turning on of the 'Human Internet', a network binding mankind into oneness.

We have seen that there are now indications that this 'human internet' is very real; a matrix binding all of us together, albeit on a deeply unconscious level. This is now being explored by geneticists, biologists, and physicists and can no longer be dismissed as a fanciful idea.

I understood that the awakening of this 'internet' will bring 'truth' to everyone, an end to 'lying', and an access to knowledge and awareness of one-another on an utterly undreamt of scale. But the message also indicated that not all will be able to cope with this change, or possibly that not all will be able to 'accept' this change; this exposure to their true condition. In this matter the message insists that Generosity is the key to survival.

I do not know what we might suffer if we cannot 'log on' to this internet; what the ramifications would be for those remaining behind in the illusion we now take for reality, for nothing was specified in the message. But it felt as if an unbridgeable division would arise and this limited illusion in which we revel, the old world, would fall away as no longer meaningful.

'Apocalypse' in common usage carries with it the sense of global destruction, war and nightmarish devastation. This is not the real meaning of the word but an attribution that has gathered on it though usage

connected with the 'last days' prophecies. Apocalypse really only means 'lifting the veil', as does 'revelation'.

I saw this time of change spoken of in the message as an awakening to the awareness of our real condition; a dropping away of the illusion of separateness, an awakening into a single great family.

The Truth, laying beneath this veil, I saw as entirely the truth about ourselves. It is the revelation of our own being, our own nature.

The crux of the message was that we should practice 'Generosity' if we are to survive the coming change. That is the only prescription given.

I felt that unless we are prepared to move with this 'generosity' we will die under the collapse of our old ways when this veil is lifted.

I lay under that tree, that day, on the earth, the importance of my daily life gone, suspended. I was lying there on clean sheets, shattered by a feeling of bliss; of being 'at home'.

The experience threw open the windows of my understanding.

You might think that someone experiencing a 'message from beyond' as I did would become obsessed with seeking its meaning and substance.

Sadly, little of my hectic life in the last fifteen years has actually been devoted to this concern. Tossed on the seas of life I have spent more time trimming the sails than concerned about where the waves are coming from. But I have never entirely put it aside.

Watching my life through the lens of that experience I have found that there is indeed a bridge between the world of getting and spending, and that of generosity. And when I have been able to cross it, even

briefly, I have found it is a bridge to a lot more of life and living than we might first suspect.

The bridge I speak of is that one I cross every time I am honest with myself and others. It appears the very instant that I am willing to face my fears, my faults; to recognize my lies to myself. It occurs when I have the courage to see myself as I really am and to 'think again' - to repent. It occurs when I am humble.

Claiming that we can cross the bridge in these ways may seem simplistic, but it is simple precisely because it is remarkably natural.

There are thousands of methodologies swamping the self-help world. These include hypnosis, meditation, affirmations, and the like. Yet there are also natural mechanisms already in place for our healing. In fact some approaches, such as 'inner bonding'²⁰, are simply expansions upon these natural means.

Certainly the religions of the world are no more than a natural approach. The simple advice of the prophets never involved tuning in to special frequencies, undergoing therapies or stimulation of the chakras or kundalini. Rather their advice was straightforward and human. Just be good, fast, pray, forgive. As if we could just be 'good' or be as humble as a child.

But perhaps we can be. If we so choose.

I have described how simply revisiting the darker places in myself with the willingness to really face what I have done, without recriminations against myself or anyone else, creates an opportunity to make them visible and, I will insist, able to be reconciled.

²⁰ See 'Inner Bonding' by Dr. Margaret Paul and Dr. Erika Chopich

In those moments I have the chance to change things. This opportunity is never 'too late'. Whether it concerns the living or the dead it is all there, within me.

I can learn not only what I could have done, what was right or wrong in my actions, but can be given a way to redress, to amend what I have brought about. I learn that when I have injured I have injured myself and that in healing that injury, I heal myself.

This 'making amends' or 'repenting' requires always only one thing: Generosity; be that as humility, restitution, seeking forgiveness, or forgiving.

And only then do we begin to find peace.

If frankly considered, I doubt there is any condition more commonly sought after than this 'Peace'. By whatever name it is called we all reach to out to arrive at this one place; that condition when our desires are finally at rest and we are able to truly just feel ourselves, without all the clamor of those pressures that are driving us to be more, to get more, to be recognized, to have 'something'. It is the place in ourselves where all that is 'over'. And we are just here to be. And to play.

