



The Traveller

Book Three:
The Storyteller
Trilogy

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CONTENTS

PREFACE.....	5
EXPLORATION.....	6
Grounded.....	8
Wonder.....	30
Freedom.....	51
ACCOMPANIED.....	80
Service.....	82
Change.....	104
Time.....	131
HUMILITY.....	148
Consciousness.....	154
Darkness.....	181
Reflection.....	195
PLANS.....	220
Guidance.....	222
Beginnings.....	243
AUTHOR’S OTHER BOOKS.....	255
ABOUT THE AUTHOR.....	260
QUOTE.....	261
REFERENCES and RECOMMENDED LINKS.....	266

PREFACE

Welcome to my new trilogy. *The Storyteller Trilogy* has been created as my gift to youth; though these stories would no doubt be enjoyed by readers of all ages, and I hope they will be. These three books gather many of the themes of life, the current world's struggles and realities, deeper forces at play, and some of its history. They lend themselves to the theme of the development of the human race, and the true nature of civilisation. They seek to put civilisation and its ferment squarely in our hands, as we have more ability to understand the ferment, and to wield the power of civilisation, than we imagine.

This third book, *The Traveller*, is a story about the nature of civilisation, and how we all may wield its power. It asks us to look at the nature of what is real, and what is not. It seeks to look at the *core laws of life* that wander through history with us, like Change and Civilisation, and asks them to talk with us. It also walks the ground, asking us to be united no matter where we hail from, and seeks to show how this can be done. While we struggle with the darker elements of life, we can wield the power of civilisation in our own neighbourhood or town. I hope the story creates a picture of the power available to small groups, to you, and how it feels.

To write a book is a magical experience. It unfolds in front of you, if you let it go. You create it, but the nature of the process brings its own magic too. To write about what you love is also powerful; and very meaningful when you have something to say. It is you who writes a book, but it is also the tide of life, the exigencies of the age, and what you see, that brings out your gifts and its gifts. I am a natural writer, who only found it late in life. I would hope that if you are natural with words that you will explore this gift. It is a gift, and therefore something to be given to others. Too much artistic ability is sacrificed to ego, and so it becomes ash. Art created as a gift, and imbued with meaning, only grows.

So, once more, this is my dance with you; my own perceptions, inspired by life and The Baha'i Faith. This book, just as the others I write, cannot seek, and do not seek, to represent my Faith. The depth and breadth of it is far beyond my words; and my symbolism and adventurousness, well, just wander as they do. I suppose what it seeks to be mostly, is something to enjoy, and something to mull over, or to reflect on. It is something to *begin* conversations and explorations, and I would hope it will be used by youth mentors and animators in their work.

I hope you enjoy *The Traveller*. I hope you enjoy *the great essences of life*, the wisdom they may impart, and I hope you enjoy the other two books of this trilogy, *The Storyteller*, and *The Traveller*.

Get crazy with the Change man!

Exploration

Jack Johnston woke. There was a bright light. He could smell grass, and he began to sob uncontrollably. He lay on his back in his small paddock and just wept out loud as the sun beat down on him. He lay there in the pain of his sudden separation from all those he had come to love.

His children and grandchildren were now gone. That hurt more than any pain he had ever known. His wife Jennifer was gone, and that too was unbearable. To tear such deep bonds is to literally crush the heart and drive a dark heavy stake deep into one's being. Such is the nature of love, and such the nature of grief.

His grief at losing Jennifer once more was deep. "*Or was she even real?*" he now thought. That didn't help relieve him because his feelings were *definitely* real. Jack had lived another seemingly full lifetime in his travels before this; one which he had accepted was not

real, but now a *second* life had been torn away. He had not grieved for the first, so it now added its weight to this loss of the second, and he bore all that pain with the hope that the earth would just swallow him up and take it all away.

Even though these journeys, and his latest life, now seemed to be a dream, Jack knew that he was different. He *knew* that he was not the man who had fallen unconscious in his paddock, what must have been only a few hours ago.

“How could that be? They weren’t just dreams,” he thought, as a tinge of hope began to rise in him. But, just as quickly, he realised that his hope was in vain, as a terrible physical pain now built in his chest. He knew it was his heart, but he didn’t care. He did *not* care to live another lifetime; he really didn’t care to live *at all* right now.

He rode the waves on this sea of pain, as he came in and out of consciousness. He wept, time and again, as he remembered those he loved. But, after some time sinking slowly in this dark sea of grief and loss, a small thought came to him, and it buoyed him just a little. He knew that he had learnt so much and been given so many gifts of understanding in those *other worlds, other seeming lifetimes, and places deeper*; and with this came a certain melancholy.

It came with this new perspective, as even though he had lost the deep connections of all those he had loved there, he also understood the depth of what he had learned over all his travels, as well as the honour of experiencing a wide and deep river of connection, of love, family, and friends. He knew just how much he had much to give, and it was then, that even in this deep dark ocean of pain and grief, Jack felt the future coming.

Grounded

He lay there until the next sunrise, and some hours beyond, naturally grabbing his hat from next to him to cover his face from the now bright sun. To him, right now, even though he had felt that glimmer of hope, there was no good reason for him to lift his body up from that place. Even if he could in his current physical state.

He was still in the grip of grief, and he felt the womb of the earth holding him, and somehow, he felt it would heal him. He lay there awake just letting his mind wander where it did, until he heard some feet pushing through the grass.

“Mr A’Jack. Are you okay?”

“I could die today, and I wouldn’t care, Farhad,” let out Jack, as all the emotional pain suddenly burst out of him with a loud, “Oh, God!” Deep and body wrenching sobbing following it.

Farhad was confused. He did not know whether this man was sick or lost in emotional pain. He didn’t know Jack well enough to ask personal questions, and yet this man in the grass had spoken his name just like an old friend would have. Farhad and his wife had only talked once with his new neighbour, and in the midst of all these questions he took out his mobile phone and called the emergency number. He would take no chances.

The answer came, and Farhad began answering the questions. Then he kneeled down beside Jack, and asked, “Are you in pain?”

“It’s my heart, Farhad. Tell them it’s my heart. Tell them, get here quick.” With that request Jack realised that he definitely *did* want to live; as such is the fickle nature of humans, and the power of hope.

JACK SAT ON A HIGH VERANDA. It was on the western side of his home; on a hill overlooking a dairy farm across the road. To the right, down the hill on the farm, was a wide low machinery shed with some trees around it. To the left was a large birthing paddock that reached up to the top of the next rise. There were just a few cows roaming there with their heads down eating. Beyond, and around the paddock and shed, green rolling hills. Far off in the distance he could see the town and a low dark green mountain range that seemed to wrap itself gently, like a mother’s hug, around it. The sky mostly filled Jack’s view, as his home was in high hills.

It was a lovely place to sit and contemplate life, just relax a little and watch the cattle roam, or enjoy the birds going about their business. He sat there now, just watching, as the sky slowly began to darken. As it did, he saw a large, but thin crescent moon, as it slowly descended towards the now more apparent lights of his hometown. The closer it came to the horizon the bigger it grew, and somehow more beautifully golden. Due to the last light of dusk in the sky, the dark circle of the rest of the moon that the crescent sat in, also stood out. It was a glorious picture, other-worldly, and so sublime. He sat there and watched it slowly disappear over the horizon as the dark of night rolled in.

Just then, there was a knock at the door. He got up easily and walked through the house to the front door, which was really at the side of the house in relation to the road front. It was just a few steps up, as the single floor of his house, while high at the front, was at ground level at the back. It had been quite a few months since his collapse, and he was now quite over his heart problems.

He opened his front door and there was Rouha, his neighbour, with a dish of food that she had cooked for him. His neighbours had quite spoiled him since returning from hospital. They had brought plenty of food to him over these months and looked in on him often. He had, now many times, sat and talked with them when they visited, not telling them how he knew them well from what seemed like another lifetime. He watched them be themselves, just appreciating their company and kindness.

“Tell me, Jack. What is in your eyes?” asked Rouha, as she could no longer hold back her curiosity about her neighbour.

There was a look of deep friendship that showed in them since the heart attack, and even besides the fact that they had rescued him from his paddock that day, it still felt strange. It was one of real depth and he had not been at all friendly before. At first, she had been a little wary, as they hardly knew him. But over time she came to know him better and trust had grown. There was always this look in his eyes though, and strangely sometimes, a look of knowing. There were also glimpses of a sadness that sat just below the surface.

“Rouha, I don’t believe my feelings know the truth. They just follow what they know.”

“I don’t understand?”

Jack nodded, dropped his head a little, and teared up. Then the tears did not stop as waves of grief rolled over his heart again. The conversation had inadvertently brought him back to the loss of his loved ones. The grief was less these days, and the waves fewer, but they were still deep when they came. Rouha just stood there waiting respectfully for the waves to pass. But her curiosity was strong, and now that Jack was opening up, she thought she may finally get some answers.

As he gathered himself with a smile and an apology, he went on to say, “It is something I may never share, Rouha, because while it is real to me, it can’t be real to others. I had dreams of *whole lifetimes* and I travelled to many places while I lay there in that paddock, and they *changed* me. I would like to share these things, but some...well, some things just can’t be shared.”

“But if it will ease your pain to talk about it.”

“*Believe me*; you would think I was mad. But I hope this small explanation helps you a little. I just know that what I experienced seemed to be more than dreams, and they affected me greatly. I just have to see the pain away, and soon I hope to join you in your work.”

Rouha’s eyes went from feeling his sadness, to questioning ones.

“Our work?”

“Your Faith.”

“Our Faith?”

“Yes, The Blessed Beauty’s.”

“*You know our Faith?*” asked Rouha, in surprise, and with a little joy.

“Yes Rouha. I know about the limitless potential of the Courses, and I know about the power they hold to empower people to re-invigorate their own communities. I see the power of the Creative Word and the promise of a new civilisation.”

“Has Farhad been talking with you about these things?”

“No, but I have learnt about them; and The Beauty.”

“Where? Who? *How?*” asked Rouha, now smiling at *her own* confusion.

“In my dreams, Rouha. *In my dreams,*” said Jack with a big smile.

ROUHA ONLY HAD MORE QUESTIONS AFTER THAT VISIT. When she had relayed what Jack had said to her, she and Farhad had been joyful, *and* very curious. Farhad was a little more cautious, but she, more curious. Neither could be sure of where their neighbour was at, or how he had *really* come to knowledge of their Faith. But they had come to know his character a little over these months, so they eventually invited him to their home. Maybe it was more that Rouha had a good feeling from her conversation with Jack, and that she had made that very much known to Farhad. In any case, they agreed to invite him over.

Jack was introduced to Fay and Samean, which was a little strange for him. He wondered if they too, like their parents, had the same personalities that he had dreamed of them having. He only called them dreams now, for his own ease; so, he could regain his ground here, and maybe in time relate them more easily to others. He hoped that by calling his journeys, dreams, he might seem a little less insane. Just then Samean started annoying his mother in the kitchen, while his older sister Fay brought a small plate of fresh dates for Jack and her father. Jack smiled, as these two were *exactly* as he had known them.

“Do you find my boy’s bad behaviour enjoyable, Jack?”

“Yes, *and no*, Farhad.”

Farhad smiled, and said, “I have a good friend coming over. His name is Brig. He says he knows you.”

Jack was nearly blown away...Was he travelling again? He was concerned he had been dragged back to those deeper places again, or maybe he had not even left there, or had Brig travelled too...or had he...?

This confusion had taken a sudden and strong grip on him, as Brig had been in Jack’s company through most of his dreams, or those journeys deeper. He didn’t know what was real, right at that moment. His sense of reality came in and out, images switching quickly back and forth, from here to those places and back, again and again, as he tried to gather himself.

“Are you okay, Jack?” asked Farhad, concerned; just as Jack brought himself back into the here and now.

“Yep,” answered Jack, with wide eyes, and now strangely smiling.

He had realised something very clearly with the all the reality switching going on inside him, and now that the confusion was gone, he was thoroughly enjoying its revelations. On his travels he had been stretched in more ways than one. This challenge had just been another to him, and it had yielded up a new gem.

Farhad though, was confused with all the suddenly different emotions that Jack was portraying. He had seen his neighbour clearly struggling, then suddenly, almost elated. It put this man very ill at ease, while Jack was simply still enjoying his realisation.

Jack had seen with great clarity that reality, while being reality, was still a matter of perception. It was reliant on what we *perceived* as being real; reliant on the scope and construct of our inner view. All his different perceptions, or perspectives, of reality had been switching, not the place. He had travelled a good deal, and was often just spirited away at times here and there, so he now had many perceptions of reality. But this switching today had provided a clear and beautiful insight for him. “*As we perceive reality,*” he thought.

“You confuse me, Jack,” said Farhad, very honestly, bringing Jack’s attention back. He was feeling more than a little concerned that he had invited an unbalanced man into his home. He was taught not to judge, to be kind, and be of service to others, so he had invited him. But now, he was not so sure. “I need some clarity of your state,” he added, in concerned tones.

“I can’t share my experience with you, Farhad. But I was shocked, and a bit confused, as I knew Brig in the *dreams* I had in the paddock.”

“But then you were *wide eyed*, Jack. And Brig told me that he simply knows you from Western Queensland.”

Jack immediately relaxed, smiled, and said, “Oh!...*Brig.*”

Brig was also the name of an old friend of Jack’s from his younger days. He was a kind and intelligent soul, and to Jack he had always seemed a little out of place in the town where they had become good mates. He was a heartfelt friend; and Jack, now very much *right here*, could hardly wait to see him.

“Jack, you worry me,” said Farhad, now just a little beside himself, but with a look of concentration and some kindness on his face, trying to understand.

“Farhad, I do see how I look to you. Please try to understand, that to me, my dreams were of two lifetimes. I knew another Brig in both. You see, this Brig we know here, *to me*, is a friend from two lifetimes ago, *and more*.”

“You were the one who told us that you were only unconscious for a few hours or so. It is hard for me to see, or to trust that you are well.”

“I well understand your perspective, and your feelings, Farhad. I know that I’m confusing you, and that you want to protect your family,” and with that Jack began to cry, unable to hold back the pain of grief he once more felt for the loss of his own family; his two children, and the woman he loved in two lives. Adding to this grief now was the loss of friends that he had journeyed with; even though he had fobbed them all off as not real when he had returned from a previous journey. He was feeling deep wave of grief for all those people in the many realities he had visited who were now lost to him, if they were even real in the first place.

Farhad sat there respectfully and waited for Jack to come out of his pain. After a time, Jack gathered himself, and said, “I will leave you and your family be. I know you think I’m crazy; or at best, a little lost.”

“You are *a huge* question for me, Jack. I like you, and want to have you stay, but maybe it is for the best you go, *for now*. And *maybe* you should see someone.”

“*No*, he will stay for dinner. We have *invited* him,” stated Rouha, strongly, as she came back into the room, and as Samean took some interest in this strange man. She chided her husband with a look, and added, “What *are* we if we do not show love and kindness to our neighbour? What would 'Abdu'l-Bahá do?”

'Abdu'l-Bahá meant Servant of the Glory, and he was also called The Exemplar. He had been a living example of how to be, and how to live, in this family's Faith. He would have cast no one out, not even those who attacked and defamed him, so Rouha's question seemed to calm and reorient Farhad. He smiled, nodding gently to her, then looking to Jack with kind eyes.

"Rouha's kindness, *and yours*, is *not* lost on me, mate, but you will *never* understand. I should not have opened up to Rouha in the first place. There's no way to bridge this gap," offered Jack.

"*Trust* will bridge it, Jacko," came a voice from behind them.

"Brig!" responded Jack, and he broke into sobs again as got up to greet his friend.

"You a *bit lost*, Brother?" asked Brig calmly.

"I am here, Brig," said Jack, remembering another Brig's wisdom in his deeper journeys, from what now seemed forever ago.

"That's a good place to be, Jack. We all need ground."

IT WAS MUCH LATER, AND TEA AND COFFEE WERE COMING OUT. Jack stood up as Rouha entered the room again, and she bid him sit down again; as usual, *to Jack*, and right then Rouha got a strange feeling. It was always this way when he visited this family in his deeper experiences. They had gone through this same dance in his many visits to their home in his 'dreams'.

"You have *been here!* I *know* you *have*," sprouted Rouha.

Farhad went white, and Brig smiled out loud, as his eyes simply waited for what was to come.

Brig was in no way closed, and his strong and gentle demeanour was somehow like a rock which now steadied all those in the room. He was the type of person who had that precious quality, and it helped them all be at more ease with whatever was to come. Also, those who link us are somewhat like that in some situations, and in this one, Brig was the *trust* and *the bridge* that held the room together. Samean was just smiling and waiting for what came next. He had no issue with the situation, *at all*, while his sister Fay simply smiled, staying quiet and curious.

“Yes, I’ve been here for dinner many times, Rouha,” said Jack, relaxing back into all his realities. Finding ground in his full experience, he came to ease.

But Farhad, was suddenly, and strongly, not at ease at all, “*You must leave now*, Jack.”

“I understand, Fahad.”

“I don’t,” said Samean, intently interested in what was happening.

“*No*, he must stay now, and clear this, or we will always be suspicious. Suspicion is a destroyer. Unity is first,” stated Rouha strongly, as she turned to Farhad, and said, “They are *dreams* Farhad. But to him they are real, and maybe they are the power of his soul reaching forward in time in some way, as they sometimes do. Maybe my soul was seeing forward as well to many visits to come.”

Jack was quite taken by Rouha’s explanation, and it calmed Farhad.

“*Nice insight*, Rouha,” said Jack, smiling gently.

Brig smiled; because Jack was certainly different to the young man he had known before. *He* had been a very deliberate and brutally honest man. This Jack was far deeper, and not so sure.

Right now, though, he saw the power of love bringing these new friends along the road together. But, even so, they were all still caught up in the swirling currents of many perceptions. They had to find their way to the *same* island together. The younger ones were just enjoying the situation, as the curiosity, perceptive flexibility, and courage of the young just made it that way. Just then Jack thought of something.

“Let’s seek the truth, together.”

All of them warmed easily to that idea and seemed to relax a little more. For now, they would all stand on the island of search, amongst the turbulent waters of this wide river of varied perceptions. They all thankfully understood the power of consultation. *The Blessed Beauty* had left them with this special tool, which was very powerful in unifying souls, clarifying the way forward together, or seeking the truth of a matter; all these being the same thing.

It was not the same as the consultation generally used in the world. It firstly, and most essentially, needed to be firmly founded in deep love and fellowship. This was paramount; and something almost lost to the world right now. Without love, there could be no humility, and nothing would be learned. Without love, there could be no bonds to hold them together as they saw the process through. This process *was* aided by the candour and *even* the fire of differing views sometimes; yet when each individual’s heart was humble, those who took part became a more powerful...*one*.

At the centre of this *search for the truth* was always the wisdom and guidance of The Creative Word, as those who used It knew Its power to unearth answers. When reflecting on a problem together, they would also use the powers of their souls, their minds, and their hearts. They would also bring their combined experience to bear on this search; their life experience and their knowledge, other sources of knowledge, and any other valuable collective learning they could access. Consultation was not about a clash of opinions, a war between two stances, or debate...It was about *seeking the truth*, seeking new understanding together and creating better ways forward together; searching, learning and creating, together.

“Well, we have the love. Now we just have to seek the truth together,” offered Brig, more as gentle reminder of the foundation of that power they were seeking to use.

“We need to start with some prayers and quiet, to quiet us, and focus our minds and souls on higher things?” suggested, Farhad.

Rouha intimated to Fay that the group may need prayer books out of the bookcase. Some of this small company knew prayers by heart, the others now searched for prayers that might help in the books that were handed out. As they began, each person of this small company said a prayer, and as each of these was intoned the deeper feelings of the spirit in the room rose. It created a reorienting to the higher, deeper, light within them, and it also surrounded them. The words of these *revealed* prayers and the unity among the members of this small group took them to a gently deeper state.

Jack was feeling this rarefied air of spirit and did not want to open his eyes. He did not want to let this feeling go, when strangely, as if his eyes were open, saw himself standing in front of the bookcase in the corner of the room. He saw himself from behind and watched himself fall backwards to the floor. It was a memory of another time when he had visited this house in the deeper places.

At that time, a tiny secret portal had opened from a book in that bookcase, just as he had suddenly suffered a heart attack. He had forgotten about what he had seen in that bookcase until now, just as his fallen body now faded away in his mind's sight. The small portal kept growing until it filled the whole bookcase. This was not part of the memory; it was happening now. The bookcase became a doorway of light.

Jack thought to himself, "*Oh God, not now.*" Part of him thinking he *was* nuts, as well as being concerned that he may zone out like some crazy man on the couch. That would make things even more complicated with these people. Yet another part of him knew he had to *walk through*, like he always did. In his journeys he had found ground in trust and acceptance, as he knew that the amazing designs of life were beyond our small comprehension. So, with that thought, he went through the portal; or at least his spirit did.

"HELLO," GREETED THE MAN, as he sat down, and put a cup tea down on the table beside him. "I wondered if you would be back."

"*Back?*" questioned Jack, now finding himself in a comfortable chair across from the man.

"You stood before this portal once before. You were granted access here some time ago, well, that's all very relative, but certainly a while ago for you."

