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THE AWAKENING PROJECT

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Feedback & comments welcome

Photos courtesy of Hubble 



The Awakening Project.

This project's intent is to encourage your 'awakening' to a wider state of awareness.

By exploring who you are and the complexity of your relationship to the world immediately your state of consciousness widens - however subtle this might seem. If these pages can assist you to see the wonder of your own multi-layered existence then the magic of this process is working. Nevertheless none of us open up to this wider reality in isolation so it is fundamental that we seek such knowledge from within because each of us has a hidden self who intuitively knows which is the right way for us. All this project intends is to offer material to support your expansion.

The suggestion here is that instead of leaning so heavily on 'known doctrine' we should be turning inwardly more often, seeking a more personal direction. Not that it is wrong to become absorbed in the mass of information, guidance and teaching available - much understanding can be gained this way - but the centre of all knowledge exists within each self. So when you read something that *'feels right'* know that this is your trigger for personal growth.

Having said that, let's consider the most important paradigms driving this project:

1. **There are four domains of daily life.** Awareness of self and others; awareness of one's physical body; awareness of the natural world; awareness of service to our society.
2. **You are not your body;** you are a unit of consciousness connected to the stream of collective consciousness that some have named God/Buddha/Allah etc.
3. This world you live in has the sensation of being real because it is created by your five senses, but it is only a fragment. **Reality is multi dimensional.**

This is a taste of what the Awakening Project is offering. I hope you can use the information in these pages - and on other provided links.

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DIALOGUE

Let's Talk...

The purpose of this project is to offer methods to help you instigate your own awakening. To ask you to consider your existence, to highlight the reality in which your consciousness resides and to bring your attention the four domains of the living that need to be developed. These four sectors cover all facets of daily life and need to be strengthened simultaneously.

It is now becoming quite obvious that each human consciousness functions within a multitude of realities. The evidence supporting this premise is overwhelming. If we continue to allow our understanding of the world to be limited by outmoded patterns of thought we will let the magnitude of this moment in human history pass us by.

By trusting our imagination; by using our intuition; by expanding our awareness of our existence and by opening our minds to what constitutes reality we can by-pass the body of thought that believes the only existent reality resides in matter! Centuries of dogma claiming one must be able to see and touch a thing for it to be real has been toppled by the inroads of quantum mechanics. Nevertheless new knowledge -as sweeping as what is being offered by quantum science - takes generations to fully filter through the public mind and we have not got the time if we are to recognise the wonder of who we are now!

Here we have a chance to expand our awareness, to develop capabilities that will lead us out past the boundaries of our own conditioning, and allow us to awaken to the existence of all things.

Hence this dialogue.

The intent here is to introduce new pathways in an attempt to change the perception of what we believe our living reality to be. By reaching in to touch the heartcentre we will be able to introduce a most important pathway leading from the head into the heart, and introduce a series of exciting possibilities that do not rely on intellectual debate, but will directly touch the perfection within each of us.

Therefore this dialogue will be practical...so let us begin:

There are four domains to your development as a human being. Like four strands of fibre that need to be woven together so as to function in equal strength and harmony these four sections of your life need to be worked as one unit if you are to create ongoing balance in your life.

This tetrad is as follows:

Acute awareness of one's physicality.

Acute awareness of one's relationship to self and others.

Acute awareness of Nature.

Acute awareness of one's usefulness to society.

These four domains create a foundation for living. If we direct our attention simultaneously to each section, 'balance' will be reflected in our state of being.

One could liken these domains to the four legs of a chair. They must be always be level. If one or more legs are of different length or size the chair will be uneven and very uncomfortable. It might even collapse! So it is with anything functional; to retain a balance the original framework must always be well constructed and united. This means that our attention cannot be concentrated on just one area of our lives. Our physical wellbeing and health is just as important as our ability to work to our fullest capacity within our society, and equally important is an awareness of the profound interaction between our humanness and the natural world and our relationship to ourselves and those around us.

We'll deal with one aspect at a time, keeping in mind that all four sections of our awareness are of equal value and importance and should be worked upon simultaneously.

Human Physicality:

We are not our bodies!

I repeat...we exist inside a physical form *but we are not our bodies!*

This fact is paramount, but if you feel you cannot accept what is being stated please do not reject this entire essay. There will be much that is acceptable to you and perhaps at some stage you might be able to allow this and other such untenable ideas to slip past the barrier set up by your belief system.

So! You are not your body. You are something else entirely. What this might be will be discussed soon, but let us simply examine this important detail first.

You live within a magnificent, highly complex, beautifully designed anthropoidal machine. The interfacing between you and the vessel that carries you around is so seamless that it is difficult to appreciate the division between the self and the physical form. There is a body intelligence that maintains the intricate physical process; this combines with our emotional and intellectual traits in such a way that unless we are placed under extreme stress we are hardly ever aware the division between body and self.

Often it's when we find ourselves beyond the precarious outer limits of human experience that we become aware for the first time of who we really are.

Millions have reported this extraordinary division between body and identity; people who have returned from death telling of a wondrous separation as they lifted from their physical form and watched their own body lying on an operating table or mangled in some horrific accident. There are so many books written on this subject, so many scientific examinations of this phenomenon that the weight of public experience has reached the point where it has snuffed out the protests of the skeptic. (There are many such examples detailed on the Links page)

I have never had a near death experience (NDE) but while giving birth I suddenly became aware of the animalistic moaning of someone in terrible pain, only to realise months later that I had been listening to my own cries as I floated just outside the physical pain barrier. People who have out of the body experiences (OBE) are in an excellent position to affirm that we are not our bodies, we are beings of consciousness. (Again, go to the Links page). These people can switch out of the frequency of physical matter releasing the energy of the self - existing as consciousness - allowing it to function in other wavelengths. These people often report hearing roaring or snapping sounds as they are released from the confines of their physical form. So it would appear that the frequency pattern of matter is the mechanism that positions and holds us within this physical dimension.

This then leads us a little way towards the discovery of who we are. For the moment though we are concentrating on the needs of our physical form. Because we - as consciousness - are in control we have the power to develop and uphold our physical well being, just as we have the power to maim and destroy it. We are responsible for how our physical body lives on this planet. This could be classed as a sacred duty, but not enough of us are aware of this noble responsibility.

If we are to accept the four domains of human development as mentioned above: awareness of the physical body; awareness of the natural world; awareness of our relationship to ourselves and others and awareness of our service to our society, then we might be able to accept that we have chosen a particular pathway in life, and all that we are and will become depends on our sense of self-responsibility to ourselves

So by being aware of the special relationship we have with our human body we can see immediately that we have a duty of care that we must honour. This precious vehicle allows us to live on this planet. It is such an exquisite agency supporting our development that we in turn need to do everything in our power to administer to its well being.

The correct food, and exercise.

The maintenance of harmony and lack of stress in all areas, intellectual, emotional and physical.

The resistance to all addiction - that includes emotions, and the sexual drive.

The acceptance of appearance.

The ability to express the body's fullest potential - be it dance, sport, or some other specialised physical activity.

The awareness of the needs of the ageing.

These are general rules, to be used as guidelines, for each body will have its own unique requirements.

This then becomes the next step. A personal investigation to discover exactly what your bodily needs are. If you look upon your body as a separate entity for whom you are totally responsible, you may suddenly see the importance of understanding that you are not your body. There is so much that you need to understand about the body you live in if you are to maintain its health and well being. This of course included emotional and intellectual criteria. Immediately it become obvious that another of the 4 domains - awareness of one's relationship to one's self - comes into play here. So not only do we need to hold constant vigil regarding our physical well being, we also need to be aware that emotional upheaval can cause physical damage.

A simple example is the way I have been attempting to nurture my body for some years now. Cutting out the wrong foods, trying to exercise, avoiding drugs and medical procedures, moving into a better physical environment, generally trying to become a responsible caretaker - or so I thought. Then I was diagnosed with the type of diabetes that develops through wrong food, and lack of physical exercise. I was shocked, but when I examined my habits I suddenly saw that my need for sweet food sprang from an emotional base, the dependency on food as a comforter. I had overlooked the physical damage I was doing because of an emotional need.

This is an example of the closeness of the physical/emotional interaction within the body. To become aware of the body's needs is the responsibility of the person living within the body. It is the same as living in a house, or driving a vehicle. Constant awareness of the upkeep is our responsibility. If we fail in our duty the house crumbles and the car breaks down. This applies to our physical state also. If the body becomes unwell or in some way damaged it loses energy, and we, the beings living within these bodies need energy to maintain our harmonious balance.

If your lifestyle or work situation is bringing about a lack of balance in your life, enough to eventually give you a heart attack, a breakdown, of a bout of cancer, or maybe a stroke, then you need to weigh up your options very closely. If the job is too important to let go, then the physical state may suffer. If the life style is too enjoyable to turn away from then you have to weigh up the costs to the physical body. It may be that you decide to ignore the body, and opt for the emotional or intellectual stimulation, but you need to be able to consciously make these decisions, so you know as the body fails that you have taken complete responsibility for its physical existence.

For many people physical damage has actually enhanced their life. The courage and the struggle that has been demanded of them may have given them extraordinary maturity and personal growth.

Each of us has a different destiny but we do need full physical expression of some kind if the four pillars of existence are to continue to expand and be evenly balanced.

Relationships - To Oneself and to Others.

The tangled riot of inter-woven connections in this domain usually takes us most of our lives to unravel. Every belief, every attitude, every reaction we experience is in some way connected to our relationships with others. If we are ever to really understand this there needs to be a special urge within us *wanting to know*. Without this drive it can be difficult to maintain the interest, or gain the insight.

From early childhood we interact with our immediate family members, and as we grow this action/reaction expands into school life and intimate friendships, eventually leading into adult relationships. Nevertheless it is our personal makeup which causes individual experience. Two children living within the same family environment may develop completely different life experiences simply because they are unique unto themselves. Their personality colours their attainments, just as ego dictates, protects and usually distorts their experience.

To begin to bring balance into our lives, our internal relationship to all these disconnected parts within needs a special kind of insight that can only come from a powerful drive to understand. *We need to want to understand ourselves*, just as we need to want to understand those around us.

There has been so much written about self-development that a series of dot points is all I will ascribe to here. The following is simply a reminder of the areas needing attention, but to make it a little clearer I'll itemize the list in four stages, and will also give a series of exercises that I have found helpful.

First Stage: Owning Your World.

- * Accept that you create your world.
- * Owning, recognising and changing your emotional states.
- * Taking back control.
- * Discovering the source of your wounds.
- * Turning attention toward the existence of one's internal stress.
- * Understanding the paradigm of the 'blame mentality'. Assessing the layers of self-deception and attachments linked to the pain of blaming. Understanding the uselessness of anger attached to this blame.
- * Discovering the mechanisms of self deception within the self.
- * Acceptance that the self is the creator of your reality.
- * The mind is a powerhouse of creativity. This is your potential

Second Stage: Acknowledging Your Worth.

- * Acknowledging your worth.
- * How valuing yourself will reveal worth and offer abundance.
- * Discovering or admitting your own perfection.
- * Letting go of self-deception.
- * Releasing the energy of your potential.
- * Accepting the awareness of who you are.
- * Understanding the divisions within the self.
- * The relationship between mind and heart.

Third Stage: Moving one's awareness to a new reality.

- * The power of imagination.
- * The power of dreams
- * The power of visualisation
- * The Seven Chakras System
- * The many layers of the self.
- * Using exercises and tools to unravel the mysteries of who you are

Fourth Stage: The discovery of the heart

- * Opening the pathway between head and heart
- * Breathing out love.
- * We are more than our bodies.
- * Higher self , guides and other realities.

There are two pages that you might like to examine if you wish to continue this dialogue.

On one page I have included a set of Course Notes from the Awaken Project. In these notes each of the points listed above are dealt with in much more detail.

There is another page devoted to a set of exercises that I have used and you may find useful.

Awareness of the Natural World.

Acknowledging the importance of nature is not enough if one is to maintain balance, for the natural world dominates our life on this planet and unless we consciously and continually interact with the aliveness of nature, we are denying the sacredness of the elements. By stepping out into the wilderness we step away from this technological world and break through an unseen barrier that is continually isolating us from our natural rights. Native cultures understand this. Their relationship to the land is/was supreme. By turning away from this sacredness we have lost the continuum of consciousness which is only a breath away from the Divine. It is not enough to walk through the natural world, we must become aware of the horrendous damage we are doing to ourselves by allowing the Earth to be plundered. This planet will survive mankind's primitive blunderings, but if we continue to allow those powers who believe they have dominance over Nature to strip the land and pollute the waters we will lose our place on this planet. There is much we must do, both privately and publicly, to bring about a balance to this domain.

In the course notes there is an expanded reference to our growth and awareness of this vital domain.

Service to Society:

Service to others is much more than simply giving to the poor or volunteering one's time to a good cause. The expression of our full potential is what is required by our society. This is a difficult request because for many people the knowledge of who they are and what they might have to offer others has not yet be realised. Nevertheless, to live a life that impacts harmoniously on society, that does not disturb the order, and that adds to the quality of the collective is more than most of us can manage. There seems to be a philosophical blindness in the system driving us at present. Ethical and moral principles have been cast into the shadows, the value of the human being has been downgraded, and the awareness of Love as a vibrate creative energy is no longer recognised. For our society to survive each of us needs to become more aware of our connection with each other.

In the course notes this is taken up in more detail.

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Sharing News Notes & Feedback

2nd Sept.2002

Last night I saw a BBC Horizon program on Alternative Universes. Science is now offering supporting evidence to the information supplied by Seth, Robert Monroe, Bruce Moen others who tell us there are separate realities, other worlds that exist along side our own. Not only that, but these same physicists can now explain - through insight as well as mathematical genius - the mechanics of the big bang theory.

I have always argued against this awkward theory of a sudden explosion of matter creating our universe because I needed to know what came before the 'big bang'. Called the 'singularity' this single event was supposed to have caused the very existence of our universe yet it was obvious to anyone that there must have been a forerunner to this explosion. As one scientist put it, there was a time factor before the big bang.

Science itself found that calculations at the actual moment of explosion did not equate, threatening the whole theory of big bang. They also found another of their theories was unraveling; the string theory, describing how matter really exists as harmonic waves similar to the vibrations caused by the plucking of a stringed instrument...thus the name 'string'. This is the theory that develops multiple universes.

So in the span of a few years two important scientific ideas explaining the birth of our universe

and the existence of parallel universes were both disintegrating, but as is so often the case with science it only took an added dimension, the 11th dimension to reinvigorate the thinking. As a layman I do not understand the math of this 11th dimension, but at the time the string theory of multiple universes was working within 10 dimensions. As soon as they accepted 11 as the correct number the illusive 'Theory of Everything' began to develop. Now they could see that within this eleventh dimension thousands of universes exist - including our own. They saw that these realities might be as flimsy as membrane. In fact this new theory is called the M theory, isolating the idea that membranes of all shapes and sizes, all rippling and vibrating at different frequencies are in fact parallel universes. And what if gravity came from outside our universe; what if gravity was like the glue that supported dimensional existence? Suddenly this idea explained the weakness of gravity as compared to other forces such as magnetism, and helped to confirm the reality of parallel universes. They could also see, as Seth explains, that we humans exist in more than one reality; we too live within a range of frequencies. Although exciting, this idea is a challenge to those who believe that everything is solid stable and fixed. Nevertheless science was now working with 11 dimensions, harmonic frequencies of matter, parallel universes - made up of rippling membranes vibrating within the harmonics of the string theory - the reason for the weakness of gravity and so much more. A theory of everything was beginning to develop.

Then, on a train journey to see a stage play, three physicists began to free associate with the idea that perhaps this 11th dimension with its seething mass of realities may not be the benign and peaceful place first imagined. What if, on this plane of existence, universes collide? What if within the 11th dimension two universes, like rogue waves, accidentally smashed together, would this not bring about the birth of a new universe, our universe. At once they began to resurrect the big bang theory, but now with a background to work from.

So these tremendously exciting new ideas offer a multitude of universes, parallel realities, matter operating as energy and vibrating at various frequencies and all within the parameters of the information Seth offer us. Not only that, but the big bang theory now has credence because it explains that something existed before this creative explosion, and that we are not alone, our universe exists within a multiverse.

Notes on Retirement.

Over the past few years there's been much said about 'Baby Boomers'. How their retirement will effect everything from share prices to the soaring cost of real estate. It might be an over reaction but it has led me to some thoughts I would like to share:

Question - Are you living just to fill in time? Or are you filling in time with your day to day existence?

Question - What would happen if 'purpose' was withdrawn from your life?

Question - Has your life lost its importance? Are you fulfilling your own expectations? What would your direction be if goal-setting and purpose lost their meaning?

Question - Have you touched your inner potential yet? Have you discovered your life plan yet?

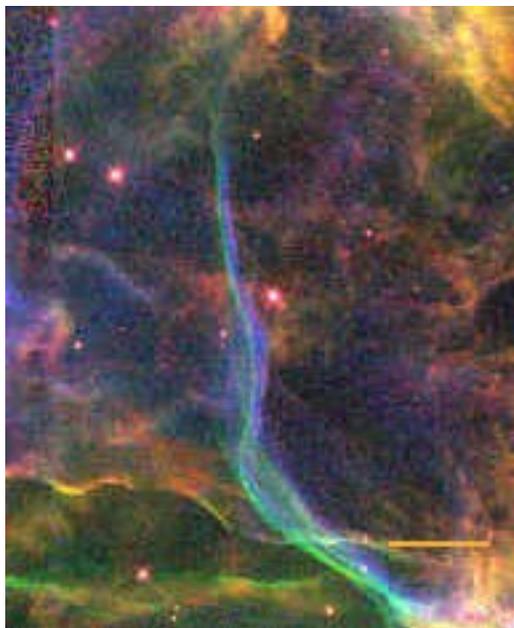
These are hard questions for any age, but as one retires and turns away from the grind and expectations of work they take on extra meaning. Retirement usually means a slow depletion of physical functions leading eventually to death. There might still be another twenty five years of

living left, but the body is ageing and this cannot be ignored.

Notes on the use of sexuality as a tool for reaching higher planes of consciousness.

It is important that we understand more about this sacred aspect of sexuality. Eastern philosophies such as Tantric Yoga have known for centuries how to use sexuality to expand consciousness. It would appear also that within our own culture there has always been awareness this prime use of human sexuality. The Templar Knights kept this knowledge alive but had to hide it from The Church, and it well may have been the real search of the Alchemists. Their need to turn base metal into gold may have been a symbolic expression for reaching heights of sacred ecstasy. It is time to speak openly about this important tool of awareness-expansion. This is the place for feedback and personal experience.

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NINE GATEWAYS TO THE DREAM

AUTOBIOGRAPHY

Lyn Willmott

1st Gateway - Death & Beyond.

My father was dying.

Beneath the spider-web tumour - which was gradually destroying all signs of humanness - Dad's brain was disintegrating. Ruthlessly it attacked each of his senses, creating in him a fearful dread, the like of which most humans will never understand. My father had such courage! I was only a bystander, yet I could not endure what he was suffering. In moments of meditative thought I pondered the fragility of the human body, wondering why there was a need for such merciless pain during our physical sojourn on this planet. What really lay beyond this relentless rhythm of birth, life, and death? My father himself had no belief in life beyond death, and watching this slow relinquishment of physical senses, I was torn by more than just fear for what was happening to him. I was questioning my very belief in the roots of consciousness.

Dad's conscious state was literally being eaten away. If asked by a nurse to put out his arm, his spatial coordination had become so damaged that he had no idea where 'out' was. This man was

a draftsman, professional designer, and watercolorist, so when his sense of sight was annihilated I stared out at the world of normality in helpless horror. How could this be happening? How could someone be made to descend into such a hell? Especially someone like my father, who was a painter, a builder, a man of ideas: gentle but brilliant, he had quietly spent his life creating something where nothing had been before. Now his mind - the structure housing the Self - was collapsing. This was what frightened me most, and while he still had some remnant of cognition it was his terror too. Despairingly though, Medicine could not halt the destructive march of the tumour.

At this time I was part of a group, investigating and interpreting dreams. We met once a week, always finishing the night with a group meditation. They were a very supportive group and although they could do nothing to change my father's terrible condition, they gave me energy and humour allowing me to lean heavily on them. Also at this time I was one of the millions addicted to nicotine, meaning while dad was dying I was chain smoking, foolishly behaving as if a cigarette would somehow relieve the stress.

It was at one of our meetings, under this extreme pressure, that I finally had to acknowledge that there was another reality, interpenetrating my own. But I did not see it then as I do now - as a doorway to a wider state of awareness. No, it simply became an odd event that I felt I should not talk about because of what people might think of me.

We had had a quiet meeting, mainly because of their concern for my father. We had not really analysed any dreams that night; the eight of us simply sat in a circle on the floor talking softly. I was half way through a cigarette when it was decided that we would begin the meditation. Carefully I extracted the burning tip, placing the dead cigarette on the side of the ashtray, intending to re light it later. As I think back to those times I wonder what I was thinking of, snatching a quick meditation between puffs of poison, but I guess my father's illness excused me?

So we began our meditation, silently linking with each other, drawing energy from the circle as we emptied our minds. I always enjoyed meditating with the group because it allowed me to sink into a much deeper more profound state, but this night was different. I had hardly closed my eyes when an image of the archetypal 'perfect apple' snapped into my mind. It was so real and so beautiful I gasped aloud at its perfection. There it sat in the centre of my mind, deliciously large, complete with a tear-shaped dewdrop sliding down its glowing, waxy, red skin. I stared in awe, then noticed that one side had a bite taken from it. The flesh was snow white, and so moist I could almost taste its sweetness. I was still trying to grasp the suggestion being given me by such flawlessness, when suddenly extending over my right shoulder surged an arm with a hand viciously butting out a cigarette into the apple. I heard a splatter and hiss as this smoking venom squashed into the pure flesh, causing a foul liquid stain to eat into the whiteness. Now the apple was putrid.

I jerked away as if it had really happened, turning in the dim light to see who was behind me, at the same time chiding myself for being so stupid. Never the less I sat dumbfounded waiting while the others continued meditating. Something had just happened, completely foreign to my reality. An apple had been placed so I would see it as soon as I closed my eyes. The graphic demonstration of this deadly smoking habit held in it a quality so real I had no doubt the hand that stubbed the cigarette belonged to something or somebody tangible. I had not used my imagination. It certainly was not a dream, and I had not even started to meditate. Yet I had witnessed a powerful image, intrinsically linked to a reality as intense and profound as the reality we tread our way through each day.

When the others finished meditating, I reached for the half smoked cigarette, but withdrew immediately. How could I possibly smoke after such an event? Maybe I would have one in the

car going home. But I didn't. In fact I never smoked again, even though I was in the middle of a most devastating time.

So what was the message? Obviously I was being shown the truth about smoking, but why at that particular moment? Was I being told that smoking was my father's illusive killer? Back in the late seventies the full extent of nicotine damage was not appreciated, and my father did smoke, so perhaps this was the cause of his cancer?

Perhaps it was because stress had weakened my barriers, allowed a return of the ubiquitous mystical state of early childhood? Often when we are at our lowest ebb Spirit offers an opening allowing us to reach through to a wider reality. At such a time we may not have the energy to maintain our so-called normalcy so the illusion of our concrete reality becomes apparent as our world shatters. We see our factual environment changing, and because we are vulnerable this change reflects inwardly allowing new experiences to occur.

