

Mystical Experience

Reflection on My Transcendental Mystical Experience: A Serene State of Transcendent Understanding

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ABSTRACT

Instantly after that Paradise event of transcendence itself there was but one thought, one knowledge, one understanding and affirmation... and which is... Oh... no... Oh... my God... how beautiful it is! Oh my Love, would that they could know this; would that their eyes could see and their minds understand as to what they are, and from whence they came; the beauty, the truth, the passion. My love, give me the understanding; and give me the words, that I might speak of the wonder of being. And let us create Man in our image. When writing the actual exegesis of those events (the initial transcendent experience) I had to write as like a living diary of how it was and what it was like. To have interjected concepts and knowledge from later aspects in life would have spoiled the actual story of the journey. I tried to make it that people could try living it with me, and what I felt at the time.

Key Words: mystical experience, transcendence, paradise, love

1. Introduction

Found in 1964 for three hours one evening.... For an unknown duration after my bubble or shell and I were annihilated there was nothing. One cannot talk about nothing, for nothing is the total lack of experience, oblivion; like being switched off, dead, gone, annihilated. But after an unknown duration of time there was a re-emergence or resurrection of my being, an annihilation of annihilation as such; but the like of which could never be dreamed or imagined. No physical eye has ever seen that place, no hand has touched it, no dreaming mind has thought of it, and its reality has never occurred to the rational mind, which exists in temporality - other than through the memory of the Paradise event itself.

Annihilation in that mutual convergence was something like passing through a magic gate: a gap in the universe: a hole in creation, a gate which separates time and temporal things from the transcendent realm of a Divine Eternity, the repose of being. Such death is not a death but rather the ultimate in living, the ultimate in knowing, and the ultimate in comprehension and affirmation. Likewise it is

the ultimate in love, passion, wisdom, and understanding. From hindsight one would initially ask the question as to why the nature of things comes to contain such a rare and precious jewel in the crown of creation which would seem to be so jealously guarded, and beyond the moat of annihilation itself, that so few people ever come to be shown it during the course of their life on Earth, a justified question indeed. For everyone should know this yet while they live their lives on Earth; or so would be my own judgment and that of any other human being who had come to witness this wonder beyond all wonders.

Dialogue upon the transcendent and eternal realm is not going to be easy for the words we use apply to temporal things and not to the eternal perception of the divine transcendent realm of perfection in which there is knowledge only of the essences of things and not the things themselves. Moreover, the vision of the place itself is not what paradise is all about, for it is about the feeling and the knowing and understanding, not the vision; and even though the vision itself is the vision to end all visions.

2. "Virgin Womb of Eternity"

Among all other things one knows (and realizes from hindsight) is that we are a kind of jug, a vessel, a conduit, through which the life force itself flows. Without created consciousness to act as such vessels there could be no further creation, and no point or meaning to creation without us. We are the banks of the river of the flow of life; and this place is where the banks of the river of life meet the eternal riverbed. However, it is not totally impossible to talk of such reality, only very difficult; but such experience itself solves many mysteries and so-called paradoxes. To say that self-consciousness, or I, is resurrected after annihilation is a most fitting description of the experience, and the best definition of the event. One could also say the annihilation of annihilation; but one cannot say what is happening in absolute objective terms of reality; for you and I can never know that.

With regard to the 'awakening' in that realm then, one cannot make an analogy of going to sleep and then waking up in another place, for that gives the impression of a continuity; which it is not. It is a broken continuity of self-being, broken by the act of annihilation. When we awake from sleep we are the same person that went to sleep; we vaguely remember going to sleep, we remember having been asleep, and when we awake we retain our past memories of having existed before that sleep, and, thus a continuity of being even though we underwent an oblivion of consciousness during dreamless sleep. Neither are we actually aware of the point of falling asleep, but we sure are aware of being annihilated; and how. And I often wondered why. But if we did not come to know then we would never know the connection point between time and the everlasting eternal moment of being.