If I am objective for a moment and try to answer the question 'who am I?', not with ID, not with account numbers, history, relationships, or even bodily descriptions, I have to begin saying things like "I am Aware of light, forms, breath, sound, blood moving, thoughts, a sense of time, touch, a certain excitement, an edge..."

This 'I' is consciousness and the flow of perceptions, thoughts, and feelings and is never more than that. But this consciousness is primarily locked in a body and subject to perceive everything only from that body's point of view. Here is the place of all limit

and illusion and where, as Blake said, "Everything is conducted by spirits, no less than digestion or sleep"²¹

As for the creation of this body and its wonders, and for the development of this phenomenon I call 'Me', I can see that every force and substance of the universe has been brought to bear in giving me life, providing me with my senses, nurturing me, and fostering my growth and opportunities for pleasure.

This same bounty, this generosity that naturally heals cuts and bruises on my skin, has clearly also provided for the healing of my heart.

I feel certain that somehow the search for this healing, and for generosity, in each of us, if genuine, will not go unanswered.

And if I make any 'prescription' here it is that the answers are written there in the heart; that there is an operator's manual that opens and reads itself to us the moment we are quiet within and simply ask.

'Do unto others what you would have them do for you' may be the sum of the teachings and the law. But to this was added 'the reminder' that a time will come when we are 'judged' for our capacity to live according to this law.

My claim, from the message, is that the 'Truth' will soon be revealed to each and all of us on a scale and in a way we cannot imagine.

I believe this having been given little choice because of the sheer force of my experiences.

But I am, perhaps like you, often bewildered by life, at times sad, depressed, seeking comfort, driven by unknown fears, outwardly brash and confident by day, but turning in the dark at night.

²¹ William Blake, "Jerusalem"

A Time Soon to Come

The experiences I have described here were marvelous and I am grateful for the blessing that brought them to me but they have not made me any closer to God, or a wise man. They were but reminders.

What they have accomplished in me is briefly to turn me back again to that part of myself where I can remember, if but for a moment, that we are indeed the children of something wondrous, and something that truly cares for us. And in those moments I had that elusive thing we all desire: Peace.

As if my mother calls me, taking me in her arms and says, 'There is nothing to be afraid of. I am here.'

And, having felt the strength of her arms, her love, I am ready to return to play.

The Days of Adam

Here is what remains clear in my recollection. (names have been changed to preserve the privacy of individuals)

On a weekend of late January in 1987, some five months before the death of Subud's spiritual leader, Bapak Muhammad Sumohadiwijojo, an 'Asian zone gathering' was held in St. John's College, Sydney. This consisted of representatives of groups throughout the Asian region. There were about 60 participants. I was one.

The three day event, an attempt to calm a sea of issues that Subud apparently faced, was a dawn to midnight almost frenetic working session of discussions and the 'surrender' exercise used to find answers to concerns. The sixty participants were divided into three working groups of twenty men and women. 'Result orientated' I guess you would call it.

By late afternoon Sunday, the final day, we were truly exhausted by our efforts and likely not much

wiser for them. However we were enjoined to summarize our results and recommendations as best we could for the record.

Sometime about three o'clock in the afternoon my group sat in a circle at the far end of the upstairs hall of St. Johns, while the other two groups, also consisting of twenty persons, met elsewhere. A man I will call John was our group leader.

Once we were seated John took out a small note pad, and a pen, and poising it above the pad, said, "Is there anything to report?"

We sat reflectively.

It was then that I noticed a blue light appear over the shoulder of someone about three or four seats away from me, and no sooner noticed but it sped around the entire circle uniting us all in a flash of pale, electric blue.

The change was instantaneous; a total alteration of state in which much of the territories of personal self were lost. I merged in a total sympathetic 'oneness' with the inner feelings of all of those men and women with whom I was sitting. There was no longer me and them. There was only 'we', as one. This I will insist was a mutual condition enjoyed by all.

The very first thought which moved through my mind as this unexpected grace settled on us was: "our struggle this weekend was vain and pointless, for this, now given effortlessly, is what we sought, this, coming unbidden, beyond expectation, the truth: that we are one, one family, one life. This is the essence."

Not one of us spoke. There was nothing to say, and most interesting, no reason to speak for we were all in perfect communion; our inner borders had vanished, as had our desires to be smart, cute, or anything else.