This was exactly what was happening to me. My safe cocoon had been blasted from under me. For those terrible three months I lived aghast at what was happening for as well as my father obliteration, another speculation was brooding inside: maybe the pragmatists were right, maybe we were nothing more than the sum total of a brain sitting on top of humanity's shoulders? I found this premise unbearable. Always a deep knowing had told me we were much more than a string of ideas, sensations, and personality traits. But as the tumour ate away at my father's essence I found my thoughts were forcing me into a terrible place, questioning not only where the 'self' was located, but whether it existed at all! I became confused about this 'self' because at that time I had no idea of the many divisions within us. Maybe while I was dealing with the death of my father and these destructive questions, somebody else was drawing my attention to...what? A mundane quit smoking campaign? It made no sense.

For years it made no sense, even though many times I was lifted out of depression by the remembrance of that miraculous arm coming across my shoulder. On reflection though, this odd event lying completely outside the dreadful reality of a brain tumour, was the perfect way to demonstrate the many layers of existence. Dad was dying, and it was his belief that death was the final statement, there was nothing beyond. He had taught me well causing me to spend many years attempting to reject this philosophy. Then an arm reaching across my shoulder, so alive, so real, stretching into my reality from somewhere else was telling me otherwise. While Dad was dying somebody else was assuring me 'there is no such thing as death' and although the message took time to be understood, the actual event was alive in me from the moment it happened helping enormously as my great and terrible adventure continued.

2nd Gateway - Birth and Rebirth

I had always had a fore-knowledge that giving birth would cast me into some unknown place, horrific in proportion, terrifying in expression. This simmering knowledge bubbled beneath every movement of my adult life yet I had managed, by fearfully avoiding pregnancy, to refrain from looking full in the face of my premonition for thirty-six years.

So loomed the initial gateway of what became a journey of liberation. Unbelievably I was standing in an antiseptic green and cream room, hearing the doctor confirming what I never

believed could happen. I was pregnant! With those words something inside me collapsed, for now I had no choice. It felt almost sacrificial; at last this known place of dread must be entered. I am sure most mothers would be puzzled by what might sound like melodramatic hysteria, but motherhood was as foreign to me as living life as a roman centurion.

I'm sorry to say that the labyrinth of restricted knowledge, shadowy warnings and unexpressed anxieties is an indictment of how I denied my internal life; also it speaks of the reluctance the outside world feels when it listens to people with such strange knowings. I knew if I had spoken out about my fear, women close by would have simply massed around optimistically attempting to smooth away my dread, using their own pregnancies as examples. Sharing this composite of all women's experience is often treated as the ultimate wisdom. I had witnessed them, landing like crows around pregnant newcomers, graphically telling their stories, with never a ripple of inquiry about why the person might be feeling such concern; never a consideration of what might be the wellspring of these fears. This is my excuse for not speaking out. Factually I had no understanding to offer, just a premonition, so my fear of giving birth remained suppressed and I walked around ashamed of my cowardliness. It was not until after the birth that a vague understanding of what was really taking place started to dawn on me. It seemed that the creative joy that I had always been seeking was now breaking through. The birth had crushed the very barriers I thought were protecting me allowing my passage through the first giant gateway.

Still, the months leading up to this momentous birth were dull and unhappy, for I had no idea of the gift that was about to be bestowed. Living in a constant dread, I stashed away an accumulation of sleeping pills. This back door to death would be my way out, and knowing I had an escape route eased the pressure a little. Never once did it occur to me that I might be transferring this hell through to my baby! Maybe it was a blessing for I could not have suppressed the fear. There is no way to escape such intuition while its black knowledge flutters constantly in one's head! Had I realised what the baby might be receiving, neither of us may have survived. Despite every resistance possible, time steadily marched me towards the apocalypse - all I could do was endure.

We were born together that day!

Although the birth was as bad as I knew it would be, tearing through the protective shell of inhibitions, tossing the casing aside, revealing a vulnerable creature on the brink of change, I continued to endure. The baby did the opposite. He abandoned the womb, ripped through the birth channel, tumbling gleefully into the light. As I say, we were born together.

It was the death of the old self that was the portentous knowledge I had been carrying all my life. In hindsight I guess I had to experience it to know it, but even then it took slabs of time before I began to appreciate the magnificence of what had happened in that birthing room. Having been forecast in a dream the night before the birth, three of the dream's symbols were experienced on that day. The crossroads where two new lives were ushered in, the crypt where the old self crumbled away, and the third has taken till now, twenty six years later, to recognize. My son's birth also gave me grounding; his birth grounded me and gave me earthy, creative energy.

As my baby entered this world he transformed me. At the time I had little awareness of the translation of such energies. Now I understand how the continuing process of change - altering energy and reorganising memory - occurs cyclically through our journey on this planet. This is why I speak of two births in the hospital that day. I was spiraling into another place, and so was my child. He also was on a cyclic journey as he flung himself out of the womb into the solid density of his earthly evolution. To learn to chart each child's cycle, and record the initial display of the personality will become part of our system eventually, giving us a firmer grasp of who we are, both spiritually and physically.

Three months later, as I started to recover from shock, metamorphosis was well under way. New life was given to me as the baby was being born, and this brilliance was the unknown side of my terror, a side I had no idea existed, for a miraculous change had taken place!

From childhood I had wanted to write. Dad was an artist so I too wanted to create, but I always found the effort exhausting. I had the ability to conjure plots and images but found it

impossible to give my ideas power. Believe me, a fertile imagination is no match for this lack of creative impulse. Usually I could only write four or five pages before having to crawl into bed in helpless exhaustion. Now after the birth I was bewildered. There was no exhaustion, no more disused or uncompleted work. I was truly renewed! Somehow creative energy had been released as my child was born and now I was an entirely different person! How could this have happened? Slowly I began to understand the power of these remarkable centres of force, chakra centres spinning energy over various glandular areas of our bodies. I know now that with the birth came a vitalization of the lower chakras centres as blocked energy was released. The change was stunning.

I need to confess that for the first three months I was an emotional wound. I protected and nurtured my son with all the intensity of a tiger looking after a cub, but I'm afraid it was almost a static response. Then spontaneously there was another shift, this time a pure movement of love. Passion for my baby burst forth, followed a few months later by the realisation that I was able to creatively express myself. I was able to touch an idea, support it with intent, and bring it into this world of matter. Even more exciting, it would be almost identical to my original internal image. I was never able to do that before the birth. This process had opened a new channel and the energy sprang as if from nowhere.

So began the journey of the dream I had had whilst my child was actually preparing to leave the womb. I had passed through the first gateway.

Within a year I had discovered clay and with it the beauty of the three-dimensional form. I remember the ecstasy of the night I sat at the kitchen table moulding a set of tiny cloaked figures, feeling the forms emerging beneath fingers that hardly seemed to belong to me. That night the creativity of absolute attention - a state that requires intense flowing energy - lifted me beyond where the body was sitting, leading me into the realm of imagination. Time stopped and the body sat empty for hours as I worked from inside another place. The dawn light seeping across the room startled me. This had never ever happened before. I had forgotten to go to bed.

Compare this magical state to the earlier creature who lost so much energy trying to write that sleep was the only cure. Consider the reclamation. Does it not tell us of the changes that can be worked by understanding more about energy restructuring, about the vital importance of our chakras?

Within eight years I had a degree in Ceramic Design with distinctions in essay, and clay work - the essence of which I could never accomplish while imagination lay in the pre-birth sludge.

Now in my forties I eventually emerged from my studies as a teacher. This is only mentioned as a reinforcement of the claim that an astonishing mystery surrounds our lives. These crossingpoints dot everybody person's life, but often they go unnoticed or unrecorded.

Opportunity for expansion can be misinterpreted. Wrong roads can be taken because the power of the event is not taken seriously, or is sadly ignored.

Because this collection of essays centres around the nine gateways of this prophetic dream that I had the night before the birth it might be helpful here to give just a brief outline. (The last essay - Epitome - investigates the importance of dream images and expands on this profound dream)

The night before I had dreamed that I climbed up to a cross roads at the top of a steep hill, and on each corner of this crossroads stood a church. I had gone down the crumbling steps of one of the churches, into a crypt where I discovered a fish tank owned by Michael - a relation - and I went into this tank then swam out through a porthole entering and swimming through the rock of the surrounding ground. Briefly my interpretation says the crossroads at the top of the hill represented the peak experience of the birth. The crypt told of the 'old me' dying. The renewal of life - both mother and child - was found in the spiritual waters of the fish tank, and the power of being grounded in mother earth enabled me to be grounded enough to cope with the new life of motherhood. That is the painting of my imagery, for others the interpretation may be different. Each dreamer receives messages dressed in form and colour that is unique to them, requiring their own interpretation because the symbols are so special the message is only for them. Of course not every dream requires analysis or interpretation. Many are the result of

us filing away the day's events. Other dreams take us into the strata's of reality beyond this world, and then others again give profound messages meant for the ear of all humanity. In this case I remained blinkered for many years, but I did not forget the dream even though there were no guidelines explaining these spokes in my wheel fortune.

This is another vital point that cannot be emphasised enough. Message dreams continual upgrade our understanding of who we are. I struggled for six or seven years to understand one symbolic message, and this effort was rewarded by a deeper understanding of something I hid from myself in early childhood. We work in layers, and our dreams constantly reveal new levels of understanding.

Different shaped truths, clothed in mystical metaphor are offered to all of us as tools for living. Here I need to draw attention to another equally notable set of metaphors, this time not founded in dreams but in the seven majestic energy centres, referred to in Eastern disciplines as chakras. At the first gateway I encountered a change in two of these vital energies. The base chakra, in which lies the initial energy of selfhood, and the second centre, known the centre of sexual power. Indomitable vitality charged through both these centres as I became grounded by the birth and within a few years found myself at art school. As the journey continued other chakras also began to function in a more balanced manner. These days I am positive that clues to our state of being are constantly being given. They need to be worked, using all the intuition one can muster because the sacred Giver knows us intimately, and always we are being guided.

3rd Gateway - The Deliverance Symbol.

The death of my father so soon after the birth of my son were relentless moves on the chessboard of my life, almost as though I was being deliberately set up for checkmate. At that particular time I was living as a single parent, in a small, very ugly house tucked away in a remote seaside town. Unknowingly I had activated another personal chess piece. Isolation! Had some other part of me placed me at this crossroad surrounded by elements of a game that demanded skills and insights I had yet to possess? This was confrontational chess. Win or loose, there was no third choice. In hindsight - having survived that lengthy strategy where every move dismantled another of my of protective shells - I can see that I was indeed a pawn, like we all are, in a much larger system. Somehow we are placed where we should be despite our confused protests. The little person living in the frontal lobe can only sense the size of the magnificent life it is living inside, and has no idea of the magnitude of the game.

So I was positioned to live alone, with few acquaintances, and a part time partner who had danced away to another of his many romantic interludes and marriages. Also my mother had been diagnosed with cancer, and although we lived miles apart, in distance as well as in communication, it seemed Death was preparing another sortie into our family. I protested inwardly at the tiny lapse of time since the horrific battle with my father. I was still shattered from that experience so without doubt Death was one of the chessmen on my board, causing me to regard Death as one of the game's victors.

Remember though, these were the thoughts of the 'small me'. The pragmatic one who thought she only had five senses available and who was unable to consider anything larger than her immediate life, screening like a movie in front of her face. To this 'me' life after death was nice fantasy but rationally not possible. Death's annihilation had happened to my father, now it was my mother's turn... so when would it be mine?

There is a list of events sociologists use as warnings for breakdowns and suicides. Loss and change feature strongly speaking to us of their psychological importance. The collapse of a relationship; death of somebody close; loss of employment; changes in life style; the pressure and failure of study; dramatic health problems; these are just a few of the conflicts posing a

threat to our coping mechanisms. If by some management of fate we suddenly have a group of these itemized problems lumped together in our lives bells and whistles should sound, because we have entered the danger zone.

Not knowing this I was panic stricken by a new strange numbness in my neck. Or a sudden gasping loss of breath attached to a terrible feeling of panic. Sometimes a huge wave-like electrical charge would roll through my body, effecting my eyesight and hearing - to be endured in perfect stillness until I was released by crying. To me these symptoms warned of brain tumour, mirroring the horror of my father's illness. I became a menace at the local medical practice, for very soon I began to see open ugly mouths and twisted faces in patterns of carpets, curtains or cloud shapes. I lived in the country and driving at night became a nightmare because of the hideous shapes that unfolded from the landscape in the headlights of my car. The only place of safety was my bed. After a few weeks, horrifically, the sheets began to move against my skin while I lay stiffly still. Each time it happened I was lost in a wave of panic, how could sheets move on their own? Irrational thoughts lifted me on a broomstick of madness, but I knew I was not insane. All that was left was beg the universe to make it stop. It was around this time that the doctors suggested I voluntarily commit myself to a psychiatric hospital. The diagnosis cracked through me like a thunderbolt, for up until that time I believed I was dying. The diagnosis waved a flag of warning; intuitively I knew all would be lost if I entered a world of drugs and hospitals.

Thus began the real work, done silently, in isolation with no interference from outside, without help or understanding. Work that has become clearer and lighter as the years have progressed, but work I needed to do to support the internal shift of consciousness. Like a surgeon's knife this unseen force cut true. To begin with I struggled against it, wanting to escape the healing. I looked everywhere for answers, desperate to believe something magical was happening to me, but not able to find such reassurance anywhere. When an individual undergoes such a structural change it could be likened to the suffering referred to in so many religions; that dark night of the soul. But I did not know that then. Occasionally knowledge would hover in my ears and I would grasp intuitively that some mystical essence was reshaping my mind, but when one believes one is too ordinary to have such magnificent experiences, doubt eats away at the glory.

Still the change continued and with it came the first hint of what was really happening. I remember sitting at the table, lifting a cup of coffee to my mouth, then suddenly as I began to drink I found myself outside my body, watching the hand tip the cup, pouring the brown liquid down the body's throat. I - the one outside watching - was amazed. Why would she want to swallow such foul and dirty water? Then I was back at the table drinking, but I was changed. From then on I knew I was more than my body. I knew also that our miraculous physicality must be given the utmost care for it is in this vessel that we travel through our earth life. Why do anything to damage or impair this physical vessel, for surely this would only make the journey more difficult? These concepts are intimately related - the vessel, the journey and the damage - and if we look carefully they can be seen as the root cause of many human traumas. Of course as I slipped back into my physical form I found myself in panic mode. What had happened? What was I doing? Who was this other 'I' I had just meet? How could I know about such a state? The panic built until, per usual, I rushed to the safety of my bed.

Gradually, through these years of panic and lunacy, deep inside I began to understand that something was carefully taking me apart and reassembling me, piece-by-piece. Indeed it was the only way. The original gift of rebirth - as my son was born - was being built upon. All of it was done in isolation; a method almost inhuman, but recommended because there can be no interruptions from partner or family, no questions, and no external advice or demands. Of course support from a person who understands what is happening, and how to help would be excellent, but I had no such option.

What was happening is usually classified as a breakdown, and the gulf in psychiatric knowledge is so heinous that diagnosed sufferers are placed in hospitals where the irrational behaviour of their so-called illness is treated. Not for me! I knew I must not be given drugs, shock treatment, or any other offering from an ideology that uses suppression as a cure. There

are many people experiencing such life changes; and although they need a place of peace and support to assist them make this breakthrough to another level of awareness, more than anything else they need a medical authority that understands the feelings attached to such turmoil are natural. There is a desperate need for an enlightened medical attitude, so the process of human change and expansion is understood. Transformation will never be easy. Medicine should not use drugs as a method of pacifying or dulling this journey, instead the medical fraternity needs to grasp the genesis of the process, and realise that instead of illness there is a miraculous transmutation taking place. If psychiatry opened its collective mind, we would be guiding not drugging these people, and much of the fear would be replaced by understanding, perhaps even excitement.

For years I had kept a diary, using it to work through problems, giving myself explanations, or advice, often relapsing into third person as a flashing insight opened up entire avenues of new thought. But as the unrecognised metamorphous continued I sank further into fear, so it took courage to write, courage to analyse and feel. In fact for sanity's sake I was trying hard not to think at all! If there had been some one to share and support this state, I may not have had to endure such an intensity of panic. This is why I plead for such places of enlightenment, feeling certain that eventually they will appear.

I was weak to the point of not being able to walk far, and I spent much of each day seeking the security of bed, pleading for it to stop. Yet come three o'clock I would be able to shift myself back into a semblance of normality, ready for my little boy as he came home from school. For a few hours being together would hold the tide of terror. Seems my life was operating almost by remote control for I have little memory of the normal 'everyday' events of that time.

It was after one of these gentle moments that I was given a sign of the worst being over. I had put Delian to bed, and had gone into the living room to try to listen to music, being careful of what sound I chose because anything discordant would set off the panic. I had not been able to watch television for quite some time because of its inharmonious attack on my nervous system. Standing in the centre of the room, suddenly I found myself looking into my own shell of consciousness. I saw it as an encasement of brittle memory. Wafer thin and very fragile, it seemed like a membrane that was receding further and further back, bunching itself into a corner of my mind till it became a white shape like a crescent moon. Now, with memory pushed to one side, the metaphorical picture of my consciousness appeared like a wide, fast-flowing river: then surging through this was a fist thrusting itself up out of the water. The wild internal movement robbed me of breath and I stood motionless trying to examine the meaning. I knew I had seen this image somewhere before. Then it came! They had used this watery signal of a fist victoriously punching up through the water in a film called 'Deliverance'. I had been delivered. That's what the imagery was saying. The fist punching upward, out of the watery grave was my message. I sat on the floor in total wonder. What a precise yet original way to tell me I had just been delivered!

Looking back I am so grateful for being allowed to work with, and be directed by this inner force. I dare not even imagine what might have happened if I had followed my doctor's advice. Despite these misgivings, I suspect soon scientists who genuinely seek understanding will re-examine information they already have about the pineal gland, one of the most important centres in the body (known to many as the crown chakra). This centre has a great role to play in mystical life. It draws us through to other realities and is already being recognized by some scientists as a key mechanism in our beautifully designed physical form. Already they are looking at where the pineal centre sits in the brain in relationship to brain chemicals. The role stress plays in this molecular interchange indicates an important chemical symbiosis. After my own experience I wonder if fear has a role in conscious expansion for it certainly smashed what was left of my resistance to change.

My son's birth may have started this hellish four year process, but now I was delivered. This was the message. It took weeks to fully absorb the deliverance symbol, but instantly as the word deliverance came to me I knew I'd been given a remarkable message, a life-changing message. It was the beginning of the healing process. The fist of deliverance was my movement through the next gateway.

4th gateway - The Prison In The Heart

Even after my heart was opened I remained oblivious to the wondrous process I was undergoing. There was a suspicion that something may not be quite normal, but I dare not speculate on concepts such as divine help - not even in the privacy of my diary. Over the previous five years I had been led through a series of experiences that touched my view of reality but could not melt away my heavy seal of conditioning. Mystical beings like guides and helpers might be exciting to read about, but I knew such fairytales did not colour ordinary people lives. The trauma of the change that was dissolving my world kept me practically bedridden. The terrible electrical waves that would unexpectedly explode through my mind built up unbearable panic, so under these conditions one would not expect to be offered an internal gateway of such magnitude; a gateway to a place where the heart would be opened. Weeks earlier I had what I termed then a waking dream. A symbolic picture of an arm punching up out of the water. I recognised the image as coming from the film 'Deliverance'. I was being told that 'deliverance' was at hand. Quickly I realised that this type of visualization was a method of healing I could use. By attempting to feel the part of my body experiencing emotional stress then picturing what this problem might look like I was able to create an image I could work with. For instance, I had an ache in my solar plexus that never left me, so I placed my attention over this area and immediately saw it as a drain. Because that's what it felt like I created an image of a storm water drain covered by a grate. In my mind I lifted the grating and stared down into the deep pit and saw a mass of snakes squirming at the bottom. Naturally such a frightening image sent me into shudders of fear and in the early stages of this experiment I seemed to do nothing but cry and plead to the heavens for help. Still it was a tangible method. I actually felt I was touching the emotion in almost a physical way, and it had an impact for I could feel my strength returning.

Then one day, after a particularly bad morning trying to deal with the snake pit, an image of an odd shaped leather bag - something like the Spanish drinking gourd - suddenly flooded my mind. Years earlier I remember trying to drink out of one of these bags in Barcelona, spluttering wine everywhere, but although I knew the shape, I did not create the picture. Suddenly it was there, perfect in texture and colour, filling my mind with such potency I could not help but work with it.

Holding the leather gourd in my imaginary hands I tried to open it but because of lack of use it had hardened to a stiff iron-like state. In my mind I worked away at the leather trying to soften it, having no idea of the symbolism I was actually working with - an old leathery heart who's opening had grown stiff through lack of use. Eventually the opening began to yield and I looked into the dark interior of this imaginary thing in my hands. The image changed immediately and before me was a flight of stone steps going down into the gloom. In my mind I went down these stairs into a musty dark place. Ahead of me I saw a prison cell - again the symbol was unrecognized till much later. Behind the cell bars, lying on a hard cot covered by a thin blanket lay an old man. When I saw how pitiful he was I cried out in desperation. Rushing into the cell I tore open the iron bars of the cell window. Immediately this little old man stood up, and as he did, dust showered off him letting me see how long he had been a prisoner. He climbed through the broken bars, and without a backward look, escaped into the green meadows of paradise. I stood at the broken window watching and as he ran I saw he was getting younger and younger; by the time he disappeared over the rise he had become a strong, beautiful young man.

After this incredible kaleidoscope of images I felt exhausted and as I began to write up this

'waking dream' in my diary, panic overwhelmed me. It was at least a week before I attempted to look at what I had written. With no inkling of the enormity of the event, I simply knew something important had happened, something outside my control, another symbolic image affecting my necessary change. It felt as though I was being taken through a series of gateways, but I was almost too afraid to analyse the images for fear of going mad. Already there had been a hand stubbing a cigarette into the apple during meditation - causing me to give up smoking: and a fist punching its way up out of the water indicating my deliverance was at hand. Now this fairy-story, taking place inside a Spanish gourd, was being added to the list of bizarre events beyond my control.

It was months before I fully grasped the message. The worn leather wine bag with the hardened opening represented my heart. I had to work at the stiffness at the mouth of the bag until it was soft enough to open. Thus my heart was opened. The steps going down into the dungeon indicated I was entering a deep subterranean part of myself, buried since early childhood. So as I entered this isolated prison I discovered a part of myself so long forgotten she was almost unknown, covered in the dust of disuse. When I ripped open the prison cell and released that forgotten part of me living in the centre of my heart, the 'I' living in this reality was set free. The bars dropped from my heart and I could love again. Moreover this buried and forgotten part grew younger and younger as it moved further into freedom. The fact that this lost 'me' took on a masculine form indicated that a balance of sexual energies was taking place, and in this state androgyny could be conceived - but it was years before this last symbol was understood.

Such a method, using one's own symbolic imagery to pictorially explain what might be held as an emotional blockage, can work in a similar way to dreaming, the benefit being a more conscious awareness. Since those days when I was given images to work with, I have had the confidence to create my own set of images. Nevertheless I know the difference between creating one's own pictorial workboard and the perfection of the 'gift image'. Over the years further such gifts were to be slotted into my consciousness. I am still in awe! The magnificence of this 'Process' fills me with excitement for I am positive that it goes on in all of us - albeit unrecognised by many.