Because that place, the transcendent realm, is judged by us (or me) to be perfection, for simplicity I refer to it as Paradise. There are no names, however. It would be misleading to refer to it as 'eternity,' for I always thought of eternity as the sum of all created time. Indeed, time as we know it does not even move there. Thus it is the beginning of time; hence the womb of eternity. Moreover, nothing at all of experienced

consciousness has ever known that place and dimension by dwelling there. So it is pristine, fresh, childlike, virgin of any other experience or memory; and hence my justification for referring to it as the 'Virgin Womb of Eternity.' There are no men or women there and the word virgin has no connotations of that ilk.

However, let us proceed with the event and the understanding of the eternal wisdom itself. When we awake in paradise we do not awake in the sense of coming out of a sleep; it is nothing like that at all. There is no waking up or sleeping in that realm, for when you are resurrected into it you have always been there; there is no before. Temporality does not apply there. Hence, even if we went there a million times it would always be 'once' from our perception of it anyway; and by virtue of annihilation itself. Paradise is the beginning; and the end is a new beginning. So it is both the beginning and the end, and then the beginning again. It is like the knot that joins a round piece of string or loop; or the weld that holds the circle of being together. It is home from whence we came! It is my home; everyone's home. We are Twins, divine cosmic twins.

One does not wake up then or suddenly come into self-consciousness there for one has always been there and self-conscious within it. Naturally enough, you and I can come to question that truth as it is experienced by the "I AM" within that realm when we are in extension of it; and don't I know it. But you cannot whilst in there; it is un-contradictable. Thus, when self-consciousness is restored, shall we say, after annihilation, it is not the restoration of the personality that went in, thus it is not really a resurrection in that sense, for that part of ourselves which exists in that realm has always been there; and the part, the personality, that went into annihilation does not exist there; but it is still you; the real you; but the inner and depth eternal you that only this dimension can reveal and hold. The part that is never let go of. So much depends then on the reference point one is talking from when using the term 'I' or 'me.' Hence we have to come to know our true self; that part which IS the real us, and of which everything else is ultimately objective; even the personality, time, and changing events. In that realm there is no memory of ever having existed

before or elsewhere. There is no before or elsewhere. Thus, we are not talking about the personality existing in paradise but that of the person. The personality is washed away in annihilation. But nevertheless that person in paradise is 'me'... 'I am me.' It is still my consciousness (you in your case). But not the "you" of the temporal senses. The person and the personality are but two parts of our trinity; and the soul or over-self is the third part; like three quarks in a proton or three peas in a pod. One could therefore mistakenly talk about the 'I am' which exists in the womb of eternal mind as being objective from the personality of the being in time and space; but to do so would be very wrong and also cause a paradox and an alienation of self from self, or the outer from the inner. Likewise, it is painfully obvious from hindsight that some, if not many (through second-hand dialogue and distortions no doubt) have thought this aspect of being to be the first cause; the unseen living mover of creation itself. But not so; for there is another and even beyond that depth... beyond ourselves and which is not us.

It must be remembered that the eternal paradise of the ground of our being is experienced to be the first created thing and place; but certainly not the creative source itself. Although it is known to be the first emanation of the creative source itself, the first act of creation. In the beginning man was indeed in the garden of eternal delight and perfection: paradise. But as I say, it would still require an 'act' to bring forth paradise and the minds within it. Thus it is also known whilst in that place that there is a deeper but uncreated reality. But it is not a deeper reality that you or I can ever get to; and that is a known fact whilst there. The "I AM" which exists in that reality is not the first cause, and that is axiomatic at the time. It is the first thing 'caused.'

However, it was not created in time; certainly not the kind of space-time that you and I know out here. It is deeper down within the inner structure of emanation than the point where space-time becomes a phenomenon of extended reality; just as a river is not the riverbed, but without a river-bed and the banks there could be no river. It is the ground of being; not the creative source of all being.

3. Exegesis

Let us continue, however, with the exegesis as it unfolded. I was resurrected from non-existence, death, into a place of eternal perfection. In that place there is perfect vision (those who are blind will see). A vision which must be from two locations, I guess, because the vision, the place, is three dimensional: binocular vision. There exists width, breadth, and depth. The place or realm goes on as far as one can see, and into a distance beyond sight itself, for it is everywhere and everything. There is up, and there is down, there is left and there is right, all relative to the point of vision, needless to say. The vision is of darkness and of infinite jewel-like glowing lights. The lights are like jewels, diamonds set in a sea of purple glowing darkness; which is not really dark at all, but somehow pulsating with vitality and being. The lights are small but more than mere points of light, and they are of various sizes and distances apart. Some are even kind of wispy and strung out; but most are roundish. Neither the darkness nor the lights can be described in a way that does them justice, for the beauty transcends anything known or knowable. It is the original unadulterated essence and principle of beauty.