Jack now realised that he *had* been given access before. That a clear welcome was extended at the time, but his struggling heart had withheld him from entry. "Yep, a *long* time for me," said Jack, looking around the room inquisitively.

"*What is time really, but something that links the beginning and the end, the lesson and the learning, the striving and the gift,*" offered the man, seemingly in his mid-fifties.

“Well, *just at the moment*, normal time and reality would be *very* useful to me. I was just getting my feet on the ground.”

“They are still on the ground, Jack.”

“I am still on Earth?”

“Yes, you are bodily, still in that room.”

“Probably comatose; they’ll be wheeling me off to the funny farm soon. I chose to come here because I trust the wisdom of things, but I know that I also need to go back and *learn there*. I need to just live life, be with my friends, and learn on the ground.”

“Don’t be concerned, young man. Time is not passing for you now...well, very very slowly anyway; you will be back there soon enough. And *truly*, what *is* ground?”

“We were going to seek the truth together. *That’s ground.*”

“Seeking the truth together *is ground*, no doubt, but how will you do that, young Jack? How will *they* be able to do that? Truly, isn’t it a little ridiculous to ask them to stand on ground they *cannot* see. It is *them* who will have to stretch somewhat to reach you.”

“It is a *little* ridiculous to try, but they were keen to try.”

“It may be good to give them the opportunity to grow in the uncertainty, and it may not. These people have to believe you, or not believe you, or simply allow themselves to accept it in you. It *will* test them, *or you*, if you dither. Maybe you would have been best not saying anything, and just shared the understanding and life experience you gained on your journeys; just here and there, as you could, as would be wise, and as would be useful.”

“Yep, that thought definitely crossed my mind, and I held out for a long time. But it didn’t end up working out that way, is all I can say.”

“You will either have to accept all your experiences, and maybe suffer to share the learning from this deeper well; one that you have laboured long and hard to build. *Or*, you can try to forget what you have been given, sever the links to these places deeper, and go on with your temporal life.”

“I can’t forget any of it.”

“*Then stand up, on your ground, and give all you have to give. All is given, Jack.*”

Jack sat in contemplation of the nature, deep wisdom, and implications of those words on him and his current situation. He plumbed the depths of ‘*All is given*’ too, seeing it was an endless well of understanding. In humility and poise, he then accepted his place in the lives of those he sat with in that room on Earth and saw clearly that he needed no other person to accept his reality. It had been given to him, as any insight is, as any ability was, or even as any hardship was. He simply had to guide his ship well, give out what he had been given, and learn what he was to learn.

“Okay,” said Jack, nodding. “So, what *is this* place?”

“It is a place that you may gain entry to when you are in prayer and meditation. You may reflect here, ask questions, and be given certain understandings. There are many places of knowledge like this, but it seems *this one* has been chosen for you; at least, for now.”

“Have others travelled here like me?” asked Jack, needing to find some helpful clarity for himself, and maybe for the others on his return to them.

“That I cannot say, or more so, I am not at liberty to divulge. All is, *as it should be*,” finished the man, as he now showed Jack *another place*.

It was an orchard, or open forest; he wasn't sure. But the man began to talk of it. He spoke *very* slowly, so that Jack would see what this man saw there.

"This place...*is* the light...shining through the leaves of the trees. It sheds a gentle golden light...in a broad beam...on the *ground* of life. It shines here...and there...between the trees...contrast is found...and it brings clarity...and life."

Jack knew this was just the beginning of this experience; that his mind did not need to understand right now. Understanding was now very much *a process* to him. Once upon a time he would have struggled in confusion and frustration at striving to gather things immediately. He had learnt how to simply allow an experience, allow it to unfold, and perceive it, rather than impatiently working it all out as he went. He was more patient now, as would be a man who had lived two seeming lifetimes, and simply enjoyed the process of unfoldment.

He sat and contemplated the picture that he had been presented with, as he knew he must. He knew intuitively that it represented the essence, and purpose, of what he would learn here. Jack then slowly got up, wandered into that place, and explored the sunlit woodland.

He saw how the light fell in some places and not others. He heard birds chirping in the trees, and he saw fallen fruit. He sat for a time, unconsciously combing his hands through the grass, as he breathed in deeply the gentle crisp air of a new day. Looking up into one tree he saw the twinkling light in its dark green canopy, and under it, many ripening fruits. But mostly he noticed the light, and the clarity that it gave. This was *the essence*, and although it shone on all that was there, he knew for the man's words that the meaning was more so that it shone on the ground he now sat upon.

“Hello, I see you have come to view the woodland,” said a woman. “I know the woodland really well. I have combed it for many years and even built a cabin here. I love it here, and I live here, and I gather meaning. It is great here. I am very detached here. I am so happy here. Did I tell you I built a house here? I love the sunshine here; there is something about it isn’t there...”

The person kept talking, and talking, and talking. Then there were others; men and women, young and old. They just repeated the same things over again, even mimicking each other, and mostly saying that they were happy in the meaning. But Jack could see they were just endlessly talking. Suddenly he found himself back on the chair in the man’s house. Jack sat there, silent for a time, waiting. He was not there to fill the air with *his* chattering, he was there to learn. So, he waited at ease for the man to talk.

“Some get so caught up in the magic of the wood, and the meaning, that they don’t come back. They don’t go back into life and *use* what they find,” offered the man, after a short time.

“They’re not caught up in the magic, mate. They aren’t happy at all. People who talk that much are just filling the air with their endless thoughts. They’ve lost the magic of the wood, because they’re too fearful to act on it; they are wandering in their *own* minds.”

“That is true. Most of them believe they live it, while only their mouths talk of it,” said the man, plainly, and clearly showing that he was happy with Jack’s understanding.

The man then sat there for a short time before beginning to speak again, and Jack waited again until he did.

“The wood is an outer semblance of deeper themes. The gentle light of that place is only of use in the active planes of existence; *on the ground*. It is to power the leaves to grow

the tree, to ripen fruit, but also to help us gather it, and certainly not of use in words alone. Meaning is not simply something within itself.”

“I see,” said Jack, understanding, and wanting to move on to deeper understanding. But he knew now that its implications and insights would not be found in contemplation alone, and more so in life as he lived it.

“Yes, as you *live* life, things will become clearer,” responded the man, in agreement and as a small joke; a reminder to Jack that thoughts and feelings were more shared in the deeper of deeper places.

Jack took it in his stride, and the man knowing that his visitor had experienced much as a Traveller, simply went on and asked, “So, you are intending to help renew and recreate civilisation in your world?”

“Yes,” answered Jack. “Help, hopefully. If I can get grounded. I have travelled far and learnt a lot about growing communities. I’ve seen the outcome of the new culture in places, but *civilisation* is a big word; one that I need to understand more deeply.”

“Well, you have come to the right place. My name is Mesos, I am moderation, I am also called, Civilisation.”

With that, Jack was given an immediate realisation of the scope of the being that sat before him. It was like he was suddenly *so* small, as the being stood up to full height within the reality of things and radiated with such sublime beauty that Jack’s heart nearly melted. Symbols of the civilisations of the past, whirled around this creature, and others that Jack did not expect to see. Just as he did, the being came back to normal size.

“Pretty impressive, mate,” said Jack, almost nonchalantly.

Civilisation laughed out loud, and commented, “I was told that you were quite *informal*.”

JACK FOUND HIMSELF RETURNED TO THE ROOM IN ROUHA’S HOUSE, and he sat there for a good time contemplating what he had just experienced. Brig smiled at Jack’s ill-attention in the consultation, wondering what was going on inside his old friend. Rouha thought that Jack was either lost, or beyond her ability to see, but Farhad was now mostly sure that he was lost.

“Some attention would be nice, as we need to understand, or help you, or whatever this is to be, Jack,” requested Farhad, firmly, interrupting Jack’s contemplation.

Jack came out of his thoughts, remembering all the advice from Mesos.

“I am, what I am. I know now that I can’t prove myself to you. I am just a simple man, Farhad. I don’t believe I’m mad. I believe my soul seeks to delve deeper, and it does so as it does.”

“But you show all the signs of someone who is quite lost. How can I take such a risk with my family? How can we work with you?”

“Maybe it’s *not* possible. Maybe, all of you just need to make up your own minds as to whether you want to be in contact with me. I understand your struggle, and hold no judgement on any of you, but I can’t change who I am or deny my soul its wonderings; and it *now* seems that I am *still* wandering.”

“Would you go and see someone, Jack?” offered Rouha, with love.

He looked at Rouha. She was a treasure; loving and wise. It was like she turned on a switch with her kindness. It even made Jack contemplate once more the perception that he *might be* somehow a bit lost inside himself. He even thought that seeing someone professionally might make things a little clearer anyway. Only love had the power to sway him, and Rouha's was more than proven to him tonight. Its power is deep, even though, sometimes, it *too* may take us along a lesser path; as first, is knowledge.

"Maybe it *would* be a good idea," responded Jack, then suddenly grimacing, not quite sure he believed what he just said, or at all happy that he had said it. He felt that he had relinquished his ground *again*, falling once more into the confusion of maybes, as well as into some trepidation at the thought that maybe he *was* deluded.

It was the *way* Rouha asked him that made him respond in the affirmative. "*Maybe it would be good for me, and a way for the others to be more at ease with me,*" he now thought. Then another thought came to him, and he said, "I can't. They'd probably lock me up. I would love to talk with a professional, but one that knows our spiritual reality. Rouha, even *you* know there's more to this."

"But we really *don't*, Jack," commented Farhad.

"I see something; I see loving hearts making the effort, even in this almost impossible situation," offered Brig.

Jack smiled, but was still trying to gather himself, finding again that he had no choice but to return to *his* ground. "Look, I am as I am, you know. I have a lot to give, but maybe I was foolish, and not being fair, sharing *any* of this with you. I don't mind exploring my state with someone, but I can't come back all the way."

"This may not be enough, if you are to be well," suggested Farhad.

“Look...I’ve been given real insight and been deeply connected to people in my *dreams*. You need to understand that this is *no* small thing. It would be like asking all of you to forget everything you have ever learned, every life experience, and everyone you ever loved. *That*, is what you are asking of me, and I *can’t* just give that up for your comfort.”

There was now some deeper appreciation of what this all meant to Jack, by all in the room, including Farhad; compassion is a clearer glass, and empathy a procreator of true union. It helped them all understand just how much was on the line for Jack, and how it would be no simple process. It would take time, no matter the outcome.

“I know someone who might talk with you, Jack,” offered Brig.

“It would have to be someone who has a wide view, Brig,” said Jack, with his eyes seemingly searching Brig for the answer. But really, Jack just wanted to let them all think he was nuts and just walk away right now.

“She is very good at what she does. Her name is Jennifer.”

Jack went into shock; *again*, as Jennifer had been the name of his great love. She had travelled, as he did, and was his wife in two of his dream lifetimes. What if *this* woman *was* the woman he loved, just like *these* neighbours had been his neighbours in his journeys? That would make things even more complicated for him. But it was because the lady’s name was Jennifer, and also that *Brig* had suggested her, that made him believe that maybe it was written somehow; that, or a confirmation that he was on the right track going to see her.

But even contemplating seeing someone found him in the shifting currents *yet again*. It was getting *extremely* intense and uncomfortable inside him now, as he tried to make sense of where he was and come to a decision. The others allowed him space to think, but he only

felt desperately and frustratingly stuck between two places. It seemed to him that it was either too hard for others to be in his perception, or too hard for him to be in their perception.

After a few more minutes in all that intensity, he let go. He decided to trust the flow of life. He decided he would go. He *would* go see this lady, and hopefully find more ground; *one way or the other*.

Even though he once again recalled the words of Mesos, and that maybe too, he was just reaching out emotionally for the Jennifer he had lost, he kept to his decision. “*Maybe this Jennifer could be a bridge of understanding between these folks and me, or even maybe be my bridge back to the ground of Earth if I am delusional,*” he then thought.

He was happier in trying to meet his new friends halfway, and knew that acting towards an outcome was the only way he would really see if his gut was right and Mesos’s advice valid; as our minds are not enough sometimes and being learning creatures we often need to act to see.

“*How do even you know if you’re mad?*” he then asked himself, as he looked up and around at the others, and accepting his *own* need to find out. He nodded his head, and said, “Okay, Brig.”

Wonder

Jack's eyes were wide as he walked through the door. He was riding a wave of love and hope as he walked up to the small reception desk at the psychologist's office. He smiled as the lady behind the desk greeted him and asked his name. He answered, and then as we all do in these waiting rooms, he sat down on a chair that somehow suited him.

As he waited, Jack drifted away into many memories of the past. Memories of the special, and sometimes very ordinary, times he had spent with Jennifer. There was no room in him for grief right now, as the joy of these memories played in his mind and filled him up; even the seemingly ordinary things yielded up their hidden magic to him. He saw a smile, or a look; he saw her pushing her hair back over her ear, and even the odd way she threw a ball. He realised again, as we do again and again, just how special every moment is when with someone you love. It reminded him that there is truly nothing ordinary in any part of life if you look with open eyes.

He had woken up this morning with more real energy than he had had since his heart attack. He had gone for a run, mowed the lawn of his house yard, and spent five hours getting some work done on his computer. It was wonderful to feel so alive and able again; and as he now sat there waiting, he relaxed easily and closed his eyes. He would not have done so in public once, but these days he was so at ease in his own skin, that it seemed of little

consequence at all. Before he knew it, he was asleep, with his head nodded down and his body still seated upright.

It was a beautiful, glorious, sunny Spring day. He wandered down the path in a gentle mood, when he became aware of the dream, and where he was. He looked across at The Garden. There was the Queen's Mother and Thomas, hard at work, with a little unease between them, but none the less still making an effort. He stopped, and leant gently on a low tree branch, watching them from afar. There was no longer a fence around The Garden, but its boundaries were very clear. "Or are they?" he thought.

He was not going to talk with these two, but as he watched them, he saw something that he had not noticed before. It was the undefeated nature, or spirit, that these two portrayed. No matter what the outer or inner struggles, or any deficiencies, they carried on with the work. No matter what had come before today, or what would come after today, he was almost certain they would stay the course. While he was sure that even this great effort was not nearly enough to grow a Garden, or build a House of Law, it was certainly apparent to him today that it was one very foundational requirement. "Undefeated, eh," he said to himself, softly, so they would not notice him.

Jack had struggled and known great pain in this Garden, but he felt a solid selflessness today; a light and abiding freedom. It was a quality that he had fought to grow in his journeys since he had finally left this place. "Was this a place or a state I had to evolve from," he now thought. In any case, he felt at ease due to his natural access to the great power of selflessness, but even so, did not want to engage with these two today. It seemed to him that it was not to be, so he walked on towards the beach. It was to the north of The Garden, and was not that far for him, especially the way he was feeling today.

"Mister Johnston," said a lady, now standing in front of him in the waiting room.

“Yes,” replied Jack, opening his eyes and smiling gently.

“I am Jennifer Thompson. Please come in,” she said, as she proffered the way to an open doorway.

Jack got up and walked over through the door to the consultation room, with the lady following him.

“Please make yourself comfortable...Can I call you Jack?”

“Most definitely, Jennifer,” answered Jack, now more awake, and watching every small thing about her.

She had high cheek bones and a fine upper frame, with a light energy and a kind disposition. Jack could feel her deep strength, and how she stood at ease in it. There was a sharpness of mind too that was clear and apparent in her eyes, and he could feel it was backed by a heart where deep caring easily resided. It was like it *was* the Jennifer he once knew, but not in outward appearance, and maybe she was a little bit surer in her younger soul and frame.

Jack smiled, as he thought about how much such a young person has to learn, even though he was now again a younger man. He did know that great knowledge could certainly reside within a young soul, but he also knew that there was something about aging, maturing, life struggles, and time walking the Earth, that gave what no amount of insight or intelligence could. He felt like an old man when he thought that way, as he been twice. He certainly looked through the eyes of those men right now.

“Are you with me, Jack?” she asked, with all the qualities he had seen in her.

Jack was more than impressed with her nature, and he answered gently and confidently, “I am with you.”

A questioning look came across her face, and then left it almost immediately, as she moved on to begin the session. “So, Jack, what brings you here today?”

“Well, I don’t know really. I suppose, the only real reason I’m here is for the sake of other people. So their sensibilities can be appeased, but also maybe because I want to be sure that I am actually experiencing what I am. To be sure that I really don’t have some kind of disorder.”

“You don’t seem to have a disorder, Jack. Of course, that is on first impressions. You seem grounded.”

“But in what reality, and how many?” asked Jack, with the smile of a cheeky, but wise, old man.

Jennifer smiled wide. “Maybe I was too quick to give an impression,” she commented informally, but realising that she was not being quite her professional self.

Somehow, at that moment, he intuitively knew what she was thinking, and said, “Maybe you *are* colouring outside the professional lines a little, but I appreciate the vote of confidence, *and* your humanity. In any case, both impressions of me may be right.”

Jennifer could see what was happening and was not sure of her ground. To her, Jack had just gone down what she saw as a rabbit hole, and yet the last comment was so insightful and grounded. His comment on her thoughts was also beyond the norm. She had not had this type of encounter before, and certainly had never had anyone read her thoughts so clearly. A small sense of wonder attended all this, but she returned to her professional boundaries, knowing that no matter what was happening here that it was best for Jack that she did. She

felt that he was somehow not sad or lost, and maybe even a little intriguing, but she trusted her art and knew it would yield good results.

“Okay, Jack. I am not following you down your rabbit hole. So, let’s begin again.”

“Okay,” said Jack, a little surprised, but also not surprised because her profession definitely had to have boundaries.

“So, please tell me about your experiences, and your life.”

“There’s a lot to share. Where do I start?”

“Just start talking, Jack.”

“Well, one day recently, I woke up in the grass. I had a heart attack in my back paddock. I woke up after what *seemed* to be lifetimes in other places, but I was only unconscious for some hours. I had amazing times and found some real depth of understanding in those places. The first place I was taken to, was an almost broken planet, and the first person I met there was a giant...”

Jack went on for an hour sharing some of his main experiences, and making them clear in a somewhat linear fashion, as well as a few stories, special people he met, and some learning of note. He finished with, “...and since returning, since waking up, I have been through a portal to talk with Mesos. He reckons he is *Civilisation*, and I gotta say *he’s impressive*. The only other travel was a dream I had in your waiting room. I visited The Garden I told you about, but it sure didn’t feel like a dream. None of my experiences do.”

Jennifer sat there, amazed. His eye cues were ones of memories, his retelling lucid and ordered; even though his realities seemed to come and go, and switch and change, there

was order. He had also been clear and made things very clear to her. People who were lost in delusions tended to waffle and had endless inconsistencies, and she had discovered none.

“Well, that is *some* story,” she commented, not being able to help herself. She had slipped out of her professional demeanour again somewhat, but certainly still grounded there too.

“Yeah, it’s a *cracker*, eh,” agreed Jack smiling wide, and having a small chuckle.

Jennifer just sat there for a while, and Jack let her.

“HEY, JACK. GOOD TO SEE YOU,” said Judy.

“Hey, Jude,” responded Jack.

Brig smiled with big eyes, and shook his head, as Jack realised what had happened; then Judy did.

“*I don’t know this whitefella’*,” she said, looking very spooked.

“I know you,” said Jack, really enjoying getting one over Judy, as in his experiences with her in deeper places she was always *more* than *a few steps* ahead of him.

“Flamin’ hell, Jack. You *definitely have* got something goin’ on,” admitted Brig.

Jack and Brig had been fishing down at the river on the weekend. Brig worked in a bank, but still loved river fishing. He was a desert man, so the river out in his country was more than sacred to his mob and fishing any river was a balm for him in life now. Anyway, it was good for him to get away from the computer screens and numbers and hang out with the

turtles in the sunshine. The two men had just got back to Brig's place and were outside washing some fish under the tap when Judy had turned up.

"I don't know this fella'," repeated Judy, trying very hard to get her feet back on solid ground.

"It's okay, Jude," said Brig to Judy, now putting his arm around her. "Maybe Rouha's idea about your soul seeing forward while you were unconscious is why you two know each other too, Jack," offered Brig to Jack.

"Yep, maybe *our souls* just know each other. Maybe my old link with Brig, linked me to you, Judy? Hang on a minute, are you Brig's sister?"

"No, he's my *cousin*," said Judy, with a full glow and feelin' back in charge. She knew these whitefella's weren't game to ask if she meant cousins, or *cuz'ins*. Everyone was a cuz'in, or a sister, or a brother, or an aunty, or other family, but only cousins were cousins.

"Are you really cousins?" asked Jack, and Judy just felt robbed.

She could feel the purity of Jack's heart by him asking straight up like he did, but she did not answer. Judy was a very intuitive soul and could see quickly just what was in someone. Jack let her be, and didn't chase an answer, as it was a culture and respect thing right now.

No more words were then spoken about what had just happened as the three of them turned and walked up the white wooden stairs. They settled around the kitchen table, and Jack and Judy regarded each other with wondering eyes; each for different reasons. Then as Judy let it all go, she said, slowly and surely, "You had *better* tell me your story, Jack." Then she turned to Brig, and added with chuckling words, "This is *gonna* be good."