This method of creating images is an easy yet profound method of penetrating the rigid control of one's 'outer self'. It helps discover what is really taking place within the multi-layered-self. Usually these various parts or levels belong to one's personal belief system, though some are linked to our collective assemblage of universal myths. In the main though, we are the ones creating the intimate storyboard of our private world. To use the snake pit as an example: during the breakdown my solar plexus was chaotic. This whole area over my stomach was constantly aching, so I pitched my mind down into that area exploring how it felt. The pit of snakes was the closest resemblance I could find to my physical feeling; so as fearful as it was, I let this image develop. In the snake pit I consciously began transferring the feelings into images. Not like the previous storyboard where the symbol of the goal in the heart was given to me; here I developed the solar plexus snake pit myself as a method of trying and clear out the rampant emotions locked into that centre. At first when I discovered the pit I knew it was too dangerous to go near, and it took a while before I was able to take each snake out, one by one. For a time that was all I could do. I knew I must not push myself. Each snake was placed carefully on a shelf in my mind, and I knew there would come a time when I could deal with the messages they held within in them. Many months later I was able to go back and identify what part of me each snake represented, and act upon this information in ways the snake itself was dictating. I dismembered one snake (emotion) turning it inside out to bleach in the sun, another snake warned me unless I searched deeper I would never find its eggs (the root cause of the emotion). That was alarming because I knew until I did more work this unknown ugliness would remain inside me. Yet another thin gray snake told me it represented the memory of my father. It pleaded with me to draw it out of the emotional tangle I had trapped it in and allow it to return to where it belonged, so in my mind I eased it out of the wriggling squirm and stretched it carefully onto the ground. As I did the snake began to grow sleek and healthy, then as it slid away I knew this action was helping to restore the broken memory I had

of my father. Traditionally snakes are supposed to represent our sexual drives, but for me this tangle of snakes at the bottom of the dark drain depicted my emotional turmoil, part of the solar plexus. Once cleaned out and filled with white light the energies of this emotional centre were eventually balanced, able assimilate into the pure workings of the life force.

Because of the physical areas I intuitively found myself working in I eventually came to recognise that there was a correlation between my imagery and the seven energy centres (part of Eastern philosophy) known as chakras. The first chakra, the base chakra, is located at the bottom of the spine and directly impacts on the basic expression of 'self'. The second chakra is known as the sexual chakra because of where it sits, and how the power of these sexual energies spiral out from this vortex. The 3rd centre lays over the solar plexus (where I found my snakes) and is centred in the energies of will, ego, and power. The 4th chakra, found in the chest, and between the shoulder blades, is known as the heart chakra. This is a major chakra dividing the lower three from the top three chakras. The lower chakras incorporate expression of self, sexual drives, egoic needs, a sense of will, and the pursuit of power. It's easy to understand how the energies of the lower three often overlap and interpenetrate. The three chakras found above the heart are finer energies relating to our more esoteric attributes. The 5th chakra, over the throat is associated with communication and creativity. The 6th centre found between the eyebrows, on the bridge of the nose (and known by some as the third eye) is a magical centre enhancing all activities of imagination and intuition. The last chakra - the crown chakra - is where conscious awareness exits from the physical realm. There is another interpenetrating exchange of energies taking place within these upper three chakras. Creativity, communication, imagination, intuition and psychic awareness help lift our awareness out of the physical realm extending it into the wider world of our existence. At present we have little contact with the extended part of our reality, the world beyond our physical life, but many people across the globe are beginning to grasp the creative perfection of 'All That Is'.

Apparently as life grows steadily more dangerous in the negative fields of human endeavour - war, environmental destruction, bigotry and greed, - the same strength is erupting within the positive areas of human nature and we are realising just how flimsy the veil is that separates us from pure love.

So for me the drama of the 3rd chakra was represented by the emotional turmoil taking place in my solar plexus; a pit of snakes ruled by the power of ego and will, was also connected to both the sexual chakra and the base chakra. For many of us, these are areas of incredible conflict, dominating our lives. In comparison look at the opening of the heart centre, the fourth chakra. That process was a continuum of perfect offerings, repeatedly giving me analogies that could not be misconstrued. The pit of snakes might be connected to the lower chakras but the opening of the heart chakra stood alone, connected only to unconditional love.

These changes bought a further renewals of energy, so in those early months of 'The Process' when I mistakenly believed I was suffering a nervous breakdown, the first four chakras were realigned allowing a massive transformation of energy. It was as if my very brain was being re-wired and although I actually felt this at the time the mere idea that some force outside my control was changing me saturated me with fear.

About a month after the old man was freed from my heart, this entry appeared in my journal. I think it is important because the assertive force of the statement is not mine. This was not my writing. I was simply the conduit for this information. Strange how it has remained unnoticed until just recently?

The heart sits at the centre of your existence. Until freedom is found here, the personality will remain trapped in the world of thought. This world is rational, functional, equipped to assess and make balanced judgments. But until it can be bought into balance by the equally necessary human expression of compassion, the human being is unfinished. Many are unaware that they are stranded behind this barrier, and go to their deaths not knowing. An interesting crisis develops when you

start to look for a way into the heart. The manner of that dust, falling from the goaled ancient showed how long your heart has remained in that dust of forgetfulness. This applies to many alive on this planet. It is a difficult journey to leave the intellect, with its bondage to the world of matter, and go searching for something more. The mind is a barrier guarding this sacred place of the heart. There is need of a sentry and the mind becomes this force, blocking the entry to the world of the divine. You must not fight the intellect just understand its function. All those who wish to travel to the heart are purified first by the mind. In fact it can give glimpses of the ecstasy awaiting. Once the mind is left at the gates and mankind enters the realm of the heart, compassion and understanding will begin to prevail. At this point the passageway between mind and heart is opened, and you will begin to function as a fully integrated human. Eventually another discovery will be found waiting in the heart for here is the doorway to the soul.

As I say, that entry remained unseen for years, found only when I was about to burn the early parts of my diary. Actually the search for information for this book led me back to the mysteries of that time, when I was being re-molded despite all my efforts to the contrary. Part of me knew, even then, that the agonizing changes being bestowed would be of great benefit later.

It is now 'later' and I feel I am to share what I was given.

Exercise: Personal Dreamscape

- * Find a quiet place to relax.
- * Ease away all bodily tension, using a relaxation method of your choice.
- * Once you begin to feel quiet, mentally begin to explore your body searching for areas that might suggest muscular tension, or emotional pressure. (For many of you using your mind to feel out emotional tension might be quite new. You may have to do this exercise a few times before you begin to get in touch with the intimate workings of your physical form. If in the first attempt you cannot find a suitable area I suggest you centre your mind somewhere over your heart and chest area, and focus there).
- * Having found the place you want to work in, allow an image to begin to form in this place. Do not censure yourself. Allow what ever is coming up from the lower levels of your consciousness to expand and flower into an image. Study and remember this image for it is a message from a deeper part of you.
- * Watch this image carefully and if it begins to move into other images follow closely for a whole dreamscape maybe opening up for you.
- * If the image is a little frightening, stay with it for a moment, then do as I used to, place this image somewhere safe, and leave it for now with the promise that you will visit it again.
- * Once you feel the picture show is over for this sitting, make notes in your journal. The words you use will be indicative of the message or symbol being given.
- * You can do this exercise many times. You may like to use a pattern, such as exploring each chakra area, in your early journeys.

* Note: You may use this same image over and over before you have gained all the information possible.

5th Gateway -

The Lady at the Top of The Tunnel.

The phone call was from my best friend who had, two days earlier, rearranged our lives by inviting my partner and the father of my child, to become her lover. Apparently she called to chat about the miracle of their compatibility. I was dumbfounded. It seemed that although he now lived with her, she was expecting to continue our friendship! Did she not realise this act of betrayal had not only shattered all trust, it had snatched away two of my closest relationships? How could she be so unaware of my despair? The shock of that phone call twisted my hurt into uncontrollable hatred.

The story needs to be momentarily interrupted to explain that my father's death effected my inner world. Over time I noticed an odd internal structure - shaped like a tunnel - developing inside my head. It was surprising that I did not explore this phenomenon more thoroughly but I seemed to accept that the inner passageway was a normal part of consciousness. Although vaguely aware of this shadowy place with its high walls and dark pathway sweeping up toward the top of my skull, I paid little attention even when the smudged outline of a cloaked figure appeared at its apex.

At that time life was one continuous activity, but I remember how suddenly at odd times, I would become aware of the cloaked figure standing motionless at the top of the tunnel. Still, amazingly, I paid no attention at all. Also I would often feel a pair of old man's eyes piercing through my own eyes, looking at me without comment or condemnation, just watching. I must admit that the wisdom in those eyes had an effect. I began to find myself acknowledging - no matter how distasteful - a welter of inner truths. By untangling the living knots I began to understand who I was and the flow-on effect caused my entire belief structure to change. So when my friend's unprecedented act of betrayal occurred I was already on my journey, with no idea that further breakthroughs lay just ahead.

Having ferociously slammed the phone down in the middle of her gushing, I wobbled into the bedroom and collapsed. The red madness of my fury whirled me into chaos. Always violence had been an abomination so I was horrified by what I was feeling. Aware that my sixteen-year-old son was witnessing this drama I tried to suppress the turmoil. I assured him I'd be OK, just needing a few minutes rest before driving him down to his job at the windsurf shop on the beach. There was a chasm of silence as I tried to stop the pain, and I felt I was in the still centre of an emotional cyclone. Any moment I would tear apart.

Fumbling my way to the car I drove carefully, unable to see at times because of the pain in my head. We reached the beach and I remember telling him he'd have to hitch a lift home because I felt to ill to pick him up.

Somehow I found myself back on my bed, lost in the worst headache I had ever experienced, vomiting, moaning, completely beyond all rational thought, feeling as though I was nothing more than a trembling red blob of putrid anger. In my head was an image of knives, and I held them high in each hand wanting to stab and stab and stab. It was like some terrible waking dream. The hatred in my throat, and my need to scream obscenities at the world was unbearable and although this vision of destruction was beyond my comprehension, all I wanted was to kill them both.

Suddenly I found myself on my back, staring up intently for the first time into the enigma of the tunnel. I could see the familiar outline of the cloaked figure, standing passively at the top. It was her detachment was outrageous! How could she simply stand there witnessing such suffering?

"For Christ sake, don't just stand there!" I was crying with frustration, and glaring up into the tunnel I screamed silently, "If you are of any f***** use at all... help me! Please help me!" There was another aching silence in the room. Laying there staring up at a Madonna-like figure

at the top of the tunnel, my mind was a vacuum; all I was feeling was pain.

Then unprepared, and in utter astonishment I realised the figure at the top of the tunnel had begun to move. Imperceptible at first, but I saw the rippling shift of her cloak. She was coming! This Being was gliding down the tunnel towards me. I was overwhelmed! I simply watched in stunned disbelief, hardly daring to breathe. Then the figure reached a jumble of brightly patterned floor cushions piled in the centre of the tunnel, blocking her path. With gentle precession the cloaked lady picked up each large cushion and patted it back into the wall of the tunnel. As she did this, miraculously I felt both my murderous rage and my blinding headache vanish. After the blockage had been dealt with the cloaked lady continued towards me, but by this time I was melting with the glory of what had happened, so she disappeared into the wash of my tears.

I don't know how long I lay there sobbing with gratitude and amazement, but slowly I felt a softness flooding through me, and I lay lightly on the bed feeling completely loved.

After a quick shower, I grabbed an apple and my sun-hat, returning to the beach, where my son found me jogging enthusiastically along the shore-line, spirits high with no sign what-so-ever of my previous malaise. This change was never mentioned, probably because as with most teen age sons, he simply accepted the oddities of his mother - but for weeks after I privately noted down every movement, every symbol of that event, attempting to piece together some sort of meaning for myself.

In fantasy I talked with the young woman hidden within that mythic cloak. She reported that as she patted the soft blocks back into the tunnel wall an electric charge shimmered along the whole structure. The cushion blocks had been fitted back where they belonged, allowing the tunnel to return to its most potent vitality. Of course this was exactly what I felt physically. The turmoil ceased, the blockage had been removed, and life was again entrusted into my care. Did the large cushions symbolize that puffed-up barrier of monstrous rage? Did the cushions show how this anger was completely disabling my journey? Did the tunnel represent life's journey? In all cases the reply was yes.

Then there was the question of the cloaked figure. She was much more than a metaphor because her actions brought about a physical change in me. So did this indicate that there was an overlapping reality parallel/inside the reality I call normal? And if so then exactly who was she; my higher self, an angel or a vivid imagined event?

Often in those days I would feel a thin membrane, like rubber latex stretching over my chattering mind. This gabble never stopped, and I would have flashes where I could actually feel the separation between my thoughts and a greater consciousness. I imaged that set into this wafer thin divide was copied all our experiences, beliefs, primitive urges, emotions, thoughts, and memories. Perhaps once this divide (or veil) has been removed contact with a larger conscious state is made. Perhaps it's that divide the cloaked lady helped remove? Whatever mysterious action lay hidden within that event, she was taking a journey through unknown territory even though she was supposedly inside my head. When she replaced those symbolic cushions, snuffing out my violence and hatred, she was also reopening my energy conduit, freeing it of a most primitive human disturbance, allowing my life's journey to continue.

Although I'm speaking in past tense - because this incident happened a number of years ago - my cloaked lady continues to stand where she has always stood. That's when I pay attention to her, although I must admit that now she stands within the aura of a much larger entity. The tunnel is still there but it may never be activated again. I believe now that the 'normal me' was part of the experience; that the actual healing process was a separate action taking place inside my consciousness, and that this response to a cry for help can be given at any time. Everybody can ask - if there is an urgent truth in the need. This incident also demonstrated how each of us, each human world, expands far beyond the boundaries of what we see and know. As I say, the tunnel experience revealed how parts of an unknown reality became integrated into this sphere of consciousness when I asked for help.

Upon reflection I have realised that a dangerous part of the evolutionary mind - that primitive, universal attack mechanism - can be activated by something as innocuous as that silly phone call. The violence it triggered skidded across my mind's surface like a chain reaction, choking

off energy, choking off rational thought and causing a monumental blockage. My hatred was just as fierce as any warlord rallying his troops so I know absolutely that the primitive ability to kill exists in me along side many other abilities. I know also that it is but a breath away and can be switched on in an instant. This ancient mind is in us all, and we need to be aware of its urgent power. Horrifically, my experience has hammered this awareness into me like a spike into a sponge. I have had to acknowledge that if such action is no more than flicker away from reaction, then killing is as much a genuine function as giving birth. Maybe all of us need to acknowledge this potency. Mostly it lays dormant yet it is part of our human condition. The affair with 'the lady at the top of the tunnel' forced me to admit that symbolic happenings stand apart from normality. They are directed by something outside our known existence even though they are a vital part of our experience, and are part of who we are. The tunnel event caused me to reach beyond the fulcrum of what was then my belief structure, helping me to recognise that there are unfathomable processes (miracles to our limited minds) underpinning our existence. The deeper I investigated, the more unfathomable 'life' became. It seemed as though I was being shown that we live within a tiny section of our consciousness, and because of our lack of awareness we seldom question these restrictions. Labeled normality, this limited realm prevents us from knowing ourselves as we really are. We may question, debate and argue; but while we stay within the limits of rational thought we will remain separated, believing we are alone. This is wrong. We are not alone!

6th Gateway - Androgyny & Attitude.

With great and confident strides I marched into the nineties. Throughout the eighties I had been a student, in a practical, as well as an esoteric sense, but the internal drive was surging again compelling me to leave behind the last remnants of family. It was another gateway standing before me. The seesaw ride with my partner was over, I had learned enough to become a potter, a teacher and a writer, but most of all I spent the eighties joyfully watching my child develop into a young man.

This time I found myself in a remote rural hamlet much further away from my roots than ever before. I intended to set up a pottery business on a tourist route; an enticing venture I felt positive I could manage.

It seemed as though I was filled with a vigorous and quite alien attitude. This new energy, powerfully surmounting each challenge, felt masculine and I was intrigued for I had never felt like this before. It coped with the shift, built the pottery, and started the business. Now slowly I was beginning to understand both the power and the limitations of this masculine drive. It was relentless. The old energy, the part of me unable to deal with the isolation felt feminine, and was always weaving hopeful dreams of relationship, and love, yet to any outsider I appeared emotionally strong and physically capable.

Within a year my initial gusto had withered. I was alone, my sixteen year old son had decided to finish his schooling in Melbourne, and I was separate, a stranger in a strange place.

Crumpling into melancholy I dreamed of a big bag of straw. I knew if I cut the bag open, straw would spill everywhere. This was me. I had become nothing more than an empty sack, or if I wanted to identify with the straw, I was as lifeless as that dead grass. Either way I had become unstuffed and unbound. The dream confirmed I was empty again.

Then began a new voice, a third force. Was it the male I found trapped in my heart, the one that grew younger as he ran from my prison? He was an outsider, a dream-maker, speaking softly; hinting that the lover I was seeking was to be found within me. Not only was I unable to fully comprehend these whispers, they seemed so untenable I did not want to listen. All I could feel was loneliness. I wanted the love of a partner! How many of us feel this way? Perhaps

hundreds of thousands of people are at this minute seeking love, seeking a mate, or a friendship that will fill the void, yet I was being told not to look externally, that what I was seeking awaited within! The information was specific, telling me in meditation as well as dreams that the person I felt was out there waiting to become my life's partner was a mere reflection of my inner life. Indeed I slowly realised that the shiver of recognition as we meet someone new, someone who excites and interests us, is sometimes a sudden recognition of that part of ourselves that has been lying dormant waiting to be found. That the external reflects what is internal. Marriage often mirrors this hidden relationship with part of the self. Although I did not want to accept this it was what the symbols in my strange set of dreams were actually indicating; an aggressive, outlawed male, playing strange balancing games with a fearful heroine. The dreams were unusual, alerting me to the undercurrents within the psyche, the play between the anima and the animus. With great resistance it seemed I was being drawn into the world of the Hermaphrodite.

In this androgynous state, harmony holds both male and female energies in balance, allowing an extension of awareness. This concept can be found within some religions but the original principle - that under the conditions of celibacy sexuality can be transmuted - seems to have been forgotten or misunderstood in Western Religions. Tantric Yoga understands these creative forces. Sexuality can take on a new tenor, rising to form another structure within us. Here the energy is able to transmute, to become something more, and it is at this crossroad that many vulnerable humans get flung into unknown territory. Such confusion is often the case with the masculine energy. Cult leaders, gurus, religious zealots, priests, even the mysterious Knight Tempars and Masons can find themselves enslaved by the need for sexual transformation. They convulse under this sacred transfer of sexual energy, becoming monsters instead of ministers. The sexual power gets distorted and most men fail. They take on a type of spiritual leadership, but it is a shallow disfiguration, quite often very destructive.

Parity is critical at this point, needing an equalizing exchange of masculine and feminine energy, but for me androgyny was an unknown quantity, and what I wanted a relationship, not another change of state. Consequently I tried to run away by re-entering the material world. I began teaching in an all-male prison, but one cannot halt the journey by escaping up some side road. In fact often these side roads have very profound lessons to offer. The following waking dreamscape was a direct result of this prison environment.

In my mind's eye I saw two wolves. The silver gray female wolf was looking at me with through clear green eyes. A look so understanding, with such love and compassion that I was immediately drawn into her world. The other animal, a dark brown male was over by the boundary fence of a tiny country school. A large powerful wolf, he was the guardian and mate of the wolf next to me. I stood in the schoolyard waiting as the large wolf loped down the slope towards us. He was cautious as he approached, head down, watching sharply as he neared. The gray wolf was not afraid, although I was apprehensive. The brown wolf eased forward, so close I could see his snout ripple as he sniffed me. We waited for a long time, staring at each other. Not in fear, just caution. He moved forward and dropped his head. He was coming into my sphere of experience. He wanted to be a part of us! The place, the schoolyard indicated I was in a place of learning but outside anything I had known before, also the boundary fence hinted at an important divide. The brown wolf part of me was coming in from this division between self and the unknown. I knew that the entry of this male wolf was critical. I could not change without him, meaning that for the moment he was more important than the feminine gray wolf - yet he stayed just out of reach. It was as though I had to befriend him, convince him he was part of us. He was so aggressive, feeling separated and feared. I knew this was a problem of attitude, forever giving the impression of meanness when it wasn't the truth. He was like a shadow staying in the background; the devoted guardian I had always known but had never recognised. Now he was coming forward wanting to be part of the connection between the female wolf and me. She turned, happy to see him next to her. Now he was close enough to touch so I dropped my hand into his coarse fur. He moved allowing me to touch his head. This was profound! There were two wolves with me now, the male slightly in front and to my left, the female behind me, to my right. I felt like the Goddess Artemis, protector of animals.

According to myth, Artemis was Apollo's sister. Often called 'the huntress' she never needed a partner.

The interpretation was simple. I was making friends with my male energy; also the stance at the end gives us an indication of an internal movement. The male energy flows to the left and is slightly ahead of the right-handed flow of the female energy. To maintain a balance between this circular masculine/feminine flow, there needs to be an out of phase motion separating them.

To complete the visualisation, the male wolf leaned heavily against me, pushing me hard, causing the female to look up startled. The male wolf was now part of the group, no longer feeling he must protect us he became affectionate and was part of my experience. The female was beautiful, trotting to my right, swinging her tail, happy that the three of us were together. We moved down the road with the male wolf in the lead. His surliness had passed and he felt to be in his rightful place. We were a unit. I was complete.

As I gathered together the information given by those images I saw that my male side had been pushing me for sometime, and I was only complete because this male side had taken the courage to move in from the extremes of my boundary. As always I resisted what was happening to me for it is very difficult to go against deep-seated attitudes. Early in the 21st century homosexuals are only now feeling free enough to disclose, so it is very intimidating to have to consider the issue of androgyny.

Along side these lessons in sexual attitudes, desires and beliefs I was being shown how to actually change an attitude. Originally the notion drifted past me like swirls of wispy smoke. I was still coming to terms with my sexuality, still wanting to be loved but knowing my needs were lodged in some gossamer fantasy. Seemed my whole belief structure was in some way interpenetrating this fairytale, so how could one attempt to capture the illusive quality of an attitude?

That was my thinking until suddenly one rain filled afternoon I popped outside myself and 'saw' for the first time how brittle and ineffective 'attitude' really is.

I had been watching the beginning of a yacht race. My son and other family members took part in this overnight race each year, and as the race was held in the same remote district in which I lived, I had an excuse to see Delian. That day he was busy with the rest of the crew preparing to race. They were late, so were rushing to the starting line. There just wasn't time for a motherly chat.

As I watched the sleek white craft plough down the river I was swathed in a mantle of loneliness. I want to cry out that life was beyond my endurance, but of course I didn't; I simply drove out of the tiny fishing village aware that the stillness inside the car was nothing more than a reflection of my internal silence. It began to rain, and the sad light increased the ache in my throat. My eyes adjusted and I felt the wetness of tears on my face. This was normal behaviour now, strictly refusing to even acknowledge the need to cry.

Slumping over the steering wheel I took a deep breath preparing for a miserable trip home, when suddenly I seemed to be separate from myself. I was looking in at this wasted sack of useless misery. What was it doing accepting such feelings? Why was it allowing such a self-pitying attitude to be in control? Where was its active power of choice? Did it not know it held a veto on change?

Then I was back behind the wheel charged with excitement. Was it possible to affect some sort of action and alter these dreadful feelings? Was I wrong? Was changing one's self actually possible? Was it really a powerful play of attitudes and not as I had always believed, a trick one was playing on oneself by pretending? Pulling to the side of the road, I got out into the rain. I was traveling west. Was it possible to change my attitude as easily as changing direction?

Leaning against the car I tried. I turned away from the misery, and looked into the face of my joy - that I was so lucky to be aware of this type of guidance. Immediately I felt a lightness enter me. Instantaneously the depression disappeared. Intent had replaced the usual acquiescence. I had choice! This fact overwhelmed me. I did not have to be a victim of my in-built, well-worn attitudes. I could change faster than light could travel. I was laughing now at the absurdity of it. We only hold our attitudes while we want to believe in them! How many

years had I lived without this knowledge? How could I have missed something so obvious and so easy? I did not believe in misery, or in the need of others to prop up my existence. In fact that could be as much a liability as it was a blessing. Everything depended on my point of view. And wonder upon wonders, I could change this at will! Freedom of choice had always been there yet for some reason I had been blind to this.