The lights in that realm are stationary, or so it seems to observation. Nothing moves; all is still and silent. The only thing that moves is I, or self-consciousness. I AM slowly drifts through that realm in a clockwise orbit; a slow orbit, but an orbit nevertheless. Initially it is like a slow drifting in a straight line. However, it is an orbit, a clockwise orbit, assuming the clock were lying face up on the floor. The orbit is of great distance and almost perceived as a straight line, but it is known to be an orbit about an unseen center. The "I" that exists there (us) has no perceived substance or form, it is just pure virgin primordial consciousness as far as we are concerned; or a mysterious substance that can be made conscious: a 'spirit stuff or energy' of some kind. But what it is made of (if anything other than consciousness) cannot be known. It cannot be seen or touched. It is as if such energy is sacrosanct.

There is no form to the eyes that see, for it is the consciousness or energy itself which can see. It can see almost all the way around itself, but not quite all the way around. Thus you

cannot see directly behind you, but you can indeed see well to the left and right in greater vision than human vision. In one's drifting in this paradise one does not come into contact with the lights at all; and one does not really know what the lights are (one can deduce from hindsight, though). They are just lights, beautiful lights, and their configuration slowly alters with the perspective of one's movement in orbit.

The darkness itself is indescribable; it is like a translucent glow of purple soup which is somehow vibrant, vital; it is not a void and it is not mere space in between the lights; it is a 'something'; but more like a glowing soup or aura, somehow. Perhaps it is the 'stuff' that beings 'congeal' out of; like planets and stars in the universe. And one's orbit is through this divine and wondrous darkness amid the jewel-like lights. Thus, it is brightness as well as darkness. Like the twilight of the gods indeed. The description may make it sound a little bit like the physical universe with the stars amid black space; but it is nothing like that at all. If anything, it is more like the vision among a nebula in a past supernova. The lights are much bigger than our perception of stars, which are mere pin pricks of light, and there is a tint of color in them even, as I say, like diamonds; but the predominant aura and glow is white. They have a substance and shape, but there seems to be no absolute uniformity of shape; most seem to be round. The darkness is nothing like outer space, and it is not even dark at all; but darkish, like purple that is glowing. The lights are not as distant as the stars in space, even though they are not in contact; and the distances between them is many times their actual size. Thus, it is not like the emptiness of outer space at all. Moreover, one can see all this without turning one's vision, for indeed, one cannot turn one's vision. There is no 'Oh, I think I will look that way or this way'... you just see it all, all the time. But you also know that you are not seeing 'it all' at all, for it is infinite and everywhere.

However, that realm is not about the vision, it is about the magic: the knowing, the understanding, the passion, the reality, the knowing the 'all,' the love, the wisdom, the beauty, and above all else, it is about the purpose of creation and being. It is ineffable, really. In a word it is all about 'being there';

taking part in this Divine mystical union of creation at root beyond time. It seems that the vision itself is a kind of bonus perhaps: a place in which to do this knowing yet whilst in a repose of divine peace; the peace that passes all understanding, perfection, and affirmation of being. It is like amen to creation; the swan song of perfection. It is like the last chord of the ultimate piece of perfect music; a chord that comes like amen after that pregnant pause and build-up to the final chord. There could be nothing cleverer and wiser than to have annihilation to precede this reality; it is like music in that sense: the last and divine chord of created being when all has seemed to be done and finished.