“He’s got quite a few stories apparently, Judy, but he’s only told his girlfriend so far,” joked Brig, with a big warm grin.

Jack laughed, and said, “She’s not my girlfriend, and I don’t know if it’s a good idea to share this stuff, Jude. It gets under people’s skin when I tell ’em that I’ve Travelled, or even that I *just dreamed it*, for that matter.”

“Jack, I know you. I know there’s not a bad bone your body. I know you are a straight shooter, so I have the comfort of really knowing you. Those people are just *beginning* to get to know you,” offered Brig in support.

It was a strange fact of life that those who knew you when you were younger, or even long ago, still knew you well. Jack knew that he had many old friends from school, and from years out west, who would always know him like no one else would. They just knew you.

“And it’s harder for the real cognitive types to listen to your *stuff*, but us *simple folk*, Jack...Well, try us out,” added Brig, sincerely, but also to help Judy feel more at ease.

Jack knew Brig was no slouch when it came to intelligence; as well as vision. There *was* a *central* simplicity in him, but he was not at all a simple creature. He knew Judy had real vision too; that was if she was anything like the Judy he had come to know in deeper places.

The look on his Jack’s face told them both, most sincerely, that he never believed the *simple folk* thing for a moment, and he said, “Maybe, I can tell you a rough version of the whole story, but seriously, I would rather spend the time and effort in the work; you know plant some trees here, start some orchards, grow some fruit, empower some people, get this new civilisation on the go. Can I team up with you two?”

“Jude’s not of our Faith, Jack.”

“Well, that doesn’t mean anything *at all* to me Brig,” said Jack, suddenly looking thoughtful. “And I *reckon* I have the perfect story to tell you.”

Brig and Judy made a face at each other, and Brig said, “Fire away, Jacko.”

Jack looked at the floor, as he *felt* the words he was about to say. “It was a crazy time, and a *whole scary wide world* when we first left Hall 3...”

“You are going to have to add some details, Jack,” said Judy.

“Okay sure, um, well, the Halls were spaceships that came from what’s called *Deeper*, when things were in a real bad way there. The actual ground of this *deeper* Earth was falling in everywhere; all around the planet. Great swathes of land just fell away. Civilisation had crumbled, and these Halls, or ships, brought the remedies for the rebuilding of society there. We learned from people of *The Department* in these Halls, and we pioneered out after a year of training.”

“What did you learn there, Jack?” asked Brig.

“Stuff about community building, empowering people. Growing trees and orchards to strengthen the ground, and to produce new fruit.”

“Sounds like some of our courses,” commented Brig.

“Yep, they’ve been the same on both my journeys. If my soul was looking ahead when I was down in the paddock, like Rouha said, then yours must be the courses of the Running Man.”

“Hey, I’m here,” said Judy, making them realise that she knew none of this. Not that Brig got the ‘running man’ reference, but he was letting it go.

“I’ll just get to the point of the story. It will take time before either of you can understand such a big crazy story.” Jack’s older being took the lead, adding, “Don’t feel the need to know it *all* now, or even know it *soon*. Just allow it to come to you. You see, time’s not a line; it’s cycles of learning and meaning...it is patience, and the joy lies in the slow unfoldment of its mysteries.”

Brig smiled. Both cousins felt a little wonder, and relaxed, and set themselves to just listen to the rest of the story; while Jack again realised his inner age, and the wisdom of long experience now within him.

“Anyway, we went out from the Halls on carpets.”

“Carpets?!” said Judy, smiling.

“Yep, flying ones...Anyway, the initial plan was for pioneers to make our way by ourselves to the communities that we had committed to live and work in. To help rebuild. But, after some experience with this, they decided that we needed more back up getting there and some support to initially develop things. Over the year that followed we were even visited by those of *The Department* from time to time. They shared all that they were learning with us, and were also learning *from* us for other pioneers; for the continuing training. Eventually they ceased to come, but we were stronger by then and had become good at the work we were doing. It was all in the doing.

Which brings me to the point of why I started to tell you this story; you see, when we got to our first town there were open arms. Any idea of difference was shunned. They had learned a lot in all the struggle and mostly that we were all *human*, and treasured. Even though we were individually different, there was to be *no, us and them*. The good of every

culture was appreciated and valuable when it grew off the deeper commitment to one humanity.

You see, we thought we'd learned so much in the Halls, but the people out there struggling everywhere had been learning on the ground the hard way. They came to understand this core truth deeply from the chaotic course of *life itself*. The Big Man had been teaching *all* of us that we were one, that *all is one*; that *we* build our world, not governments, not business, not this ideology or that; not some singular great new or old idea, or another hero. Just *us*, *doing* for each other.

There was a place for enterprise and governance in these young places, and they were needed as we re-grew civilisation. But the people regained ground, and so much wonder, from rebuilding their communities by *their own* hands; for the sake of each other, and those who would come after us. You see, too, after *Groundfall*, the selfishness of the world mostly fell away into those great big holes. It wasn't only a reaction to what had happened; we *suddenly*, and *simply*, *knew better*. Maturity had come upon us. It was like the anvil of life had *just* finished shaping us throughout our history; and with one last mighty blow, we *got it*. There were some who didn't of course, but they were few, and inconsequential to the evolution of these places; inconsequential to the evolution of humanity, as it turned out.

So, I just *think that way*, now. I am *different* now, and to me it *is* that way. I don't just believe we are all one, I *know* we are; that we *all* need to work *together* to reinvigorate our communities and regain our natural joy. Judy, you're my sister, so if you want to help grow this embryo of the new humanity, then don't be shy. You don't have to be one of *us* to do the work with us, because we are *all...one of us*. *We are us*. No lines, no boundaries, nobody telling another what they have to believe.

To me, those who follow The Beauty have been given a job to do and have been given the tools and inspiration to do it, but we are all still definitely just people learning more every day. And these baby steps that we're now taking to serve our future, can only be taken if people join in with us. Or more so, it will only happen if people *participate*, if people take ownership of their future; of their neighbourhoods and communities. There's no groundfall here, yet, but its rumblin', Jude. It's just time for '*us*' now, and for *building*. No more '*thems*'. No more waiting for '*somebody else*' to do it. We're *all* responsible."

Judy and Brig, sat with gentle faces, as Jack finished. The beauty in this story and the power of unity had to be taken up in the world. Judy *felt* she might even join in, and to these few people sitting around the kitchen table, *no one* was not *us*; anymore.

"SOO, GROUND FALL?"

It had been a week now, and Jack had fortunately not had any deeper experiences since he last visited Jennifer. He had been back at work for a little while now and was feeling good about that. There was a lot to be said for the steadying balance of structure, and the focus of work. This was only his second session with Jennifer, and it seemed to him that it would take a good number of sessions to bridge the gap between his realities and the reality of those around him; if ever.

Judy and Brig had warmed to Jack and his stories, though. They didn't care if they were true or not, these two knew wisdom when they heard it and they valued *that* deeply. It seemed that simpler folk, as Brig had put it, the poor, the less 'educated', or more native souls seemed to have the ears to hear, and *definitely* the tolerance to accept difference and

some strangeness in people a little better. It seemed they were freer somehow, as maybe their struggle had allowed them more tolerance.

Jack thought too that that people with less sat more so in their hearts and were not as gaoled in their minds as people more who were, so-called, culturally sophisticated. But just the same, he was still very understanding of Farhad's questions and concerns. He was certainly not judging any social group or individual; or having high expectations of what reactions his dreams might have on people of *his own* culture.

In any case, he was back with Jennifer, and in the middle of another session. He didn't mind the fact he had to do a good number of sessions with her. The visits would keep his heart warm, and he was interested to get to know her more. The feelings weren't there so much now, even though they were. It was a strange reality for him, and so he simply let it be...what it was.

"Well, where the ground was weak, the ground fell. It was associated with spirit. Where there was less heart and soul, there was less resilience in the ground. The ground that everything was built upon, and sustenance drawn from," answered Jack.

"It just fell?"

"It just fell," said Jack, with a very gentle, but serious look on his face.

"I understand," said Jennifer.

"I hope you do, Jen. *It's important.*"

"Rabbit hole, Jack," said Jennifer. It was way of her saying; careful you are slipping away from the contingent world and rational inquiry.

"*It is important,*" reiterated Jack.

“Rabbit hole, and I am not following you down it.”

“You aren’t *hearing* me,” he continued.

“Rabbit hole, Jack.”

“Look *inside* the words. The form is not the spirit of these words.”

“I have to do you a service, Jack. I have a duty of care. I will do you no service just following along after you. Do *you* understand?”

“I see *that* very clearly now; *among other things*.”

Jennifer sat there. She knew that boundaries in her work were for the sake of the client, and she would not cross them. She also believed Jack needed to see his way clear of his delusions and to live *here*. Any acceptance, on her part, of his *places deeper* would not serve her work, or Jack’s mental health. She was no fool either; she was clear what his words had meant, and also what he meant about her when he said ‘among other things’. She could see the world, and its travail, but she believed that it had always been this way. It did not matter how much wisdom his words held, as when associated with his stories they would only drag her down his rabbit hole, and to her, meaning was secondary, and not a *requirement* of life.

“It is a *requirement*, Jen,” Jack then added, very seriously, as he got up and left the room. He knew it was his frustration. He knew he was being childish, bad mannered and judgemental, but he could not understand why she would not just say she saw the meaning there. The one thing Jack could not abide was ignorance.

Jennifer just sat there, now very confused. She went over what they had said. “*How could he have gathered my thoughts again? Maybe he could read my face?*” she now

thought. That was twice now, and she did not like it; even though she was experiencing a gentle sense of awe and felt different air about her. It was a lovely feeling, but she feared it, as she did not know the reality of that place or the state of his mind, so her mind was flashing warning signs. The rabbit hole was somewhere she would never venture. Even if Jack's words and stories were full of beauty they could not be entertained as reality, because they were not real.

JACK DIDN'T KNOW HOW HE HAD SEEN HER THOUGHTS; he just did. He was a little confused about why he had reacted so strongly and walked out. He went for a long walk and tried to help himself understand why he had just up and left mid-session.

Sharing thoughts and ideas with someone who saw things differently was not new to him, and unapologetic defence of the truth as he saw it *definitely* wasn't; but this emotional reaction *was*. He had grown very much past such emotional outbursts in his lives deeper. Maybe it was this younger being he now found himself back in.

He sat down on a low brick wall and stared off into never, as he allowed his soul to wander in search of the answer. As he sat in a reflective state, he could feel something with him, but he could not gather it. Each time his mind tried to trap it, it seemed to wander just out of his reach. It was a weird feeling, and one he had not experienced before.

He continued reflecting on his behaviour in any case, seeing that in his travels he had learned to be okay in his own skin and in his own understanding, and most definitely letting others do the same. But right now, he felt very different. Maybe, it *was* his now youthful frame, which, like a young horse, needed taming. Maybe, it was that he had seen the deeper Earth pass by such ignorance and would have to reset his tolerance level to the lesser reality

of this one. In any case, he saw he *had* wanted to control her view, and that did not sit in him well; *not at all*.

As he dug around more in the experience with Jennifer toady, he found a strong protective feeling for any soul trapped away from the truth of its own spiritual nature and the full reality of what it was to be human. Maybe it was just because it was *Jennifer*, and he wanted her to be *awake*. But it was mainly that this closed attitude in her cut off all hope of awareness. If ignorance continued to rule us as a race, and we believed we were lesser than we are, then we would not advance. Too many people did not seek to raise their humanity or take a higher path, no matter their beliefs.

To him, it was not *only* a failure of knowledge that would bar us from a far better world, but even take us *further* backwards. The attitude of '*life will always be this way*' was destructive and irresponsible to him, even though in some aspects of life, quite true. To him it was just another shared societal cop-out on the effort we needed to make. A cop-out on what we could become, and a cop-out on the effort we could make to save some pain in future generations.

"That's why!" he said out loud to himself.

He was glad to have found the answer, but he would have to reflect on his behaviour and how he would share his truths in the future. While he would not abide a lost future due to ignorance, and do all in his power to increase vision, he could not act the way he just did with Jennifer. It was strange, to feel both a driving force deep inside him to act strongly and loudly against ignorance, while having a deep understanding of the *crucial* power of courtesy and unity.

Life's reality would bring the evidence of humanity's closed eyes soon enough, but he also knew that the fire in him would not go away; that he just had to wield it humbly; uncompromisingly, honestly, but couched in love.

He felt he did not want to leave the reflective space he was in, so decided to meditate there. He allowed his greater creature to now gather insight; to see what else may become apparent. As his eyes closed, and he took a deep breath in, he began to see something. It seemed like a great sailing ship out on the horizon. It was far away, and as it came closer; he began to see its large white sails and its strong wooden hull. It was a very large craft, and as it came even closer, he saw the captain at the helm. He was giving instructions on the sail and guiding the helmsmen to keep to the course.

Jack realised that this captain knew the boat, and the waters. Seeing then how little we actually know of the mystery of this *sea of life*; himself included. We come here and we learn so much, but still know little; the ocean of life still a mystery to us. He then noticed that the sailors trusted the captain, and in this Jack realised that he trusted The Beauty. He could see now clearly where *he* stood spiritually, and it humbled him; that humility, a safe harbour for him, and *to him*, a safe harbour for everyone.

In his inner sight a rainbow then appeared in a great arc over the ship, and with it he felt his soul reach a deeper certitude.

"So, you tink you'll find me crock o' gold, do ya!"

"What?"

"Well, wid' such a slow mind, I cano' see how you'll be any threat to catchin' me," said the little man, who was wearing a funny little hat and had a small but sturdy stick in his hand.

“Are you a...”

“Yes, I am indeed, and you are certainly a bugger to notice t’ings,” stated the small creature, now cranking up the insults, or was it the fun.

Jack laughed out loud. “Yes, I am, aren’t I,” he replied, joining in the game.

“Well, me goodness, ‘dar is a little movement inside that head after all.”

Jack smiled, and then looked around the place as if he was in no way interested with the little man. The little man smiled a knowing smile, while he watched Jack’s game.

“So, me little, mate...Where’s ya gold?” yelled Jack, as he suddenly lunged for the small creature.

The little man moved so quickly that Jack found himself grabbing for air, smiling all the while.

“Ahh, it’s a bloody joke, is it? Attackin’ a man. Seekin’ ta’ steal his fortune.”

Jack laughed out loud, and just looked at the little man in wonder. He had never seen a leprechaun before. As he regarded the small creature it seemed to calm, and Jack saw that it was aware that the fun was over.

“Soo...what does bring yer’ here young man?”

“Maybe I need a little wisdom. I’m gathering insight into why I just walked out of that session. One of the really strong feelings in me was that I was so damn sure I would not suffer ignorance,” he explained, while also knowing that all the other reasons he had thought of earlier were also true, including needing Jennifer to be like he wanted her to be.

“Well, fa’ starters ya’ Irish, me boy,” said the little man, with a glint in his eye. “Ignorance of our full nature has been said ta’ be the greatest oppression. We had ta’ fight oppression for hundreds er’ years. To be strong, and to stand strong. It’s bred inta’ ya’. Only the strong survived, and let’s face it, we’re more people of da’ heart than people of the mind.”

“I don’t know; the Irish have had their own great writers, and great insight.”

“I’ll give ya’ dat, no doubtin’ it. But I would say it was yer’ right to speak ya’ mind, from the fire in yer’ heart. Yer can’t give in ta’ ignorance, no matter. Ignorance is the great destroyer, to be sure.”

“To be sure,” agreed Jack, smiling as he shared his ancestor’s lingo. “It sure gets me fired up.”

“Sooo, ya’ got da’ Ire up wid’ her, did ya’?” said the little man, smiling knowingly.

“Yep, I sure did,” said Jack, smiling an Irish smile. “But I will go back and continue the process...but I’ll have to be a little gentler.”

“Yes, dere’s always more time. And yer know, dere’s a power in silence, and simply in standing where you stand, me boy.”

Jack turned to the little man and nodded. He knew it was true. Only time would see the eyes of humanity opened; that, and more breakdown to prise them open. What it might take to turn the great ship of humanity around scared Jack a little, because the horrors humanity had already passed through in the modern era were not at all small, and yet we had still not turned. He also knew that we all had to turn that ship together; unity needed to come first, before our varied life views, or our great ship would be cast upon the rocks as the confused and disunified effort of the crew brought all efforts to nil.

The truth, to him, was quite apparent. But he too, had certainly hidden from what he had seen in the world in the years before his journeys deeper. He was not unlike Jennifer in that. He had sat in denial that long that he had forgotten he was even sitting there; and like most, had just looked after himself. He was good to others, but he now knew that was no longer enough. It was not enough just to be good to people; not now the winds of chaos were growing. He had a responsibility, as all do, to rebuild real community, real unity, so the fury of what was to come may be somewhat assuaged.

He knew that disunity, a lack of love, was at the core of every problem; from couples and families, to neighbourhoods, cities, and countries, to the varied peoples of the world seeing only difference, and their own good fortune as the goal. The time of 'me' was passing, even though people still held on to their things and their opinions; failing to see the abundance that lay in others. There is a great abundance in connection, in process, in tolerance, and in community. The time of 'us and them' too had surely passed on this world, no matter what anyone thought. One humanity; intertwined, now existed. It had not waited to suit what anyone wanted; the reality of one world had dawned.

"So, share some wisdom with me, little man. That's the gold I'm after."

"Well, to be sure, dat is actually what me crock o' gold is."

"Yeah, I thought so. So, what is it with rainbows then?"

"Well, me lad, you never can reach it, can yer?"

"No."

"Soo, ya' cannie' get the gold, eh?"

"Okay, sure?"

“So, ‘tis not o’ ‘dis place. Our physical can never catch the Rainbow and souls are tested with the want of physical gold every day. But the true gold is wisdom deep in, and beyond, this place. And to be sure, that rainbow is what you very are. The true gold is what it truly seeks; something beyond ya’self; beyond the rainbow.”

Jack reflected on that a bit and gathered what he could. It was something that provided a very deep sense of reality and could have been thought upon for quite a while. He then asked, “So if we can’t reach it, why bother?”

“It’s about the effort; chasin’ da’ gold of deeper knowledge. It takes ya’ through the many places of life and grows ya’. Da’ Crock O’ Gold itself will always be beyond the likes of us though.”

“Why?”

“Because it’s far greater dan us. We canno’ hold it. But we can know of it, and we can chase it! Aye!” said the little man, with real enthusiasm, and a bigger twinkle in his eye.

Freedom

It was a restless night, tonight. Jack tossed and turned. He was still not at ease about the process he had entered into with Jennifer but was adamant to continue. Part of him told himself that he doubted what he *knew* deep inside and would not be at rest until that realisation became *fully* clear to him. Fighting against this inner voice, or feeling, were the emotional need to be around Jennifer, and his inquiring mind that sought rational answers to what he had experienced; and continued to experience.

There was something else too. That thing he could not gather when he reflected on his bad behaviour with Jennifer. It was now like a dark cloud sitting there, and still deflecting any deeper inquiry of it. He didn't know if it was of him, or separate, but it was very unsettling. Maybe, it was the truth of his madness; truth he did not want to face. So many questions tonight; racing around in his mind. He struggled to slow his thoughts for some time, but eventually managed to put them aside, and get off to sleep.

They all sat in a room. The heat was unbearable, and yet these devoted souls studied all that day. They were learning about the nature of walking with each other in service. What it meant to be a friend, what it meant to learn together, what it meant to be humble, what it meant to be of support, what it meant to love each other, and how all these allowed them

greater strength in service. It was about unity, how to accompany each other, and its power to energise and transform groups of people.

They had been learning for many years about unity and what that might look like in the creation of a new culture; a new society, a new world. It was only today that some of these souls finally started to realise the actual power of unity, real unity, heartfelt and honest. Its power and freedom were now becoming clear to them.

This shared and almost complete realisation though tossed Jack into a spin. To love and work with each other was somehow hitting up against something inside him. Its power and light then crashed through into The Garden, so he found himself there once more.

He knew that he had failed many times to succeed in unity and love here, in this dream place. He had known a kind of unity there; but not a true one. To feel as he now did about unity and bonds of love from this study, and especially from his long experience in their beauty and power in the wandering in those deeper places, well, it was a little shattering he sent to this place again, It brought back the words...“Did you think you would not be tested?”

He had heard these words early on in his journeys, when he stood just beyond the tree of happiness.

“Hello, Jack,” said Thomas.

“Hello,” replied Jack.

He stood there for a while, but there was to be no apology. Thomas had made so many accusations against Jack’s character at their last meeting, yet there was nothing. Maybe Thomas was awaiting an apology from him. But Jack could not apologise, as he did

not attack the character of this soul. He only sought answers and ways forward for The Garden and their friendship, in honesty.

As he looked back on that time, he saw clearly that Thomas struggled with things inside, and that he may not change at all. But Jack could now feel the love of what he had learned from that study in the heat, as well as the deep bonds he had experienced in his other travels, and so he let it go. He saw now clearly that this visit was not about justice, it was about forgiveness, and its mighty power to take dark thoughts from our beings and cast them to oblivion.