John's question, however, still hovered in the air and someone answered from within this blue mist, "I think something new has been born".

As a chorus we hummed our approval and John dutifully jotted it upon his notepad. And that was the end of it. No more could be said. No more words would be jotted upon that pad. It was the best we could do. We sat still, simply resting in the delicious and utterly peaceful warmth of this remarkable feeling.

Despite any claims to the contrary that might arise from anyone else present at this 'occurrence' I will here insist that we all did experience what I described above. I say this because I was 'them' and 'they' I. Any difference of opinion on this I will insist are cases of stolen memories. It is that understanding I require of readers in continuing to apply 'benefit of doubt' to this story as I continue.

It was then, as we luxuriated in this state, that someone appeared at the far doorway, holding up a tape recorder.

"Do you need one of these?" they said. We were as one body turned, and a little confused by the question having, as one body, no idea what they could possibly mean.

"What for?" we asked, innocently fascinated.

"Well, some of us are finding we have so much to report that is it quicker to record our comments and recommendations."

We all, simultaneously, found this thought comical, and as one, could not restrain a smile at the thought of putting 'this' on tape. It could not be put into words. It was everything, finished, the goal of 'Subud' made life, realized. What could we say?

One of our mouths responded politely, "Thank you, that's all right," and they left.

We now knew that we were alone in this experience, or so it would seem. Only the mad creatures that we had been four minutes ago would be trying to solve the mystery with tape recorders.

We floated, now the new born of a future world, downstairs, many still shoeless in that lovely summer heat.

It was time for the finally assembly of all the groups together and soon we composed a circle of about 60 persons. Each group gave a mercifully truncated version of their recommendations. John dutifully read, "Something new has been born" and sat down again, no one questioning his extreme brevity.

Then came the next 'event'.

The chairlady, sitting a few seats away from me, thanked everyone, and pointed out that many would shortly have to be leaving for their homes elsewhere in Australia and overseas. We were all seated.

She said, "Would anyone like to do this again?"

In my understanding, and perhaps in the brains of the others smitten with the utter grace that had happened upstairs, she was speaking of that blue magic we were feeling and indeed upon those words she stood up. As she stood, as if by prior agreement, all of us were drawn up like sixty puppets on strings, standing spontaneously as one, and as we did I saw fly, once again, the blue vaporous flash that had licked over our smaller group in the hall only a while earlier, now linking everyone in this much larger circle; now one family, one feeling, one inner, inseparable.

The feeling was not to be described when I was feeling it, so it is pointless to try and give it words now- when I am not. We might as well have all been turned into apple trees. But I trust somewhere in our

experience of the Great Life we all know what I am trying to describe here.

As we then made to part from one another it became clear that the usual social graces of hugs and goodbyes had no tangible context anymore. We could not separate, no matter if we left the room or even the planet we were still one, uniquely close, inseparable within.

There were, I now saw, lights in the faces of many. One man who turned to me had a face shining in a clear yellow light that literally bloomed and streamed from his cheeks and brow. His usually dark in-turned expression was now utterly open, transformed by this wondrous, palpable love that poured off him like water. A tick he had in his eyelid vanished and his eyes were deep, quiet and clear, his look into me instantly conveying a beautiful grace that struck me so as to nearly burst tears from my eyes. I could actually hear his inner calling out to God in gratitude.

Transformations of this kind were on the faces of many as I looked about. And there were no words for it. We could not have said what was happening to us.

As many left I waited outside for my lift. I sat on a bench next to a tree outside the entrance. Another Subud member sat next to me. We had our shoes off. It was then that the first 'miracle' occurred.

Several of us had habitually used this bench to sit and smoke between the sessions. There were always tiny ants coming from the trees. Thousands of them. They had always been annoying and would have to be constantly brushed off ones feet while sitting here. This time, as we sat, bare footed, and in the

'newborn' world, we noticed something. The ants 'refused' to come closer than two inches from our feet and would divert as if they had met with a force field. Like a couple idiots we were fascinated by this and moved our feet right into the streaming path of the ants. Again, they diverted, forming a path as if hitting this force field around our feet. Like a couple of nitwits we now fully employed ourselves at playing with this 'force-field', watching them hit the invisible barriers. Such was the 'miracle' of the ants.

I was to stay on the next two days in Sydney before returning by train to Adelaide. My first night would be with my dear friends Karen and Daniel.