Nevertheless, it is also the beginning as well as the end, for it is where we come from. It could be described as the cosmological waiting room of created consciousness before transmigration into the experience of time, freedom, and activity. There are no other beings perceived (or even known of) in paradise; one is totally alone with this truth and its reality. Thus the place and the knowledge is all yours, all mine, all beings from their point of reference and consciousness; it is the realm where all centers meet beyond space and time in the primordial Mother-load of created consciousness: minds, spirits, beings, whatever you want to call them. 'Mother-load' does not mean female either. It means the main seam, the core, and the original. It is pure consciousness; beyond time, space, and memory. It (I AM) is the alpha and omega of all extended minds; the beginning and the end of all created beings in creation; the first creation and the home that awaits the return of all created minds, which are but the children or progeny of creation. Nothing was created before I AM and paradise: nothing is created after me; I am the beginning and the end of creation.

Thus it is that the consciousness in the repose of the eternal domain is the first child of creation - in the Virgin Birth of creation itself. The real and only Virgin Birth (and this one is not symbolic, it is the real thing). Before the mountains high and wide, before the seas did flow, before the stars gave forth their light, even then, I said, I know. Before my personality was, I AM. Before cave men came into being, I AM.

Look deeper than the stones of the earth and the oceans, and there you will find me; I am the light which is beyond them all; I am the light of life and the resurrection. Know me, and you will know yourself; for I AM... and you are I AM. Thus, it is not metaphysics but PROTOPHYSICS; before physics. It is not 'after time' (although it is that also); it is before time moved; before changing events emanated forth from the center of all being and the eternal point of no duration. We are there at the beginning, like the observer of the first act of creation. Our self-consciousness in that dimension cannot think; thinking is a temporal process; but it is totally aware nevertheless (thus, knowledge before thought: thus thought depends on knowledge... not the other way around as many seem to assume. Earthly philosophers are like mere babies in Divine ignorance). It (we) is (are) not aware of things as we are aware of things out here, however, but it is an awareness of what can only be described as the essences and eternal principles and qualities of things; truths; depth realities; quality; meaning; purpose; beauty; wisdom; passion.

4. Eternal Consciousness

That root of our being of eternal consciousness, that part of ourselves which exist there at the deepest level, the first child of creation, is totally in absolute love, a passion beyond description. It is filled with the passion of being to such a degree that if you and I out here were to have that degree of passion burning inside of our temporal minds or guts then we would blow up (and perhaps this caused it to happen during an incarnate life; who knows, who knows); but such passion is like dynamite. It is not like the watered-down love we know in this world, and certainly wonderful though that be. It is more comparable to the heat at the big bang than to the present cosmic temperature.

In this life we tend to think of wisdom as that of knowing what to do, of doing the right and proper thing; because it is wise to do that thing; but that is intelligence, not wisdom. However, the wisdom within that consciousness is nothing like that. Its wisdom is the knowledge of creation itself; the knowledge of the heart: the knowledge of itself and its eternal existence. Knowledge also of that which is not itself;

otherness; that which gave event to paradise and oneself; it is un-contradictable certainty of creation; purpose; being; and the wisdom of the beginning and the end of all things. And thence all of which I sum up in the terms the 'Eternal Gnosis' or the 'Eternal Wisdom.' It is a divine swoon of the exultation of the love of being; and being a part of it all. That 'I AM' knows well enough that something brought it forth into being; it knows well enough that it does not contain its own causation. It also knows that the cause of its creation is not paradise itself (the place) in its origin; and not within paradise itself in absolute terms. The first cause cannot be seen, it cannot be directly known independent of essences and created forms, and yet in a way it knows of nothing else other than its love for its source of being. And its source of being is that of no created thing; no thing created. And it is not questionable; it is un-contradictable knowledge and certain reality. There is no doubt. Thus, if it could be said that one is 'contemplating' whilst there, which is true in a way, then the thing which one is concentrating (not thinking) on in this swoon of passion, knowledge and delight is that of the love of 'No Created Thing.' Thus it is that such a child of consciousness (us in there) is in love and wisdom and yet is but a child, a virgin creation, a virgin birth, no less: pure in its love of otherness and the love of itself and its home which was created for it, pure in the sense that it cannot think, pure in the sense that it has had no other experience beyond that of paradise itself, pure in its love, which is unconditional of anything and unadulterated. For although it somehow knows everything in there, you and I (out here) would say that it knows nothing at all in the sense that we consider knowledge and the understanding of things.