That Thomas had said hello was enough for now, and the rest had no need to be spoken. Just then, realisations came pouring down on him about casting the burden of the self away, and casting any negative thought out of one's consciousness once it is felt. He saw his own dark thoughts, his judgements, and saw them washing away in the great pouring light of forgiveness. He knew that thoughts of estrangement or repulsion were of a lesser station than his nobility required; certainly, destructive to the unity required to grow a Garden and build a House of Law.

He also now saw the destructive nature of suspicion, as it had been heaped upon him so copiously here, and in his earthly life, that it defied description. He wondered at its nature, and at the particular nature of envy. He had not really known envy in himself, yet suspicion and judgement had certainly been his companions. He saw now too that forgiveness was such a hard-won attribute for him, and that while discernment needed to be served, to give his suspicion power was foolish. It was just another heavy load to carry and one he sought to be free of.

“Let the fools be foolish,” he had often thought. But with the light of forgiveness now all about him it showed him that even this was not his to say. All belonged to The Creator;

not to him. He just needed to press onward, as nothing in this world can truly harm you except your own lack, and only The Ancient of Days can truly see any of us. Better we look to our own lower state than the state of others.

So much became clear to Jack in that place, and he now understood the urgency we need have in casting away every dark thought. He saw that each dark thought-form cast out of his being was another step to a higher station, and to a greater freedom; that forgiveness and freedom from judgement was another gateway to inner freedom; and he took it gladly.

As he reflected on these things, a clear foundational understanding came. It was that there could be no self if one was to stay the course, do the work, and build verdant Gardens or great Houses of Law. 'It's not about you' was an understanding he had found early on in his travels, and he was quite elated, yet a little disappointed that it had taken so long to reach such a core element of what he believed in. But that is life, he thought, and maybe it was a gift for his striving, and coming back to The Garden, time and again.

In that thought Jack realised he was free of this place. He had succeeded, and it faded away forever, as he moved on to other challenges and his new life on planet Earth.

JACK WALKED INTO THE PSYCHOLOGIST OFFICE. He felt very free today. He had woken early from that insightful dream on the weekend before, and driven off down the road through the mountains to a place he liked to be; just be. It was the place where he had met Jennifer; not the one he was visiting today, but the one he had loved in his travels. He had ordered a coffee, sat in the lovely bracing cool of early morning, and drank it. A young and cheerful soul had brought out his coffee which made it more lovely. We often don't see how even small acts give to others sometimes.

Now, as he sat down on the chair in the waiting room, he *knew* that this recent dream and his other experiences were *not dreams*, like dreams are. They were full of meaning and clarity, and he had acted consciously within them. Real dreams were not as clear, but he then shook his head as he felt the craziness of his predicament. He could still not be sure of all this cognitively, yet the evidence was there, and yet, he was uncertain...and yet...and so the to and fro, the inner circling and confusion, began to return, as his mind *once more* sought answers.

“I am glad you’re here, Jack. Please come in.”

There was something in how she said it that buoyed him a little. Was it just his emotions hearing what they wanted to hear, or was *it* real? Even more confusion then enveloped him, with the strong emotions and *more* questions. In all the cognitive questions about his travels, and these new one’s now about Jennifer’s feelings, she, or more so, *her* view of him, clearly became central to all his confusion.

It got so bad that Jennifer stopped the session that had just begun and asked Jack if he was okay, because he seemed to be in a lot of pain. He put up his hand, as if to ask her to stop while he emptied his mind and put these turbulent currents aside. His mind was not big enough for this job; or at least so many jobs at once, and he began to re-centre himself.

Jennifer had not seen Jack like this. He had always been clear of mind; even about his delusions. She knew everyone struggled sometimes, and so she left him be as they settled in. Just then, he found freedom from his thoughts, and some poise, by turning his face towards God. In an abiding freedom of deep detachment, he now smiled at the lady in front of him.

“Well, it’s good to have you back. Where did you go?”

“I was in my mind, trying to gather too many answers. It’s not big enough,” said Jack, quite slowly. As he had slowed within himself, his words had slowed too.

“The mind *is* you, Jack.”

“I beg to differ. My thoughts may show me things, but my mind is most definitely not me. There is so much more to us than that. Even though I *do* believe that it is a huge part of my reality, I can’t go with the ‘*We are simply a smart creature made of meat and bone*’ theory. *So limiting.*”

“Maybe, that’s why you have these delusions?”

“Maybe, calling my experiences *delusions* is not helpful.”

“Maybe it is. Tell me something, Jack. Why is it that you act like a young man, when you believe that you know you have lived more than two full lives in these deeper places?”

He sat there and considered that for a short while. He was himself, and he was much more than the man he was before his heart attack. But *he was* his younger self, his original self, even though he *knew* he was much more. He had been walking in these younger shoes somehow, and only putting on older and wiser ones on occasion. He realised that he *had* accepted *this material reality* as his reality; the agreed reality of those around him. But he also knew within him there was more, no matter how he might act at any one time. He *was* a younger man here, but an old man too, and he saw the great value in both.

Jennifer smiled as he considered this, and for the first time, Jack felt a dislike for her; maybe not for her, but for what he felt was the manifestation of ego and ignorance within that particular smile. After a short time, he smiled back, as it had chided him to become *surer* of whom he really was. It was some relief for him. This challenge had clarified quite a lot. There were still questions, but he was more at peace with his *real* being.

“What’s going on in there?”

“More freedom, young lady, more freedom,” said Jack smiling, but not in a victorious or egotistical way. More from sitting again in the surety of an older person steeped in life.

Jennifer was not happy with the ‘young lady’ reference, as to her, it meant that she may have just helped him ride deeper into his delusion. He saw her concern and immediately responded.

“I am me, of this age, and in this place. I have memories of other lives I have lived, but I am still myself, and I am here. I am the young me, and I am an old man of two seeming lifetimes. The smile on my face was one of gaining freedom from confusing thoughts and more acceptance of my *whole* reality.”

“Isn’t it only helping you stay there, and *not* returning to reality.”

“I appreciate what you do for me, and I need the challenge you’re providing, so I can see more clearly. But it isn’t in the way you may think.”

“I hear what you’re saying, Jack,” she replied, as she got up and ushered him out the door to end the session. To her he had charged, once more, so far down the delusional rabbit hole that there would be no use in continuing today.

The session had lasted only these few minutes and ended abruptly. Jack understood her response and allowed it to be what it was. As she bid him goodbye, she again sought to snap him awake a little, saying, “What *I* see, is a man seeking control of life in a delusion; maybe so you feel safe somehow. Escape and control are usually manifestations of fear. You seem to need to control me, and these sessions. It won’t help you, and you *cannot* control *life*.”

THE THOUGHTS THAT CAME TO HIM WERE QUITE NEGATIVE, as he walked up the stairs to Brig's house on the following weekend. The aborted midweek session was still playing on him.

He had decided to allow and entertain her final statement, and to explore a little more if Jennifer was correct. But, as this was an *introduced* perception, so he had tested it with any evidence in his life, and he found it somewhat lacking. While what she had said about fear and control could be said to some degree about the man he was before the heart attack, before all his journeys, even that man was not a fearful person to that degree.

But, once again, during this inner search, he felt that particular darkness. It was a cold place inside, and this time he was aware that it sought to keep him in his negative thoughts. He had taken release from it, but doubts about his sanity immediately dawned again, as he thought that this ungraspable mysterious darkness may be something that he still had to face.

He expired air as he now thought about it. The sessions were still only adding to the confusion, and somehow, he really didn't feel that this darkness was inside him, but he would continue the process just in case. In any case, he still wanted to see if he could yet settle the struggle with his neighbour's concerns, as real unity is a beautiful freedom. He had known the joy of unity intimately in his journeys deeper, particularly on the ground in the work after Groundfall. He did not want to live and work without it here.

He now knocked on the door and heard some movement inside. It was Saturday afternoon and he been invited over to spend time with Brig and Judy. He was thinking how natural and normal these two were, and thanked God for these two souls every day since returning to consciousness. They were in no way robotic.

As he pictured robots going about their robot business, a train of thought took him away. It wandered as it did, his mind taking from thought to thought to thought until he was totally distracted by it, and *Jack found himself in a very hot desert. In front of him was a gigantic pile of rusted rubble which towered over him and the sand dunes around it. At the edge of this rusted metal heap was a rusted metal robot, and its eyes flickered into life like an old neon light that struggled to blink on.*

These were Jack's thoughts, but they had now somehow become alive, gathered him up, and taken him here. The robot's eyes eventually blinked on and stayed on, and it now looked up at Jack, almost sadly. It was more in its slow movements that a sense of its sadness came to him; that and its blank face, as it looked at itself and its surroundings.

"Hello," said Jack, simply.

"Ello," said the robot, in mimicking steel tones.

The robot moved its arms, and the small screech of rusted steel rubbing against itself came to the air.

"Ello," said the robot again, as it began moving all its limbs.

"Hello," said Jack again, with a small laugh.

Then suddenly there was a chorus, or more a cacophony, of 'ellos as the lights of many eyes came on all through the massive heap of metal. Jack could now see that the small mountain of rusted steel was almost all made up of these rusted robots.

"Ello. Ello. Ello. Ello. Ello," sounded the seemingly endless waking voices, as arms and legs started moving all through the pile. One robot slid down from higher on the pile, then another. Then a flow, or cascade, of robots started sliding down the great pile, and

landing on the sand beyond it. Jack jumped back, and back again, and soon found himself running for his life as these robots continued to fall and slide over each other, and land with continuous thuds on the ground just behind Jack's now faster moving feet.

He ran fast, but he was eventually knocked off his feet as a wave of robots hit him. This wave bore him away at a great speed. Fear filled his heart as the thought of being minced in amongst all this moving steel gripped him. The great flow of steel headed for a small dry lakebed, and he knew he would be crushed as all the robots tumbled into it. But he managed to clamber up on one of the robots and found himself steering it like a boogie board. He realised he had a chance. He was losing his fear, and beginning to enjoy it, when he heard a dull cry from deep inside the now settling flow of steel bits and robots.

A deep pain struck Jack's mind and battered his heart. It was as if his lack of fear and even the joy in this experience had mortally stung something deep within the torrent of metal. He realised that it was the same darkness that he had just fleetingly felt before. Doubts about his sanity rose again and he found himself being dragged down deeper and deeper towards it. As the robots clambered for the surface, Jack was drawn down further, and further. His fear grew and grew, and with it, he felt a satiation in that Darkness deep below him.

"Giddy, Jack," said Brig, as he opened the door.

He saw Jack's face contorted with the full-blown terror of his inner predicament, and he grabbed him and shook him a little. It was intuitive, really. But it was just the thing, as Jack came back around.

"*Flamin' hell, Brig!*"

“Come and sit down, Jack. You’re really white around the gills, Brother,” said Brig, referring to Jack’s very pale white cheeks, thinking that he needed to sit down before he fell down.

“Thanks, yeah,” answered Jack, as he sat down on a comfy recliner. It took a good while to come out of the terror he had just experienced.

“Where have you been, Cuz?”

“Nowhere I *bloody well* want to go back to, *that’s for sure*.”

The friends sat for a while, and after he had finally settled, Jack slowly explained his experience to Brig.

“Just one of your special experiences, eh?”

“No mate. This is *different*. I’m more than a little bit thrown. This was *me*, but it wasn’t me. It was an experience *right here*, in my own mind. It wasn’t another place. It wasn’t deeper. I *know* deeper, and this was *not* it.”

“Maybe, these sessions are bringing something to the surface.”

“But I was pulled under, Brig. Whatever this is, it’s hidden, it’s *mean*, and it’s *dangerous*.”

“Maybe...just maybe, it’s you Jack. Maybe it’s the answer to your...”

“*Madness?! Thanks mate. Thanks a lot. I was just beginning to believe in my whole experience.*”

“Jack, you’re stealing words out of my mouth, and they aren’t even mine. What I was goin’ to say, was...Maybe it’s the answer. Maybe you need to deal with this darkness, or, just

maybe, while you've gathered some good stuff in those deeper places, it's time to let it go. You don't need to forget what you believe you experienced, but come home and live here, *on Mother Earth, Brother.*"

"Maybe, Brig. But this *isn't* deeper, and this *isn't* me...it *can't* be," said Jack, very surely, yet quite lost and confused.

"HOW DID IT ALL START, JACK?" asked Judy.

Jack explained how he was thinking of robots, and then he was off. Like his imagination took over; that it seemed to want to hurt him, and in some way, it wanted him to be scared.

Judy just looked at Brig, as if he should know something.

"No, Jude. It's just superstition," said Brig, very sure.

"But maybe it still has some bearing, eh?" asked Judy, feeling it was important.

"Maybe?" offered Brig.

"What?" asked Jack.

"Well, Jack, in times past, people just wandered off, lost in 'em selves, and got lost out there in the deserts. Some thought it was the bad spirits that took 'em. You know, got them wandering lost in their own thoughts. Some thought they just got lost in their pain and went away to die. Some young ones jumped off high places; lost in their own imagination. Bad spirits get a hold of you, and you lose yourself. As a child, I even remember a man who was lying down dying. He did die, but only because he believed he was," finished Judy.

“Maybe, and maybe you just took a train,” offered Brig, presenting another *maybe*.

“A train?” asked Jack.

“A thought train. Maybe you took a thought train and got lost on the journey,” explained Brig, knowing the nature of the mind.

“Or a bad spirit got ya’,” said Judy, smiling in jest, but still not sure she was kidding somehow.

“I reckon it was a bit of both!” expressed Jack, still shaking of the stress.

“God knows what the hell is going on inside you, cousin, but we’re with you. Maybe when you have a thought that brings discomfort, you need to be aware of it, and just throw it out; anything that’s unworthy, or not helpful. *Get out’a there.*”

“Sure, Brig.”

“You need to be able to catch your imagination too. Maybe you just need to remember who you are,” added Judy.

“Yeah, being confused about *who I am* is *not* helping. It’s *too* big a question to leave up in the air for so long. I *gotta* get that sorted, mate.”

“Well, maybe while you’re seeking answers about yourself, ramp up all these mindfulness things; watch your thoughts, and be more present and self-aware. Not roll so loose, you know,” offered Brig.

“Can’t hurt anyway,” added Judy.

“Maybe get more into living *here* for a while, like I said, Jack,” finished Brig.

The words ‘living here’ stood out to Jack. He knew the rest. He knew how to sit in his soul and look upon himself, watch his thoughts, and the world; refocusing in the spirit. But Brig was right, sometimes we just need the ground of life and to get on with things. He was sure sick to death of not being sure of who he was, the questions too destabilising, and this *darkness* was just adding to the complication. He didn’t even know if it was a part of himself that was still waking up.

With all this, he felt himself sinking once again in the confusion, and he felt the dark force reach out for him. He immediately changed his thoughts to his love and thanks for these two beautiful friends; friends who could kind of see as he did. They were a rock he could stand on in the torrent of confusion. A safe haven of acceptance that he could not seem to get from Jennifer or his neighbours. In any case they were friends who *could* walk with him.

He sought freedom with these lovely thoughts, and the Darkness recoiled from them; protecting itself.

JACK KEPT HIS FEET ON THE GROUND FOR A WHILE. He had seen the portal to Mesos while deep in prayer a few times lately but had not walked through when the opportunity had presented itself. He kept his prayers grounded in the everyday and his mind focused here, as he tried to find the freedom and safety of the material world.

He was now walking into another session with Jennifer. He still honestly didn’t know if they were helping him, but he had not experienced the *darkness* over the weeks since the *robot thing*, and that was a good sign that he was going about things the right way. He now believed that his travels deeper and the darkness *were* somehow linked. Also, that while he

had no idea of its true nature or what had brought it to his door, he had to admit that maybe Jennifer *was* helping him.

“Hi, Jack,” good to see you again.

For some reason Jennifer was more attractive to him today, and it was quite overwhelming. He smiled to himself gently then, like an older man would watching a young man’s physical-emotional reaction, knowing the nature of this feeling and its sources. It was, for him, a sign of a growing bond. His seeming lifetimes had taught him that it could be a very valid feeling, but without true deeper feelings, it was just an attraction built on time spent with someone. He knew from experience that a true bond between couples ran deeper. It grew in giving out to each other; through good times, as well as through hardships and challenges endured together.

Jennifer noticed that different feeling in Jack, smiling to herself as she led him into the room. The two were quite buoyed as they got comfortable, and the session began. They covered old ground, revising where they had been, and then spent some time on what ‘*reality*’ was. They explored it together for quite a while, when Jennifer said something about education; that it, in itself, would produce a great world.

“Do you really believe that?” asked Jack.

“Yes, humanity can step forward more surely because we are getting more informed.”

“So, do you see our world currently, evolving or devolving?” asked Jack, more in curiosity than in challenge.

Jennifer did not consider it, she just said, “Education is powerful in our evolution.”

“Yes, it most *truly* is,” agreed Jack, thoughtfully. “But we are more educated than we’ve ever been, and yet there is more selfishness, more ego, and more mental illness than ever before. So, education alone is not enough; *powerful* and *essential*, but *not enough*. ”

Jennifer was not the type of person to just push her point mindlessly. She had vision and used it. She stood her ground on what she perceived as solid yet allowed herself exploration other views. This was also good for Jack right now, as he was not off down a rabbit hole; he was seeking aspects of reality with her.

“You see, *to me*, Jennifer, education *is* a powerful force, or vehicle, that needs a driver. That driver has to be someone with a moral code. Even an educated mind needs the guidance of a true soul. Science is a powerful wing, but a true moral code is the other. One can’t fly, or exist in the fullness of its nurturing power, without the other.”

Jennifer could see what Jack was saying but believed that education and science would be our guide; that it would naturally provide a moral code. She would need time to contemplate the implications of what he had presented, but she thought that he was drifting close to the rabbit hole, and said, “This is reality, and this is where we live and evolve. You may hold these beliefs, but you need to live here.”

“*Are you kidding?* Are you chasing me away from the importance of a moral code by making out that it’s part of my delusions, and not at all real or necessary in the real world? A moral code is *not* a rabbit hole, and the nobility and reality of the soul is not just an *also-ran* to education.”

“I simply believe that a natural moral code comes from education.”

“And that is why our world is sinking into chaos, because people think civilisation comes from itself.”

Jennifer halted a little at that concept, and said, “It would take me time to contemplate that, Jack. But let’s get back on task. I think we need to move on.”

He thought it deserved more conversation before contemplation, but he was allowing her to keep him more grounded, so followed her direction.

“Let’s get on with challenging, or exploring, your view that we live beyond time and space.”

He was a little taken back by this change of tack to something that even she might consider ‘rabbit hole worthy’, but again, he allowed her direction.

“Thanks for the *exploring* word in that request. That was kind, and *kind* is a big deal.”

“Sure, my pleasure, Jack,” she said, feeling a small feeling of upliftment. “So how do you see things? What valid proofs do you have on us living beyond time, or even matter?”

“Well...we do, and we don’t; even if my experiences deeper aren’t real, there are experiences in this world that lead me to proof that part of my being is beyond space and time.”

“Oh, really? Proof?” asked Jennifer, trying not to seem judgemental.

She had developed her art well, and knew it was not so much her place to tell, as it was her place to help the person question and answer. There was a freedom in that, and she also saw it as part of the greater reality of life. She knew we all need to explore the truth of any matter ourselves, and our own way. She was there to support that process and challenge only when necessary.

“Yep, I have had three experiences of knowing; knowing ahead of time the outcome of something.”

“Really, please fill me in.”

“They were like memories, not some imaginative thing. The main one was when I *knew* the outcome of the footy season, early in the season. I *knew* it. It was *a memory*; like it had already happened, but well before the occasion.”

“There are many explanations for that, and the mind is tricky sometimes. Are you sure it wasn’t a guess, or just intuitive knowledge from knowing the game...that that team was most likely to win?”

“I know it *was* my subjective experience, and I can never prove it to you, but I *knew*; *full stop*. It was just like I remember coming to our last session. It had already happened. It was *a memory*.”

“A memory?”

“Actually, I doubted it when I first experienced it, because there was another team that was so much better. I couldn’t see any way that the team I *had the sure memory of winning* could ever beat this better team.”

“But they did, and maybe you saw that coming.”

“No. They didn’t beat them. The team that I believed *had* to win the final due to their amazing form was cut out of the finals later on in the season. The league found that had they paid too much for their players, and they lost all their points; so, lost their chance to play in the finals.”

“I am sorry, Jack. I can’t comment on this. Only you can reflect on it and see it for what it *really* is.”

“You have obviously not had this kind of experience, or other experiences that defy time. Haven’t you dreamed of somebody one night, and seen them the next day? Thought of someone and they rang?”

Jennifer blinked, and went red. She had had those experience a few times. She had experienced strong feelings with some of the dreams as well. Jack noticed the change in her and let her be for a short time to contemplate it. He looked down, respectfully giving her the space, she needed.

After a few seconds, she gathered herself, and said, “These sessions are about you, so let’s just keep going.”

“Sure, all good,” said Jack, trying to be helpful. “You know, all things considered, and beyond all this, we have been granted *existence*. Even just *being here* in this physical life and being able to *discuss ideas* like this is a *bloody miracle*; no matter who you are, or what you believe.”

“I suppose it is.”

“Why don’t we just rejoice in that? Why do we have to know everything, and lock everything down? It’s all part of the joy of wandering through this place.”