Daniel was a painter moved by wonderful dark shadows he brought into a compelling reality upon the canvas. Karen, was a woman of remarkable passion and a truly gifted singer.

They had made spaghetti for dinner. This spaghetti was like no spaghetti I had ever tasted. I could not believe anything could be so delicious or that my friends had been able to steal this formula from the angels. It was rapturous. Later I was to realize that I was actually 'stoned'. Not that I had smoked anything. But Daniel had, and that was enough, for I was 'with' him.

I delighted at their disparaging comments about Subud that night, a voice saying "nothing of this matters, for all is done of God, and by nothing else is anything done". I said that all would soon change utterly in Subud and a new reality was soon to come to us. They laughed playfully at my evangelical confidence. I was certainly charismatic if nothing else and spent the evening enjoying their playful warmth.

But I could not sleep. There was no tiredness in me. Not a speck. About 11, after Daniel retired, Karen came out and sat with me, taking a glass of good Australian red. As she drank I became warmly inebriated although not drinking myself. It was delightful. I was clearly uniting with the conditions of those around me. And no hangover.

When she went to bed, the inebriation left the room with her, and I sat. No sleep would come, nor boredom. Just sitting and breathing was interesting. Till morning.

The next day I was to spend the night with my other old Sydney friends, Robin and Ruth. Robin and I had discovered and joined Subud together, and had been together at our first experience of the 'surrender' exercise. Something bonded us within although we had little worldly traffic with one another, living a thousand kilometers apart.

I spent that day observing; watching, and beginning to realize that instead of my thinking and feelings returning to the normal chaos and buzz that would have characterized them, somehow they were deepening in their quiet. I was now able to see and understand things in a way I had never experienced before, truly 'see' the conditions of those about me. But unable to speak, unable to help, yet indeed, I saw.

I was somewhat experienced in this kind of condition and my expectation was that this state would deteriorate and I would return to normal. However, this was not happening. If anything I sensed it was going deeper or penetrating other parts of myself.

Robin was experiencing a number of difficulties in his business at that time. That evening after dinner, sitting on the couch, me opposite him on the lounge

chair, he began to assail me with his concerns. This went on for an extraordinarily long time and was not really characteristic of him. I just listened, unable to speak, and in a way, not really understanding.

After a while the youngest of his two boys, Mathew,(maybe he was seven or eight months old), began to cry. Or it might seem a cry. I heard no cry but the clear and perfectly pronounced word “Ayah”, meaning, I knew, ‘father’. It was repeated over and over, stridently, evenly, loudly, and demandingly by this ruddy baby boy. He was upstairs with his mother, Ruth.

Robin continued to talk as if oblivious to the crying. Finally Ruth brought Mathew down, planning to calm him, and sat next to Robin on the couch. Mathew kept up his calling relentlessly with no change in tone or pace.

What happened next was an experience that will never leave me. Mathew, sitting on Ruth’s lap was looking at his father intently, and, from my perspective, calling out to him, indeed saying “Ayah”, “Father”. This might not be remarkable. But then the child suddenly turned to me full face. I found myself looking into the eyes of a vast being of tremendous maturity and depth who then spoke to me saying “Wake up my father! He is asleep! Wake him up!”

I was naturally startled to the core of my being that a baby was talking to me. I was forced to realize that I was not in the world as I had always known it and had become conscious at a level I did not know existed. Mathew and I were talking. Impossible.

But as I turned and looked at his father I now saw that what the child was saying was true. Robin was talking in his sleep, with his eyes open! He was not with us, a zombie! Asleep! And now that I saw

what the child saw my heart thumped in fear at this new view of things. I cannot now begin to explain this fear we held for Robin , knowing however that this a common condition for most of us, including myself, and knowing further that probably only those who have experienced something similar to what I am describing will have any sense of its significance.

Robin, still in this 'sleep', reached over and took Mathew up, as any of us would, and held and played with him, raising him in the air, chuckling him and so forth, but to no avail. The calling continued, seemingly even more desperate and fearful for his father's state.

Giving up, Robin returned Mathew to his mother and she took him upstairs, the baby still calling out steadily and leaving me with the job of fulfilling his request.

I spoke for the first time that evening. "Does Mathew usually do this?"

Robin seemed shaken. "No. Never. He is never like this."

"Well," I said, "Perhaps we should do what Bapak (the leader of Subud) suggests, when a boy child is upset the father can do the Subud exercise nearby till his normal state is restored."