It is a very strange thing, for in this world there are two things that you and I can never ever know; one of them is everything, and the other is nothing (For "knowing" means to know "some thing"). And yet that part of ourselves in that realm knows only two things: one of them is everything (the essence and principle of) and the other is no thing. How odd, how very odd; it is like a reciprocal reality, or the square root of minus one... except that this place exists in reality.

The 'I AM' of that realm has no knowledge of Earth and incarnate existence. No knowledge of the universe or universes of space and time. No knowledge of created forms other than itself and paradise. Thus, those who claim that they are communicating with the dead are either damn liars or very confused people: a little learning is a dangerous thing; so drink deep or taste not. They may be Communicating with other living beings maybe, but not these beings, not the totally transcendent. You will not disturb these beings! They are sacrosanct and belong to something else for that duration.

In the eternal paradise there is only ONE, and the one is the all (for we are all identical in it). It is only from hindsight and whilst on Earth (with remembrance of paradise) that we can know that all created consciousness sees it that way, and in the same way; thus, all beings perceive the oneness in the divine transcendent realm of perfect repose, perfect love, and perfect wisdom. In there, there is no pain, no worry (no bills to pay), no answering to do; no eating, no sleeping, no thinking, no memory, no remorse; no hopes or desires, no fears; nothing negative. Thus, it is also a Mono-Pole reality; all positive and no negative (hence no negation), all good; no bad, ll beauty; no ugliness, all 'now'; no past or future, all understanding and affirmation; no doubt or unknowing, all answers; no questions. Good GOD almighty, why was anything ever created so good? Who knows, who can answer! Only that child knows; and that is its wisdom: and it is you. Search yourself then; for the quest and passion for the knowledge of selfhood and understanding brings knowledge of the deepest depths of the All.

5. "It Is Now Time to Go"

As I drifted in a slow orbit swathed in a love which is ineffable, beyond words and full rational understanding, in a wisdom which is beyond dialogue, in a place of eternal and everlasting perfection, I suddenly heard a voice or command (or the experience of one) and understood a 'command' or directive! I had never heard a voice or command before in all my existence, and I was in fear and panic. The voice, or command said: "It is now time to go"!

Words cannot begin to describe this. I had never known communication or words or

commands before. I did not know what was communicating with me, or how or why. Was it me or was it something else? I began thinking... what is thinking! There is nothing else, only me! I did not know what 'go' meant, and yet, somehow I did begin to understand. And as I began to understand I was in even more fear and panic (was I biting from the tree of knowledge?), for there was nowhere else to go; only this place exists.... No, no, I do not want to go (I do not know how I invoked or understood such communication for I had never communicated with anything). But I know not of 'go,' this is my home and my love... I cannot go! (The first thought... and not by choice). "It is all well that you must go now, for something out there is in need and you must now be with it: do not fear, it is all well that you must go now... now be with it"!

That fear at knowing I was 'going' is not possible to put into words; it could not be put into words. But one knew nothing of other thing, or worlds, or time and space, nothing other than Eternal Paradise.

I did not open my eyes for they had never been closed as far as I know. Returning was instantaneous action at a distance. I was looking at a cat fast asleep on my lap. My arms hung limp at my side. The fire had long since burned away and all was as quiet as the grave. It was very late into the evening and growing cold, yet my body was warm, comfortable. All was as it had been except the fire was out, the cat fast asleep; and about three hours or so had elapsed. No amount of words or pages could ever sum up my initial feelings and thoughts on returning to temporal consciousness and the same life that I had left seemingly millions of millions of years ago. Yet it was but three hours ago. I must have sat staring at the wall ahead of me for the next hour dumb-struck; without moving as much as an eyeball or a muscle. I was in shock. There are no words to describe the feeling, the shock, the excitement, the annoyance of coming back... the impossibility of it all. I was shocked, joyful, sad at returning, bemused, enlightened, annoyed, happy, and mind blown yet understanding, all at the same instant.