“That attitude, *in itself*, would be a wonderful freedom. But discovering reality is part of us and very helpful.”

“Yep, *for sure*. To me though, you have to have respect for the very wonder of a self-aware life, the beauty around us, the impossible size of the universe. You can’t help having respect and reverence for the system that created us. There’s room for wonder, and at the very least *reverence*, for what is clearly beyond our understanding; reverence for the power that

has given us being and sustains us. I believe that reverence is a freedom; an understanding that leads to thanks, more kindness, more humility, better people, and a better world.”

“Yep, for sure,” said Jenifer, feeling the elevation of these lofty thoughts. Certainly, even the miracle of the Earth and our lives here, scientifically, *was* a wonder.

MESOS CAME OUT THROUGH THE PORTAL.

“Come, Jack...There are so many riches I have to share with you. I know you are struggling with your ground, but this portal is *no small* opportunity. Please come now, *learn all you can*. You are *more* than fortunate, you are *quite blessed*, and you are not being given all this for nothing.”

“I’m not sure, Mesos,” said Jack.

He *was* sure that time with Mesos was *somehow* a safe haven from that beastly darkness that had attacked him. But he also felt an attendant knowing that wandering deeper was dangerous for him too. He sought to hold to the constant ground of Earth again, for now. “You are *most surely* a great essence, and I *want* to learn more, but I am getting steadier by being grounded. I just kept finding myself up against, either the confusion of my own reality, or the upset of those I would like to walk with. I opened my mouth, and people get sacred and crazy.”

“There is a saying within The Creative Word...

*"Even as it hath been said: "Not everything that a man knoweth can be disclosed, nor can everything that he can disclose be regarded as timely, nor can every timely utterance be considered as suited to the capacity of those who hear it."..."*¹

Jack sighed with a little relief and smiled. He knew immediately the power of these words in his current situation. He had heard them before but had not thought to gather this particular guidance, which lay within the copious well of The Creative Word, for his recent struggles. He realised that they had a message right now, as much as they would have when he had first opened his mouth, and he knew that they were powerful in life generally. But as it is with life, we only learn as we go, and some things we need learn a few times.

He gave way, and now very easily got up from his chair, walking through the portal as he contemplated the natural light of guidance that these words had shone on his situation. He knew he would also memorise these words so he could carry their wisdom within him; hopefully then, use them often.

Mesos followed Jack back through the portal, allowing him time to reflect on his situation in the light of this guidance.

After some time sitting across from Mesos, Jack looked up at him.

"Helpful?" asked Mesos.

Jack smiled wide, "You *know* it was helpful."

"Well...It's just all part of the nature of things, young man."

"Yeah, it is, it's part of the solution, but the *young man* thing is part of the problem," said Jack, almost meaning he did not know who to be, or who he was, and it was one part of

his wider confusion. He did not need to say more, as Mesos and he were intimately linked in this deeper place, so gathered his meaning.

“That’s *not* a problem, Jack. It is when people are old, and they *don’t see*; *that* is a problem, that is *sad*, and something to mourn. It is also sad when the young think they see *all too* clearly and sail headlong into danger, towards self-destruction, or a far shortened life. You will gather yourself in time.”

“Sure. I get ya’, mate.”

“Still, so informal.”

“That does not seem to change. Maybe one day, when I meet *The Man*, *then* it could change,” he said with a smile.

“Well, that will be as it is,” commented Mesos. “Today there are two others I would like you to talk with. They are quite special and interesting, and we might have you meet them *informally*,” finished Mesos with a smile; but a smile Jack somehow did not feel comfortable with.

Jack then suddenly found himself elsewhere and saw a middle-aged woman tending a garden.

“Ahh, Jack. You look well. I am glad you are,” said the woman, as she noticed him. She looked a little unwell, but she was strong, and while of standard frame, her mass and physical strength were palpable. Jack knew he was in the presence of someone, or something, great.

“You know my name?” he questioned.

“Yes. I know the name of all my children...well, at least the physical part of them that is.”

“Who are you?”

“I am the Earth, and soon I will no longer be your mother.”

“What?”

“I am becoming your child, your responsibility. You have grown beyond me; even though I am still stronger physically and should not be taken lightly.”

“I don’t understand.”

“I was given the duty to nurture you. The Great One charged me with this. This is my gift to him, and to humankind. You are my fruit, and now you must be my stewards; you must keep me well and nurture your own fruit now. Mesos will rise again; and for the first time, as one single great civilisation upon me. Humanity has been given more insight into the forces at play in my systems, and now you are becoming adults, it is to you that the responsibility is now given. No more childish games.”

She was then suddenly gone, and Jack found himself in the company of a man. He was babbling, texting on his phone, and shaking his head.

“Oh, it’s always the same. Tired of not having hot coffee. I put up with it, but...” Then the man turned into a small, emaciated child, and it looked at Jack with blank eyes, as it had no energy. This change was like a slap in the face to Jack, waking him from part of his own slumber.

Then he changed again and again, into other men, women, and youths, in quick succession.

“Wow, what a buzz, right!” said a man, winding up his parachute. “I am too busy to go parachuting...What an idiot!” “Boy, that was a great movie.” “They’re all dead! My whole family!” “Man! Look at that! Beautiful, eh.” “Well, I think the answer is...” “My child is dying. Do you not care?” “This guy’ll fix it. Finally, someone who knows what to do.” “I’m hungry.” “It’s my right!” “Oh, it’s one of them.” “I don’t know what to do.” “They don’t get it.” “Yep, everyone will want to be you, and have one of these.” “I’m too busy! For God’s sake! Shut the hell up!”

The babbling man had returned for the last comment and kept texting and chatting on the internet. Jack tried to get his attention, but the man put a hand up to say, ‘Soon, hang on’. But he did not respond; he was too busy with all the chatter and some good amount of drama. Jack just sat there watching this thoroughly distracted creature, and realised that most everyone he knew, from friends to family were distracted by the ‘blah blah’ of the world. They seemed to run from drama to drama, news story to news story, herded by every kind of interest into every kind of experience...lost in their perception; kept busy, constantly distracted, totally disempowered. No one reflected much, and few acted; just more words and distraction, and so humanity got more and more crazy.

It made Jack think of the old adage, or definition for madness...To keep doing the same thing, and expect different results. But people did, the news stories had been told before, year after year, over and over, only with different characters; and people did even more of the ‘same thing’, and with bigger efforts of the ‘same thing’, or with slightly different ‘same things’, hoping it would help; and all the while, in this seemingly endless and myriad distraction, humanity was falling.

“The world is in travail, and its agitation waxeth day by day. Its face is turned towards waywardness and unbelief. Such shall be its plight, that to disclose it now would not be meet and seemly. Its perversity will long continue. And when the appointed hour is come, there shall suddenly appear that which shall cause the limbs of mankind to quake. Then, and only then, will the Divine Standard be unfurled, and the Nightingale of Paradise warble its melody.”²

Jack then found himself back with Mesos, with a freshly made cup of tea in front of him. It was certainly a relief to be back.

“Yes, Humanity *is* distracted, *but yes*, it *is* to be the steward of the Earth. Humanity, as you can see, has some way to go, but cannot seem to wake up. Many do and labour hard, but it seems that humanity, as a being, is able to ignore its own malaise because of the mindlessness of its current high fever. It is delirious; distracted, and selfish. But it *will* be brought forward quickly to its new station. Future events have been set forth, and indeed relief will come. It will be a rebirth, but hardship will come before it, and with it.

So, it is now imperative that people build strong spiritual foundations within themselves, and within strong loving communities; as only these will hold, only these will lessen the fury that must come to pass. Communities in which children see the value of a virtue being greater than that of a toy; one in which youth can think for themselves, seek to be of use, and not be endlessly distracted; one in which an adult would much rather reflect on their day with their family, or give balm to a neighbour, than sit comatose before a screen.

Such is the travail of humanity, *and still*, it walks proudly before its Creator. It seeks no long-term solutions as an adult would. Like a foolish headstrong child, it will come to

know the realities of life soon enough. *Reality* does not fit the whimsy of anyone's belief or fit their wants. *It fits itself*. It fits the balance that is *required* in the human system. It fits His purpose, and by all this humanity will find freedom from its own lack of wisdom."

"Wow, that's full on, mate," stated Jack. "But a lot of people don't believe in God, or The Creative Word."

"It does not matter what anyone thinks; the nature of things is the nature of things. All that I have shared, *must be*...I am led in each age by The Creative Word, and the realities of life, not disparate ideas and imaginings. Each heart must choose. They need investigate the truth, and by this effort find me. Some may not choose The Creative Word, but they must choose my reality *at least* to gain good ground in the rising chaos. In the end though, they will drink The Creative Word like honeyed water."

"But Mesos, people don't like even the *word* religion, so getting them to see The Creative Word is a real long shot."

"As the darkness of chaos deepens the light will be seen more and more clearly. People will seek the truth, as there will be no place to hide from the waves of chaos that grow with the breakdown. There is a saying about this individual right and duty to search out the truth; one which may *also* be valuable for you right now, in your own journey to find peace...you may like to meditate on it...

"God has given man the eye of investigation by which he may see and recognize truth. He has endowed man with ears that he may hear the message of reality and conferred upon him the gift of reason by which he may discover things for himself. This is his endowment and equipment for the investigation of reality.

Man is not intended to see through the eyes of another, hear through another's ears nor comprehend with another's brain. Each human creature has individual endowment, power and responsibility in the creative plan of God.

Therefore depend upon your own reason and judgment and adhere to the outcome of your own investigation; otherwise you will be utterly submerged in the sea of ignorance and deprived of all the bounties of God.”³

All humankind has been granted the ability to know and love God. This is the prime motivating force in human existence, and in all existence. It is first, and it is powerful. New civilisations rise, and are sustained, by it. Reflect on this; contemplate its meaning, seek its power and beauty,” finished Mesos.

Jack was beginning to see the deeper nature of civilisation, and what powered it. He could definitely feel Mesos’s power when he had quoted The Creative Word.

“Yes, Jack, they are more powerful than other words,” offered Mesos, hearing Jack’s thoughts.

“Yep, but how do you get all this to people here? The value of Guidance was way more apparent to people after Groundfall on the deeper Earth. It’s not *so easy* here.”

“It is quite simple. Just help them to be less distracted and help them see where humanity really is. Help them to remember their nobility. Help them see The Creative Word, and its wisdom in the reality of *their own* experiences, even if they fear religion. Help them to learn how to see for themselves, not just imitate those around them. Allow them to be who they are and encourage them to participate in the work of community building. Empower

them. In the end, it is for *them* to choose, as it has always been so. You may only *offer* the gift and show forth its value in your words and deeds.”

IT WAS NOW A FEW DAYS AFTER HIS TIME WITH MESOS, and Jack was waiting again to see Jennifer. He had reflected on his experience and the quotes that Mesos had made him aware of. These words had helped him gain more clarity in his current struggle, aided his awareness, and hopefully grown his ability to serve his kind.

The aspect of one quote, on thinking for himself was a powerful insight for him in his current predicament. The other, about being wise about when and who to share knowledge with, was most especially helpful in relieving his problem. The great thing was that he was becoming surer of who he was by these words, and by this process with Mesos. This one visit deeper had given him more clarity and purpose than all the sessions with Jennifer. But then again, the sessions with Jennifer, and his struggle with Farhad, had kept up the challenge. Everything is a process, and light and dark help with clarity eventually, as do struggle and joy.

Now waiting there at ease in himself, he contemplated the main reason why people did not want to be told what to think, or believe, and he knew it was *freedom*. He understood that the right to believe as we will was *inviolable*, but on deeper reflection, *to him*, it was like most people these days sought freedom only within itself, and often excused their own ignorance in the name of this *high right* to believe as they wished; ignoring evident truths. He shook his head as he remembered his time with the babbling man, *distracted Humanity*, seeing, that freedom to be ignorant was a destructive freedom, or certainly not freedom at all.

Just then, a picture of children running wild with no parents came to him; running wild because there was no order; running free in their imaginations. As he continued allowing things to come, thoughts of a family having a father and mother sailed by his mind. He saw clearly in that picture that it was *how* any group was *guided*, or who, or what they turned to for guidance, that made them rise or fall; become strong or fall into oblivion and ignorance.

He had known families that had strong parents, even in deep poverty, which stood strong. He had known communities like those children that followed their own fancies, which had become weak and fractured. He reflected on some countries over history that had changed when the leaders had changed; some for the better, and others which even led to genocide. He knew humankind needed wisdom; not just some person who was intelligent, or powerful, or someone so sure of their cure that they were dangerous. It did not need another charismatic leader; definitely not someone distracted, or busy in the world and its machinations. It needed wisdom and people working together on their *own* future.

Wisdom was required to rebuild the order from a higher point of knowing. Like a father creating healthy order for his family, and like a mother seeking to create safety and nurturance for her children; one that would allow the family to flourish. One that allowed the children of humanity to be kept safe so they could grow strong and be educated; one that could build a good life for themselves and others; one of true civilisation and real freedom.

He knew that as it is with a family, it is also with the human world.

Accompaninied

He walked down the straight path, between the rising sun and the setting moon. All was right this morning. All was good today. He felt strong, and free to act in service to the future. He felt totally sure following his inner guide as he walked down the earthen road. He had been through so much on his journeys deeper, and today he trusted that, and he trusted the All-Mighty.

He had reflected as he walked, while just taking in the day. Right now, he began to reflect on the reality of service, and how there were many kinds of souls in the work. He knew they were all unique creations of God; children of the universe, no matter their age, ways, inner battles, or aspirations, as with all of his kind. Perfection in any human soul was an almost ridiculous expectation, and the tapestry of ways and being was the sea of life. He knew that the design was perfect and had its wisdom.

But what he was most clear about today was his own being sitting within the care of the All Sufficing; and that was all he needed to know, or focus on. It was in this state that he could more easily surf the flows, waves, and currents of life; to respond as his Lord would wish. From the experience of his two seeming lifetimes, he knew that patience, humility, long-suffering, and love, were powers he needed. He also knew that courage, some silence, and honesty were powerful allies. But the greatest power was *simply doing*. He would be glad to really get going now and was glad to be reaching a place of deep ground within himself; ground on which he could serve the future of his planet, be that simply by serving people in his own neighbourhood.

The eddies of grace were flowing strongly today. They had been building since the new Plan, and especially building up as they neared the great anniversary of the birth of The Beauty. Jack had been to meetings with Brig, and others of this Faith, while he had been going through his process with Jennifer. He had signed a card to become one of them, and since that day he had felt this grace filled breeze. It was like a wind, slowly growing on the ocean of life, and today, he gladly brought his soul about like a boat on that ocean, and threw out his sail, as he accepted the will and power of this Wind. He didn't know if he was *responding* to it, or whether *it* was actually turning *him*. Maybe both, he thought, as he continued walking up the dirt road.

As he walked further, he saw an echidna that lay dead in a road drain, and he knew he had entered a new phase of life. He had been tested, and his will readied again to serve.

Service

Jennifer sat across from Jack. She was glad he had continued with his appointments. Not only because he was quite likeable, but also that there were elements to him that she had not encountered before. Usually, she gathered the struggle of an individual, given time. She had a good awareness and was adept at her work. She could see the wider picture, and also help them bring out their deeper feelings and thoughts reasonably quickly. Jack was a welcome change, and a strengthening challenge.

This man was so sure and collected, yet also not sure. He believed he was healthy and functional, but had an open enough mind to explore the view that he may not be; and this, mostly so that his friends could be at ease. His attitude was humble and selfless, well...most of the time, as there was also a very black and white, forthright, element to him. All these were very attractive to her, and even though he had walked out on an early consultation, and at other times seemed that he was done with the process, he had returned. That showed her a lot about his character and maturity.

“You know I have had times in my life...”

“Times, here?” asked Jennifer.

“Yes, times here, *on planet earth*, where I was sent to someone; to be there for them. I was only there, to be there in love. To be light somehow in their darkness, and give a person care way beyond myself, or any of my wishes. Angel times.”

“Angel times?” reflected Jennifer back to him, even though she had experienced such a state more than once in her work.

She caught herself again, as she could not show the joy she had felt and the wonder she had known in such experiences, especially not now in front of Jack. With this, she felt a negative feeling hit her inside. She knew something was lacking in this denial of the beauty of life, so would explore it later; she had to accompany Jack for now.

“Yeah, I s’pose. It’s like you’re sent there; special moments of compassion when a person is at the depths of pain and loss, and you are sent there to *be* love; to represent another’s love; The Compassionate’s love. I didn’t even know if I believed in God the couple of times when this happened; but strangely, I knew He wanted me there. It was like I *was* love; *high love*. They were both very difficult places to be, but somehow you trust you are to be there. It’s a magical feeling.”

“But it was difficult?” asked Jennifer, knowing full well the reality, but needing to help Jack explore. She saw them as very *human* times, and that there were natural drives in us that manifested such feelings in us.

“A magical thing; ethereal, but *still* very challenging. You have to be totally free of yourself. Any discomfort is released when you realise that it is not about you. It’s more about simply being there and being nothing but His love, so they can free themselves from the darkness and begin the journey out. It’s real grace for all involved; *real*. ”

“It was just you giving them the love you know they needed, Jack,” offered Jennifer. “You are quite aware of what others require. You are very empathic.”

“No, there was grace there. There was a *gathering* there of some kind. There is duty there. There is order there. You are selfless there. It’s one of the highest feelings I’ve encountered. You feel love, you show love, you give love, but you *are* love...*His* love and mercy, for that soul, at that time.”

Jennifer felt quite awed at his response but watched herself back to the humility of her place in Jack’s life. She saw herself as a servant of those that she gave her care and offered her professional skills to. She was not a religious soul, but she was a caring soul and knew herself, knew what she should do and how she should do it. She most definitely had a moral code; her upbringing had afforded her that. Her mother, most especially, had taught her clearly of the nature of life and what a good life truly was.

The session went on for the full hour and Jennifer was starting to believe that she was making headway with Jack. But he had now become very sure of his reality, no matter what was considered normal. He now trusted that his experiences were real, as they were not like other dreams. He also knew that he was not *so* smashed by life, or so *existentially desperate*, that he needed to create delusions to escape from any pain. Jennifer had been clear about the genesis of delusions, and from these explanations he could not see it as a reality in his life.

The big disappointment for him was Jennifer. She was indeed magnificent but did not seem to take any joy in the wonder of things. She was not at home with anything outside her sensibilities; firm belief in a Creator included. To Jack she was lovely, strong, clever, beautiful, kind, and yet somehow still not aware. *His* Jennifer allowed herself all awe, and joy, and was fearless in pursuit of the things that lay hidden. Maybe he did not know this lady

well enough yet, and maybe he needed to end the sessions for that reason alone; because within this construct he didn't believe he would ever see her truly.

He then laughed inside himself, as Jennifer was talking, thinking that the man who fell in that paddock was most *definitely* not who he now was; no matter how that had come about. He had been unsure at times, and sure others, but the wavering was coming to an end. The man who fell down, even though a good-hearted soul, was a bit of a sad ignorant creature with no maturity or refinement. He would never have thought of things in terms of constructs and varying realities. He was certainly not the *blunt instrument* he used to be. No, he was not that man; and *right now*, he was *most definitely* sure.

JACK WAS DEEP IN COMMUNION WITH HIS CREATOR. Over his Travelling lifetimes it had become such a part of his way, and being, that he couldn't imagine being without it. Now totally accepting of his inner experiences, and signing on to his new Faith, he had returned more to prayer and reflection. They were a joy to him; fulfilling food for the soul, and regular meals of the spirit. Now, as the feelings of the spirit enclosed his being and started to lift him, he found himself transported...

“So, you finally worked out that you just have to be what you are?”

“Yes, Mesos. But I had to try to meet them in the middle, and I learnt a good deal as I went through the process.”

“I see, but truly, in such things there is no middle. People either raise themselves in state or accept rare visits from those beyond them. People can't come forward without effort, just as others can't go back to the level of suffocation and pain they have grown out of; well, if they do, they cannot *live* there anymore. It is their duty to be all they can and show how

possible it is to grow beyond lesser places. It is part of the nature of things, the nature of the system, that like seeks like, and yet it is surely no judgement on any. He is the Fashioner of life, and only He knows the secret of our individual advancement; only He knows what has been given us and what challenges we have truly faced.”

“Gotta’ say, that where others are, doesn’t concern me. I just know where I have to be and walk, and I’ll go *there*. I sure as hell learnt that. I have to keep working on it and walk more with those who walk where I do, but definitely accept everyone as they are, and be wise and kind with my words.

“*Good!*” said Mesos, with much gusto. “*Now*, we can finally move on.”

But, Jack, being human, would still fall often, as we all do. He would be less and wander off course as he walked through life. But while we do, knowledge that has truly become part of us is not lost and does take us forward. Life is life, high and low, and all we have is our will to be more, and the will to learn how to be love in all its varied places.

“So, I had to come to this, for you to show me things?”

“Yes...as it *always* will be. Unless you have *walked* forward, *climbed* the mountain, you cannot see the new vista; *experience* is required to have anything to reflect on, and to reach for new places. Plateaus have to be reached fully, and words on words are just dreams.”

“Yep, I’ve always had to go through challenges, or face hardship, to *really* learn,” agreed Jack.