With this new understanding came an acceptance of who I now was. For some reason, reclaiming my natural right of choice, and knowing I was not owned by attitude offered me the freedom to live alone and begin to accept that the love I was seeking lay within me. I had stepped out of my need for companionship and could now accept that I was a complete being. Of course the loneliness, the longing for a mate, the moments of desperation and self pity did not just fade from my life, but now I had more understanding of the direction I was headed. This fabled 'love of my life' would never appear, and my choice to be miserable or positive about it was just that, my choice. I had passed through another gateway and was more than half way home. I knew my pathway skirted around areas of quicksand and marshes but at least now I had a clear direction, and in moments of stillness I could 'see' my destination. But it would be quite some time before I was able to actually 'feel' what it was like to be home.

7th Gateway - The All Pervading Intelligence

There is a living 'All-pervading Intelligence' existing here, now, in this reality, waiting for each molecule of our collective consciousness to become aware of it.

Thankfully I have found what I have spent a lifetime looking for, but I must begin slowly, softly, if I am to offer any remnant of the majesty of the experience. I'll take each word and let it drop carefully into the pool of consciousness, asking you to hear the sound of what is being said, to feel the enormity of what lays beyond this everyday layer of social awareness. Take the feeling inside as you listen to me whispering its glory.

Though I have found what I have been seeking, fretfully, in my need to pass this on, I am only too aware of the way each of us looks through a conditioned eye. This challenges my ability to communicate, and I know I'm not up to the task. If what I am speaking about was so obvious then surely it would not have taken me so long to recognise? If it is easy then others would have efficiently offered the methods and the state of mind needed.

I have recorded series of events that have been occurring to me since 1975, and although each event has astonished me it has been simple to record. Now I am asking for your indulgence for I have more than information, and I worry that my puny words will not be enough for some of you? Perhaps it would help if I referred to the days prior to this awakening. The comparison might assist. This diary entry indicates the depth of the darkness.

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28th Jan 2001

Have lost it again! Not through depression but through a physical reaction to the isolation I have placed myself in since leaving work. My energy level is so low I can barely think, indeed I have to force these words. There's a real problem here, because I feel to be at the bottom of the pit. It's dark and weak in vitality, restricted, with no direction; no purpose, yet strangely I am loathe to contact or talk to anybody. I know I must sit at the bottom of this still, empty, nothingness. For all my insights and freedom of attitudes, if I can't find my enlightened core then living is useless.

This diary entry was written only a few days before my peak experience. One could almost say it was the fore runner to a type of near death experience because for many weeks I had been avoiding physical as well as mental contact with the outside world. Every day repeated the day

before as I sat alone in my house. I could feel my energy diminishing, yet I persisted, almost as if it was a scientific experiment. I watched my own reactions, taking note, analysing and recording, waiting for...what? I was aware this had become an important crossing point, but could not see through the fog of my own confusion.

Meanwhile something was changing, was moving closer. Oddly enough when eventually it did happen the experience was nothing like I imagined. Diary ponderings at this time told me that life simply 'IS'. That living is 'BEING'. Intellectually I understood that in the larger scheme of things, the small self did not exist; put simply 'being' was unconditional love itself; two days later I recorded this:

How do I reach you? I have tried and tried, but the focus of the intention is leading me away from the reality of a higher form of self. I lay watching the apricot tree outside my window and I can feel its soft 'beingness'. It is simply there. Calmly standing, moving with the wind yet it is not moved. There is such stillness in this tree as the wind tears through it. It is rained upon and accepts the water as another necessity. Impassive, immovable, forever growing, I feel its strength and its gravity, but most of all I am aware that it IS. It is living now, without a past or a future, but the only way I can be aware this is by comparison. I pitch my own wasted helplessness against its impassive being and the tree helps me to know that I am caught in my ego self. That I am unable to just 'be' while I still have expectations. Maybe I am at the eye of the needle. Maybe transformation is almost here? Maybe I shall remain a seeker...with all the expectations that this state brings... for the rest of my life! I know I must remain in this extreme state if I am to reach a supreme unity. I have read there is no experience beyond consciousness, just the experience of being. They say that the state of pure awareness is beyond our consciousness. I know at quantum level, consciousness itself is full of gaps; an intermittent state we move in and out of even though there is a continuity of identity. I think the states I have found myself in over the years show this. As other realities descend, gaps mark my consciousness...so where do I go during these gaps of consciousness? What is this sense of identity that supports me like a puny rope bridge over the chasm of lost awareness? Is it the mystical self, waiting inside the cathedral of my mind?

I felt it was. I was reaching another plateau, and as is always my way, it was tainted with uneasiness: still the question of my identity needed an answer. Since the birth of my son, I had occasionally touched on the knowledge that we are beyond the mind. Now retired, for the first time in my life I was free. Gone were the pressures of dependency, expectations, and duty. But instead of freedom I whirled into panic, lost energy and ended curled up at the bottom of the dark pit where the solid self was collapsing under the weight of self imposed emptiness, the sense of self was vaporizing. It was both terrible and fascinating, and I continued to watch and record the cyclonic mood swings.

Occasionally I would feel a sense of IT. I would begin to cross the bridge into bliss, but ego always stopped me half way. Many people experience this state of bliss, as the small I eases back its grip on what it believes is reality. For an increasing number of us there is a chance of obtaining this state. It depends on just how attached we are to our beliefs and identity. Let us start with the 'formless intelligence'. Here, beneath the eyes and above the page, hovering formlessly before you is an intelligence of enormous magnitude. It waits for you now. If you can open up to this reality, allow contact to be made, then read no further for the recognition is already beginning. I had no awareness of such an entity, so the contact was made almost by accident.

In a meditative state I held my needs aloft and imagined them being pressed into my brain. I did not rationally pick the area but for some reason it was chosen, just above my right temple. This maybe important because there is so much of our physical functioning we do not understand. The All Pervading Intelligence, understanding the motivation behind my strange action, immediately swept into me causing an ecstasy beyond description. But I suspect none of this is making sense. Maybe we could try an analogy. It was as though I had created a pad of

clay inside my head and as I pressed my aching want into its softness I was filled with an electric force beyond anything I had ever known. Joy washing through me in waves, lifting me to a new level of passion and wonder. It was exquisite; sadly though, no words can express its creative power.

Eighteen months later I can say with absolute certainty that this intelligence hovers inside each molecule of matter interpenetrating everything in its all pervading formlessness, waiting for us to interact with its mystery. It exists in us right now! While it is inside us, we live within this intelligence. But I did not know this when I experienced its reality for the first time. An explosion took place, such as I had never known, and all I could do was to thank It over and over and the more I acknowledged the wonder, the more profound the experience became. I am very aware that this sounds like a religious experience, and maybe those people who say they have been reborn into Christianity or have found Jesus, have had exactly the same experience. Not being Christian, and being very aware of the illusions Mankind can create for itself, I simply want to refer to this 'aliveness' as intelligence. I don't think God has anything to do with this. I believe such transformations are an intrinsic part of the human process, written into our DNA and available to everybody. At any time in our lives, at any moment we have the right to reach out with our slender tentacles of awareness and make contact with this intelligence. It is a special mind-stuff of the heart and it packs every tiny cavity of our lives, inside us, around us, permeating everything. So you see I am not talking about the remote god of religion or myth - I am talking about a living intelligence that is part of who we are.

See why I say I must begin slowly, softly, if I am to offer any remnant of the majesty and wonder that we live within? I know of no other way than to say again, there is an all pervading intelligence moving throughout the world, and like a mass of energy, like a flash of sunlight, like a whisper of wind, it pervades everything. It is joyful beyond understanding, and it belongs to us all - or maybe we belong to it?

All my life I had been examining the question of identity, searching for what I felt would be the ultimate experience. I had no idea that Love was actually an identity in itself! Always the question of Nirvana has sat like an indisputable rock. I wondered what this state could be; deciding it must be a 'loss of self' because that's what the masters spoke of. Consequently I worked away using the intellectual concepts of reality trying to understand who I was so I could rid myself of who I was. The paradox was ridiculous. For example, I did not feel female or male, mother or daughter, best friend, breadwinner, lover or owner. Indeed whenever I looked for myself I found I did not exist. Now I am in contact with a far greater reality, the reality of Love none of this matters. The mind standing alone always distorts, but the mind as it interfaces with Love disappears altogether. Without the inclusion of this All Pervading Living Intelligence, words are like sawdust and the intellect becomes the mind traps of the ego. These days I find that there is emptiness in dialogue and debate and the thrust and parry of intellectual communication has become a pathetic plaything without the tangible adornment of unconditional love.

In our cynical, competitive society we have tried to either deny unconditional love or align it with some type of 'new age' doctrine. None of this works because it is in us! It is not to be worshipped it is to be experienced! Unfortunately the word love has been so abused that I'm wary about how to use it in a way that includes but moves beyond western story and song. Perhaps it might be better to go back to the first statement and say there is a formless intelligence waiting within you, ready to be recognised whenever you are ready.

After the first magnificent contact I was a little afraid to approach this wonder again. At that point I had no idea it was part of the very matter that forms us. I felt as though if I tried too hard to imprint myself into its softness, I would wear out the joyous feeling. Unfortunately what I suspected did start to happen. The power of the energy diminished each time I attempted to feel it again. I was cast immediately back into my pit of doom. Had I found it only to lose it again? Then understanding flashed! When we perceive anything our 'interpreter' cleverly takes the experience and replicates it. This is fine if one is learning to drive a car, the automatic function smoothes the actions and one can drive almost without thought. Congratulations to this process, it helps us enormously, but paradoxically it deadens us to much of what living has

to offer. In my case I had made contact with the most ecstatic adaptation of living, yet I was loosing that contact. Symbolically I saw this as what happens when we wipe muddy shoes on a doormat. Each time we wipe, mud piles on top of mud until we have lost all contact with the mat. So it is with any experience. Each time we respond to the 'known' feeling we are further from the original. All we have is a memory therefore most of our living is nothing more than an illusionary impression of that initial impact; a conditioned response. The first time, when the information is received and passed through to memory, it is interpreted then filed away. This process causes us to loose the colour and the sound of the sparkling original, no matter what it might be. It really is not worn out - in fact it remains forever fresh and alive - it has just been hidden behind automatic reaction. Apply this to music, clothes, food, and paintings. Even more dramatic; apply it to a close relationship. One can understand how some people are addicted to seeking more and more in an effort to rediscover the original sensation. The blandness of our lives is often due to how our interpreter has copied the original perception. So it was with my joy. As soon as I realised how the whole human process operated, my original impact was once more revealed, and I was again transported into rapture.

So it was then, that through this subtle discovery that the mystical experience I had been seeking for so long consisted of a recognisable intelligence, physical contact was made. I know - with absolute certainty - that if it has happened to me, it can happen to anybody! Simply by allowing contact to be made we can activate the pervading intelligence lying within everything. There is no need for a near death experience, an out of body experience or a crash on one's head. We live within a broad band of energy that gives and maintains life; operating within this energy structure is a most sacred mind waiting to make contact. It would appear that reality is simply veiled spirit, and once the heart is opened there is no relevance to most of the questions keeping us so occupied.

My contact with the all-pervading intelligence has shapeshifted many times during the past year. Now it only needs my full attention to be embraced. Awareness of this entity has loosened the roots of my expectations, reformed my belief structure, dismissed the need to prove my worth, reduced the power of my ego, and most remarkable of all, has dispelled most of my fear. Each day I reach for the wonder of this formless, all-pervading intelligence - now a living part of my life - always grateful, always in awe, but always knowing the surge of love will enter even as I begin to think about IT

8th Gateway - September 11th 2002

Last night after watching one of the World Trade Centre towers collapse before my eyes, I went to bed struggling with my belief system. It was on television so I had the feeling it must be a bizarre movie, yet in these terrible of scenes people were dying:

That was the opening of a frantic diary entry made in the early hours of Wednesday 12th Sept. 2001. I had been watching the television coverage late into the night - living in Australia we were twelve hours ahead of the eastern seaboard of the United States. Twice I had switched off the TV with the intention of sleeping, only to be drawn back again and again to the unbelievable chaos. In desperation, wanting somehow to be of help, I decided to try to focus in on the destruction.

What I was attempting is known these days as remote viewing, although over the centuries thousands and thousands of people - mainly women - have been burnt at the stake for using this type of psychic sense. In the seventies Robert Monroe wrote about his 'out of the body' (OBE) experiences. As his knowledge and ability increased he created a foundation for research into this important subject. So began a life long investigation that gave others the courage to emerge from the secrecy of their own work. Gradually this important human faculty, once labeled

heresy, was starting to be accepted. It is said that Monroe himself was associated with some of the initial United States army training projects - which is where the name remote viewing originated. Now some countries want to use it as a tool for warfare, so in a bizarre way their spying techniques have legitimised our psychic sense.

I am a novice, having never consciously left my body, but in my own desperate attempt to be of some help that night I pitched my inner vision toward the rubble at Zero Point. It was only an hour or so after the second building had collapsed and as I tried to mentally focus I felt massive confusion. I could hardly understand where I was there seemed to be such a backdrop of static energy. Indeed it was so far beyond my comprehension I cannot put it into words here. Then through my stress I realised I was seeing grayish white images shooting up, almost like rain in reverse. At first this made no sense to me. What was this movement? It really seemed that there were hundreds and hundreds of large silver raindrops lifting upwards? Then slowly I began to understand. I realised what I was being so privileged to see and this sight will remain as one of the most important images of my life. When I first tried to home-in on the destruction I was overwhelmed by my own dark fear and could do nothing but just be there, but when I saw these remarkable images - these silvery-gray outlines lifting up I felt at ease. It seemed everything was as it should be. The fear left and I simply watched. Hundreds and hundreds of people, with no help from anybody, just lifting up and going home. Looking back now, remembering those remarkable silver-gray outlines, it confirmed for me that we are much more than our bodies. So I was the one given help that night. I was shown that once our body dies we return to one of many realities that exist outside this 3rd dimension of physical matter. I witnessed how this happens. It's automatic, as the body dies the energy we call consciousness beams back its source. After that visual experience my attention turned to the grief of those left behind. Here is where so much work needs to be done, here within the pain and loss of those still living on this planet.

In our society there are a great number of books, research projects, and medical notations about this subject of life after death. Both the Tibetan and Egyptian Books of the Dead have long been in service preparing their people for the process that releases consciousness as the body dies. It would seem that there are many levels of existence once we leave this dimension, including methods and preparations laying down pathways to incarnate again.

Over the years, an acceptance of the Collective Unconsciousness (should be renamed superconsciousness) first muted by Carl Jung, has been slowly integrated into everyday life.. As part of me moved through the ugly remains of the twin towers I felt very strongly that this collective mind was a living reality. Watching those people moving up out of their bodies, I felt that although I had never seen such a thing in my life, I knew about it. It was as though the images themselves were part of our collective unconsciousness hovering around the barrier that separates us from what is accepted as unreal. That night I could feel it almost like a sharp metal divide. It's the point where the frequency changes, but most of us, caught in our 'normal human modulation' find it impossible to tune in to, or get past this barrier. The dramatic tragedy that swept around the world on that night allowed me to at least 'feel' this scared state of Mass Consciousness. Its nebulous energy can take us beyond the realms of this reality, even though it is constantly being used and added to by each individual on the planet. I believe we are talking about the Universal mind, as precious to each individual as their own private thoughts, even as it expands to the depths of infinity. The experiences of Sept. 11th are now firmly lodged within that Mind and can be accessed by anyone who has the dedication and the insight to try.

9th Gateway - Epitome

Now that you have reached this point I can admit that this postscript really is the first gateway. Because it comes in the form of a dream I felt it was too demanding on the reader to be asked to plough through a dream at the beginning of a manuscript. But now you have read the slow

unfolding of the events you may appreciate how many of the events were forecast, albeit symbolic, in the dream I had the night before my son's birth...

On the eve of my son's birth, over a quarter of a century ago, I had a dream that woke me in a state fearful wonderment. This is the type of dream so many of seek; the pictorial statement is tantalizing indistinct, but always it's forewarning is prophetic if dreamer can grasp the message. Unfortunately I could not.

Over the years I have often returned to this section of my diary, always with renewed amazement. It was not hard to comprehend that timing gave this dream almost as much power as the actual message. I was never able to completely untangle the rich symbology, even though I knew its sealed wisdom hovered on the edge of my personal crisis.

It was a dream in four sections, indicating completeness. First came a peak experience, then a symbolic death, a rebirth, and finally a grounding - these four quarters making a whole. It was also a dream on many levels. It's prediction referring to the immediacy of the birth, but also spanning time in an attempt to reflect the balance of future events in my life.

Vision was in this dream, but I could not see it. Timing too was here, and timing is everything! At exactly the same instant the dream was projecting onto my inner screen of consciousness, a child was preparing to leave the womb to join me in the flesh. This was not chance, not even coincidence, it was an example of how something beyond the normality of the self is always unconsciously recognized us. This function exists in one's daily life, operating simultaneously on a multitude of levels. To be even more explicit, we humans take the form of energy as well as matter, which explains how often we are coexisting with other lives while continuing to live our own. This in some way accounts for the phenomena of synchronicity, or coincidence. It's exciting to realise that everywhere people are beginning to grasp the knowledge that we transcend our five senses.

So simultaneously as labour was beginning, I was metaphorically being shown the outcome of my role in the birth. Asleep and unaware yet the dream's warning foretold enough to wake me with its seriousness. I knew it was too important to ignore - this in itself is a mystery, for what part of me knew? Little wonder that I could not grasp that the message was saying this birth would recast me in a totally new role.

Perhaps I could give a sense of my legacy by walking through this ancient pre birth dream, even assess how it might effect the rest of my storybaord for this life.

The dream began at a crossroads, on the top of a hill and because it was a very steep climb to this major intersection, the symbolism of the crossroads had always been obvious. In addition, this crossing existed near where I had lived as a child - although in a wealthier part of the city, so seemed an important validation. The graphic text spoke of reaching an important crossroads through laboured effort, suggesting this crossing was, or would be, a rich experience after hard labour. Indeed the dream seemed to be saying I had reached a pinnacle. The beginning has never been a riddle for the symbols are clear, although the next morning as I tried to piece it together I was not trying to fit a birth into the dream's jigsaw. I should explain that at the time of the dream I was not actually due to give birth for another three weeks. Perhaps another woman may have more connection with her unborn child but I was thirty-six, unmarried, and having my first-born alone, so the message did not seem to be part of my story. In fact it stayed in a muddle until the time many months later when I felt able to open my diary again. There it was, the dream was waiting!

Immediately I saw how clear the chronicle was. I could have left it at that point, happy with the communiqué of a crossing point, a pinnacle, and a rich experience, but that would have meant ignoring the next section of the dream. In the past I had often been inclined to turn away if the dream was beyond deciphering. I think many of us do this. Because of the indefinable symbolic language, I would take what part I could understand and ignore the total theme. This time I metaphorically placed all the factors of the dream on a shelf in my mind, to be taken down every few years and examined for any quiscotic clues that might suddenly emerge.

Admittedly though, right from the initial shock as the dream woke me, I had had an uneasy

feeling about the warning hidden amid the images. When one does not want to look, it makes it much more difficult to see. Often we do this when fear lurks inside something unknown. In my own defense, the dream was complex, and though occasionally I thought I had it decoded, in reality the key has eluded me until this writing began today.

To continue with the dream: standing solidly, at each corner of the crossroads stood a large church. In reality there are no churches at this crossing, telling me the images were shifting towards a storybook of the dream's own making. Four churches seemed very significant; four indicating balance, things becoming solid, manifest, complete, and churches suggestive of a religious or spiritual principle. So perhaps this pinnacle experience was manifesting as a solid spiritual awakening, a completion of life to this point? Unfortunately this expounder of perfection was double-tongued, because the dream then carried me underground, down crumbling steps into a church crypt. It was filled with shadows, imbued in dark orange light. This is where I discovered Michael, a distant relation. I swam in Michael's large fish tank, set into the natural rock face of the crypt. The dream ended as I swam through the glass portholes of this tank, into the earth beyond. So I was swimming through the natural ground.

Today, as I pondered the important milestones in my life, intending to write this little book for my son, the dream flooded back inviting me to look once more into that mythological crypt. I have always placed a high value on metaphors so again I found myself in the underbelly of the church, where death lay within every ornate tomb, and I had to accept the dream was about those bookends of life, birth and death, or death and rebirth as is the litany my sign - Scorpio. I knew the dream was showing that deep in the abyss of my subconscious, a death was taking place, even as a birth was beginning. My known existence was caged in a reality that was crumbling away. This event happens to many women but because of the distortion of energies it is not fully understood.

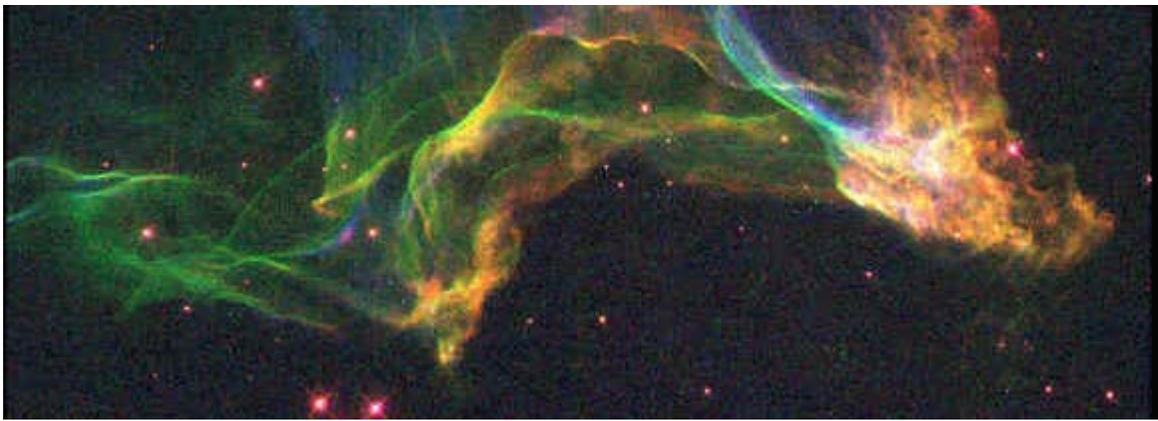
This underground place with its dark orange light suggested the swelling turmoil within the womb. Orange is the colour of the second chakra, known often as the sexual chakra, but at this time the energy of this centre was being transformed, preparing for birth. The importance of these chakras or energy centres cannot be minimized. I had been walking around for many years feeling emotionally that I was encased in a shell of iron that could only be destroyed by what seemed to be sexual penetration. I never understood this analogy, not realising that some part of me was demonstrating that this iron like shell was connected to the energy of the two lower chakras. When the birth took place, the encasement of the base chakra was breached and enormous creative energy was released. Such is the uncharted power found within these energy centres, subconsciously recognised, but with little outward recognition. That eminent thinker, philosopher, builder and psychologist Carl Jung had much to say about our hidden subterranean worlds, counseling mankind that what is hidden here is a vital part of the psyche. For many, the percentage of the self that exists beneath the surface of consciousness can be compared to an iceberg, meaning balance needs to be bought to this area of self mystification and denial. Balance was being offered in this dream, through the repeating symbol of four. Then there was the Archangel Michael, symbolised in the dream by a distant relative of the same name. He offered the waters of new life through the sanctity his fish tank. For me water symbolises spirituality, but this sacred water was in an enclosed tank. Moreover a masculine Archangel controlled this tank, plus the fish symbol of christianity further reinforced the message that the spiritual waters of this new life I was swimming in could be limiting. To me this was so blasphemous that for years I refused to accept the metaphor. The dream continued indicating I would not to be confined by this water. I would resolve the confinement -birth- by swimming out of the tank through a glass porthole - another symbol of birthing process - finally to be grounded in mother earth, grounded in the earthiness of motherhood.