By the time I got around to moving it was about eleven p.m. I wondered what would have happened to the children if the house had

caught fire or if one of them had awakened and come downstairs. I thought more in that next hour than I had thought in all my past life put together; but none of my thinking made any sense to the rational mind. When I came to my full rational senses I shouted out to myself... "Good grief almighty what the hell was that"! I was indeed back to normality, my old charming ignorant self, but perhaps not quite so ignorant now.

I staggered into the kitchen to make a strong cup of coffee, which I took up to bed with me. The children were sleeping fine and did not look as though they had moved all evening. I did not think I would be able to sleep ever again. But wrong again, for I was sound asleep within no time at all, and before my wife returned home from her evening out with friends. I never told anyone of that event; the paradise event, for twenty years or more, for obvious reasons. Not a word; not a mention. What the hell could one say! And we all know well enough the reaction it would receive. It was therefore not only the secret teaching - but unspeakable! Or was it!?

6. The Aftermath

During the course of the following thirty years (up to the time of writing) I learned so much more, however; but such cannot go into a book or words in detail for it would take forever; and there is little point anyway, for we all do our own learning in our own way, and when the time is ripe. Second-hand knowledge is not knowledge at all. Revelation at second hand does not work on anyone. I had undergone what I later came to call the 'Mutual Convergence' (in annihilation). Twenty years later, I underwent yet another most profound experience which I came to call the 'Reciprocal Convergence': or the 'Consummatum Incarnate' (paradise on earth). Here there is another kind of union, a reciprocity of 'meeting again', and on earth, between the inner self and the outer personality in a oneness. And only then did I come to see the connection, the reason, the meaning and purpose of the 'I AM' in paradise, in which the function and purpose of the incarnate mind and the inner depths of self and the objective physical universe are fulfilled in a unification of mindful being on earth; the three in one, in a dance

among the temporal forms on earth; and which was understood as the very purpose of creation itself and the reason why even paradise exists, and has to be known while yet on this Earth during an incarnate lifetime here. They have to be joined on earth also; that is the goal, the function and purpose, that eternal self is no longer alienated in conscious awareness from the incarnate mortal form. And hence the saying that the outer has become as the inner and the purpose of being has been fulfilled, consummated, in the perfection of forms as it was in the beginning in the transcendent essence of being; so, too, has it become in the forms in extension, in that knowing and understanding, creation has achieved its goal incarnate and within the knowing incarnate mind of a finite personality... but 'I AM' eternal. The mind is not in this universe simply to observe it, but rather to fulfill it and know it for what it is. You and I AM are one. You are I AM. Know thyself.

However, that was way off in the future; twenty long years in the future. In the meantime, time did get mean at times; and from hindsight I can only call it a twenty-year period of the dark night of the soul at times: for I had not yet learned of the reciprocal convergence of spirit with spirit on earth in the Consummatum or reciprocal convergence. But in the meantime there also existed a dichotomy, a duality of being; one being perfect and the other far from perfect. A little learning is a dangerous thing, so drink deep or taste not the divine eternal spring. Where metaphysics hangs its coat; and mystics dwell in awe; the singer may be sighted; but the song goes on some more. Believe what you will, whilst you are free to do so; for you will not always be so! But wiser by far to believe nothing at all; for knowledge will suffice: and ignorance melts away with experience.

But instantly after that Paradise event of transcendence itself there was but one thought, knowledge, understanding and affirmation... and which is... Oh... no... Oh... my God... how beautiful it is! Oh my Love, would that they could know this; would that their eyes could see and their minds understand as to what they are, and from whence they came; the beauty, the truth, the passion. My love: give me the understanding; and give me the words, that I

might speak of the wonder of being. And let us create Man in our image.

It is an irony that you and I here on earth, the temporal rational discursive mind, find it all too easy to accept anything that is bad as being true, and yet the acceptance of anything good being true is so difficult. That synthesis of inner understanding may well be easier for some than it is for others. I had more than enough problems with it; more than enough. And it took so much to make me understand and accept it. Would it be easier for others? I think that there is no better reason for making mention of these things for the young. We all learn from experience eventually, and that is natural enough. But to be able to learn, to some degree at least, from the mistakes of others, then that would be even better.