“And beyond that, you would be nowhere near spiritually strong enough, or more truly *released* enough, without this *exercise*; to climb further, to meet new challenges, to gather deeper understanding.”

“Okay...nice. Sure!” responded Jack, enjoying a reminder of this particular part of the basics of growth; action and reflection, ever widening, and growing from each other.

“So, mmmmm, Revelation. The burst of Spring in all the worlds.”

Jack just leaned back in the chair that he had found himself in and listened to the words of Mesos. The essence talked of many subjects on the nature of life, and how it was ordered. He talked of many things that had been intimated to Jack in his travels; aspects that he had not yet delved deeply into.

Mesos did not give examples, or explanations, of the nature of civilisation on the ground, which surprised Jack. As he listened, he came to realise that he was being given understanding of the deeper foundations of order in the universe; what underpinned the outer realities of life. But magically, these insights were helping him understand better the pattern and nature of civilisation on Earth. The deeper forces and patterns, it seemed were manifested ever outwards to the lesser places, from a Place that could be called a place, one even beyond what he called *Deepest*.

“...so, Revelation is a normal part of all realities, as by it, by the fresh impulse of the Rain of Spirit, all is renewed and brought forward. Just as on the Earth, it is so in the Deeper Realms. He Who is God, sustains all creation, and renews and invigorates it through the rain clouds of Revelation, the rays of The Holy Spirit. The Great Physicians bring The Holy Spirit through to your world; understanding the malady of men in each era, and prescribing the cure of Revelation. *No*; not only the cure. *Also*, that which will bring vigorous health to the disease struck body of humanity in each age. In short, He re-creates *me* in a greater form, and makes me of use again to the souls and lives of men. He informs human souls, and re-creates them too, by this same creative force. Then they, through Him, also aid in *my* development, and their own futures.”

Jack did not speak. He saw more now, and he contemplated the nature of renewal in all realms of existence. He could see deeper now. Deeper than even The Department, and it was *magnificent*.

BRIG'S YOUTH GROUP WAS MEETING IN THE AFTERNOON, and Judy and Jack were going along for the third time now. They were getting together before it, to plan what they would do today. Brig had prepared the programme but had asked Judy and Jack to accompany him recently; like he needed help. They loved that and had soon found that they were learning so much. Youth groups were not new to Jack, as he had done this service many times in other places, but he had also found ground and greater learning in not being *too* knowledgeable. He had always learned by *not knowing* on his journeys. It was all more about watching and doing, and then discovering much more; even in the same place or situation.

There was also the fact that he was now taking more of a back seat, so he could share knowledge from his times deeper; well, the right way. It was not about the stories at all, it was about what they held, and now he could bring them to bear here. He could share by what he did and said in the work, and in life generally with others. This new way he had come to was working, and he felt grounded and useful. He found no struggle at all with others and did not talk of his times deeper; well, except with Brig and Judy at times. It was all working, and it buoyed him, just as this group of youthful souls they were helping empower did.

Both he and Judy had loved the exuberance in these young people. They were full on, and full of life. Their minds were sharp and naturally had hearts ready to be part of things. They studied various stories together and then filled in questions on aspects of them, all to help these youths explore the higher ideas within them. They were currently studying and reflecting on a story about *excellence*, as they had just finished a story on *hope*. But most of

their time was usually spent on exploring what service they could do to enhance life for people in their local area, and then planning it and carrying it out; and these young adults were as keen as mustard.

The three friends went over what they had done with the group last time, as well as what they would do this afternoon. They worked well together, as Brig had helped them learn about the power of what he called '*objects of learning*'. Jack had learnt of this concept before, in his work deeper. It meant that, anything that seemed to be a block to the evolution of the group was not a *problem*. It was simply an 'object of learning'. Its focus was on what they needed to learn about to *remedy* what seemed to be disallowing its natural evolution. They would seek out the nature of the blockage and work on ways they could overcome it.

Judy was over the moon about this way of thinking, and the power it had in other things, anywhere in life, personally to socially. She would always say, "I think this is an object of learning." And even though Jack or Brig might think it, they left it for Judy to say it. It was a part of how they worked, and it was somehow sublime.

The time went by fast today, as their meeting before the youth activities brought out some real gems, and they had a very fruitful couple of hours with the youth straight after. These young souls had just finished planning a local activity. They all had their tasks sorted; as well as the support they needed from others in the group, or their parents, to do them. They were quite hopeful of the stronger community bonds that their effort could grow. Its potential was quite obvious to the youth, and to these three animators.

Brig was a trained *youth animator*, and Judy and Jack were still doing a course on it while they helped and got practise doing it hands on with the young crew. The courses of 'the running man' Jack had talked about were quite similar to the study circle courses here, but he enjoyed going over it again and gaining new insights, and he wanted to walk with Judy too.

In any case, the more people in a study the more that could be gathered, and these three were in it together.

“So, how are those psych’ sessions goin’, Jack?” asked Brig, as he and Jack and Judy now walked to the car.

“All done, Brig. Not going back. I’ve found my feet.”

“Really!” said Judy, “Don’t love her anymore, eh?”

Brig smiled, and Jack did too, but a bit nervously. He caught a feeling in himself, and looked over to Judy who was just looking at him with a ‘high eye browed woman eyes’, and the stance that said, ‘Do you have a clue at all?’

“So, what you feelin’ *now*, Jack?” continued Judy.

“I just cancelled over the phone with her secretary. I was so happy to be steady again. I didn’t think she meant this much to me til’ now. She’s not right for me though. She’s got no wanderlust.”

“Men! They just don’t get it; even if it’s themselves they don’t get.”

“Steady up, Jude. We have a clue. Things are just clearer cut for us; or more black and white with these things. He made his choice, right or wrong, did what he did, and *now* he sees more. What’s wrong with that?”

“Quite a lot, Cousin.”

“It’s done now, Jude,” said Jack, shrugging his shoulders.

“No, it isn’t. How do you think *she feels*? You *didn’t even give her* an explanation...or a personal thank you.”

“I asked the lady to pass on my thanks.”

Judy just gave Jack the ‘are you kiddin’ look, complete with the ‘you idiot’ stance.

“I should have at least talked to her,” admitted Jack, now very much feeling like a young man. “No courtesy.”

“*None*,” added Judy.

“Why do I feel so close to her now?”

“Because your man brain is still catchin’ up.”

“It’s okay, Jack. It’s just *your* process. It *all* works. Don’t listen too hard to Judy. Give it time to come clear and do what you got’ta do then. This is your life, not Jude’s,” offered Brig, gently but surely, as he always seemed to. He also had the natural ability to see processes at play in anything.

Jack realised that there *were* feelings in there, but also that they may be mixed up with old ones. One thing for sure though, was that he had to go and see Jennifer, and thank her personally. He cut himself some slack, because he had had a long and confusing way to come in such a short time. Then, unbidden, thoughts of his wife Jennifer came to him, and a small, but brutal, wave hit him. He did not show it outwardly now, as he was more stable, and he did like not to be all over the place in front of others. In any case, it had been months since he woke in the paddock, so these waves of grief were mercifully less often.

“But, just so ya’ know,” Brig added, as they all settled in the car, “she’s a bit more than you think. There’s a lot of depth in that girl. The way she looked after my mother. I know she feels things on the spirit level, Jack, or I wouldn’t have recommended her, brother.”

“Sure. Life is never simple, and there’s always more to learn, eh,” said Jack, also thinking that he still had a way to settle back into his older self some more.

He had to regather more of the poise and wider view of the older man that he knew he was. It was the strangest thing, as he also knew that his current youth was extremely valuable and powerful in its own way. He decided to sit in all of them, and not see them as separate. He decided to be *all* he was, and as life unfolded before him, call on what he may, when he may.

IT WAS THE SECOND TIME JACK NOTICED HIM THIS MORNING. Not that it was hard. The man wore clothes that looked like they were from the Victorian age; a black suit, and an almost collarless button up shirt and brown vest. He wore a dark bowler hat and carried an umbrella.

Jack was wandering around the Sunday markets and had just assumed that the man was running a stall which required him to wear the costume, but he seemed intent on Jack for some reason. When he noticed him this time, the strange man was looking straight into Jack’s eyes. It was a bit freaky for him, so he looked away, and kept on walking around the stalls.

The man then suddenly appeared a little way in front of him, and he was smiling straight at Jack. He didn’t know whether to laugh, or ignore him again, when the man raised his hand, waved, and came towards him.

“Hello, old chap,” said the man, in friendly tones.

“What are you selling, mate?”

“Why do you think I’m *selling* something?” asked the man, seemingly a little saddened by Jack’s question.

“When people you don’t know are *that* friendly, they’re usually selling something; even if they *don’t know it*.”

“*Nice life observance*; if not a *little* cynical,” answered the man.

The considered way this man talked, disarmed Jack a little, but his guard was still up.

“The good thing is that you can change. A *wonderful* thing...*change*...don’t you think?” added the man, as an offering.

“It most certainly is, and some straight up talk about why you want to talk to me would be a nice change too,” said Jack, with a wry smile.

The man laughed, and said, “Wow. I have been around a long time, and I haven’t heard that one. I just amaze myself sometimes.”

“What!?” said Jack, and just as he did, he saw Jennifer, and waved.

She waved back and turned away, keeping on walking through the stalls.

“Listen mate, I don’t know what your deal is, but I gotta go,” said Jack, as he turned to chase Jennifer.

“Well!” said the man, “Manners are one thing that have *not changed* for the better.”

Jack didn’t even hear him. He was off after Jennifer and caught her reasonably quickly. He didn’t know what he would say. He just knew he had to say something.

“Jennifer?”

“Yes, Jack,” she said, as she turned to him, from looking at some fruit in one of the stalls.

“I have to apologise,” he said.

“For what?” she answered.

“For just cancelling, and not thanking you personally for your time and effort with me.”

“Oh, I thought you just cancelled your appointments for a while. So, you’re not willing to keep going with the process?” asked Jennifer, feeling a little sadness, and a bit let down. It was a little about her strong belief in her profession to help people, and the fact that she saw this particular process as unfinished. It was also a little bit about not spending more time with him, realising, as usual, that the boundaries had been blurred with this man.

“I have come to a good place, Jennifer. But I really appreciate what you’ve done.”

Jennifer stood there; a little lost. She was trying to gather whether she should say her goodbyes and move on or stay and talk. But her *being* decided not to move, and she saw something in that. So did Jack.

“So, let’s get some coffee, and sit and talk, eh? I do like talking with you,” offered Jack.

It buoyed Jennifer a little, as she came to realise that there *was* more between them than a professional relationship.

The strange man looked on from a discrete distance, smiling. There was something in the nature of that conversation, and its place in the scheme of these two lives, that only he could truly appreciate, and he said out loud to himself, “I *still* amaze myself.”

No one seemed to notice him. They *saw* him, but they did not *notice him*, even in his odd attire.

“I AM SO GLAD YOU ARE HAPPY TO SPEND MORE TIME WITH ME,” Jack said, as he and Jennifer had sat down in the tent.

“It just seems that, that is the way it is with you, Jack,” with a gentle look on her face, but shaking her head and wondering why a little.

“Ha, yep, well. I am that kind’a guy,” said Jack, with a somewhat cheeky smile.

“Yes, *you are*,” she said a little sarcastically, a little questioningly, and a little joyfully.

He noticed it all, and he was happy for it all.

“So, have you sorted things out, Jack? Have you decided to live here?”

“I am here,” said Jack. “No two ways about it, and very glad I am.”

Jennifer smiled, and said, “I am glad, but you didn’t really answer my question.”

“Didn’t I,” said Jack, enjoying the game.

“No, *you didn’t*,” returned Jennifer.

“So, no skirting the issue at all, eh?”

“No. This is fairly key right now, for me; and I *do* want to know how you’re going.”

“I have decided where I sit in life, and who I am. I am me, and I am here, and I will share what I have to give, just like anyone else. I’ve found that there is only so much of the

stories and my experiences that people can handle, and I was wrong to open that door in their face; yours included. It was rude.”

“It was courageous,” offered Jennifer.

He just looked at her, as he had never felt that she saw him that way *at all* in their sessions, and the comment made him feel love for her. He knew he wanted to get to know her outside the professional setting, but he did not see that coming.

“Courageous?”

“Yes; or rash,” said Jennifer, then chuckling.

Jack laughed. He loved people having a lend of him. He enjoyed the fun of it, and he felt a little more of that love feeling. He knew that only time would bring out the true reality of their place relative to each other, but he was enjoying the warm fire growing inside him.

“So, can you handle *me* being *me*; and being very much here, of course?” he asked tentatively.

“Well, time will tell, I suppose. I do wish you could move on from whatever it is though,” she said honestly. “I just feel that it may be what separates us in the end. I like you, but that other part of you I am not comfortable with.”

“Well, if we are telling it how it is...I don’t regret, and won’t separate from, anything I’ve experienced, because they *are* me. I don’t want some kind of exorcism or exoneration for part of me. I don’t even want to live without my failures, mistakes, or regrets either. I don’t want pardon, as all these make me who I am, and they helped me understand and grow. People want inner peace. I just want more truth.”

“Are these experiences, the truth? *I can't see that,*” said Jennifer very plainly, and with those words, and how they were spoken, Jack's heart sank a little.

He saw that this was the time to speak up, and that the cards would fall as they may. He had thought that they would get more time to walk this path more gently and slowly, but this had come now, and that was that, so he began to share his thoughts with no filter. It was not even a time for courtesy. It was just time to talk turkey.

“If you can't do the magic, or at least accept it in me, then I don't know if we can be close,” he said, gently and with kindness. “The strange thing is that I know you wouldn't be sitting here with me if you had not felt some of that magic in me, and even related to it. My stories are now silenced, but I'll bring their wisdom to bear as best I can on the world. I *know* myself, and of that, *I am sure*. But to be totally honest with you, Jen, *to me*, I could still be lying on my back in that paddock. For all I know, *this could all* be just another journey. That is *my* reality, because my reality has been changed so often. So, all things considered, I am quite stable, from my perspective.”

Jennifer was a little sad when Jack said he could still be lying in the paddock. It was for two reasons. She was sad that he could not see reality and that it would most likely make this new bond fail, but she now realised more fully his perspective, and how strong he was living in an inner world of changing realities and still keeping his balance. She had not seen that. How could she have missed that?

“You *are* here, Jack,” she said, trying to help him see what was glaringly obvious.

“You could be a figment of my imagination. That's how real my experiences got in those places deeper. My realities are many. Yours is one, physical, and science based. Which is valid to a point, but even science is the study of the unknown. Even Einstein worked out

much of his theories by thought experiments, and when eventually proven, they changed our view of reality itself.”

“Yes, but it *was* proven.”

“Yes, it was. We came to a greater perspective of things. New discoveries are made every day in real science; not so much in the ‘money science’ or ‘ideology science’. But there is so much more beyond science in life, so much more yet to discover beyond it in us; even with my experiences excluded.”

“All this may be true, and I see things better now from some of your explanations, but it still does not prove any part of your particular subjective experience.”

“Well, maybe there is just no bridging this gap; and I don’t blame you. But even beyond my experiences deeper, and my subjective reality in *this* life, there is the endless magic of the journey of spirit. That is if you have the eyes to see the endless flow of wisdom that’s available for our eternal souls; life, love, and exploration.”

“You see, Jack. I don’t *even* go with that,” said Jennifer, not really sure she agreed with herself; which was one reason why Jack unsteadied her, and why boundaries were blurred with him.

“Is there *no* wonder in you? Do you *really* believe that you hold *any* knowledge in this place; *truly*? We are *so* small here, no matter our beliefs or science. *Tiny*.”

“I believe in science, Jack.”

“I do too. But I can’t give up my beliefs, or my subjective reality, because someone else has such a small view of objective inquiry. I don’t care to live in a small finite reality; one that others imagine to be the *whole* story of our existence. I can’t live in such a small

space and pander to ignorance. Science *is* a living thing, as is the growth of a soul, and *all* of them belong to life; never just to the limited mind, or just the science of a particular age.”

“That offends me deeply, Jack.”

“I wasn’t attacking you. I was just speaking to what I see generally. As I walk here, on this planet, I use objective inquiry and experiment for the practicalities of life, *and* for growing spiritually. I’m not ignorant. You don’t have to believe my stories, but there is much more to the human reality than current science has yet gathered. The proofs are obvious to me. I find most people either don’t look seriously into faith and the nature of our deeper being because it’s ‘*all spiritual rubbish*’, while others drift off into endless imaginative byways of ‘*so called spirit*’ as they try to escape *real life*.”

“Oh *God, Jack!* You are *really* out in the ethers; you should listen to what you say.”

“If you don’t believe my words, then *why* do they sting? You know you are more than what you believe you are. You can feel it affect you at times. *I’ve seen it.* You *know* you are more, yet in the face of your own *real* evidence, in your own *real life*, you still can’t admit that this greater part of you even exists. Let alone begin an enquiry into its reality. Even if we leave my stories *totally* out of the equation, you deny part of yourself; hardly scientific to me.”

“Not necessarily Jack,” said the scientist in Jennifer, while the human inside her suddenly cried out from her heart, that she *was* more. This cry was knowledge. Not thought exactly; she just knew. She looked up to Jack and said, “I see what you have given me, and I will need time to deal with it, but I am still not convinced of your experiences.”

“That’ll do me. It’s all anyone could reasonably ask. No one has had my experiences.”

“So, what do we do, Jack?”

“I don’t know, Jen,” said Jack, expiring air from the spent frustration, and yet impressed with Jennifer’s resilience, and willingness to even stay in the conversation. “Maybe it comes back to my original question...Can you accept me as I am?”

“I can’t accept your experiences, or even your religious beliefs. I can look for more in life, but those two are a rabbit hole to me.”

“Well, they’re a core part of who I am. How can we be close if you don’t at least *respect* what I believe?”

Jennifer felt the loss in that. No matter how she felt about Jack, she just could not accept a large part of him, and it was also unreasonable for him to ask it of her. If his journeys existed, she could not know them. It was not kind asking her to accept them, but she saw that he had tried because he felt something for her.

“The trust is just *unavailable*, Jack. You can’t ask me to believe in stories that only have existence inside you. If I told you a heap of stories and demanded you believe them, what then?”

“Sure. I can see your pain, *and* Farhad’s. But, trust, like anything else is *fully* available at any time, Jen.”

“No, it isn’t Jack. It’s relative to people and situations. We all discern levels of trust and disclosure with others.”

“I get that, sure. But trust and many other powers *are* fully available. We can choose for various reasons not to wield these powers; forgiveness, patience, acceptance,

contentment, courage and the endless others. Don't get me wrong. Not that I or anyone are great at it. It just says this in my Faith...

“Every soul that walketh humbly with its God, in this Day, and cleaveth unto Him, shall find itself invested with the honor and glory of all goodly names and stations.”⁴

“Well, all that having *full access* to trust and the like is just being too absolute in your thinking, Jack, and to me, that quote could mean many things. In any case, those words are for those with religious *beliefs*. ”

“Well, to me, it is all about *reality*, ” stated Jack, not knowing he was beginning, and may in truth have already, crossed a line.

“It all just sounds like preaching, Jack.”

Jack was now lost in that younger man, the one who just let people have it both barrels, saying, “Well, you’re missing *the meaning*, because your bias won’t allow you to listen to these particular words, *or* seek any of the wisdom enshrined in them; even to just form *your own* particular perspective of them. If it was Jung who said those words, I’ll bet you would consider their value and seek any understanding or wisdom within them.”

“But I value his words,” said Jennifer, now defending herself.

Jack was pushing too hard, with the fire of young heart and not with the measurement an older grown soul; even though both most surely have their beauty when used to unite.

Fire and considered discussion both have their measure in particular conversations, and circumstances, but Jack was overdoing the fire here. He seemed blind to his recent

learning from Mesos, on what is meet to share with whom. He had forgotten years of learning *Deeper*, and in his striving to build a bridge with Jennifer, was building a wall, *and* rather impatiently. He had now certainly left courtesy *most deathly beaten* on the ground at his feet. He had not called on *this* power in him at all, because it was not available to him in his current state. And things were about to get worse.

“I think the words...

“Love me that I may love thee. If though lovest Me not, My love can in no wise reach thee.”⁵

...are apt,” he stated, not realising that his attitude, and using these words this way was now rendering these beautiful words meaningless, and even worse, making them a little repulsive to Jennifer.

“I don’t *believe* in your religion, Jack.”

“You don’t have to, Jen. Just allow yourself to respect the words enough to dig into them a little, to see and experience their spirit for yourself. And really, you just have to feel it; your being will know it.”

“Sorry, not *buying* what you’re *selling*, Jack.”

And with that, he saw the strangely dressed man again. He was giving Jack the look that clearly communicated to him, ‘She is not buying from you, just as you are not buying from me’. Jack just shook his head, and then looked back to Jennifer.

“It was nice, for a very short while, Jack,” she said, accepting the wide chasm between them, and getting up from the table.

“It *was*, Jennifer,” said Jack, now sighing, and accepting the same. As he let go, he said, “I was asking too much of you, and I got a little carried away there. Please, forgive me.”

“Sure, Jack,” answered Jennifer, at least thankful for his apology.