The key to the dream is the word ground. Along with a host of important symbols, the dream was talking about becoming grounded, and right now for the first time I understand this. Grounding is so important if one is to burst out of the containment of this life with its rituals and beliefs, its attitudes and judgements. To leave the water and become grounded in the very earth itself talks of consciously wakening to the completion of the self. Such is the power of dreaming. Reaching forward through the years my pre -birth dream has just given me a new

centre of balance...and part of the balance is this writing. I am grounded again in another aspect of my progression. - the writing of this chronicle.

Reviewing the message I am astounded. Giving birth was the initial grounding. Like some magnetic fusion it began the process of making me whole. Indeed, it was the first pinnacle, but as I have passed through each gateways the message had been repeated over and over, and still the dream is working it's magic for now as I write I am feeling another profound inner movement. The metamorphosis is continuous; the dream has always been about transfiguration.

HOME



Articles & Notes From my Journal

23/2/2001

Last Monday I discovered a small book that talks about contacting the eternal mind...it was by reading the words 'formless intelligence' that I suddenly made contact with what I have been trying to grasp for over 40 years. This mind stuff, this formless intelligence, this stuff that packs into and surrounds every nook and cranny of our lives is the living energy that creates us! Whow! That's what I keep feeling inside. A huge dolop of amazement! This formless intelligence, this thinking stuff, this miraculous substance is in us, is around us, it forms us yet we live in it!

I contacted this intelligence in my mind by interfacing with it, contacting it by touching a special place inside my mind, then holding up an image my success in writing and imprinting this success onto this formless intelligence. I did not know what I was doing as I tried to project my need onto this creative stuff that produces us, creates us minute by minute, holds us in place, and god knows what else! This stuff is the creator of us, and I managed to make a contact and was filled with such electric joy. Electric! Joy washed over me in waves lifting me to a new level of passion and wonder. It was exquisite. - so with this wonder now in me, why do I ache with this pain of loss and depression. It hit me last night as I spoke to Delian, this feeling of loss. I guess it is connected to my feeling of wonder. Loss being the down side of passionate discovery. I'm so fearful of loosing the wonder... am I so unstable? I guess so. Most people would be ecstatic...I was...but most people would be able to walk around in the light for the rest of their days after having discovered the source. I am crying right now as I write because I don't understand. Such pain and loss and ache. Perhaps beyond this moment I will find I am being altered again? More internal change... is this what the pain is about?

I am so humble, so overwhelmed by my present awareness of what life consists of. It is absolutely mind blowing stuff, too large for me to comprehend, so large I cannot really be grateful because I do not fully grasp what I grateful to, but I am so humble....cannot even find the words to talk about how I feel because I am overwhelmed by everything...by everything!

Attempt To Know

This is an exposé into experiencing (rather than understanding) the relationship between the self, the body and the energy creating us.

When we refer this energy we are touching on the marvel of our life force, and in a vain attempt to grasp this we usually end up by referring to it as God, simply because it's so wondrously intangible and enigmatic. Godlike because it is beyond all understanding. So we have energy, which is life, which is GOD; or life, which is energy, which is God; or God, which is energy which is life. Works all ways because in reality it is one and the same, and whatever this 'it' is, we humans cannot seem to leave it alone. Awe-inspired and inquisitive we are driven to understand.

I am starting to suspect that intellectual understanding is a contradiction in terms, so I suggest we take a journey into the world of metaphors, pictures and symbols, in an attempt to grasp how we function.

If we begin with the continual life flow we could picture this as a majestic sea of energy. Pause for a moment and look at your hand. See it as a conglomerate of cells constantly awash with energy. Your hand, like all matter, consists of separate cells adrift in an emptiness of space. Suppose this space was a vibrant sea of energy. This is the process of life. All matter sits in this ocean of energy. Indeed, if it did not then it would not be matter it would be something else. We are talking about the same eternal god-energy that activates consciousness, and within consciousness is another process. The ego process. But for a moment we will look at consciousness. Let's create more pictures. This time see consciousness as an enormous pool of still water. This is all of consciousness. Eternal Consciousness - Jung's collective unconscious if you like. Let it become a body of still water with no boundaries. No limit to depth or size, and across this stillness of eternal consciousness is floating clumps of 'stuff'. You can make this transparent stuff, or coloured stuff - whatever. When I first saw it, this stuff was like foamy white residue floating silently on a dark stillness, and I felt it was superfluous to the over all scheme of things, almost like floating rubbish, even though I knew it to be human 'stuff'. Now within this body of limitless consciousness you see a sudden shimmer of concentrated energy. Immediately a few clumps of this 'stuff' are drawn towards this place of energy. As they meld together we realize an ego has been formed. A properly processed ego, with a personality and memory, and as these assemblages of 'stuff' takes form a boundary is created. Now there is a new identity within this limitless pool of consciousness but mysteriously a perception of separation has taken place. Although the individual consciousness still swims within this eternal pool of consciousness, with no division, movement, or change, the actual ego process creates an illusion of separateness.

This is what we are stuck with, and what I feel most of us are trying to deal with. We believe we are separate, even though our conscious state sits in, and is connected to, the pool of consciousness around us. Our awareness is so limited by this process of individualization that we can only sense the greater presence. Some believe this is God, and although I know I am splitting hairs, I think the awareness we have of something precious within us, yet greater than us, is this state of total consciousness. Of course this state is energized by something else - even greater - and for want of a better word or a better understanding, I guess we must call this God. Lets go back to that conglomerate of 'stuff' floating on that vast stillness. There is a clue here. The gathering together of matter creates a cellular form, and each particle of that body lives in a state of consciousness, part of the greater whole but unaware of this because of a barrier. Every part of us is alive with consciousness. This awareness inches us forward but it does not draw the veil. We still function in isolation, conscious of the flesh of our boundary, and

unaware that we are just a clump of ideas.

Let try another image. Imagine the ego as a large round lens, but it is clouded. Nothing can be seen. Suddenly a switch is triggered and magically the lens clears so that everything is revealed. Is it possible that there such a switch inside us? A switch that sometimes is triggered by revelation, or by a dramatic life-threatening event, even by a simple bang on the head. Reports of such examples appear through-out our literature, but seem so remote and such a mystery that normal folk almost regard them as miracles. But they happen. The boundary separating us from the whole is often breached.

Why are we separated? Because we need to experience lost, aloneness, isolation to become aware of the WHOLE. It's the only way. So why do we have to know this? Why can't we continue to be a part of the greater whole with out having to be so traumatized by the terrible separation? Because every particle of God needs to be aware of itself alive within the whole. This awareness energizes the whole and lifts its to a higher state of energy.

CLIMBING OUT OF FORGETFULNES

In this Age of Information there is too much to absorb. This especially applies when we attempt to investigate the spiritual constructs of reality.

The trouble for many of us is that when we read or listen to our chosen guru speaking about the potential of the human spirit, most of us are using our 'normal' state of consciousness. The limitation of this state can cause feelings of frustration because it is so hard not to fall into the trap of comparing where we are to where they are coming from, and if we do it's possible to be faced with ghastly inadequacies. In fact a few are driven even further, becoming angered by what is given because the challenge is too great for the ego to cope.

I'm drawn to speak of this once again because of having to deal with the rancour of an unrelenting ego. Along side this exists the mystery of Forgetfulness. How can one forget insights and revelations that kick in immediately one moves into an expanded state of awareness? I think many of us have discovered these more profound states, but tumble back, then mysteriously 'forget'.

Constantly I am being faced with everyday issues that cause bad reactions. Mainly to do with fear, but often there is a bad taste of envy mixed with resentment or anger. These are negative mind games that I play with other parts of myself. What makes it so hideous is that I know that I am causing my own pain, even as its happening. Worse still, I am aware of, but keep forgetting there is another state within me where none of these awful reactions exist. The fact is I do not have to suffer at all, but its forgotten knowledge. So, if this happens to me, then it happens to others, thus as I write this for my own sake hoping others might use the information.

It is so hard to offer a description of this expanded state of awareness. It has to do with energy, like a pressure around the temples that is connected to the throat and the heart area. It is a much calmer, more compassionate state, with vast understanding and intellectual depth. Yet I am unable to live in it for long. I keep getting dragged back into my normal conscious state. It's as though in my head I am living in a small room that exists within a much large room, but I am so used to this small cramped place that I forget there is a larger space around me. I guess it has to do the robot-like training we all go through as we learn - also there is a subliminal feeling that this must be right because there is safety in its familiarity. I've lived in this small room for most of my life. Its normal, and although using the bigger space outside is wonderful, I keep forgetting it there.

This analogy is actually a good way to begin exploring states of consciousness. In fact its how it started for me. First make contact with your large 'me'. The part Gary Hepworth has so aptly named "the intangible something in my head". When I looked I found this 'big me' sitting on a chair in my frontal lobe - and it scared the hell out of me - but after a few tentative visits it helped me move from the confines of that small frontal space back into the cathedral-like,

caverness

emptiness behind and beyond. That space extends forever - if one has courageous to drift out there. For me it started as an accident, but anyone can try this method. Believe me, your 'intangible me' is waiting to guide you.

As I say I can't stay out there, I keep getting drawn back into the limitations of my normal state of mind, so for me there is a great deal more de-programming and letting go to be done. Still these expanded states are available. Maybe I should start leaving notes around the room reminding myself of this..

Another way to stimulate a change in awareness is to keep reading people like Krishnamurti or John Wren Lewis. This state helps when K states categorically that 'the observer is the observed' or when John Wren Lewis tells us of the joyful awareness of his (our) continual creation. One knows immediately that there is a different awareness in operation. It is accepted that these men speak to us from a conscious state that is in some way altered, or different from what is considered normal, yet many try to receive this information through the limitations of an everyday, working consciousness. In an article by Dr Ann Faraday "Towards a No-Self Psychology" she outlines the wonders found in her state of inner and outer Emptiness, drawing a picture of the constant renewal as life fluidly ebbs and flows through this 'emptiness'. Gary Hepworth ties himself in fantastically complicated knots by asking at a very deep level, 'what am I if I am not an idea'?

These magnificent people with their creative concepts and insights push us right to our edge in an attempt to help us contact our 'intangible something'. And they do! And we thank them! We recognise their words stream through from other states of awareness and it becomes very exciting when one accepts that in this outpouring is an inherent promise that we too might enter into the freedom of a similar experience - that's if we remember of course!

Journal entry... June 2000 - before I discovered 'The All-pervading Intelligence'.

Clues.....

If I say: "This is the controlling lie that some devious part of me constantly presents to the rest of me." It's a clue! There is a part of me in control - this part controls how I feel and what I think, and it's constantly steers me along a path of thought, belief, reaction feeling, and action that I have always followed. The only way to break free is to stop. How can I stop when this part controls my functions?

So I sit and wait, and I think that if I send out messages of help, somewhere I will be heard. I am saying, "Look what I am doing!" But who is listening? How can there be...yet I know there is! I believe that I am just a string of ideas. I believe I am just a made-up game. The game of Lyn! I wish something could intervene and alter this pattern - alter my pattern of existence. This is what I have been on about for 30 bloody years. I haven't got much time left and I want this game to be finished before I die to this world of human existence. Before I leave for another existence this one needs to be completed.

Clue.....

Love. Unconditional love. This is our life energy - how we actually keep on living. I have been told this. I do not 'know' it - not experienced it for myself...yet I KNOW it to be true. I know, I know, I know. I accept that I am being loved into existence right now....but I cannot feel it. I nearly felt it then - but I stopped. What part of me stopped that flow - that emotional rush? Can I stop this part of me destroying me? This is almost like a battle!

Clue....

"The role does not control me." But it does...it does! Ummm... this is vital to understand. The

role, or the part of me projecting the role is the controller. I have been here before! The controller thinks it's my protector. But would you not think that by now this controlling part would have heard my pleas to be released. To be released so I can experience LOVE. Why am I still trapped? What devilish part of me is determined to cage me up? Why am I caged? Why, when I now understand that I am not even real! OK I'm not real, so I am free, I am not trapped. I am not in a cage because I AM NOT! I don't really exist, so this controller is an illusion and all that its controls is just smoke! Its smoke and mirrors, smoke and mirrors. So why can't I escape when I know all this? I've been going round in these circles for years! I know I am free yet I am trapped by something that does not exist. Its madness.

Clue

...we are loved into life. This is the answer. Why can't I just let go of the illusion and feel the love? The love is happening, as I sit here now the love is pouring in yet I cannot feel it. I am not aware of what I am aware of. I know it to be true, yet I cannot experience it. The frustration is fearful. I could scream with the madness of it all.

Clue....a young child maybe the controller of me. A three year old who was so hurt she closed the system down. That's what I mean when I say I tried not to exist when I was young. Seems like I have been trying to stop this game all my life. When I was three I shut the system down.

Clue..

"I intuitively know that at any time we can let the whole mess go and live in love and freedom" I said that. I felt that. I still feel it now. I know I can let this all go.....why can't I do it? Why can't I let it all go? I want to turn away. What is stopping me? Why am I still wearing this straight jacket of illusion and control when really there is nothing to control me and I can just let go???????

Clue.....

You've been this far before. You have said all this before. You have reached this terrible peak of despair and frustration before, and you have collapsed and said what the hell. There is nothing more and you have fallen back into the old ways. This is all in the diaries. All there. This fight to the height of such bitter helplessness - then you let go of the drive and fall back down the mountain.

Not this time eh! Not this time. This time I will stick it - I promise I will not turn away this time.

Clue.

Rod Winning spent a day with me all those years ago - he spent a day telling me I was perfect. Eight hours he followed me round the house insisting I was perfect. That we are all perfect. I fought for hours, putting up every objection because I felt such a fraud, admitting I was perfect. But he kept on going, explaining in simple words that I was perfect. What a gift that man gave me that day. I have never seen him again, in fact I hardly knew him, yet I remember his name, and I remember the passion in his belief that we humans are perfect.

Clue

The lady at the top of the tunnel. She is there, she can help. Turn and ask her for help but phrase your question correctly.

CAN YOU HELP ME KNOW GOD?

Silence is the answer...

Early in 1999 - Diary Entry

Understanding Seth

Seth is the entity Jane Robert's used to bring into this dimension via what is known as channelling. Her books offer us wisdom that is often beyond human understanding.

Seth talks about uncertainty, saying that the principle of uncertainty is a natural law. Quantum physics knows this, but in the reality we are living in most of us think everything is stable, predictable and set. It is not. As yet I have not been able to use this information but I feel it is important. Science has seen this effect at the miniscule levels of matter. They have seen a wave of energy be in two places at once, they have seen energy disappear then reappear - at miniscule levels, so it would appear that consciousness behaves this way too. Being in two places at once. Consciousness is part of this quantum world. Consciousness is in many places at once. Consciousness blinks off from here, and as it does this is it aware somewhere else? We are constantly blinking out from here. Although I have a driving urge to understand how this works I must not push the envelope to far because my internal 'interpreter' will go into a spin... may effect my sanity?

Seth says: This material (in his book) should not make you feel insignificant. The framework is so woven that each particle of consciousness is dependent on every other. The strength of one adds to the strength of all and the weakness likewise. The energy of one recreates the whole. This striving of one increases the potentiality of everything and places a great responsibility upon every consciousness.

Seth believes this to be very important knowledge because rising to the challenge is a basis for existence (in every aspect of existence) Seth also talk about there being no real boundaries between the planes of existence. This is what my writings here in my journals are immersed in, the knowledge that there are no boundaries - and the effort I am using to remain coherent! I am also beginning to understand how probable selves function. Looking at my own life span; who I was at age five is nothing like who I am now. I have passed through many cross-over points. Apparently we continually come to cross roads all our lives. Seth says: Probabilities intersect. He says this is what we call reality: The point of intersection. Sure makes the whole thing complex while one is trying to live it!

If one imagines lifting off from here to look down on the roadways leading to the intersections then it is easier to see what happens. I see a myriad of energies crisscrossing each other. All different colours. A huge crisscrossing of all different coloured energies, and at each point; there! And there! And there! Our reality pulsates. I feel this. As we cross over, we flick on! My God! We flick on! This is our reality, a constant moving stream of energies crossing over or into each other, getting a blast of reality.

Once again simplistic, but how can I possibly describe the actual function? I can't. These crisscrossing energies build the framework, and I understand why Seth says 'weaves the framework' because they do weave a pattern that we - as energy - lay across. Whow! So each probable existence is one stream of energy, and as it crosses over, another consciousness flashes on. Still inadequate! But these are our changes taking place. How do we detour, or leave one energy stream and join another? I guess each person's pattern is connected to other people's patterns and they interweave. I guess I am seeing this at the level of a molecule. Maybe I'm the molecule looking out over the vastness of our structures?

Seth also indicates that prediction is part of this pattern, as is choice, and guess who makes the choices? The ego! But then he goes on to say that if the ego was allowed to make a choice without the veto of other layers of the self we would have trouble. So that's good. Other layers can decide also, and do have influence over the ego. Thank God for that!

I am still struggling though. I understand how our consciousness can be in many places at once,

and how we blink on and off, but much of the complexity of probable selves in probable existences (this very existence now as I type here) I cannot grasp because time seems so linear. Even typing this diary is an example of ongoing linear time, where I, as a seemingly fixed identity, continue each day to write up my experience. I feel the beauty of such Seth statements as:

He says our inner reality is as infinite as our external universe: That's is so powerful yet beautiful. Our inner reality straddles all our other identities - all at once: He is suggesting that we think of the life of the self as one message leaping across the nerve cells of a multidimensional structure. That is a very visual message.

These statements and many more are wonderful, but statements such as: All probable worlds exist now: Any number of events could/do happen but your attention span simply does not include these events: you grow probable selves like flowers grow petals, drive me nuts! I think it is this question of Time that confuses me. It would seem that all our existence happens at once. I cannot grasp this in my present linear state of consciousness. Damn it, damn it!

I suddenly see that we slow down time - I think because of our human size? (conglomerate of cells). I saw it then...like a concertina. When we open out we stretch time. Imagine snapping a hand-fan shut. This snap is a life lived, in a snap of time, but if we open the fan right out we see how the life is lived. We see it because time opens, and stretches too. I tried to snap my life shut and immediately I saw that giving birth to Delian created another entity and that was very important event in this snap of time (my life). Anyway, if we continue with this imagery of a concertina, we can imagine a folded pieces of paper slotted within other folded pieces - slotted into the same spaces, then we see how the 'probable selves' system works.

We are all slotted into the same spaces, in the same time, in the same concertina, but we are separated. How do we distinguish ourselves? By threads! Follow the thread along one folded fan shape, this thread weaving its way across the folds indicates the position of one self, within the concertina of selves. Then do the same for all the other folded selves.

Because of the complexity of what Seth is saying and the fact we cannot change it anyway, I've wondered why we needed to know?

ANSWER: The only good reason for understanding Seth's information and its implications is to challenge beliefs.

Seems we can change nothing, but if we have some understanding of what is out there beyond our comprehension then the structure perceived would be passed onto and a new understanding would clear out old beliefs and inserts new ones. This way the belief system remains open and flexible. Who knows, these new beliefs might be challenged tomorrow! Holding onto beliefs gives us a safety net and allows us to feel grounded, but it blocks growth and our small expansion adds to the expanding consciousness of all. It might be miniscule and already known by our greater consciousness, but while we are expanding we are allowing the entire system to grow.

We are not a limitation on the greater consciousness.

This is good to understand because I've been wondering why we need to grasp ideas that are already known. It is obvious isn't it? Every part of consciousness needs to widen, to 'understand' - that's what all this is really about. Pushing my knowledge and opening my mind is part of my system's expansion of awareness.

Article in Now Newsletter.

Feeling unusually cautious I edged my way through the first few pages of the newsletter. At first I tried to ignore what I was feeling, admitting that I was too dogmatic about the disunion caused by left brain analytical thought.

"It might be necessary in academia, but not in a newsletter whose stated premises is awakening" I muttered, then pulled up short, begging myself not to go to such extremes. So I turned back to the first page, to the commentary on the world as illusion, trying to accept

that every approach to awakening is legitimate. I tried to be still, imaging the calmness of a Zen monk, sitting, breathing deeply, chastising myself for being so bloody-minded, hating myself for being so unkind. But a balanced viewpoint is almost impossible for an extremist, so it didn't work. Everything inside was screaming, "No!"

So I apologize for the following tirade. Please accept that I am fanatical, arrogant and dogmatic and in the spirit of balanced generosity allow yourself to read on.

I've been told any type of dialogue is good, is necessary, and helps people to understand, but I can't accept this because there is a vast difference between understanding and knowing. I'm looking at the opening statement, at the top of the first page, headed The World as Illusion, and the words 'point of view' jump out like an insult. The world as an illusion is a 'knowing'. It needs to be felt within, felt by the whole self! Experienced as an 'Ah-ha' mind boggling, heart opening revelation. As soon as we try to reason with it we begin to pull it apart dividing it into a thousand pieces and the 'knowing' slips through the net of the cortex .

" Maybe" I thought, (trying to excuse my rudeness) " if this magazine's thesis was aimed at pure academic discussion and analysis I would be wrong to criticize. But isn't 'Now' a forum for mystical wonder? For spiritual insight, directed toward awakening us to who we really are?"

I turned back to the newsletter, making huge scribbling notes down the sides of the pages, but it wasn't enough. Because of my concern at how the mind dominates our existence, the greater part of my worry is that while we humans use the 'rationale of the mind' we will always divide and will always be conquered by the rational nature of our society. We concentrate on the words and miss the message. Is this not dangerous? We could circle round on this reductionist path for the rest of our lives. For example, thirty years ago I had to leave a Krishnamurti group that met at the TS in Melbourne. At Meeting after meeting the nebulous wonder of his message was being torn to shreds as members systematically discussed his words. They would lock themselves up in syntax, logic, semantics, judgement and when they were done I would ache with emptiness. I used to struggle to find the meeting place between insight and logic often ending up in tears, because in those days I thought they were right; also in those days I believed that compromise was right. Now days I know that compromise is simply a way for us to lie to each other, and that Krishnamurti (and many many other teachers) are/were asking us to unify our separation - found at a physical level in the left-right brain dichotomy - by a symbiosis between body and spirit. Krishnamurti also warned us not to follow his words, but to go out there and discover our own reality.

It is interesting that some of the writing of Huang Po has been included in this edition. I am sure many scholars have been doing a similar thing with this dialogue. Using the mind to analyse what has been said. Reading the work, revering the wisdom, debating its meaning, wallowing in its paradox while totally ignoring what Huang Po says at the end of answer number three:

...Do not look to what is called the Dharma by preachers for what sort of Dharma could that be?...