Robin agreed enthusiastically to the idea and suggested we could do the exercise in the front room. It was near midnight.

We began the Subud exercise of surrender, which consists entirely of surrendering ones thinking, feeling and body to God, as a corpse to the washers, and allowing whatever arises to move one. It was with that seemingly innocent beginning that all would end for me.

We could still hear Mathew calling up stairs, but within minutes of starting the exercise, if not within seconds, he abruptly stopped and not another word from him.

We continued our exercise. Starting from this position of extreme inner quiet that had developed, I was ripe, I suppose, for what then happened.

It began with a powerful tingling of the kundalini, in the base of my spine, a coarse electrical like vibration. I felt a rushing sensation as this vibration moved upwards into the next 'chakra' (that will have to be the word) and I was taken along with it, feeling my head burst through some kind of 'ceiling' and the vibration becoming now refined, sweet, zinging. This then happened again, and again, each time finer and more exquisite, and accompanied by a feeling now of unthinkable movement through vast space at speeds that would have to be cited as finally reaching light years per second, and very real as such. Much more real than flying or any type of movement on this earth, or that I had experienced as a pilot.

This happened five times; the breaking through ceilings and the refining on this 'trip'. It shot me off into a very distant part of the universe. As I sped away I was 'informed' about what was going on.

I was terrified for I knew very well that I had died and was returning to the 'origin'. I now saw the distance back to 'earth', to my family, to my children. It was so utterly vast that there would be no hope of return. I felt an anguished snap in my heart, thinking I would never see my children again.

On the 'fifth floor' and at a distance I fully experienced as literally light years from the earth this incredible elevator came to a slamming halt. I still had my eyes closed and was seeing with other eyes within.

At this point the 'I' who writes this story was but a tiny squeaking mass of terror and awe crumpled up pathetically somewhere near my left ear hole.

There was a vast presence, a sense of consciousness and 'being' previously unimaginable to me. I asked, again with my eyes still closed, "Where am I?"

Said a voice very clearly, "Your head is beneath the footstool of the Lord," and as I stood in this space I knew this was true, I knew then that I had awakened from a dream, from the dream of life; knew that I had been asleep all this 'life' and all that had transpired back there on earth, had been nothing more than a dream. This was reality, this was Awake. The dream was over. No other description gives meaning to this, I had awoken.

The august perfection of this place; this realization of self, of absolute location, of who and where, standing in the center of a vibration that reached out to and was the power in the sun and stars streaming back into this center, this Heart, a vibration and a force that has no equivalent here in this earthly dream, a completeness, a desire-less perfect resolution of all questions, a compounding of all desires at once met, realized, the end and beginning of this 'mankind'. the thunderous vast pounding wonder of it, a consuming, boundless, unbound. I cannot begin to reach what I would want to say for language cannot climb the first step and I fall back, again wordless, feeling myself nothing but a confounded apple tree, knowing only the vagaries of the wind and rain. Forgetful.

Then came a sensation, growing in force, not unlike standing straddling a railway line, your back turned, when you know the 600 ton Super Chief is

barreling down on you at a hundred miles an hour. My back rippled in expectation. It hit.

I must say, having no other choice, that I disappeared with shock of that collision, 'I', that whimpering clot huddled near the left ear hole, although something remained to be a witness to what then transpired.

In what followed occurred the understandings and spoken things that were later to be taken away from me. I will call myself here 'Him' and 'He' as there is no other way to do it. It would not be right to say 'I'. So let it be understood that what 'I' had become, what I was experiencing as 'me' was utterly alien to my whole life's experience of 'me'.

His eyes burst open with the shock. He did not know that place. Everything was made out of a living force, and this living force was the flesh of all appearance. Standing directly and only inches in front of Him was another man, with his eyes closed. He did not know the man, who was quite asleep, asleep standing up. He thought it curious that this man should be asleep like this, standing up, and He placed His hands on the man's shoulders and gently shook him to wake him up. Slowly, very drowsily, the man's eyes opened. It was then, looking into the man's eyes that a terrific shock took Him and He cried out in surprise "My Brother! My Brother! Not since the Days of Adam have we met and now I have found you!"

I must stop and describe this.