The whole conversation had just showed them both more clearly how *far* their realities, their perspectives of life, were apart. Only the fact that his intention was to ford the gap made her even be courteous at all right now. And with that, she turned and walked away.

“But...see you *around, eh?*”

“Maybe, Jack. *Maybe.*”

Change

“GEEZ, ENOUGH WITH THE DIESEL, *younger Brother*,” expressed Judy, feeling a bit exasperated and worn down.

Judy was driving Brig and some of the youths to the house where the group usually met. One of the parents had been happy to hold it there and provided some after school snacks before they began each time.

“I was *just* exploring out loud,” said the youth, in his defence. “And what do you mean, *diesel*?”

“A diesel engine just *keeps on goin’*. Your mouth is a lot like that, and it’s *sloooowly*, draining the *lifffe* out’a me.”

The other youth in the car laughed, and instead of going into his shell the youth looked to Brig, and asked in a look, ‘What am I not seeing?’ This boy had been very active in exploring his own reality and his views of the world while in this group. He was not of Brig’s Faith; most of the youths weren’t, but he had been keen to learn about these things as all youths do. Thankfully, the openness and acceptance of the group, allowed him to accept his friend’s laughter right now, and to ask Brig the question with his face. Courage is required to learn, and honesty is powerful even if sometimes courtesy fails.

Judy then added, by way of explanation, and to give the lad some understanding, “Let the way you *are*, and what you *do*, speak for you. Your stories of how much you are growing mean nothing if you just endlessly *talk* it. It’s how you *walk* what you’re learning, that counts.”

“But they’re young yet, Jude, and seeking clarity and answers,” chimed in Brig. “Words help them explore where they are.”

“Yeah, but, come ‘*onnn*.”

Brig gathered his thoughts, trying to find how best to use this opportunity to allow them all some insight. “So, *how* does his excess of speech burden you, Jude?” asked Brig, as he smiled at the boy, and the boy smiled wide, nodding back.

The young man *wanted* to know the answer. He had felt his parents struggle with him, and he had had a lot of trouble keeping friends. This group had given him a safe harbour; a place to be himself, and a safe place to learn.

“It burdens my being, my emotions, and my soul. Just like when people use fearful words all the time or anxiously speak about their *fears* constantly. Even when they’re talking about the *same old* past struggle that they just *can’t let go of*. Negative talk, *and* over talking, is all the same to me. Words can definitely bring you, and others, down.”

“I was just sharing what I was learning, and the magical things that happened in the process. Not *negative* stuff at all,” explained the young man.

“It’s the same drain. Endless words, and the blow by blow of your thought process and your life, are just as bad. It draws the life from people.”

“Could you share some advice, Jude?” asked Brig, still working on a positive outcome for the boy.

“Quiet your thoughts, measure your words, and reflect *within* yourself about your journey. It’s good to run things by others to help make your picture clear at times, sure, and it’s good to share bits of what you see, little Nephew, *and* to share the magic, but not *everything*. You haven’t shut your *little Brother* yap since you got in the car.”

“I just want to know more. I want to know if I am on the right track, and nobody wants to listen,” piped up the boy.

“I *do* understand. Really, I do, but you have to understand that everyone is on their own journey little man, and yours is *yours*. No one wants to hear the *whole* story of even your joyous growth. They have their *own story* to deal with, and to walk. Letting your confusion pour out won’t help you. Take time with it.”

“But I wanted to share what I see. I’m not confused.”

“Shared the magic can be wonderful, but little bird chatter chatter is just a burden for others to bear and creates too much focus on yourself. Silence that chattering bird mind of yours and be aware of what’s around you. If your mind is full of clutter, it sees nothing but itself, and its own endless *regurgitations*.”

“Anything *positive*, Judy?” asked Brig, with big eyes, and they all laughed.

Judy didn’t miss a beat. She was on a mission to share in a real way with this lad, and she only saw it as *all* positive. “To tell parts of your journey or share something you’ve learned or gained insight on, fills people up, little brother. But a blow by blow of your life and journey, spiritual, emotional, or intellectual, impresses no one, except people running the same sad energy.”

“So, *anything* positive, Judy?” asked Brig again, shaking his head, and the car exploded with laughter; this young, exploring soul, included.

JENNIFER SAT AND WAITED PATIENTLY. She thought how nice it was to be visiting a supervisor today, even though this was not her normal one. She had requested an appointment but had received an email from him explaining that he was unavailable, giving a recommendation of this lady if she needed to see someone this week.

“Jennifer?” enquired the practitioner, who had just come out of a doorway in the small hallway of the practice.

“Yes.”

“I am Cas. Please, come in,” said the lady, as she invited Jennifer to follow her.

Jennifer felt a small sense of awe as she walked into the room. It was the way the lady simply *was* that affected her. She thought that maybe this older woman was a clear sign of where she could one day be and the kind of feeling she could engender in others, but the fact that she felt it, rather than thought it, made her think of Jack. There was more to life than just the cognitive, and even if it was part of the emotional cognitive being, it was still magical. And with that thought, she smiled.

“Ahh, a smile,” said Cas. “That is a lovely way to start a session.”

“Yes,” agreed Jennifer.

“So, what is on your mind, Jennifer?”

“Well, strangely, a strange man.”

“Oh, well. That’s not an *exact* science; but let’s have some fun exploring it,” she suggested, and they both smiled a little like girls in cahoots. “So, what about this man?”

“Well, he came to me with delusions. But he was very stable. He began a process with me but ended it after a while. I found I liked him, and part of the personal attraction was that he *is* different, even special somehow. But I couldn’t live with his delusions. There’s no ground to stand on. It’s a matter of trust for me.”

“Oh, I see. How much time have you given it? I assume you have interacted since he stopped coming to you professionally?”

“No *real* time, I suppose, and we met only once informally.”

“What do you think of time?”

“Time?”

“Yes.”

“I don’t think it’s about *time*; it’s just the way it is.”

“The fact you are here talking about it would somewhat suggest, that the way it is for you, is *not* the way it is. There is a passage out of a book I love that I’ve read so often that I have memorized it. It has been a valuable tool. It is about *time*. Just listen to these words and let them shine a light on your situation...

Said, Mother Time: Why do you want to live beyond me? I am not the ravager I am made out to be. *I* allow growth, and *process*, and *I* accompany you in *all* your doings. The joy of unfoldment exists *because* of me; adventure, surprise, discovery. Within *me*, you may come to clear choices and learn from *any* mistake. I am *a gift*; enjoy me. Walk *steadily* within me, as I walk with you.”

“*God*, you sound like, him,” commented Jennifer.

“There is some more...It goes...Without physical reality there would be no challenge, no courage, no fitness of spirit. But it is *me* who affords you another day, another chance, and a place for reflection. *Change*, and *I*, allow process, and we walk hand in hand with you on your journeys here.”

“That *is* lovely, can you repeat it, while I think on it.”

“Most surely,” responded Cas, with a gentle caring smile.

Cas repeated it twice more, allowing some time in silence, between and after it, for Jennifer to reflect on her situation in light of it. After a time, Jennifer came out of her reflection, and said, “But he seemed to *need* me to believe in his religion.”

“Oh? Did he ask you to?”

“Well, no. More in the magic of life, *I suppose*,” admitted Jennifer.

“So, an assumption, *maybe*?”

“*Maybe*. He was *very* passionate about what he sees in life. I think he was trying to bridge the gap between us.”

“Again, maybe time will grant it.”

“I suppose, I still *am who I am* though. I don’t have to change to suit him.”

“And...”

“Part of me can’t accept him and sees him as dangerous. That’s the trust issue I have with him. Part of me does want to give him more time though, but I kind of ended it,” reflected Jennifer, out loud.

“Did *he*?”

“No, he left it open...At the end.”

“Then, he wants more time. He *hasn't* closed his door.”

Jennifer then began to reflect some more, and the session wound on.

At the end of their time together, Jennifer left Cas with a gentle hug and a small wave as she exited the door. Cas then gathered her things and walked out the back door of the practice, as she was done for the day. The man in the old-time Victorian garb was walking down the alleyway, and now walking towards Cas.

They walked past each other, without noticing each other it seemed. Until the very moment they passed, then, within the moment, in what seemed like slow motion, they high fived each other; each with a smile.

“Hey, thanks, Time. *Love* your work,” said the strange man.

“*You give me reason to be,*” responded Time, to her great love, *Change*.

“GAWD JACK! YOU ARE DEAD SET HOPELESS,” said Judy, as *gently* as Judy always did.

“If she doesn't want to be around me, there's nothing much I can do about it. We're poles apart. All she has to do is come part way, but she won't, can't see to, or doesn't want to. I don't blame her though. I opened up *too* wide, and the other day went in all guns blazing on what was real to me.”

“Better you did, Jack. Makes it real, if you want that deeper bond,” offered Brig, not sure about the *guns blazing*, but *definitely* so about the power of honesty.

“Anyway, I have get started,” finished Jack, as he walked out of the kitchen and into the lounge room where the youth were. “*Hey guys, let’s begin eh,*” he said, gathering them to begin a small study.

Most of the books they used were the same for all the youth groups, so youth the world over could have a shared experience. This was a growing and evolving strand in the unification of humankind. All the courses of the ‘running man’ were driven by core principle of *the oneness of humanity*, and brought a *unity of thought* to those who studied them.

Just as Jack began, another adult walked in and sat down in the room. These junior youth spiritual empowerment programmes were only about twelve years old at this time in Australia, but Jack had seen the results of these groups far beyond that timeline in a deeper world. What those of this age could achieve, and bring to bear, was quite telling. They were a powerhouse of change on those worlds, and he knew that this world would be no different.

He could see clearly though, the next step, one that had to be learned here soon. There was a tendency to keep the youth in their own channel, with only older youth accompanying them. This was to allow them more freedom to act, to relate more easily to the animators, and the older youth had more energy to help them develop through the process. But Jack had seen this stage of learning before, and he knew that there needed to be some experienced souls to work with them. They needed to interact, and work with people of all ages and kens, on a regular basis. It was far more organic and created greater results.

Community was not able to grow, divided, and yet early in the process it *was* valuable so this new *doorway* could gain initial momentum; so, it could express itself, maybe less

encumbered by old mindsets; that *not* meaning, older minds. It seemed though, to Jack, that the appearance of this new, powerful, civilisation changing organ had not been yet fully understood, and definitely not fully integrated into the greater stream of all those who worked to bring a better world. The power of all things was greater as a whole, even if some freedom and initiative was at first required to focus on their growth in particular. This was just one new organ, as there would be many others still to appear and grow, all becoming essential in the body of this evolutionary process.

The whole community building process, the whole Faith, each core activity, organ, and aspect, intertwined organically, and evolved within the whole. The power of these young souls moving on to take part in the adult study circles was not yet fully realised, and Jack knew in time that it would have the greatest effect on the development of communities; a far greater effect than this young Faith yet seemed aware of. It would be the greatest outcome of these youth groups, as the adult study courses were the *engine* of the new civilisation and provided limitless potential to bring change; to power the spiritual regeneration of humanity.

Jack introduced the man who had joined them, and he naturally took part in what they were studying together. The youths were used to reading these small stories and exploring them, so almost ran the study themselves. It was all wandering along when Jack saw a man in what seemed to be an Apollo spacesuit, now looking in the window. It was that strange man again, and he waved in a very animated fashion. Jack ignored him, and simply continued on, as he was very used to *strange*.

Later, after an exploration activity, the youths enjoyed some food together and some football out in the back yard. The man who had come in late, and had joined in with the group, now sat with Jack, Brig, Judy, and the lady of the house. They reflected over the afternoon's sessions together, and the visitor shared some ideas from other youth animators,

as well as some guidance from the most recent Plan letter. Animators *were* partially leaders or mentors, but these words were not in line with the exact spirit of this service. It was focused on the youth, to animate these young souls, to enliven and spiritually empower them, and the animators were there more so facilitate that process.

They all now took a good look at a particular *object of learning* in their reflection and worked on finding solutions to this latest blockage. It always felt good when they did this, as it created new better ways to do things, while fortuitously making more of the future process clearer. Because whatever was required to remedy a problem of arrested growth *was* the next step, and the next field of learning in the evolution of the process they were all engaged in. Reflection, and action on it, was an ever-continuing process that brought constant change. This *action-reflection-action* mode made the process very active and continually alive, not to mention how it would lead to more informed actions at each stage.

The visitor was called Michael. He was what they called, more informally, a *collaborator*. He, and others like him, who were active and more experienced in one of the *core activities*, be that children's classes, youth groups, or the adult study circles, supported those who were newer to the process. The collaborators would come and just visit or create *learning spaces*. In these learning spaces they would reflect and learn together about how things were for them, and more locally, but also to be informed about newly evolving aspects of their particular activity. In these meetings all there shared their experiences, worked on how to enhance what they did, as well as learning from the experiences of other places all over the world.

As the number of youth empowerment groups had grown, they had become too many to support for the wider and more formalised structure of *Coordinators*, so collaborators had been the answer to get more support to those doing this service. Each collaborator worked

with a small number of animators; supporting them, as well as reporting to, and learning with, the Coordinators. It was not a hierarchy. It was organic, as everybody was learning *with* everybody. Information and learning flowed both ways, and these collaborators were very valuable in the support of the animators, and to the development and multiplication of these groups.

The *object of learning* they now consulted about, and reflected on, was how to inspire the youth to want to go on to the adult learning courses; what they called *study circles*. The adult study circle courses would train *them* to eventually run youth groups, and the other activities, as well as imparting other skills and spiritual insights. The adult study circles allowed *everyone* to advance on an *equal* footing; that is, no teacher and students, just people all learning skills and gaining insights together.

All these community building activities, the youth groups, children's classes, devotionals, and adult study groups, were all designed to *empower* any group of people to take charge of *their own*, intellectual, spiritual, and material, development. It was about a renewal of individual responsibility, and for recharging communities. It was the grassroots beginning of the development of a new culture; a new civilisation; a worldwide civilisation of humanity, and all this required the *participation* of people in *their own future*.

JACK HAD WANDERED DEEPER IN PRAYER. He was so glad to wander free again, without having to put the brakes on, as he walked through the portal to Mesos's large room. The portal was available wherever Jack was, not only confined to the bookcase at Rouha's place. As he came into the large room this time, he had seen a number of books fall out of a bookcase; or rather strangely, waft to the floor with breezes gently turning the pages of various books.

He walked over and looked at one that lay open, and then, another, and another, and he saw the varied stories of The Great Ones like The Beauty. He saw how they were all empowered differently, and yet there were similarities in much of their work. It was like the stories danced in his mind as he came to understand how each had a defined mission, and a particular way to go about it. The differences, and sameness in their work, allowed Jack to see the beauty of Revelation very clearly. It was that each Day was different, but each Day was also the same, and somehow each of these *Suns* was the Sun on a particular day, yet the same Sun.

He saw that change was inevitable in the human system, and that each, while bringing the same core message, brought a different emphasis, and differing social laws. God's reality was not relative, but His message was indeed relative; simply so that it could be gathered and understood by the people of that time and place. That it could attend to current realities and reinfuse the Holy Spirit into the human system. Human freewill always seemed to lead to the eventual illness and breakdown of society, and in the dark night of each failing civilisation the new Messengers would, like physicians, tend to the particular ailments and exigencies of the age in which they came.

They illumined understanding of The Creator by their lives and their teachings. They were mediators between God and man, as God cannot be brought down to exist in a man; yet His great attributes could be seen in these Holy Mirrors. Jack saw the organic perfection of the system of the evolution of the whole human creature, and he saw each Messenger's part in this evolution.

"These Mirrors are far beyond the inner human reality, you know," said Mesos, as he now entered the room. "Even though they come in the vessel of a human body, they are much more. They quicken humanity, and bring out higher ways, new arts and sciences, and greater

understanding, so man can evolve further each time. Humankind is illuminated by them, and I am, by them, made greater each time One comes. They are my *true* source; not trade or other things, as some teachers of history would suppose. First comes knowledge. The New Light of The New Day. Then comes what must develop off, and grow from, this Great Foundation.”

“But these foundations break, or wear down,” offered Jack.

“Yes, but change is inevitable, as is evolution and growth, and like the insect that needs to cast its shell because it has grown; so too, humanity.”

“So, this change is a natural requirement?”

“Yes, what has done its work must pass, and a new Educator a requirement in each age. Their Causes rise, but then slowly over an age their essential quality becomes lost to many. People forget God’s Will or mistake their vain imaginings for it. So, it is to be, but it will become *known again* in the New Day, with each New Messenger. The inevitability of time and advancement of all things is always on the side of change.”

IT WAS A LOVELY DAY. Jack was out for a walk in the gentle morning along a dirt road near his home. There were only a few houses dotted around the hills in the far distance. The road ran along a high ridge that gave a wide sweeping view on one side of it. The other side had clumps of native trees dispersed alongside it, between the road and the fence line.

He looked around just taking in the beauty as he walked. He got out here often, and would see kangaroos, tiny birds, quail, and sometimes, even wedge tail eagles that nested nearby. He now smiled as three adolescent dingoes ducked into some tall grass, just as he came around a bend in the road. He looked around for them as he walked by there, but they

were gone. Just then, from behind a tree, a spacesuit helmet appeared, then quickly ducked back out of sight again. It made Jack laugh out loud.

“Dammit!” cursed the man, as he came out of hiding. It was the same strange man that Jack had seen at the markets. “Was I *that* obvious?”

“With that *bloody* spacesuit on, out *here*, you couldn’t be anything else *but* obvious.”

“I *am* obvious!” he then commented, with great gusto, and not as a comment of defeat. “The evidences of me are *endless*. Yet so few want to see me in their lives. A lack of vision, I suppose,” he finished sadly.

“Who *are* you?” asked Jack, wondering what kind of looney he had on his hands here.

The creature rose to a great height, changing continually as he grew, showing that he was much more than just a strange man in a spacesuit, and he boomed, “I AM CHANGE! I AM INEVITABLE!!”

He then shrunk down again, chuckling happily to himself. “I *love* doin’ that! It *never* gets old. Like me!...hahaha. Get it...Did ya’ *get it?*” he said, looking with big expectant eyes for Jack to get the joke.

Jack chuckled a bit, then said with a knowingly cheeky look on his face, “So, *what’s new?*”

Both of them laughed out loud, and they kept laughing for a good while.

“Man! You crack me up, Jack,” commented Change, very much enjoying the company. People always tried to ignore him, well, adults mostly, so this was nice for a change, for Change.

Just then, Judy drove up behind them on the dirt road, which had Jack thinking that his *alone time* was sure getting crowded this morning.

“Hop in, Jack. We got somewhere to go, and it has to be now.”

Judy made no comment on the man in the spacesuit, but it wasn’t strange because no one else saw these essences like Jack did. But Change now looked like he was trying to remain still. Like a rabbit sitting still and blending in. It seemed very hard for him to remain still, as it showed in the strain on his face, but he was definitely trying to hide in plain sight in his large white spacesuit. Judy just added, “Com’on, Jack. Let’s go!”

Jack just smiled at Change, and it took all Change’s will not to laugh, and remain still and unnoticed. Jack was not sure about the nature of this game, but he went around and got in the passenger door, and Judy took off. He looked back, as they headed off, to see Change had broken out in a dance; like *all* that stillness was just *way* too much, and at the end of the dance he raised his arms up like a muscle man; like he had done something mighty.

“Can’t slow Change for long,” commented Jack.

“No, but I wish he would just get over himself, and not wear that crazy spacesuit.”

“What!” said Jack. “You *saw* him?”

“Yes. Bit hard to miss, *don’t ya’ reckon?*”

“Yep, I suppose so,” said Jack, laughing at the truth of Judy’s comment, yet a little confused at how she could see him.

“We *know* Change, more, and *harder* than most. We didn’t know him for a long time, least he didn’t visit often, but when he turned up and stayed, well holy cow!”

“Yeah, I s’pose,” said Jack, thoughtfully. “So, what’s the deal Judy? Where are we going?”

“There’s a messmate tree. One that’s special to me an’ Brig. We want to show it to ya’.”

Jack was honoured. He had seen this tree in a place deeper, and knew it meant a lot to Brig and Judy. It was not a deity to them; it just marked a place of great meaning, so it was sacred. He couldn’t understand why they were showing him now though; this morning, and all of a sudden. He knew it meant something to them, and on reflection, they had not told him exactly why.

“What’s really goin’ on, Jude?” asked Jack, as they came over the crest of a hill.

The scene now before his eyes was very special to him, because it was that tree he knew; a tree where he and his friends began a great journey, and the beginning of what seemed like a very long lifetime for Jack. It was made even more amazing by the fact that the scene was a mirror image of what he had seen in his adventures Deeper.

“Do you like the line of messmates along the ridgeline?”

“Yep, sure do,” said Jack.

“The farmers left them from the original forest. Good wood trees. Anyway, me an’ Brig decided that you and that girl of yours needed some time; time under a *good tree*. So, she should be there under that tree; or she will be soon. So out ya’ get and wander down the paddock. Watch out for brown snakes though.”

“Yeah, I know the drill. So, you guys reckon we just need a *good tree*?”

“Yep.”

“I hope so. Thanks, Jude,” said Jack, and he got out of the car and climbed through the barbed wire fence.