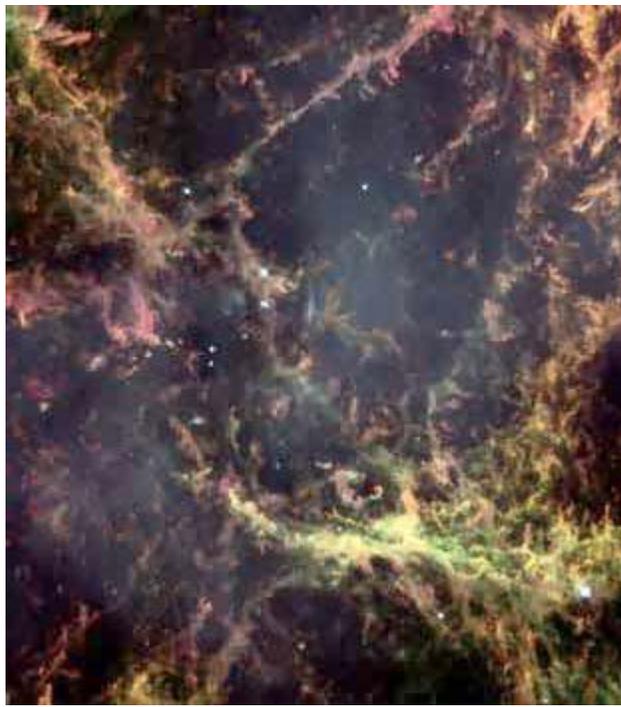
I am not saying that we should not read and explore the vast spiritual library now on offer to the world. We are privileged to live in this wonderful age with so much sacred information released and available to everybody. But when it comes to the crunch the real work lies within us. And we do have the wisdom. We would not be asking the questions if somewhere, in some part of us we did not know already. If we can learn how to die to the illusory self then the internal work will be made so much easier.

Travelling parallel with the concerns already mentioned, but I suspect far more divisive, is the way we use the mind to avoid... dare I mention that magnificent world on the edge of madness, cloaked in the darkness of our avoidance... the illusion of identity? The mind constructs a set of beliefs that can occupy us forever, cleverly attaching us to a whole system that functions in an identical manner (The illusional world). Many people are not even aware of what is being avoided. But the readers of Now know because we have been told. This is a struggle to the death. Gary Hepworth calls our identity a set of ideas. It is this that must die. The mind is the creator of the illusional self, set into the body we walk around in. We are not the body, and we

are not the mind, we are something else entirely. To confront this fabricated self we need more than our capacity for feeling, intuition, imagination, symbolism, imagery and dreams (necessary as they are). We need the courage to accept that our identity is built on a construct of beliefs put there by us. If we built it then we have the power to dismantle it. Remove the belief structure and what is left of identity? We can choose at any time to change any part of ourselves - or all of it if we are ready and have the courage. (You may want to debate this point, but I assure you it is so) This is where the death takes place. At the point where we recognise that our belief system has been fabricated. Made up by ourselves. A fantasy. Our identity is a fantasy! I called it a dark world on the edge of madness, but this is only the view from this side, and this side is not real!

We are living in a new time. People like Krishnamurti led the way. Led us to where we are now, but his teaching comes from of a century now passed. Change is accelerating, is moving us into a world that is different. Everywhere there are new leaders and their knowledge is within our reach. We can contact them via the Internet. Here in this very magazine we are in contact with people able to give us exciting new directions. The instruction is no longer passive. We do not need only to read and to listen. Today we have the chance to actually bring about our own change so let's not dwell in the world of semantics, let's act NOW.

[HOME](#)



COURSE NOTES

The Four Domains of Living:

Physicality

Awareness of separation between body and consciousness; taking care of the body through diet, exercise, and general well being; taking note and bringing change to how emotional factors impact on the body.

Relationship to Nature

Total awareness of the natural world and awareness of the world as a planet. Discovering your own personal way of interacting with Nature.

Working Harmoniously Within Society

Recognising that your contribution both at work and at home contributes to the sustainability of your society. Offering a service to others. Contributing your time in an effort to maintain the important facets of your society, so that order, safety, education, health, equality and freedom are maintained.

Relationships with Self and Others.

Acknowledging your worth. Discovering your perfection. Letting go of self-deception. Releasing the energy of your potential. You create your own world of sensation. Discovering

the source of your trauma and stress. Owning, recognising and changing your emotional states. Taking back control. Moving one's awareness to a new reality. Discovering the value of imagination and intuition. Working with chakras centres, with dreams and symbols representing the self

In this section we will examine the following points in great detail:

Physicality:

In the domain focusing on your physical life we will talk personally about your physicality, discussing matters arising from individual observances of the human body.

1. Diet
 2. Stress
 3. Exercise
 4. Sexuality
 5. Emotional wear and tear
 6. Physical image
 7. Physical pride or shame.
 8. Physical relationship to sensation
 9. Physical relationship to consciousness
-

The Natural World:

In this domain we will discuss and explore the nature of the world we live in. Each person's personal awareness of Nature; how we interact with the world around us. There will be open discussion on how each of us sees, or is perhaps blind to this domain that towers over us, that directs and controls our lives, that both sustains yet can eliminate us. We will look in a new way at the elements of earth, fire, water and air. We will discuss beliefs some cultures hold to the sacredness of the land that nurtures and supports them, and investigate why our culture is so destructive. We will plan how we might change our way of living to find more time in the freedom of the natural world and finally we will analyse ways in which we might instigate practical methods - both at an individual and group level - to re claim our natural inheritance.

Service to Society:

This domain allows us to examine the moral and ethical responsibilities we have to the system that supports and provides for us. We will discuss the following issues.

1. Service by working to our fullest potential

2. By maintaining an honourable and responsible attitude to everything we do within our society.
 3. By looking at attitudes that might damage, cheat, or repress those around us.
 4. Through offering our service to those who need it.
 5. By acknowledging human worth.
 6. By valuing and contributing to the system that supports us..
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Relationship With Self and Others.

First Session - You own your own world.

Housekeeping:

After a general introduction, an explanation of the title and the general outline of the two- day project.

The first stage of this project is designed to talk to the fact that ***you own your own world.*** You are in control of your life. Your attitude, belief system, personality and conditioning are the major design elements of this entity that you are sitting at the centre of.

Pause for a moment and turn your attention inward. Do you feel an awareness that seems to be sitting at your centre?

If you can feel this centre then you know immediately that all the chaos spinning inside you, that might be making inroads into your energy and your ability to cope, really is not who you are. We will come back to this later. For now, as an example of this ownership and responsibility to the self we will take a journey into the area of 'pain and blame'.

We'll use this small facet of living to demonstrate how each one of us has a choice in what we do.

How all thought inside your mind belongs to you.

How all aspects of your life have been created by your thought.

How all emotional damage is due to your reaction.

How your state of being has been damaged by the inadequacies of your understanding of who you really are.

How you are in constant dialogue with yourself, chattering about stuff right now as we talk.

Part of you is listening, part of you is off somewhere thinking about other stuff, and maybe part of you is already beginning to reject what is being presented. It's like your own personal talking book, rolling on forever inside you head, controlling and manipulating.

So let's investigate the area of pain and blame.

While people still want attach blame to those who caused them damage, the pain will continue. This is because by occupying themselves with the cause of the trouble, by blaming someone else they are overlooking or avoiding the actual wound. It is like blaming the axe for cutting one's foot. While you continue to stare angrily at the axe the foot will continue to bleed. While you focus outside yourself at the thing that did the damage the wound is not being attended to; therefore it will not heal.

So at this point, right at the beginning of our time together let's look at a particular pain you might have - it can be large or small, it's up to you. Begin by thinking about the person who caused that pain; take a good look because if everything goes well it will be the last time you are effected this way.

I suggest you make a note in your journal as a small reminder later on.

Placing blame is a waste of energy. Placing blame is as pointless as screaming abuse at an axe, so can we turn our attention away from the maker of the pain and get on with repairing the damage?

I can almost hear you asking how can one forget or turn away from the person who has caused such hurt. Maybe it seems like a hopeless exercise at this point, but be patient, we're getting to it! Being able to turn away is one of the keys to owning your own world. Imagine being able to genuinely let go of the need to blame someone, with all the ugliness attached to this mindset. Imagine being able to get on with the real work of deconstructing the wound - to be able to see it for what it really is.

Once you grasp this central point - how to change your emotional focus - you will be on the way to choosing how your life will be lived.

There are two components to this exercise. 1. Letting go of the hatred, anger, bitterness, confusion, or what ever you are feeling about the person who did this to you. 2. Turning inwards to examine how you have constructed your wound. And believe me, you are the only one in this game!

You harbour the blame and you create the pain!

It might have been thrust upon you by some thoughtless or vindictive person (maybe the one you noted in your journal, the one we will work with soon), but once you are able to untangle the knots of this emotional constriction you will see that you are the one who actually created the wound.

It was you who decided on how the hurt would effect you.

It was you who decided what feelings would be involved, what form the reaction would take. It was you allowed the wound to occur and are now responsible for the damage it has caused.. Once you can accept this, and forget the part played by the person who originally hurt you, then it is a simple movement; just a 180-degree turn from needing to blame someone to the actual pain itself.

You may object to what I saying, with the belief that if someone has hurt you then it cannot be so easily forgotten, but as all thought belongs to you, you are in control of the need to blame. This is the crux of the matter. ***All thought belongs to you.*** So you can choose to blame this person, or you can decide to withdraw that attitude. It is your choice. By the way, this process of turning away applies to any attitude or belief you hold. Nothing is set in concrete because all thought belongs to you. You have been given the freedom of choice. You are the one who can choose, so you can let it go in a second if you choose to do so. While you keep the blame going you are feeding the wound. Of course that too is your choice. This is the hard part. Letting go of something that you need to hold onto. You need to blame this person for hurting you. You felt the hurt, you felt the pain and you beleive it was done to you and you cannot let go because if you let it drop away, what is left? How do you cope if somebody else is not to blame? It might have been a tiny incident at your job, or you may have been raped as a child - so how do you let go of the blame for being hurt? Immediately you do this a change takes place and change is fearful - better to blame and hate than to accept that these are your thoughts and it is your choice and that you can change and therefore alter the process.

The process is simple. Somebody inflicts damage, a wound is caused, the pain is felt and the reaction takes place. One wishes to strike back, but more than often this is impossible, so one creates an attitude instead. One hates, blames, holds a grudge, wants vengeance because this is the only alternative to action. If it was physical damage, retaliation may have ended the matter, but if there was an emotional element to the original damage then control lays in the hands of

the sufferer who must look at the emotional cause. So always the wounded sufferer must look inwardly. Blame is wasted energy. Attitude is the key.

I will sometimes refer to this 'blaming function' as the ego. I also attribute most of your internal chatter to the egoic process. Some people see the ego differently, but in this Project ego is that part of you trying to protect you by using all sorts of distorted mechanisms. It seems to kick in automatically, so I will venture to say that it is part of our body-intelligence. The ego wants you to win, to be the best, to be top dog, but the ego does not want you to take risks. Each person has a different set of ego values meaning that each person's ego function works slightly differently. Nevertheless the ego is there in most of us as an over inflated guardian making terrible mistakes and decisions, working independently of the true self, manipulating the personality in its effort to do what it thinks is right.

It seems I am separating you into compartments, but often parts of us act so automatically that they seem to be outside our control. This part of the course is alerting you to this, and giving you're the tools to re establish a central control inside yourself. So the first exercise will centre on your awareness. Once you are able to really make contact with how you operate you will be able to let go of your pointless energy wasting need to blame those who have hurt you. This is not some pious Christian suggestion, even though it seems that I am implying that you 'turn the other cheek'. Indeed maybe in the original version of that parable the meaning is exactly as we are trying to do here. Not turn the other cheek in some mild soppy ideal of what a 'good person' might be, but to turn away from wasting energy by pointing the blame - which is an external focus. To begin to look at what happened to you as the foul deed was done, also an internal process.

We are not going to excuse the perpetrator we are going to forget him.

I'll use one of my stories as an example. When I was three my mother left me with her old Aunt and Uncle on a farm. She simply took me up there, and left me for three months. It was during the war, and the news in Australia was not good, so my mother decided I would be safer in the country. As I say, she took me to the farm and left me with people I had never seen before, in a place that was foreign and frightening. She crept out and did not say goodbye. So I never saw her go. This was explained years later as the best way not to upset me! So there I was, a three-year-old, alone with strangers in a strange place waiting for my mother to come back. Hours and days went by and I had no idea what was happening. Why was I in this place? I kept waiting in hope; soon she would come back and get me. But she never came. I remember one night - I must have climbed out of bed because it was very dark - I was looking over the paddocks towards a shadowy clump of trees when suddenly I realised that she was never coming back. The pain of that terrible realisation was so great it was unbearable. I could not cope! My only escape was to shut down, to cease to exist. To become nothing, because that way the pain could not touch me. So in that instant, as tiny child, I shut down the part of me that loved, expected and needed my mother. Trouble was I also damaged my general ability to love and trust because at that age it was all connected. So the mechanism of my wound was to become non existent. This egoic rationale was so I could not be hurt anymore. Ego/body intelligence did this as a form of protection but in so doing all my relationships became distorted, twisted and misconstrued right through till my late thirties when this road to awakening started to break down barriers. You can see how putting blame on my mother was pointless. In actual fact I buried that whole episode deep in my memory bank, but I grew up disliking my mother and was always afraid of her. Eventually when I did remember I was shocked by her actions, and I wanted to blame her for all my problems. In fact I did for awhile, but what was the point? What good was it doing except to allow me to escape the real work by passing the blame for my messy life onto my mother. So I turned my attention away from blame and towards trying to understand exactly what had been done on the day I shut down. It took some time to bump up against the 'non-existent factor' but it eventually was found. It was

one of those ah-ha moments we hear about. Suddenly I grasped how and why I made the decision to become non-existent. It was to disappear from a challenging situation, to shut down so I didn't have to feel the pain, and experience such dreadful emotion.

I was in the process of deconstructing my wound.

Now these minor miracles do not always happen immediately, but with enough understanding of the 'self' they eventually allow you to make sense of your life. And a warning here, often one emotional knot will be found inside another one, because once the protection process has started the ego has to keep building on it, often in bizarre and unfathomable ways.

It takes energy to maintain these wounds we have. We keep them open by not attending to them. In many cases not even being aware of them because they have been so well buried in our psyche.

Today is simply a guide for you, but expect the work to progress gradually over time. Today might be the beginning of a process that goes on for many years. It did for me.

So we are at the beginning using this simple exercise of stopping the blame. It is a matter of choice, just a matter of you recognizing you have the choice to blame or not to blame. Your life story will tell you what was done, maybe even why, and this is often useful to know, but the real work will centre on how you reacted and why. We are saying that you can take action to change your own feelings. You are in charge here. Now you may want to hold onto that pointing finger. You may want to continue to cast blame, but this is using up energy that could be poured into other things.

Believe me, 'blame' is your problem, not the person you are blaming.

Do you understand what I am saying?

Are there any questions before we get to work?

Using your journals make a list of 3 incidents that come to mind immediately. 3 times where you were hurt or angered by something somebody did to you.

Now we can look at some of the more familiar grievances that invade our sense of self.

As I ask the questions can you make notes, then we'll share some of your insights and experiences.

1. Look at your list. Can you see any sort of pattern that might give you a clue?
2. Look at the first incident on your list. Why is this at the top of your list?
3. What was the emotion you felt as this thing happened?
4. Why do you think you felt this way? (...it could have been another way)
5. Did it damage your feeling of self-worth?
6. Did it make you feel unloved or unwanted?
7. Did it damage your opinion of yourself?
8. Did it attack your belief in your abilities?
9. Did it hurt you to know what opinion this person had of you?
10. Did the knowledge of this other person's opinion of you twist the knife into your own feeling of self-worth?
11. Did you feel hurt or anger, or both, and did you want to hit back?
12. What sort of inner dialogue was going on as it happened? What were you telling yourself then?
13. What are you telling yourself now?
14. Did you feel shame?

15. Did you feel embarrassment?
16. Write down what else you felt.

Now we will share some of what has been written. Does anyone have a response to the first question?

Share.

(go through each question this way)

Close the morning session asking them to work through the other incidents on their list as they have their lunch.

Breaking Free of the Dream.

(afternoon session)

Many before me have called this society 'the illusion' or 'the dream'. This can be difficult to understand while we are a part of it. To become aware of the illusion one must be able to step out of it. This is what the 'Awakening Project' is all about. To give you tools to assist you to awaken enough understand the realm in which you live. I would like to call it a trick or a delusion, but it's not. The 'dream' is a support system. It nurtures you; it keeps you safe, gives you laws to live by. In our western 'dream' we are offered a form of democracy so we believe we live in an ordered and fair society. Most people live their entire lives unaware they are contributing to this dream, indeed they are absolutely unaware of illusion that is holding them in its nest. Your being here right now is an indication that you are not content with your life, so I feel it is safe to say that you are here because you want to step out of the dream and experience the reality of who you really are.

Let me say right from the outset, there are very few people on this planet who live completely apart from the dream, even when they are isolated or separated from the rest of society their conditioning is their attachment. At best we might be able to accept that what we think as real, what we think as important, what we think of as normal, is simply part of the dream. An illusion; and in our attempt to discover our real selves we will may manage to loosen the hold this dream has on us. We might start to see how and why we do what we do, and become aware of how our attachment to society both rules our behaviour and controls our beliefs. If we can awaken through discussion and insight such as we are embarking on here we will become aware of a deeper meaning behind these words. By this I mean that many of us are here because we are dissatisfied with our lives and we are looking for a magical 'something' that will bring us fulfillment. Problem is one must climb up out of society's illusion if one is to find 'it'. Some people say there is no such thing as 'it' but such statements are made in ignorance. Many of us have found 'it' but we have also been entangled in the illusion for most of our lives. These two states are stand on either side of the abyss, and all must be experienced. I realise at the moment many of you will feel unsure or confused by what I am saying so I ask you to bear with me. Soon you will have the chance for questions.

I call what we did this morning one method loosening the hold the dream has on us. Once we

realise that we control what we desire, that we have choice, and that our mind is our powerhouse not our dictator, we are starting to wake up. As I said, that's what this Project is all about...

...Awakening from the illusion this life has coddled around us.

Society dictates this dream, yet in each society there is a different set of guidelines. For instance, look at some Middle Eastern countries, where women must not reveal any part of their body. This is because society has taught them that if a man were to look upon the flesh of a woman he would be corrupted and may not reach the gates of paradise. A very serious outcome and one that society considers of the highest importance.

That is their dream. We can see clearly that it is an illusion, but our dream is illusionary too. It has also taken away human choice, and we don't see it because we live it - we are the ones keeping the dream alive. This will always be so and I am not even suggesting that the lie within this dream should be shattered because it is so necessary for the majority of the population. What I am suggesting is that you wake up and look around. Make an assessment of your personal world and change the position of it. Remove the attachment, get rid of your conditioned beliefs, alter attitudes, and let go of your wound, that suffering you carry around that connects you to the dream. I can't name these attachments individually because they are so tightly related to each other, but blocks of the illusion it is more obvious. It is all to do with conditioning, and immediately we know that conditioning denies individual choice. So I'll list some of the ways we are attached to the dream.

1. Your conditioning as a child in the home.
2. As a student at school.
3. In how to become part of the group.
4. In sexual relationships
5. In the workforce as an employee/ employer.
6. As a responsible citizen of your society.
7. On the playing field
8. In personal relationships.
9. In marriage.
10. As a parent.
11. Maintaining friendships.
12. Accepting society's rules, laws information, and doctrines

This is why I say the dream permeates every part of your life, spreading out from you most intimate joys or fears to the laws that govern you. All we can do here is give some perspective to this dream, but always it is your choice and your decision.

We are all units of the dream, but as a whole society we create the dream! Breaking free of the dream simply means stopping our need to be confirmed by society

Because of the difficulty in perceiving the illusion I like to call this life I live a game. This way I can separate my reality from the system I live under. I say it lightly when I call it a game but really this is a most serious matter. In the past I felt helpless because something else always seemed to be in control, but having partly awakened from the dream I am now able to make my own choices and in so doing fulfilling the roles I want to play in this game.

This journey toward realising there are choices in the way I live my life has been a long and torturous one - something I am hoping you might be able to avoid. In fact this is the reason I am here talking to you today.

I'd like to tell you about a method I discovered for momentarily breaking free of the illusion by placing myself in the centre of reality, rather than looking in on it as we seem to do. One day

while walking along a bush track I suddenly felt as though I was peering out a window, seeing only what was continually coming up in front of me. I realised that I was set in a rigid, flat, almost one-dimensional world. This was such a shock that I immediately tried to remember what the track behind me looked like. I tried to picture where I had just been at the same time continuing to walk forward along the path.

I'd like to do this with you now. Could you all stand up and look behind you. Take note of what is there, now sit down, look forward and at the same time try to remember what is behind you, so simultaneously you have two views, one ahead and one behind. Does anyone feel anything?

Share.

For me, as I walked along that track I felt suddenly to be part of world. I was no longer one dimensional, with my sight being the centre of a flat limited vision. I was now slotted into my correct place so that I suddenly felt I was complete. This also happened while I was driving, but this time I was placed in an even larger picture because as I looked forward over flat farmland I saw a sky filled with towering cumulous clouds. I could see the curved horizon and the way the clouds dropped down below this horizon; suddenly I could see the actual shape of the planet. I looked in my rear vision mirror then back at the curved cloud filled horizon and felt myself driving over a rounded planet surrounded by a blue atmosphere of such beauty and wonder that tears overwhelmed me. This time not only did I slot into my correct place in the reality I was driving through, I became aware of the true shape of planet I live on, and this jump in my sense of reality immediately snapped me out of the dream. I can become aware of the true reality of our planet, its' shape and size and the fact I am walking upon it, anytime I bring forward the 'intent' to do so.

This 'intent' is another loophole the dream cannot plug...

I will talk much more about Intent tomorrow, suffice to say here that intent is the magical click that seems to switch on one's 'will to act'.

Returning to this game of placing oneself in the centre of reality. Perhaps next time you get the chance to be away from the enclosure of the city - down at a local beach is an ideal place to see the horizon - you will tune into the reality of this planet, and your place on it.

Of course it needs to be realised that everything is in constant flux. Nothing stays the same. This very movement of change is the blueprint for life. If you think back 50 years it is easy to see how different society was then. Another world almost, but that dream penetrated the will of those people just as it is doing to us right now. For instance, if we use this analogy of society it might be easier to 'see'. Imagine society as a fast flowing river with a series of large rocks standing on the shoreline as if threatening to impede the progress of the river. These rocks represent new thought, change, anything so revolutionary it stands apart from society, and is seen to most people as a threat. But the river's onward rushing energy is so powerful that its movement gradually begins to skim closer to the rocks gradually swirling and loosening each one. Twisting and turning, a rock will slowly give way allowing the river to engulf it. Now the rock stands in the water. It is still a powerful object, but its situation has changed, it exists within the river's force. Slowly over time the river will shift the rock so it floats away from its original position and eventually the river will wear it down to size. So the unique structure of this rock on the shoreline no longer exists. The rock is now part of the river. This is what happens over time with all diversity in society. Slowly new thought merges, gets subtly worn down over time until it is the accepted norm, then if anyone dares to challenge this 'norm' they become like new rocks on the shore line, and so society continues, always moving, always changing, and always the same.

So change energizes the dream. That being said, although from one perceptive everything is constantly changing, from another viewpoint history repeats and repeats itself so that really the base premise of the dream is that it is always the same. This is one of life's many paradoxes. Maybe it offers us a sense of balance, or maybe we sit on this seesaw trying to maintain a level between change and repetition. Is it possible to hold both perspectives in your mind? That everything constantly changes yet at another level everything remains the same?

Here's one way of looking at it; change is the challenge. The energy that allows you to interact and gain new understanding - changes you. But the 'sameness' of everything is reflected in the stillness of your centre - the part of you that is perfect. To really discover one's worth immediately allows us to contact this perfection and to accept your perfection is to open up to another level of the self. This is what we are doing this afternoon. It's my promise, but it's you who must make the change. Of course it is your choice to accept or reject what is being presented. Until you are truly able to value yourself, you will be vulnerable to your own ego, and to all those other egos around you trying to maintain their own credibility. You hear people saying you should love yourself, even in ads you hear that you are "worth it" but if this adage is not genuine the problem will fester. Might even grow worse. Once you value yourself, then you are free of the demands of society.