In front of Him / me, was my/His brother. This was as confounding and real a meeting as if here in this life we were to be introduced to someone as the long lost brother whom we had not seen since a child, or a brother we never knew we had; a lost and forgotten brother. He in fact called him His 'long lost

brother'. He did not know this was 'Robin of Sydney', or even that there was a 'Sydney' or a 'Robin'. He (and I) were in the realm of Adam, under the footstool of the Lord of Heaven. This man in front of Him was His REAL, true, and original brother, the feeling and the force of that relationship making pale anything previously portending to be "brother"; a transforming delight like some reconciliation after a thousand lifetimes; a millennia of search ended.

Although at this stage 'I/Him was to speak things about the 'Days of Adam" these words have been lost to me, these secrets. Not to be taken from the place I presume. For that is where I was, that Place. That I utterly knew, little blood clot though 'i' was.

All of this was still taking place in an aura of consciousness being easily a 100 times more 'aware' than this awareness we think we have in this dream in which we swim now, dwarfing the awareness produced, say, by LSD.

This was a Real world, and the place of returning. That I knew.

He, that spirit now occupying me, spoke in a thundering voice. Ruth would later remark that she was worried that the neighbors would call the police. It was truly loud. And this blast was mostly into the 'sleeping' face of the man standing in front of me, and upon his awakening. He, that one, spoke not in modern English but in the 'thee' and 'thou' of the King James version of the Bible. An inspired and thundering prophet like voice that was certainly not mine.

But this was not the end of things. After the awakening of 'my' brother. And those thunderings of the things of Adam, we were now standing peacefully in the front room, in silence. For 'me' it was the 'front room' that I had dragged hundreds of light years

through space to this distant and gigantic 'world of Adam'. For the 'Him' occupying me, it was a place He was visiting. I don't want to even begin to try to explain this.

Now, suddenly, I knew 'who' I was. And where; and that this included that far far place, Sydney, and that vacuous dream I had lived and called my life. Further, I knew that standing within my being now was another.

Many Mansions

Robin moved to the hallway and then turned to me and spoke his first and only words. "I am so glad you have come again."

An odd choice of words without pretext.

I was standing as he spoke, not as *I* ever would, but my hands (His hands) were folded in a gentle X over my heart, rather suggestive of something. I said nothing but moved closer to him and bowed my head, my hands still crossed upon me. As I looked down at my bare feet I saw, not my feet, but His. Tears fled silently from my eyes at this sight, the most beautiful feet I have ever seen. His feet.

I realized He had come again and was with us.

My experience, as I would feel later confirmed, was the coming of the Lord, (for me Christ Jesus) into my body. That is what had blasted the smithereens out of me.

The Lord said nothing; my tears falling on to his utterly beautiful feet.

We walked silently back into the sitting room. But it was not I who walked.

Then it was that I knew the meaning of what Jesus said, in full:

“In my Father's house are many mansions: if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto myself; that where I am, there ye may be also. And whither I go ye know, and the way ye know.”

We sat quietly for a while in the still house. Finally Robin got up and took out the trash. (Well, it was trash night!) Then he said good night and I was left alone. But certainly not alone.

The One spoke and I learned many things of the Christ. He explained what I was feeling; an utterly indescribable sadness:

“That which I suffered, they know not of, and what they think I suffered, that I suffered not.”

I learned too, of The One; the nature of the True Human being. I learned that there is only one. And it is this within us all that binds us as one family, the child of the father. Only one.

Within a half hour that which I here would suggest was the ‘Christ state’, which was definitely too much for my old wine-skins, had mercifully begun to drop off but I was still enjoying abilities I did not know we could have. I was able to turn my awareness inwards and see the interior of my body and keep going till I could see at the cellular level, down to the very shining single cells of my flesh. With His eyes I

now saw all things. And there was opened to me every secret and everything spoke. But not only did every little thing in that room speak, and speak of secrets, of my friends, and of the handling and creation of those things and their authors, but also, in the corner of the room was a suit case belonging to me. And it was enough to look at it and its contents to know more about myself than I could bear to know. I had to leave the house, which was now becoming a cacophony of horrors calling out to me, the horror of our lives, the dark curling livery of the un-forgiven to which we were usually oblivious.

That He had to suffer.

I left the house and left the door ajar, not having a key of my own to get back in and not wishing to disturb my friends. I would spend the rest of the night roaming, sleepless, and knowing the real meaning of "the birds have their nests, and the foxes their holes, but the son of man has nowhere to lay his head, and to rest".