7. Consciousness Expansion

Without any shadow of doubt (and I am not the type that frightens too readily) this was the most frightening thing I have ever experienced. Not really frightening in the sense of deep fear but rather more in total and utter shock and bewilderment, and the unknowing as to what was happening or why or where it was going to end. It was literally, and without any warning, like blowing up on the inside – in all truth I think some people might have died of fright, but I do not know. It was just like my head blew out into the size of the universe (not into the universe, for this was inner space – hidden space).

So what was it an expansion of consciousness into? I would imagine that some groups of people might perhaps assume it to be the mind of their deity or creator, but no. This stuff was to do with me personally, and beyond any shadow of doubt as far as I am concerned. Hence there is no question of it. So what was it? It was me. I later came to call that part of ourselves (within the double vortex of our emanation) the soul; our own individual soul: the subconscious mind would be a synonym as far as I am concerned. But wow, it is big. It is the bit which connects Time to Eternity, and the Personality to the Person, the Gap in the Universe which one has to pass through, the machine shop of Incarnation and Form.

It became clear to me that this aspect of our being also contains much data of a personal

'record'; the place where past experiences (and perhaps more) is stored, for the record. Moreover, this aspect of ourselves can and does communicate with our normal daily consciousness (the incarnate personality). It is plainly obvious to me that most of the experiences which people put down to religious experience, contacts with the deity, out of the body experiences, ghosts, visions, near death experiences, are all a product of this realm, this part of our own being. And each persons soul or subconscious being unique to them; and hence the varieties of experiences which this level can generate via archetypes – even to the point where the consciousness can exist within the picture created.

This aspect of the soul I call the Arkon Realm. All of its manifestations are symbolic, every one of them. They are not real entities as seen and lived in, they are done to create an effect on the top-side consciousness and personality. Thus they are real symbolic Arkon Image Emanations, but that which you see or do in them is simply for the learning of and the message contained within the actual effect of them. They alone are capable of changing a person life for ever. Hence, my music made of light experience, and the boy, were symbolic emanations of communication with one part of the mind to the other, and for effect. All these experiences (therein) are symbolic of something else, and something much deeper in the nature of our being and creation itself which we later arrive at by direct experience. But their function is for effect, change, modulation; they are gradually turning a pint jug into a quart jug; and a pig ear into a silk purse; or a Homo Sapien into a Homo Ensophicus.

So the expansion into that is like a small drop of water dropping back into a vast pond and becoming the whole surface area of that pond – and I emphasis only the surface area, NOT the depths of the pond itself, or the side wall, and which are dangerous, and contain the incarnate survival kit of the species in encoded data (the psychic department of the double vortex).

I have to re-emphasize that whilst at the level I still had all my mental faculties of the outside world personality: memories; personality; sense of humor, and all the rest of

it; just simply no body and no connection to it in awareness. I could not have returned to 'normality' by choice or intentional activity by that point. I was there and there was nothing I could do about it, except watch and learn.

Given that your other question related to the phenomenon of Cosmic Amnesia I will say no more about the soul and its other depths and functions other than to say that it is something oh so very different to our essence (or spirit) of our being, (the Person) the eternal enduring part. But it does seem to be the case that the soul, and its records would be put into some kind of cosmological cold storage for the purposes of reincarnation, and hence a re-attachment to all our past experiences (although kept sub conscious) in future emanations of our being from that of pure spirit; in order to start off where we left off at last time around.

8. Cosmic Amnesia

That which I call Cosmic Amnesia: (a) has nothing to do with normal amnesia as in known in people forgetfulness after an accident or whatever; and (b) is something both very different and infinitely more profound. And to me it seems to be tied up very much with unconditional love, and existential needs whilst alive on earth – MOST of the time.

There are two forms of Cosmic Amnesia, but which are really two aspects of the same phenomenon. They are Incarnate Cosmic Amnesia; and Essential Cosmic Amnesia. When we come into this world as a child, in conscious terms we are a clean slate and remember nothing (but the soul/subconscious seems to know it all); but the baby and child knows and remembers nothing at all. Just a few have claimed memories whilst in the womb, but as to whether it is true or not I have no experience of it; but it could well be I guess, especially sounds and music from the outside. But we have no memory of what are referred to as the perennial questions: What are we: Where do we come from and return to: and what am I doing here kind of thing! That then is what I call Incarnate Cosmic Amnesia. This phenomenon also gives us existential freedom to act unconditionally of anything which we (our soul and real Persona) innately are.