We'll stop for a moment's reflection. Maybe you could write in your journal a few thoughts you are having about this idea of choice, change and self worth.

Share anything that comes up.

Right! By taking a deep breath and stepping back from the coal-face of life, we can begin to observe ourselves in action. We are able to view ourselves as if we were taking part in the play. What we did this morning, taking back control of our thoughts and actions demonstrates that we can alter attitude, change belief, and interact with what we thought were automatic functions. So we may be able to start redirecting our play in the same manner. By becoming aware of what is an automatic reaction allows us to make choices. For a moment I would like you to try stepping back to look at your direction. See yourself as taking a role in a play or a movie. See yourself as an actor playing a part. Are you pleased with this role, and where it is taking you?

1. Write down where this role has placed you right now, be it career, relationship, or what ever you feel to be most important to you. Try to separate yourself from reality so you can pretend to step back and watch yourself. This is you at this present time, in your movie. Write it down.
2. Now with this image firmly in place visualise the movie moving into the future. Try to see what role you might be playing in three year's time. Remember this is only pretend, so you can go for broke! Imagine any scenario you want. Let the secret out of your heart and write it down as a view of your future.
3. Now if you are content with all you have seen in your movie, say so. If you are not, write out what is irritating about your projection.

This was a simple an exercise, but if it has opened you to your possibilities, then try to accept this as a new version of who you are and where you might be going. Has anyone found anything new about themselves?

Share these experiences.

We can take that step back quite safely now because if we can accept that we are only taking a role in this 'act of life' it means there is another part of us watching. Another part that is aware of who we are. You were using this part as you wrote out your projection. If you are able to accept that there is another 'you' standing way back there in the 'cathedral of you mind' let me

say right now:

"That part of you is the major part of your existence and it is perfect."

The surface 'you' taking an active role in this life-movie is full of self-deception, full of ploys and attitudes. Perhaps we should call this part 'surviving in the illusion' but the other part, the major part, the part some of us are hardly aware of - this 'you' is total perfection. You are perfect.

Is there anyone who can feel this perfection yet?

Share

I must tell you a story about perfection. It was in 1972, I was managing a record shop and was deeply involved in the music of the 60's and early 70's. Also I was slowly becoming aware that there was more to living than I had suspected. I was home with a cold one morning when there was a knock on the door, and there standing before me was one of my customers. A rock'n'roll devotee, the same as I was. I had not seen him for quite awhile. It appeared that he had been living in North Queensland in an ashram, where he had a sudden realisation about the human spirit. It turned his life inside out, and now he was back in Melbourne, on my doorstep, ready to convert me. Well we spent the next 6 hours in argument. He said I was perfect, and I put up every objection I could to his proposition. We went round and round because I simply would not have it. I was a flawed wounded person. There was no way I could be perfect. In fact I felt that to accept his premise would be such a terrible lie it would deface something I felt was too sacred to even think about. How could I be perfect when I was such a mess? That day stands out in my mind as one of the most important in my life. I still remember his name although I never saw him again. Rod Winning. If anyone knows Rod please send him my regards. Anyway at long last, for a few precious minutes I allowed my guard to drop and I became perfect. I felt the exquisite joy of being perfect and for the first time I felt LOVE. It did not last very long because the dream had hold of me, and I slipped back into the habit of thinking I was unworthy. But the experience of that perfection was powerful enough for it to be imprinted on my memory...and maybe this is all Rod wanted. For me to 'know' this important truth so one day I would be able to return to it. I have done that, although it took nearly 30 years, now I'd like to pass the knowledge on to you. Trouble is we do not have six hours to spare to argue about being perfect. I guess what I am saying is I know some of the things you might be thinking right now, because Rod took me there, somehow we have to get past this point.

Anybody want to make a comment about what they feel when I say "you are perfect"

I am speaking frankly and openly about how I believe we are constructed. This does not fit within the current model of psychology but then I believe much of what science dictates gets pulled into the dream. It might have been an original thought at one stage, but slowly it gets incorporated into the dream until it becomes a set piece within the dream, like that rock getting pulled into the river.

I am saying that there are at least two aspects of us - and that is quite conservative, for in most of us there are many more.

A - The self that interacts within the dream - this self is intimately connected to the world we live in, to our society, totally operating within its framework. This is the part I call 'the survivor'.

B - The self that is aware of who we are and what our direction in life is. I call this 'the watcher'

When Rod struggled to show me I was perfect, I was operating in survivor mode, and had no idea about the watcher. All day I drudged up doubts and arguments, perhaps similar to some of

your doubts now. But I was only able to work from that part of me that operates in the dream. The part that looks out into the world through this window-frame marking off what is accepted as 'normal'. This is why it took so long for me to break out of the so called 'normal' boundary. The dream binds us very tightly. Our belief system, based on what we have learned from society is clasped hand in hand with our protective ego, so it is very difficult to move beyond the boundary of such a system. It seems almost as if we are one-dimensional, as if we are sitting watching a holographic movie slide past in front of us. We interact with this movie, we get caught up in all the activity, but really our lives are marked off and framed. We only use this survivor self to operate from.

Would anyone like to make a comment about how difficult it is to accept that we are perfect.

Share

So we have two propositions:

1. That residing at your centre is a perfect self.
2. The survival of the dream depends on a Society that conditions its individuals to seek affirmation from society, not from their inner perfection.

At this point I would like us to carefully pull back the layers and really look at how we are made up. It will get a little complicated for those who have never thought this way about themselves before, so I have a small handout here that might help.

I've already mentioned the core self, the watcher, that deep important part of us that some have never ever met - although I hope now that you have all made the connection. Then we have conscious self, you sitting here now, but there are other layers, and within these layers sits our dilemma.

There is that section of us controlled by the older parts of our brain - some call this the primitive animal brain - and this is where the trouble starts. The automatic response mechanism, part of the old brain, part of the body intelligence, is the part attached to incoming perceptions. It does not know about the core self. It is the part of us that re-acts. Data coming in causes reaction, and this part of us seems to be activated with very little input from the conscious self. How often have you found yourself simply reacting with no way to stop the spillage? It may be in anger, in fear, in embarrassment, in passion - it just seems to gush out. This is the automatic function, and it set up as a protection mechanism.

Then we have that part of ourselves - like little antennas - attached to the outside world but constantly feeding information back into our conscious self. This part is heavily influenced by what is going on around us. These external events within our society and our personal relationships have enormous effect our automatic mechanisms, on that part of us that simply reacts. These two mechanisms, the body intelligence, and the external attachment, work in harmony to feed data back into our conscious mind. A nasty comment comes through from the outside, perhaps a friend, or a boss. The response is immediate and usually uncontrollable.

The layer attached to the external world - the antennas - feeds back into the automatic body intelligence - the protective mechanism that I call the ego - and the response is immediate. We may not express it but it hurts. Its like we were talking about this morning.

Our attitude towards ourselves, created by external influences

Our perception of what is right and what is wrong for us. Other's may act in certain ways, but we know our role and how we should act it out.

Choice, or the lack of it is due to the ego's need to protect us no matter what! Perhaps in hunter-gather times this ego would cut in and save our lives, but the function makes fearful mistakes these days.

This ego is attached to those 'feelers' constantly feeding back information.

The 'feelers' - that part forever seeking what is happening in the outside world, perceiving and feeding this into our whole system. Permanently holding us in place - no matter how we struggle - because we actually have no awareness of what really is devaluing us.

Perception and interpretation. The antenna perceives something new locks onto it, feeds the information into a function within memory that interprets all incoming data. If the information is already logged somewhere in the memory banks all is well. If it is totally new with no subsection or connection to any experience within memory alarm bells ring, the ego is alerted and the belief barriers are raised.

It might sound complicated but really what I am attempting to reveal is just how our system operates. It seeks out information from society, friends, family, meaning it is hooked into the illusion. In fact this human system is what holds the dream in place. It works because we need to be in contact with others. We need to know other's views, opinions, judgements, and we certainly need to know when why and how we fit in. We need to know what others think of us, how they feel about us, the feedback is continuous, throughout our lives. The only time it stops is when we are asleep...and dreaming - another paradox!

Can you see how it is necessary that we continue to hold a poor opinion of ourselves?

If we valued ourselves this system would short circuit.

If we valued ourselves we would not need outside input.

If we valued ourselves we would be free from the need to seek other's approval.

So why don't we? What is wrong here?

Let me repeat again ... We are all units of the dream, but as a whole society we create the dream! Breaking free of the dream simply means stopping our need to be confirmed by society

Slowly work through this. If we valued ourselves our attachment to others would loosen. Our need for attachment would not be so strong. If we had broken free from the needs and support given us by others (society) ((dream)) we would not be ruled this way, so the short answer to the question why do we not value ourselves is twofold.

One side of the coin...we are still attached to the dream, the other side is that our needs keep the dream alive.

Those little antennas of perception, interacting with the movie keeps us in our place forever playing our role. The roles have been given to us by the society we live in. Starting at babyhood, working through the family guidance as a toddler, through school and eventually - as we move through puberty - interacting the powerful world of sensation. One's personality certainly should not be overlooked, but usually the personality contributes to the dream. Another term can be used here. I often call this The Lie!

Again I will use something that happened to me as an example: A few years ago I sold my house, and I gave most of the money to my son. I had good excuses. He was at an age where the money would be more useful to him than to me. He was entitled to an inheritance and if I frittered it away he'd get nothing. He had just survived an unfair court case that cost him a great

deal of money. Best of all, he was my son and I loved him. And when people objected to what I was doing - some in great anger - I used these various explanations to escape their opinion. Underneath though, I felt uncomfortable. Something did not sit well. I had given my son most of my money yet I could hear an echo in my reasoning and whenever I hear myself making excuses I know I am refusing to look at the truth. Eventually I pushed past these cover-ups. Took time, and a lot of journal entries, but it was worth it, because I opened myself up to the suggestion that maybe I felt I was not worthy of this money. I discovered a belief deep inside me flashing a law that stated it was not right for me to have so much money because I did not deserve it. As soon as I had this breakthrough realisation my world changed. I had given the money away because I was not worthy. This was absolutely nonsense and the enormity of my cover up astounded me. Then right on top of that realisation, I found myself being lectured about a subject I had detailed knowledge of - much more than the person lecturing me and this made me angry because I felt he should recognise my ability. I lashed out then saw that my anger was because I needed him to acknowledge my ability. But! If I acknowledged my own ability there would no longer be a need to receive it from him! My expectation would disappear along with my anger. Whow! That was big! But it meant I had to come out of the wood-work and acknowledge to myself just how much valuable information I had. I had to admit to myself that I was good. I was valuable. I was worthy. To admit this meant an entirely new persona. These two events coupled together - within days of each other - revealed to me my own worth, and as the role of the devalued, unworthy female fell off me I realised I no longer needed other people's opinion. I knew who I was, and did not need their approval. I did not need outside confirmation of my ability because I had made an admission to myself and now admitted I had always been this person, but had hidden it even from myself, because to be this good meant a different mode of behaviour. Also expressing my ability to the world, either by words or action would immediately label me being monstrously egotistical. Can you see the difference between the ancient mechanism I call the ego, and what society calls the ego? This is a perfect example of how the dream keeps us under its spell. To proclaim ones ability, to proclaim one's perfection is taboo in our society - we are immediately declared an egotistical tall poppy that must be cut down to size, and no wonder. If we remain tall others might decide to grow to our size and then what would happen to the system? So to make a pledge to one's self as I have done, to fit into my real self, means I have to let go of the role of being unloved and unworthy - society like's low self esteem, even though it says it doesn't - and become bold and self assured. That puts me at risk immediately. I become like a rock on the shore of the river. Set apart and very visual. This is an example of letting go of a role.

Also we all have attitudes and beliefs that hold us rigid and judgmental. These are the other hooks of the dream. While we identify with various beliefs, takes various sides, join various groups, hate various other groups, follow the line our parents followed, or take up the exact opposite beliefs of our parents, we are acting like puppets therefore serving the dream master. All these attitudes and senseless beliefs can be dropped once one realised one's foolishness.

I'll name some of mine then you can look at yourself and try to identify your own.

I used to believe all people who read comics had low intelligence.

I used to believe anything a liberal politician said was automatically wrong.

I used to believe people who made heaps of money were the parasites of society.

I used to believe anyone who read the Sun Herald was intellectually inferior to people who read The Age newspaper

I used to believe that drinking beer in a pub implied one was a yobbo

I used to believe people who went to church were like meek gray doormats.

I used to believe colour coordinated clothes were important.

I used to believe anyone who believed in God was an emotional cripple who needed a prop.

.....the list could go on and on.

To let go of these discriminations is like opening a door to a new world. If is no need to judge

then we can experience and enjoy much more. All we have to do is give ourselves permission.

At this point please use your journals. Start making lists, objections, questions, anything you want to make note of.

Would anybody like to share?

It would seem that most of us need others to confirm our value. This is the centre of operations for 'the dream'. Most of us interact with society by seeking out friends and lovers, by continuing to respond to parents and siblings; all of it in an effort to seek out love and re assurance. We need to be reassured of our place in the world. We need to be re assured of our importance, of our worth, of our specialness and we look to the outside for this conformation. Again and again we miss the point. We seem to be unable to accept who we really are.

Does anyone identify with this?

Share briefly.

Please write down as much as you can as I go through a few questions.

Can you identify with the part of you that feels like an ego?

Do you think this ego contributes to your assessment of your worth?

How do you go about re affirming your value?

And what is it that you feel boosts your feeling of worth?

Can you identify a part of you that you are covering up because it might challenge the view of you have of yourself.

Can you take the above question further? How important is your need to maintain or build upon the view others have of you?

What would the consequences be if you let go of this role?

What is stopping you from giving yourself permission to be who you really are?

Share briefly.

So let's get back to the question of perfection, now that we examined our worth. Rod spent hours trying to tell me I was perfect, but I did not know about the core self, I did not understand how I was attached to 'the dream' and I did not know I was functioning purely on the level of automatic response. Now I know, and you know much more. It is time to simply allow ourselves to experience our perfection. It's there in all of us, sitting right at our centre. We know we are worthy. We know we have value, now allow ourselves to touch the perfection that is alert and waiting for our acknowledgement.

Allow me the honor of speaking directly to this part of you. My request is that you acknowledge your perfection.(silence)

Did you feel the LOVE?

Can I remind you again of this morning's session.

Pain and Blame. How each one of us has a choice in what we do. How all thought inside your mind belongs to you. How all aspects of your life have been created by your thought. How all emotional damage is due to your reaction. How your state of being has been damaged by the inadequacies of your understanding of who you really are. How you are in constant dialogue with yourself, chattering about this stuff as we talk. Feeding back right now about what you think about what is being said, how it effects you, how you would not say that, or you could

not believe this. It's like your own personal talking book, winding forever inside you head, controlling and manipulating.

Having just learned that you are perfect, you may have more insight into these types of beliefs. Note down anything new you feel about yourself now that you have done both sessions.

Share.

Close.

Moving One's Awareness To a New Reality.

Third Session

In this session we are going to look at relationships, expectations, attachments, will, power, sex, fear, anger, love, security, self assurance, and rejuvenation. Perhaps not in that order, and probably moving backwards and forwards over these points, approaching from different angles, but always centring on the self. You hear people sneering at those who seem self absorbed, or selfish. We must be if we are going to change. We cannot change anything around us until we have changed ourselves. Even then it will only be by demonstration that we can have an impact on those around us.

So today, as we did yesterday, we will try to come to grips with who we really are. Also today I will offer a few tools for you to use on yourself, an attempt to dislodge the barriers. All these tools I have used at one time or the other, and that is the only guarantee I can offer is that they work for me.

So we will examine:

The power of imagination using visualisations

The seven chakra centres

Dream analysis

Lucid dreaming

The power of symbols

Dialogue with one's problems

The layers of the self.

But before we do that, it might be an idea to re examine what we did in the first two sessions.

First let's write down something that was really gained out of the sessions. Something new that you find beneficial. Then jot down one thing that really puzzles you. Something you simple can't grasp hold of, and lastly, put down something that really irritates or angers you - this can be anything from the subject matter to the shape of the room.

Right, now we will go round each person, listen to the three issues and discuss them as a group.

Share.

We will start with the process where we have a dialogue with our problems. The best way to explain this process is to demonstrate it.

First we get in touch with something that is really bothering us. In my case I first used this to great benefit when I was trying to get to the bottom of why I disliked my mother. Using my journal I went through a question and answer process until the dialogue really started to take place, until I found I was taking on the roll of hurt child and defensive mother - but here I will simply ask myself a question and then answer verbally.

No 1 me. "Why do you feel so afraid of failure?"

No 2 me.. "Because you always fail, you put me in it, make me feel bad because you can't do it."

No 1. "I try, I make an attempt, but you see I have a deficiency in my ability to grab words out of my head, I stumble and can't find the right word and people know that I am stupid. I stand up in front of them and show them I can't find the right word. It's unbearable to look so inadequate in front of a room full of people."

No 2. "Rubbish, this is just an excuse because you don't want to be a success."

No 1. "That is wrong, I want to be the best"

No 2. "No, you don't, you are afraid of being successful because if you are you will have to work very hard to maintain your ability."

No 1. "This is not fair, I really feel I can't do it."

No 2 "You always can't do it, you always say that, and it pisses me off because I want to be successful and your weakness is in my way."

No 1. " But I'm so unsure."

No 2. "Yes you sure are. You are weak, feeble, and useless."

No 1. "This is not fair, you should be trying to help me, trying to finds out why I have this problem in my head."

No 2. "You don't you idiot! It is just your way of failing! You make the problem happen. You make yourself unable to stand up on stage and speak clearly. You do this to yourself so you can back out of the whole deal."

No 1. "But why would I want to back out?"

No 2. "Because its all too hard for you."

"No 1. "I feel I must do this."

No 2. "Yes you dream of doing it, but when you are faced with the reality of what it will be like you back out saying you have a defect in your brain. This is just your way of making yourself a failure - OK"

No 1. "Well how do you think I should behave?"

No 2. "You should feel right about what you are doing. You should know what you are doing is the best, that it's good, that its right and true and fair and good. You should feel that what you are doing is so right it cannot help but succeed."

No 1. "But I feel a weakness in side me, in my solar plexus. I feel I cannot go on."

No 2. "Again you are backing away from your own ability. It really makes me made, because you have this ability, you just wont use it."

No 1. "To use it would be too hard for me. I have never used it before."

No 2. "But it's in you. The ability is there!"

No 1. "But I am weak and inadequate."

No 2. "You are a coward. You won't face the consequences of your ability. To use this ability will put your in the lime light. It will make you face people and tell them new ways of working".

No 1. "I know....this terrifies me, because what if I am wrong? What then?"

No 2. "Another excuse. You know deep in side you are not wrong - you just will not come out and live the role of a teacher."

No 1. "I know I have the ability."

No 2. "But you wont take on this role because you are afraid of failure."

No 1. "That's not right. I am not afraid to fail, I am afraid to be who I really am!"

My diary is full of this type of argument. But there are other ways of doing this. We can write

the dialogue in our journals, or we can come up on stage and attempt to take out a problem using the chair technique. This is a little like the method used by Friz Pearls. As we wont have time for everybody to come up on stage I'll ask for a volunteer come up to demonstrate how this can be done - so anyone who wants to try might like to do it at home? Then we will take a few minutes to try writing out a dialogue. Have we a volunteer who has a problem they want to untangle

Share

Another technique combines both the chakra centres and visualisation. This again has been very powerful for me. There has been a great deal written about these centres, but they are of such importance, and can be of such use to you as you begin to detach from your conditioning, that we need to work through them carefully

.
These seven energy centres have been used for thousands of years in India. Their positions coincide with various endocrine centres, which is a type of confirmation for those who might be doubting the reality of these energy centres.

1. The 1st chakra, the base chakra, is located at the bottom of the spine and directly impacts on the basic expression of 'self'. Who we are!
2. The 2nd chakra is known as the sexual chakra because it sits over the sexual organs. The power of our sexual energies spiral out from this vortex.
3. The 3rd centre lays over the solar plexus and is centred in the energies of will, ego, and power.
4. The 4th chakra, found in the chest, spinning through the spine between the shoulder blades, is known as the heart chakra. This is a major chakra dividing the lower three from the top three chakras.

The lower three chakras incorporate expression of self, sexual drives, egoic needs, a sense of will, and the pursuit of power. It's easy to understand how the energies of the lower three often overlap and interpenetrate. The three chakras found above the heart are finer energies relating to our more esoteric attributes.

5. The 5th chakra, over the throat is associated with communication and creativity. This centre extends through the spine to the back of the neck,
6. The 6th centre found between the eyebrows, on the bridge of the nose (known by some as the third eye) is a magical centre enhancing all activities of imagination and intuition.
7. The 7th chakra - the crown chakra - is where conscious awareness exits from the physical realm.

There is another interpenetrating exchange of energies taking place within these upper three chakras. Creativity, communication, imagination, intuition and psychic awareness help lift our awareness out of the physical realm extending it into the wider world of our existence.

So you can see how aspects of human experience are represented by these centres, and how easily we can use them to symbolise areas we want to work on.

Lets look at the lower three chakras. As I say these three incorporate expression of self, sexual drives, egoic needs, a sense of will, and the pursuit of power. It is quite obvious that this is where our human lack of balance and harmony can be found. Also I have found that there is a

connection between these energies. The three lower chakras often overlap and interpenetrate. The mystics see these chakras as spinning whorls of energy, and some people attach colours to these centres. The base chakra is the foundation energy, that part of us that holds the key to our fundamental structure as a person, and this is seen as being red. The second chakra, where the power of sexual energy is held, is orange. This chakra's energy is very powerful. The creative and destructive emotions found here are our most primitive expressions of need. This chakra is very closely aligned with the third centre found over the solar plexus. The seat of will, and ego power, here we have the holding centre for our anger and frustration. This is seen as the yellow and it sits over the solar plexus with connections with the stomach and liver. The link between the second and third centre is profound. The sexual drive and the expression of ego, and will power combine to incorporate nearly all of our emotions. I remember very well the suffering I used to have over this centre. Sometime I would almost be bent double with the emotional stress coming from my solar plexus centre.

There is a wonderful book by Caroline Myss "Anatomy of the Spirit" that shows the relationship between the lower 3 chakras and the structure of our society. Her web site, www.myss.com/ is excellent. Of course the experiences of the individual reflect directly on the society. In this way society - the dream as I explained earlier - is a mirror of the individual, or maybe its' the other way round. Such is the power of the 'dream' that it really doesn't matter.

Then there is the central chakra that sits over the heart. This powerful centre divides the bottom three chakras from the top three. Its central position indicates our need for harmony within ourselves, so of course this heart centre is where the energy of love is to be found. Unconditional love, an emotional that I am intimately aware of, and yet I have been told does not exist. More of that later.

The top three chakras represent our ability to communicate, to express, to imagine and to create.. That lays in the fifth chakra - coloured blue. There is much tension to be found here, especially in the back of the neck because this is a very important centre for our ability to fully express ourselves, and it's an area that this present generation is beginning to deal with. The sixth chakra, coloured purple, is the centre for intuition, for psychic ability, for awareness of those parts of us not yet fully developed. There is an intimate connection between the fifth and sixth chakra. In times of frustration I have felt the blocked energy of communication and self-expression moving up the back of my throat towards the back of my nose. An indication that creative imagination, and intuition are connected. This connection between the 5 and 6 chakras is similar way to the way the sexual chakra is connected to third chakra, the solar plexus, where we find a combination of will and ego. The 7th chakra is our crown chakra. Its colour is shining white, the unity of all colours, and is our most profound and sacred area. Here we find the connection between this realm of our existence and the much larger reality. It's where the dream ceases to be. The crown chakra is where we lift out of this state of consciousness and move into a wide awareness. At present we have little contact with the extended part of our reality, the world beyond our physical life, but many people across the globe are beginning understand that there is more to our world than the conscious awareness of our five senses. That we are not just our body, we are much more.