Sleep, in the sense of 'losing consciousness' simply could not occur.

At dawn I was made to pray in the nearby park, near a tree I had been talking to earlier.

I had 'come down' a lot since the condition of that 'Second Coming' and in fact longed to be 'normal' again and just me. But it was not to be. Not yet. And there was something else in store for me.

The next morning Ruth made a lovely breakfast and Mathew seemed returned to being a normal Baby. Robin then took me to the train station. I had not slept now for perhaps 72 hours and would still not sleep on this 24 hour journey home to Adelaide either.

On the Sydney to Melbourne leg I had to sit next to someone with a supply of that day's newspapers.

Curiously, I was to notice that several of the articles my travel-mate was reading were producing an extremely fine brown dust which misted off them like steam from fresh coffee. I peeked a bit and found that they were 'gossip' or 'character assassinating' articles.

From departure on the Melbourne leg till arrival in Adelaide two Chinese children glued themselves to me and insisted I must be educated in the joys of Chinese Poker. Hundreds of giggling hands were passed in this simple pastime. It was a relief to be protected by children from the adults on the train who were giving off dark masses of unpleasant information about themselves.

Early into this section of the journey I had noticed a young man rather intensely watching me. I knew why.

While I was having a smoke break between the cars (those were the days!) he approached me, mentioned that he had to get off at the next station, and that he had noticed the attentions of the young children to me. We then passed a few remarks about the children as one would about a turn of pleasant weather. Then he said "I have to get off at Bordertown" and looked into my eyes, imploring. Asking.

I have been reluctant to include this part of the story when telling it for it involves a terrible shame that I, to this day have not shaken off. I tell it as a lesson, as much to myself as to anyone who would wish to understand more of 'who' we are.

I saw his question, as clearly as if it were written on a neon signboard. Words rose automatically in my throat, and would be spoken. "It is alright, You will find what you are looking for. Have

faith in your inner voice. It will guide you, within the next two months, to a path. Listen to that voice.”

I did not let such drivel come out, rather I bit my tongue and said sensibly and with an offhand disinterest, “well, Bordertown heh? Right then, see ya,” striding away to avoid further communication.

I assure you I did not get more than ten meters before I was accosted with a massive attack of shame that sent me running to the toilet like someone suffering from severe dysentery. There I burst into tears of disgrace, even of grief, spending the next fifteen minutes asking for forgiveness for such behavior.

In brief I returned home in a full blown crisis, not knowing whether my ‘true self’ or my ‘ordinary’ self would move my body or my speech at any moment as they struggled for position.

My wife picked me up at Adelaide station, and was immediately aware that I was not my usual self.

On arriving home I was feeling extremely vulnerable, like someone without a passport caught in an airport security check.

I immediately sat in the living room of this family’s home, on their sofa chair, fixing myself in its secure comfort. These were lovely children I thought, but they weren’t ‘mine’.

There then occurred something that remains a puzzle to me to this day. As I sat my five children came into the room and sat down cross-legged at my feet in a perfect semi-circle in front of me, formal, silent, and with veneration, a quality of feeling I cannot recall normally receiving from them. I must presume it was not I to whom they were drawn but another.

I was not able to speak immediately of what had happened to me. An early attempt was stifled by a

powerful clutching of my throat by a force that literally took my voice away, physically choking me and preventing me from speaking as if Darth Vader was my keeper.

But within the next few days I managed to escape the control of this force and babble out the story you have read here, realizing as I did that much that I had been told of 'the Days of Adam' and of 'the One' had vanished from my memory, clearly been taken back from one who could not be trusted with it.

The Song

In 2006 while being detained over a visa matter in Indonesia I had the questionable good luck of spending time in the Immigration Department's 'Hostel'.

Here in Australia the rights of refugees are always in the news. Australia is a signatory to the UN Convention on Refugees and tries to fulfill its obligations in this matter although frequently the government is subject to criticism for handling of its 'detention' centers and in the management of this delicate issue.

Indonesia however, is not a signatory to the Convention. For this reason people who come into the country illegally, overstay their visas (as was my case) or who are say, captured fishing or otherwise in Indonesian waters and who are further not repatriated by their country of origin can be subject to long stays in 'the Hostel' until their countries of origin, the UN, or some sponsor intervenes on their behalf.

A Time Soon to Come

It must be added however that Indonesia is not without a heart in handling these matters and, although cramped the 'Hostels' the government does provide have adequate food, medical support and some amenities.