Without such forgetfulness we would be biased in our actions by love and wisdom. Thus, this manifestation of forgetfulness is essential to our own natural growth incarnate – the soul has to evolve through incarnate experiences and thence become the sum of all our doings and learning's, goals, ideals, aspirations, loves and hates. The soul evolves, and there is proof of that found in the many kinds of latter day psychic experiences (I could elaborate but will not do so here) Even Archetypes Evolve. But the soul evolves and the spirit/essence of being does not evolve. For the spirit is the life force and the dynamo of our being and without which we would not exist – for we are IT, we are not our soul, we are an emanation of the spirit which has the soul as its outer emanation and record of events and becoming the more; but spirit is spirit and the same thing always; the life force of our own unique existence (not the creator of creation or the life force itself – just our bit). But the spirit IS made in the likeness and of the same stuff as the life force itself. And the power which emanated man in its image – or one should say mind in its image. For that is what we are, minds and consciousness, not simply physical bodies.

However, the essential cosmic amnesia which I call transcendent realm is known by various names at times: Paradise; Home; The Mono-Pole Reality more often than not. But the ground of our essential being is what it is. It is where our own bit of mind and self consciousness is made, constructed, and always resides. Spirit cannot leave that realm and journey forth – it is a prisoner of paradise; and it is a very part of what paradise is. Paradise could not be paradise without 'me,' the spirit of the life force. Without 'me' (personalized spirit and created consciousness) there would only be 'no thing created' – no emanation from the point of no duration and no extension.

Thus it is that whilst in spirit we have no memory of the outside world or any past experience of anything at all. Moreover we cannot even think there, and would have no understanding of words and meanings anyway. The ground of being would not be a paradise condition if we had any of the attachments to this world which are not pure spirit, pure essence, and time and memories are

attachments. It is because of the purgation of attachments and memory that it is a mono-pole reality, all good no bad, all now no past of future, all understanding no thought or contradiction, all beauty no ugliness, all joy no pain. The real instigators of religions (not the priest-craft) knew something about this place, and that is an axiomatic fact. For it is Re-Legio – Reunion with that part.

So anyway, that is what I call Cosmic Amnesia, and there is no better name. When in Paradise we know nothing of earth: when on earth we know nothing of paradise – UNTILL IT happens - Redemption of lost knowledge and memory. I and others who have known it then walk the earth in memory of both the world and that place – WHY? Paradise can never ever know the earth, BUT earth can know paradise WHY: because it has to in order for us to become an incarnate manifestation of what we are in there. You cannot love something and be moved by something which you do not know. ‘Something out there is in need, and you must BE WITH IT – with the knowledge and memory!

In due course all incarnate human beings must be with it, the knowledge of their divine selfhood – and come to act and love accordingly. Telling people cannot have any effect, not real effect anyway; they have to eat of it to be changed by it; nobody can eat their food for

them and grow for them. All this stuff is within the vortex of their own being, and to make contact seemingly takes a little love, a little sacrifice of time, a little questioning and a lot of caring about the true nature of reality, and a deep passion for it. These things do not happen by accident and they are not random.

I have no idea as to what extent past existences might have to play in this scenario, for I have learned nothing about past lives; and I do not think for one moment that we need to; for all this stuff works well, like clockwork – spirit and soul work. It might be argued that life has taught me and revealed to me a whole pack of lies that do not relate to the nature of reality at all – but in which case then it is most odd that it works indeed :-) And that would be a thousand and one coincidence too far; for it works in others as well.

I hope this may go some way towards giving you a better understanding of my own comprehension of these two aspects of our being; Cosmic Amnesia; and the Expansion of Consciousness into the Soul. And these of course are simply two aspects of the many which are not even mentioned in religions and academic metaphysical philosophies – because they simply do not know; and do not know what it is they are talking about.

References

Richardson, D. The Mystical Gnosis Event (2003). See <http://www.psychognosis.net> and <http://vixra.org/abs/0912.0058>