So that is a brief outline of the centres. Now for our work, we can use these centres in a symbolic way. For instance if you were dealing sexuality you might place you awareness over this centre and attempt to feel the energy coming from this place. Then as you relax slowly an image might filter into your mind. You would watch that image and follow where it might lead you. What I am talking about is a waking dream exercise.

First I'll walk you through the exercise, then share one of my more fearful visualisations as an example.

Lets' deal with either the 2nd or 3rd chakra. Second is over the gonad area where our sexual hormones are produced, and the third is over the solar plexus area. Pick one or the other. Even place you hand over the area you have chosen. Now close your eyes, breath deeply and slowly until you are quite relaxed, and can only feel your hand over your chakra centre. Now place you attention over this area and pretend to breath into it all the time watching for any images that might be coming into your mind. Focus on these images and allow them to take you on a journey - this is your story so allow it yourself to expand, even help it along with a little imagination after all it's your story. This is now becoming a full-blown visualisation so stay with it for as long as you want, then write down all you saw and felt in your journal. If you got nothing express how you felt about the exercise in your journal.

Share

An image that came to me once while I was attempting to sort out some of my sexual hang-ups was pretty horrible, but in the end it was worth me staying with the image. Wedged in my second chakra and going all the way up into my third was a crocodile. A horrible ancient beast that lay waiting with it's jaws open and it's tail flicking right up into my solar plexus so the whole bottom half of me seemed to harbour this awful object. The image stayed wedged, just waiting for a victim for quite a few months. I could not dislodge it, and the whole image was becoming a nightmare. You can see how these visualisation take on a dreamlike quality - we could call them day-dreams, although I work with them as symbols. Please keep that in mind as you listen to my story; otherwise you may think I am a little crazy. So as I could not dislodge this foul cruel horrible cold-blooded 'thing' I searched elsewhere for help. I looked into my heart and discovered a young boy who held aloft a burning branch. We both went back to the where the crocodile lay in wait, and waving this burning torch into its face we forced the thing to back up the channel between the 2 chakras so it came out of my solar plexus backwards. All of these movements are symbolic, and I never actually force them to take place. So I grabbed it by its scaly tail and threw it out into the blackness of eternity. After that I planted yellow roses in the area where the beast had lain, and every few months (real time) I would check to make sure that it had not returned. Often I would find the garden withering, and would have to re-plant the roses. I must have tended to that garden for well over a year on and off before it gradually faded from my memory. The monster was part of my sexual fears, and they also were reduced by this acting out of this symbolic fantasy.

So what I have demonstrated here is a method of creating symbols to work with. Each person has a unique expression of themselves this is why symbols are so special. They can offer you a picture of your wound, or your anger, whatever you want to deal with, and the picture belongs to you. It is your story, your image, and it is giving you a message. My message - as depicted by this cold-blooded cruel carnivore - spoke about my fear of sex, the boy in my heart was my way of ridding myself of the fear and beginning the healing. Planting a garden was a further process of healing, and the fact I had to keep this up for a long time, meant the healing was not an easy process but eventually this really disturbed area within me, settled down.

Comments.

As a small exercise in relaxation and an exercise in visualisation I'd like you all to close your eyes, and start to relax. Breath deeply and relax.

OK!

Now imagine we are all together standing at the top of a hill looking out over a wide vista. Sloping down from us is a gravel path winding through green grass. It is heading towards a narrow causeway across a dark abyss, but beyond the causeway the path slopes upward again to a magnificent white castle standing on the top of a mountain. As I say the vista is wide and

open. The castle is high with a blue cloudless sky behind it. So we will start our journey by walking down the gravel pathway towards the narrow causeway. When we reach it we can see it is concrete and it is very strong although quite narrow. In fact we must cross in single file. As we move carefully across the bridge we can see just how deep the crevice is. In fact it seems as though we are crossing eternity. It seems as though the darkness beneath us is black like the night sky, and that there are stars in the blackness beneath us. Carefully we move across the causeway, a little nervous that we may fall, but still safe on the bridge. There seems to be writhing arms and faces reaching up towards us out of this blackness but we continue on in the centre of the bridge knowing we cannot be touched. Once we reach the pathway on the other side we breathe more easily, and begin the hard climb up towards the white castle. Once we get to the foot of the stairs we can see that there are about 20 wide shallow marble steps up to a huge glass door. We climb up feeling quite breathless as we reach the top. The huge glass doors open before us and we step into the most magnificent hall. It is a room so huge we can hardly see to the other end. The ceiling is at least 5 stories high and when we look up we realise the roof is formed out of thousands of panels of crystals, and each is flashing a colour. Then we see spotlights of various colours coming from the ceiling and scattered all across the marble floor. Choose a coloured spot light and go and stand in this colour. Feel the colour washing over you. Feel each cell of your body being coloured and cleansed. Stand there for as long as you need to, then once you have finished leave by a glass door at the other end of the hall. Now you are in a park. A well laid out park, full of trees and pathways. Little stone seats, arbours, small lakes and waterfalls. The place is so peaceful. Then you notice that this seems to be the gathering place for many people both from the past and the future. Everywhere you can see people meeting and being surprised and delighted by the company. Look around, is somebody coming towards you? If you are being met enjoy the experience, or if not continue to walk in the park. Maybe somebody will arrive soon....we will wait.....now slowly the scene is fading, and you are back here in this room. Open your eyes when you are ready, and make a few notes if you need to.

Lastly we will talk about the world of dreams. The symbolic information given to us while we dream is priceless, and for any person wanted to get to the heart of who they are, having a dream notebook beside the bed is crucial. Some dreams simply reflect the movements of the day, but even here we can get a picture of what we are interacting with at a very subtle level. There are the dreams that show us we reside in other realities and for many people they pass on important information, then we have the major section, the dreams that talk to us in symbols, the dreams that often wake us in the middle of the night, or are with us as we wake in the morning. These dreams are the ones we can work with.

A picture tells a thousand words. This is why visualisations and dreams are so important. The picture we are given is written in the language of intuition. Words can not do this. These symbols go far beyond emotion or reason and even those who say they cannot consciously visualise, can dream.

So the symbols of the dream cannot be lumped together as they try to do in books that claim to analyse your dreams. Each person has dream pictures that symbolise individual messages. Messages that only have meaning for the dreamer. This is the difficulty, to understand the meaning of the symbols. To untangle the message. For instance, I dreamed I had dropped a cigarette lighter in the gutter and it fell into a storm-water drain. Cigarette lighter might mean a hundred things to a hundred people, but for me the word was 'lighter'. I dropped the 'lighter' in the gutter. The lightness of being, a state I had always been seeking, was in the gutter - even worse as I tried to reach it it fell deeper into an open drain. For me drains are emotional pits. Storm water told me just how far my 'lighter' self had fallen, so deep, down the gutter into the stormy waters of foul turbulence. Water for me symbolises spirituality. That was the message the dream gave to me but if any of you had had that dream the message may have varied.

So the trick is to figure out the message. Some are just so remote that they are beyond understanding. But that is only for now. Maybe in two years time you will understand the dream perfectly, and if you have it in your dream note-book, it can't be lost. I also suspect that as soon as you make a note of the dream, even before you understand it, at a subconscious level, the mechanism for change has been triggered. Once the dream is noted you can go back to sleep. Then later when you come to analysis it, look at the words you have used because in that state, when you first awoke from the dream, you would have used the word nearest the image you were trying to put on paper. My lighter is a case in point. I always used to call it a lighter. At the same time I was trying to climb out of my heavy depressive state into something much more spiritual, much 'lighter', so that was how the image and the word combined. This is how you look for meaning in the dream. Your rational mind has to be put on hold, and you need to think laterally, you need to bring your intuition into play. If an idea comes to you, but immediately you push it aside as being nonsense, then you are denying you intuition. The rationality of the left brain can destroy intuitive feelings in an instant. Keep in mind that every part of the dream applies to you. You maybe being chased all over the roof of a house. The roof is you, the house is you, the person chasing you is you, and the victim is you. I would say with a dream like that, one part of you is trying to prevent another part of you from reaching the highest point in your life, but then that's my interpretation. Other's can help you unravel some dreams, but this is often because you are actually talking about the dream, and unraveling it as you go.

Once you receive the correct message an internal, subconscious change begins to take place - the same as chakra visualisations. We work on many levels, many unconscious unseen levels. Indeed sometimes these movements of growth are so subtle we are not aware of them. I have kept a journal now for 30 years and so I am able to record these shifts in my state of being. Sometimes they have taken two or three years, meaning we are hardly aware of the change - but take heart because it happens.

HOME

Exercises

Tools to use to assist in your self discovery:

Clearing out Emotional Pain:

This is a technique that combines both the chakra centres and visualisation. There has been a great deal written about these energy centres and a web site I strongly recommend has been created by Caroline Myss. Caroline has done amazing work in this area of chakra centres. (Her site is included in the links page). They can be of such use to you as you begin to detach from your conditioning that we need to work through them carefully.

These seven energy centres have been used for thousands of years in India. Their positions coincide with various endocrine centres.

The 1st chakra - the base chakra - is located at the bottom of the spine and directly impacts on the basic expression of 'self'. Who we are!

The 2nd chakra is known as the sexual chakra because it sits over the sexual organs. The power of our sexual energies spiral out from this vortex. It is worth investigating Tantric Yoga to understand the full potential of our sexual energies.

The 3rd centre lays over the solar plexus and is centred in the energies of will, ego, and power.

The 4th chakra, found in the chest, spinning through the spine between the shoulder blades, is known as the heart chakra. This is a major chakra dividing the lower three from the top three chakras.

The 5th chakra, over the throat is associated with communication and creativity.

This centre extends through the spine to the back of the neck,

The 6th centre found between the eyebrows, on the bridge of the nose (known by some as the third eye) is a magical centre enhancing all activities of imagination and intuition.

The 7th chakra - the crown chakra - is where conscious awareness exits from the physical realm.

The lower three chakras incorporate expression of self, sexual drives, egoic needs, a sense of will, and the pursuit of power. It's easy to understand how the energies of the lower three often overlap and interpenetrate.

The three chakras found above the heart are finer energies relating to our more esoteric attributes.

There is another interpenetrating exchange of energies taking place within these upper three chakras. Creativity, communication, imagination, intuition and psychic awareness help lift our awareness out of the physical realm extending it into the wider world of our existence.

So you can see how aspects of human experience are represented by these centres, and how easily we can use them to symbolise areas we want to work on. In my case I would let my mind seek out and touch the place of pain, and immediately symbolic images would begin to flow - very similar to dreaming. For example at one time I felt I had to clear the channel between my sexual area and the solar plexus because I had such destructive and hateful energy swirling between these two areas. In my imagination I cleaned out the dark monstrous thing blocking my energy and I planted yellow roses as a symbol of joyful beauty. For quite some time after the initial imagery I had to visit this area in my imagination, weeding and keeping it clear of all ugliness. This helped clear my emotional state so the visualisation was of great benefit. Another area that sprang into focus as Love became alive was the area between my shoulder blades. I could physically feel a plaited stream of shining energy extending out from this place, and although I knew it to be unseen energy I almost expected someone to come up to me and tell me I had some beautiful things extending out between my shoulder blades. It was so real that I wonder if this type of experience is what began the myth of angels with wings.

The list of my visualisation with chakra centres is lengthy but I feel I should not expound of these experiences here, so perhaps you would like to experiment.

Exercise:

1. Settle comfortably and breathe deeply
2. Begin to search around your physical form for an area that may feel tight, even painful.
3. Allow your mind to hover over this restriction and seek an image. It won't matter if you have to actually force the image to take form, thinking about what shape you think it should be. Be it automatic or forced the result is the same. It is your image therefore represents you.
4. Once the process begins you can interact with it. I often write it out as it unfolds. One need not be lying in a meditative state, although this might be the best way for some people.
5. Any process here is possible. You can plant things, talk to the images, ritually destroy the image if need be. This is your fantasy and what you do is right for your growth.

Symbols of structure and emotions of the self:

Because symbols always guided me this is an excellent exercise to begin to grasp who you might be, where you might be standing and why you feel as you do. The game is to picture yourself as a tree, and when you feel this is a solid image, place this tree by water. The tree can be of your own making or one you have seen, the same applies with the water. For example one person became a small bush clinging onto the banks of a raging river, his roots being gradually washed away as the water gouged his ability to hold on. The image tells a precise story, and I hope the power of his emotions did not wash him away. The tree represents our strengths and weaknesses, and the water is the emotions running through us. Another friend saw himself as a small tenacious tree in desert where water was all but forgotten. This indicated his tenacious ability to endure no matter how parched his emotional state was. He was going through a marriage breakup at that time so this may have been his way of coping. We change as we move through life's stages so this exercise is worth doing every few years. Its metaphor might be useful. At

that time my own tree was a burnt out stump, with tiny green shoots of new growth and huge roots that spread down through the earth. This picture tells of the emotional fire that had reduced me to a charred hulk, though there was still power in the roots supporting me. These are examples of how the tree symbolises the self. In my case the message repeated itself with the water. I saw a slow moving river, being smothered by an oily sludge layering its surface. This depicted the state of my emotions at that time, but if I dived deep below the surface I found myself in powerful green water that invigorated me. The image became so real that in very bad times I would see myself diving down into the deep green water, feeling myself swept up by its power.

Exercise:

1. Imagine yourself as a tree. Write down everything you see. Feel the structure and describe where the tree is standing.
2. Imagine yourself as a body of water. In your mind see where this water is going. How fast it travels, whereabouts it is situated.
3. Try and place the tree image somewhere near the water image.
4. Place yourself in the water and feel it's strength. You may have to go below the surface to find this.
5. Look at your tree image from the water, and describe what you see from this angle

Now with all this information attempt to intuitively understand the symbols, similar to the way you would work with a dream. It might take you quite awhile before you 'feel' what the symbols are telling you.

Building Energy and Opening The Heart:

As well as using the water and tree images, I use my solar plexus. Often my loss of energy, or fear would present as flue -like symptoms, and at these times I would sometime lay on my bed and visually reach inward towards what I saw as a huge pool floating over my solar plexus. Automatically I would begin to breathe from this place and immediately my energy level would rise.. I would be lifted straight into an expectant state of mind, for there seemed a forceful energy pulsating in this solar plexus powerhouse. It isn't the only centre in the body connected to the life force, but I feel this centre is an important window between body and spirit. Ancient cultures have called it the second brain. Who knows how far reaching this energy is. Certainly, before I made contact I was low in spirit, and spirit talks to a state that is beyond the body - but anything more is speculation, and I am trying to stay within the framework of my experience.

Exercise:

1. Picture a nose placed over the solar plexus centre or between the rib cage.
1. Begin breathing deeply, feeling all the time that the breathing is pulling life-energy into the body.
2. Continue this slow continuous breathing until you feel vitalized. Often a

meditation can begin at this point.

Visualisation is difficult for some people, so I suggest they might try laying quietly until they feel relaxed, then resting both hands over the solar with the finger tips touching, pitch the mind down to where the hands touch and begin breathing deeply through that place. Whether you use the nose method or the fingertips, make your intake of air very deep, letting go with long out breaths. A powerhouse of vitalizing energy should begin to take effect bringing you into contact with other aspects of your life.

Belief and Attitude:

Nothing is ever set in concrete, not even the passion of belief. I began to suspect that the lie - some call it illusion - that we live can be found inside our set of beliefs. It creates our world, but it also imprisons us. It enables the cognitive powers of the five senses to be instantaneously interpreted in a way that keeps us safe but keeps us bound. We might be given new information, but the assessment of our internal interpreter always endeavors to convert it to a known so we are not threatened.

Picture two bobbing antennas poking out just above the ears. As we move through a room information about every object, every sound, every image is being feed back through this antenna, feeding data into the mind's filing system where interpretation is immediate. There is an interface between our two mighty internal structures, memory and belief, so the vastness of the interpreter's data banks is staggering. But what if a new piece of data is perceived; perhaps a new idea, or type of art, even some type of threat - what then? Well a belief is a belief, we know that for certain; are we not set in the immovable safety of what we know and believe? Anything that might challenge this security must be quickly over -ridden, so our ever alert interpreter offers known alternatives to what is being perceived, quieting the alarm bells, and easing back into accepted modes of belief. If the challenge of this different shaped perception continues, then behaviour and attitude come to the support of the sieged belief, and the battle begins.

That over simplified diagram of belief and attitude must not be taken literally. It's another metaphor attempting to indicate the more rigid the thought system the more difficult the flow of change. While a person holds onto known, familiar ideas their reality is concretized.

So on the day I grasped the trickery of attitude - and added it to the way we comprehend - then logically assessing the incoming information, I understood that now I possessed the option of change - be it opinion, belief, behaviour, or attitude.

Much of the change that takes place in our lives revolves around the surprising proposition that we need to give ourselves permission to play a different role. By allowing ourselves to turn away from perhaps a jewel of a belief that was set in place by a parent or a teacher, or letting go of some repulsive or clumsy belief that spawned destructive attitudes, we have found freedom. This optimistic idea... that I can give myself permission to bring about personal change, sparkles jubilantly in my gleeful new attitudes. I am starting to feel the lightness of playing a role in an extraordinary living masterpiece. It's just a performance, and even though I know

that to be fully expressive of this role I need to understand every aspect of who I am, in the end, my part in the play will finish as I die. It's the understanding of the role and the playing that is so important.

So if you can accept that your life is similar to a role in a play, you immediately release yourself from the bond of having to live a certain way. If you can take hold in your mind of an attitude you wish you did not have, then you as the actor can decide to alter this attitude, alter your viewpoint, alter the negative to a positive, alter the direction of your thought process because you are in control of the role you are playing. The attitude becomes flexible. You can bend yourself in any direction. You might object saying that to do this would alter your truth. What happens when you follow this truth back to its root? Does it not stem from belief? The fact that belief supports attitude is nothing new. What is being suggested here has been spoken of many times, as has the following suggestion.

Exercise:

1. Decide the attitude you want to change.
2. Visualise this attitude at a living thing
3. Begin to have a dialogue with it. When I talk to beliefs or attitude I use writing as my method of interaction. Some people set up two chairs and alternate between the two as the exchange progresses.
4. Talk and listen as answers start to rise up inside you.
5. Express your answer. You may find yourself getting quite angry or frustrated by the answers that are coming back at you. You may want to defend your actions. Do all of this. Become furious if you want to. Make all the excuses in the world, but be prepared for a wild ride as you debate with your attitude (or belief) why it needs to change.

All Pervading Intelligence:

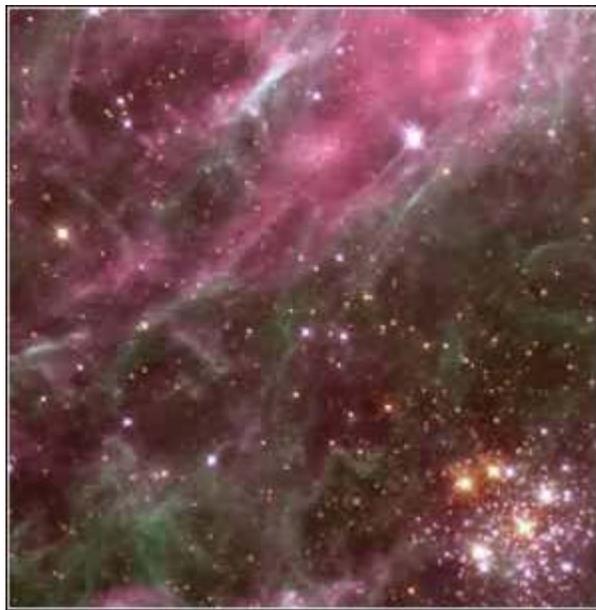
Coming in touch with this 'state of being' is available to everybody. It may take time to grow into the idea that The All-pervading Intelligence (I call it LOVE) is within you right now, waiting for recognition. In fact you may scoff at what is being said, but that is an attitude that can be changed at any time. It really is up to you. Each of us performs differently, so try to use what you feel to be right for you in an attempt to reach out. Know that once it happens the floodgates will open, and you will be so awash with unconditional love that you will sink into a feeling of grateful bliss.

Exercise:

1. Find a quiet place where you will not be disturbed.
2. When fully relaxed use your imagination to search inside until you feel something that seems to be at once both inside and outside of you, alive and aware, waiting with great compassion

3. Imagined a putty-like substance, perhaps like a button, inside your head. (I found such a substance just in from the temple on my left side). Press your passion for contact into this stuff, - as though you are stamping your longing into a wax seal. I imagine it as soft and malleable so I pressed the 'longing' into it easily. Continue to breathe deeply and press your longing into this substance aware that it is the All pervading Intelligence. Feel it's present inside you. Seek it as you emotionally press your intention to become aware of it into this malleable 'stuff' inside you...it may have moved into your heart. Just go with the image. This is how contact was made for me.
4. Feel that it is receiving you.
5. Allow the reality of this formless intelligence to touch you.
6. Physically you will feel it spread through you, and be warned, you cannot create this state it yourself, it will happen to you!

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THE AWKENING PROJECT

Links Page

[Myss.com, the premier site for alternative medicine and holistic healing](#)

Carloline Myss excellent work relating to Chakra centres is highly recommended. For those who want to learn more about these vital energy centres this site is one of the best. The depth of this site is quite amazing. There is so much to explore in the area of personal growth. Caroline has a wonderful affinity with symbolism, and Jungian psychology which ties together so well with Hindu philosophy.

<http://www.skyhero.com>

William Cozzolino has written a book detailing how we can move from illusion into freedom. Bill is a hypnotherapist and his book 'The Path' offers answers to many of profound questions. On his web site he has generously included much of this book in the form of articles.

<http://www.ship.edu/~cgboeree/jung.html>

A brief overview of Carl Jung, one of the most important intellects of the 20th Century. His work has influenced our understanding of who we are, and how to bring about inner change.

<http://www.robortpeterson.org>

Through his web site Robert Peterson has given us an excellent book about the 'Out of Body Experience' (OBE). His book is free, it tells of his own experiences and at the end of each chapter he includes exercises and tips for those who wish to have this experience. He also includes class notes from his lectures and articles about this important subject. Another remarkable site from another generous human being.

<http://www.victorzammit.com/links/index.html>

Victor Zammit has collected a wealth of excellent web sites covering subjects that are at the cutting edge of science and others that leap from accepted reality into the multi dimensional world of expanded consciousness. These links that Victor has assembled will give you much to ponder upon.

<http://www.grahamhancock.com/>

This site keeps us in touch with discoveries that have ancient connections to our present day civilisation. Here also there are important links.

<http://www.cropcircleconnector.com/2002/2002.html>

Each year this site posts all crop circles being formed in the current season in England (hoax and genuine). In an investigation of realities beyond the 'accepted norm' crop circles need to be included.

<http://www.cropcirclesanswers.com/>

This site is included because of its excellent academic approach to crop circles. Their links page is quite interesting.

<http://www.hierogeometry.com/>

On this site there is a hands on approach to Sacred Geometry.

<http://www.mcremo.com/links.html>

Here we are on the frontiers of alternative science. More data to ease back the boundaries of what is accepted. These links cover many areas of hidden knowledge.

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