Over time inmates are graduated to a trustee status and even allowed to work outside, returning 'home' in the evenings. This may further progress to the point of permanent release with a working visa.

The story I have to tell refers to some of the prisoners seen in the pictures below.



They were kept in small cells originally designed for one person, but now holding two in very cramped conditions. Every day was the same for them, waking, washing their clothes inside the cell with a little detergent provided, bathing with a bucket, eating the simple breakfast provided and then the wait for lunch and later, dinner.

A Time Soon to Come

It must be understood that these men were not criminals but poor sailors, employees of half-baked fishing or other operations who were the victims of their company's or country's indifference.

On Fridays, for the Muslims, and Sundays, for the Christians, there was a short release time in which they could attend a religious service in the common area.

The most terrifying aspect of being held under these conditions is that there is no idea of how long, months, years, or until death, that a person might be held. This lack of any kind of certainty about one's fate leads to a hopelessness and internal agony that has to be experienced to be understood. Occasionally some go partly mad, or completely catatonic, as the young man below.



Some of these prisoners had been locked up for months, even years. Their own countries had abandoned them. Most were from African countries and middle eastern countries.

A Time Soon to Come

As we all napped in the daytime, with little to do but wash our clothes, toilet, and wait for the next meal to be delivered through the door, we often found it difficult to sleep at night. Around eleven or twelve some of them would begin to sing.

Rows of tiny cells, designed as solitary confinement cells held dozens of prisoners. Although they could not see one another they could hear each other.

And so it was that they found their remarkable way of 'escape'.



The singing would be begun by one man, singing what seemed a hymn. This could be a Christian 'spiritual'. Then another singer would join in, but not the same hymn, nor in the same language. Once the two found their balance a third would join in, and so on. African languages, Arabic, and others seemed to mingle into a single chorus, locked into a single tempo.

A Time Soon to Come

This could go on for an hour, each combining and accenting the songs of the others into a unique rich blend. The sound was gripping, plaintive. At times a lament, at others an almost ecstatic cry, always worship and surrender to a situation which is nearly impossible to imagine for most of us.

Clearly this singing was their only way of escape, their voices meeting in a place beyond their bonds, carrying them to a freedom that was so strongly reflected in their voices that we who listened were crushed by something both uniquely beautiful and yet unbearably painful.



This happened many nights, although not every night. And it never failed to tear my heart open.

My case was not difficult and I would be released soon, but these men were serving indeterminate time, with no knowledge about when or even if they would ever be released.

Their humanity, their usefulness, their hopes were gone. Although fed and clothed they were little more than animals in cages.

But on those nights they sang they found, in the human voice, a cry, an ecstatic pleasure that briefly gave them release into a fresh delight, a breath of freedom and perhaps even a remembrance of the noble nature to which we all can aspire.

That property, that noble nature, which is 'Gen', both in Chinese and Greek, is a heritage that we seem to have sadly foresworn for the counterfeit rewards of a superficial and enslaving system of vain fashions and hollow conceits.

"A nation... cannot survive treason from within...the traitor ...wears the face of his victims... and he appeals to the baseness that lies deep in the hearts of all men. He rots the soul of a nation—he works secretly...he infects the body politic so that it can no longer resist. A murderer is less to be feared..."

Cicero, 42 B.C.

Reflection upon these words, now over 2000 years old, immediately draws our attention to something that now lurks in the background of everything we understand as the 'Western World'.

Since the end of World War I something unnamable, something that lacks neat handles to grab onto, has slowly worked its way into our political and economic realities. It is every day more evident that we as common man have been hypnotized by decades of slogans, till we stand hypnotized, staring at a hand with four fingers held up but now we see only three. For the state has told us so. And we believe.

The potential for greatness and leadership that the United States and some of its allies may once have had has been turned into such a remarkably dark engine of terror and domination that we would be broken and dismembered of mind should we actually realize it.

Even so, the kind of universal political resolve that would be necessary to take back the rights of mankind and the unique wonder of a life as beings of one father, one natural source, seems unlikely to be raised ever again on the earth.

Yet there is before us the possibility that the very source that spelt out the essence of our flesh in that primordial Word, in the vortex of our DNA, could shift everything, in a manner that cannot be guessed upon, into a new beginning captured only in the terms, New Heaven, New Earth.

In a time soon to come.