As he was walking down towards the tree, he almost thought Change would be hiding behind it. When he reached it, he saw Jennifer’s arm, so he walked around to where she was sitting on the ground.

“Hey,” said Jack, a bit amazed that Jennifer would be *in all this*, as it was a bit of an odd way to meet up with someone.

But there was mixed blood in this young lady, so in allowing the magic of her culture for the first time in a long time, and because of Brig’s good manners, she had acquiesced.

“Hey,” said Jennifer, “Brig brought me. He filled me in on the way here. You have good friends.”

“I *sure* do, and I would like to add to them.”

“Is that all this is to you?”

“No, of course not, but I know the value of friendship and time.”

Jennifer knew his feelings for her were mutual, but she also liked the idea of time. They had time, and they started to walk a while together under that tree.

People always did when they honestly came to each other and learned of each other. Couples knew they would need to come often to this tree, and talk deeply, again and again. But as is the nature of such a tree, one day, they knew that one of them may not return, and that sometimes, one may not come for a long time, but if love is in one soul’s heart, they will visit it and wait. Truth be known, that tree must be a place we all visit often with those we walk through life with. It is a place, where honesty, search, humility, kindness, and humour

rule. It is a place where knowledge may pass *truly* between souls. It is a requirement for the bonds of love that tie us. There is nothing like *a good tree*.

CHANGE, BRIG, AND JUDY, SAT IN JUDY'S CAR, ON THE RISE. Brig had brought Jennifer in his own car, but had got in with Judy, to wait. The car was a discrete distance from the tree, and Judy had wanted to leave the two love birds, as she termed them, to walk back into town. She said it would have been good for them to rely on each other a bit and see each other in a little hardship. Brig just thought that it was not very kind.

As they waited, Change had just suddenly appeared in the car with them, explaining, with a chuckle, "You never know when I will turn up, *or where*." Brig didn't know who this strange man was, and thought his explanation was totally inadequate, but then Judy had introduced them and explained a little. Brig couldn't believe that this creature had been obvious to Judy for so long and that she had not mentioned it.

Judy had commented that she couldn't believe Brig had not seen him before, but Change explained that while people see him, they don't often notice him, and while others notice him, they don't *see* him; and strangely, though some people are very aware of him, others are simply not. The ones who see him just assume others do; and some people dislike him that much they stick their heads in the sand whenever he rolled by in their life. He got very animated and excited when he talked about people praying for him to come into their lives; especially when they were going nowhere or hard under the strain of the yolk of life.

He explained that he always accompanied us, and as soon as lessons were learned, he would think about visiting us again. He powered the process of life, while Time created a construct for it.

Brig was still mystified, now said, “So, why don’t you help *them*, down there?” referring to Jack and Jennifer.

“Who says that I haven’t? Anyway, she doesn’t like me. She’s a little afraid of me. But I think she loves me *really*,” said Change, as he pulled a bunch of red roses out of his spacesuit and gave them to Judy. “She just hasn’t got to know me well enough yet.”

Brig and Judy had a little chuckle, and Brig said, “Mate, you *sure* are something else. You must enjoy life.”

“Yep. Gets a bit lonely though, as I have to keep moving on, and most don’t want to accompany *me*. But the thing is, even if they don’t want me around, I will always come along. I come after action and inaction; both create me. So, there is no hiding from me, even if people are scared of me. *Of me! Ha!* But *I am*, and *I will ever be*.”

“So, you are part of evolution?”

“*That*, guy! No waaay! That guy is so slow, and as boooooorrrring as. I mean sometimes he cranks it up, you know, but then he just *ambles* along again,” and with that, Change was suddenly outside the car. He had turned into an old man with a walking stick. He walked along as slowly as he possibly could from the front of the car to the back, as if they were driving past him, and he looked in the window at Judy and Brig as he did.

“Old things become inflexible and of less use. I am the *great love* of the young and I get all crazy and impatient sometimes. But the Big Man keeps Time. She’s a real stickler; kinda cute, but a stickler. I play on the field she provides, so it’s all good. Actually, just between us, she said, *and get this*, that ‘*I give her reason to live*’. Boy that’s heavy. Don’t know what to do with all *that* yet,” he finished, with big eyes.

Brig and Judy just sat back enjoying his energy, his insights, and whole show. Change was definitely alive and vigorous.

“You mustn’t like order then. That would have to slow you down, eh?”

“*No way! I love Order. He settles me and makes me useful. And, you know, while he’s a bit of a stickler as well, and a little too set in his ways to my liking at times, he is constantly changing; moving. Greater order is more organic than you think. Time, Order, Change...we all do our work. And, between you guys and me,*” he said with a wink, “*Change is inevitable, in the changeless worlds of God.*”

This bloke was a real unit; a real showman, and always full of surprises. But even though Brig was enjoying things, Change’s energy was starting to make him a little tired; also, because he had never had this kind of experience before. He had felt the magic of life before, but not like this. He had felt the upliftment in the new flow of the Holy Spirit in the message of The Blessed Beauty, but this guy was a totally different experience. Change’s energy drew on you, even though it kept things joyful and new.

As Brig was thinking this, Change was listening. He said, “Hey, big fella, am I getting a little much?”

Brig chuckled, and said, “Sometimes you are a little fast for me.”

“Well, blame The Creator; blame The Beauty.”

“What do you mean?”

“Well, I am all sped up, due to the change of era, *young man*. They are *the big ones*, and things really get poppin’ when *they* turn up. The Change of Cycle dawned in 1844, and the new era built in momentum with the manifestation of The Blessed Beauty in the 63rd year

of that same century. *Man*, that's when I was given *real* power; more power than I have *ever* known on *this* planet."

"Yeah?"

"*Yeah!* Revelation brings change, brings new knowledge, new science, and new possibilities. The Creative Word changes hearts and the wider life and society, but it works deeper too. It changes things in the deeper fabric of life, and more knowledge is made available for great minds to reach in and access. It's an outflow from The Creator for the new stage in human evolution; to make me stronger, and *faster*."

With that Change turned into a bare fisted Victorian age boxer, and now jumped around outside the car shadow boxing; ducking, and dancing. Then he stood with his chest out and his closed fists on his hips, as if posing for a picture. And these words, which were not his, came out of his mouth...

"All the wondrous achievements ye now witness are the direct consequences of the Revelation of this Name. In the days to come, ye will, verily, behold things of which ye have never heard before. Thus hath it been decreed in the Tablets of God, and none can comprehend it except them whose sight is sharp.

In like manner, the moment the word expressing My attribute "The Omniscient" issueth forth from My mouth, every created thing will, according to its capacity and limitations, be invested with the power to unfold the knowledge of the most marvelous sciences, and will be empowered to manifest them in the course of time at the bidding of Him Who is the Almighty, the All-Knowing."⁶

Change then brought his hands up to his temples. His eyes then went wide as he spread out his fingers and made a small noise and expulsion of air; all indicating a brain explosion.

JACK LAY BACK ON ONE SIDE OF THE BLANKET; a blanket, that Judy had given him when she had launched him off down the paddock. He was lying on a very gentle incline, with his head higher up, and his hands up behind his head. Jennifer sat easily, and cross-legged, on the other high corner facing him and down the paddock a bit. It was a gentle day, and between the shade of tree and the temperature of the day, it was very comfortable there.

“What are we doing here, Jack? Really?” asked Jennifer.

“Well, I was kidnapped,” offered Jack, seeming to relax more.

“That’s encouraging,” said Jennifer, meaning that it wasn’t.

“What brought *you* here?” asked Jack.

“I was kidnapped,” said Jennifer, not willing to open the conversation.

“We both came down here,” then started Jack. “I even thanked Judy for helping us. I came down here because there is something about you. I know we’re different, but there is something right about you; to me.”

“I feel it too, Jack. But it doesn’t mean it’s practical, or good.”

“You know, we’ve struggled with each other, and yet *here* we are, under this tree. You could have stayed in the car, or not come at all.”

“I know, I feel it, but I don’t know if I trust it. We have such *different views*, Jack. I will never be of your Faith.”

“Who said you had to be? I think it’s more that *you need me* to believe what you do; to see reality as you do.”

“To be fair, that was in a professional setting, Jack, *but yes*, a little.”

“I think this all needs to be about respect for who we each are and exploring this dynamic between us.”

“I see that, but maybe it’s all just curiosity,” added Jennifer.

“Maybe, but let’s give it time. Let’s not name what this is. We have nothing to lose, and maybe a lot to gain. So much sits beyond our knowledge right now. Let’s enjoy the unfoldment, together.”

Jennifer felt good about that, but her mind came charging out explaining to her how this was all just ridiculous; or was it her intuition telling her that the only possible outcome was heartache.

“I see what you are saying, but I am really struggling, Jack.”

“Yep, I can see it...I know how off the planet I seem, and I know how important it is to hold the same values as someone you want to be with. Maybe we *are* just hanging on to an emotional linkage, or physical attraction...but who cares, really. Do you like me?”

“Yes.”

“I like you too. Maybe we can only be friends, and maybe we can learn a lot from each other. Maybe as a friend I’m not so threatening, and as a friend, our core life views don’t have to be as *rock solid* the same.”

Jennifer felt disappointed. Friends did not seem to be what this was, to her. She had been back and forth inside but was getting used to the idea of having a shot at this, with this crazy, odd, man. Now actually even *almost relishing* the challenge of bringing them to a shared place, even if they *were* different.

“But,” said Jack, “I think we have the skills and the insight to reach a place together, if we don’t judge each other’s knowledge. Maybe explore life *together*; both bringing what we have and creating unity from what we *do* have in common. It will certainly be interesting, and maybe a whole lot of fun, if we can keep it light.”

Somehow, they both felt buoyed by that, and they sat there contemplating what that might look like, until Jennifer piped up and said, “We can’t think this one, Jack. We haven’t been able to, and never will. We have to live it.”

JACK AND JENNIFER REACHED THE ROAD. They only saw Judy’s car as Brig had headed off to attend a youth animator’s gathering in a large community to the south. All the animators were invited to these from time to time to share learning about the young ones from twelve to fifteen years of age. When he returned, he would share what he learned with Jack and Judy, and he hoped, Jennifer too. He really believed that no matter her beliefs, she would see the personal development potential of these groups, and maybe bring some of *her* learning and abilities to empower the group even more.

The great beauty of the activities of Brig’s Faith was that everyone could take part, no matter their beliefs, because when it came down to the important things, especially where children and youth were concerned, people and parents were on the same page. People did want to see strong, responsible, empowered, good hearted youth, and parents wanted their

children strong enough to face the world and be purposed and happy in life. Brig's Faith too was not necessarily one of conversion; its prime motive was the re-spiritualisation of the planet, and the unity of the human family. He believed strongly in the power of these youth becoming a large part of bringing on the maturation of humanity. He did believe that the guidance of The Creative Word was the vital power source required, but he also saw all the powerful potential of the new generation, while many still saw this in-between age as just problematic.

Jack gestured for Jennifer to sit in the front of the car with Judy, and he got in the back. Change was wearing his favourite suit again, the spacesuit, and Jack asked without thinking, "Why the spacesuit?"

"Well," said Change, very happy Jack had asked, "the Apollo missions were a time when so many people and so many ideas were brought to bear on a *united endeavour*; a constructive one. It wasn't just government; it was a whole country."

"Sure," said Jack, which brought on a look from Change that he had not finished.

"That power and potential unleashed great change, catapulted invention, and united that country, and indeed other countries in this amazing endeavour. Many don't realise the great beauty of that time. It was *magnificent*, as humanity was for the *first* time, *one*, when those men stepped foot on the moon. Some would say Yuri Gagarin going into space was, but at the least it was a powerful part of that process, and *all* people celebrate his courage too. Now we just need a spiritual leap forward to match all the scientific development that has flowed out from the Creator for this Age."

Jennifer looked around at Jack, with a puzzled look, and Jack nearly choked. They had come so far together, under that tree, and he just may have blown it all with a question to *no one*.

“Who is this guy?”

Judy just put out the big eyes, and Jack said, “So you see him?”

“Oh, *come on*, are you playing with me after all this effort?”

“No, Jen,” said Jack, a little lost for what to say next. He just didn’t know what to say.

“Hi, I’m Change,” said Change, happily to Jennifer. “I’m a spiritual essence.”

“Hi,” said Jennifer, shaking her head and chuckling a little. “I like your reason for wearing the spacesuit, but I don’t get the spiritual connection. It was a human and scientific endeavour, and a very competitive one.”

“If that’s the way you want to see it, that’s your business, but it was hardly that. It was a rise in the human spirit and a time of great change. Great change only comes from the spirit, just like the war to end slavery in the United States. It was brought on by the Great Change, the Infusion that came with The Physician. There are spiritual currents of change working within the nature of all things right now; even that which is falling, is falling fast. Change is upon you, no matter how you want to see it.”

“Bit dramatic. Where did you get this guy from Jude?” asked Jennifer, giving Judy some big eyes.

“Oh, he turns up every now and then,” answered Judy.

“Oh, great, just talk me down, like I’m not here,” said Change, with a bit of indignation.

Jack just laughed, and caught Judy's eyes in the rear vision mirror, making big 'Well, there you go' and 'This is getting crazy' looks all at once. Judy just gave him big eyes back, and Jennifer picked up on it.

"I am not comfortable with all this. Have you two set me up?" asked Jennifer, not really believing they would, but needing an answer.

Next thing, Change was gone, just as Jennifer turned to Jack to give him more of a piece of her mind. Jack and Judy did not say anything, as Jennifer gathered herself.

"I would like to go home, Judy."

"Sure, sweetie," offered Judy, in kindness.

Jack stayed silent, as he knew this was a long way for Jennifer to go in one leap. She didn't even believe in a Creator, or religion, let alone some crazy guy in a spacesuit called Change. Jack was not very happy with the way Change handled this meeting, but he then realised that Change can be very confronting, so seemingly a bit discourteous at times.

Time

“It was *really* bad,” said Jack, thoughtfully, now fully realising his own lack of kindness when he had tried to change her. He *had* tried to change her. It was in trying to reach a place that they could be together, but it was selfish, even in that. He now recalled a couple of Holy Writings about never burdening another soul to the smallest extent and not offering the cup if someone is not thirsty. We can gather and hold certain knowledge and wisdom, but we still have to be mindful and choose to use it.

“Maybe it was necessary, Jack. If she handles this, then you can charge on,” offered Mesos. “There is more wisdom in the designs of life than we can see sometimes.”

“I don’t want to *charge on* if *that’s* what it takes. There’s wisdom in not burdening another soul. I like her, and I don’t want her...”

“To grow,” butted in Mesos.

“To suffer needlessly.”

“Should she *un-see* it? Should *you* not be aware of us? Isn’t this more...an *opportunity* granted by Change?”

“She should be given some respect. He didn’t give her any time.”

“We get time only when it is granted us,” explained Mesos, very plainly and very solemnly. “Time is something you really do not understand, Jack. It is *granted*, like everything else, and to be sure, you have *no* say in it. Time keeps this universe firmly in hand, and what measure of it is granted to you, for any purpose, or in anything, is in the hands of The Great One. We, of this level, are simply what we have been created to be. We are simply the fabric of life, whether you see us or not. That she saw Change is of *no real* importance, because see him or not, she *will feel* him, and he *will* bring her to a new place.”

“But he could have done it differently,” charged Jack.

“You are not the first to be angry at Change. People are mad at him all the time, but he brings new knowledge and gifts of the future; things that lie just beyond the current view. He could have done it differently, and he can be confronting, but he may have come in another more harmful way; *even* one destructive to her physical self. Did you want *that*? It is a *gift* he gave her; a kindness, and in any case, Change does not rule life, the Creator does. We are all just servants of His Will.”

Jack just sat there, trying to understand what Mesos had shared, and right at that moment he wondered whether he just wanted to walk the Earth like everybody else. To see the workings of life was an enormous grace, and he certainly could not *un-know* it, but he craved more simplicity; more, just living life. “It was still a bit harsh,” he commented, as he considered these things.

“Let me be clear, Jack. Time and change work together, the more time you ignore change, the greater the change you have to face. Change is coming faster now and many of your world ignore it; or justify their inaction in endless ways, from ‘*God will fix it*’, all the way to ‘*I will just live my life and not hurt anyone*’. There is *little* sacrifice left in your kind, but change will smash through in *time*, and you will all *have* to sacrifice. *Reality* will then

show you *very clearly* your drunken wanderings, and your pompous arrogance. Maybe Jennifer is best to be awakened now, so she can learn, and so aid in assuaging the fury of that which must come to your soul stagnant world.”

“Wow, Messos. *Don’t hold back*, mate. Just tell me how it is,” said Jack, sarcastically, but starting to see more clearly the urgency of the work he was now a part of on the ground. Seeing a more vivid picture of the reality of the world. “It’s okay for *you* guys. You are forces of life, but *we* are in the line of fire, and it would be better if you helped inform people rather than come at people like that.”

“The human world has been informed, but it has its fingers in its ears. Any human creature must, like any adult, see to its own health. Do not blame us for your kind’s childishness, ignorance, and self-interest. Rest assured that *it shall be*. Humanity *will* reach into adulthood, as it *will* experience what it must. It does not matter what we say here today. It is now *only...only* what *each* of you *do* that will have *any* effect.”

“You don’t seem to like us much.”

“*Oh, Jack*. I am simply explaining the nature of the field humanity finds itself on and encouraging you to act. I’m a *big* fan of humanity, and as it has been revealed in The Creative Word...

“How resplendent the luminaries of knowledge that shine in an atom, and how vast the oceans of wisdom that surge within a drop!”

To a supreme degree is this true of man, who, among all created things, hath been invested with the robe of such gifts, and hath been singled out for the glory of such distinction. For in him are potentially revealed all the attributes and names of God to a degree that no

*other created being hath excelled or surpassed. All these names and attributes are applicable to him. Even as He hath said: "Man is My mystery, and I am his mystery.""*⁷

I love humanity, as I am a nurturer; I am just being frank about where you find yourselves. Human society supports and praises wealth, position, and fame, as things that are to be sought after, while most, sadly, cite inaction due to the fact they *seem* to have no power. They then sprout endless words and only praise their apathy. Some cite not harming anyone as helping, while others lay down in victimhood. *None* of these will help. These are not high attributes, just as any knowledge that is without love. They are self-focused at best. Open your eyes and see what your world generates. It generates fear, and supports injustice, greed, intellectual hierarchy, blind ideologies, individuality, ease, animal appetites...shall I go on?"

"No, I see it. But people can't see it, and if they do, they really aren't aware of it. The Creative Word and a lot of experiences deeper make me aware. I don't think it is clear for most."

"There is much that may only be learnt in time and through more hardship. If the will of men is weak, Time is not."

"But there is so much to overcome, and it scares people."

"They have to stand. They have to fight. They have to sacrifice the lower aspects of themselves, or Time will simply allow the boat to sink. They have entered these shallow and dangerous waters of their own free will. Individual souls and humanity have made their choices, Jack. Ignorance will be no defence against the reality of what they have sewn and the breakdown due to the lack of will to act to change their fortunes. Ignorance has *never* stood the test of Time. This is a *reality*, not some pontificating from a detached pulpit."

“It’s too big a job, and people aren’t changing. They can’t see what you and we see. Most don’t even see the rising forces of chaos.”

“It is difficult for me to view the degeneration of your world while I am slowly growing again through those who do act and sacrifice for my renewal. Various societies, once at least, supported their own, and supported the healthy development of good souls. Now society supports the ego self and grows manifold evils as if they are the prizes of life. The world rots and talkers abound.

To me it is sickening, as this *liberty* people seek is in truth bondage of the soul, and all these things they crave are the last arrows in the heart of their degenerating societies. Society is not necessarily, Civilisation.”

JACK WALKED OUT OF THAT PLACE, OR DID HE? He was shifting in and out without portals again and was beginning to be concerned that maybe he *was* still lying in the grass. He *was* happy with his recent decision to be all he was, but still suffered a little lack of surety. He would just gain some ground in one way and then be challenged in another. Mesos had stirred him up with his candour, and Jack again wondered whether he even *wanted* to know so much, anymore. It was hard knowing and seeing, while most about him did not. It was a hard place to live.

He then decided to let it go, by calling on acceptance and detachment. Those safe harbours of the soul. But strangely the need to be grounded in corporeal reality did not let him go. It kept on at him, and drew him back, as suddenly a great frustration about Jennifer and his entrapment in these cycles, journeys, lives, or realities, was suddenly rising up as if to swallow him whole. He became furious, and a dark anger rose in him...

He found himself advancing along a road, cutting down all in front of him with the sword of his frustration. He knew this was not real, but he could not stop, as he had found himself in the midst of a mighty battle. Then suddenly, he was a Roman, and now cried out a battle cry, calling all behind him to attack the enemy that stood hidden in the tree line. They all charged, and all Jack could feel was the satiation of his anger as he ran towards the foe. Like it was something real he could do in his unreal existence.

He began to feel alive as he took the life of another, and it was then he really felt the darkness deep below him. These thoughts were not his, something had a hold of his mind, taking him to these awful thoughts and feelings. He could not stop, as he now felt it even amplifying his feelings more and feeding on his anger. He could feel it was seeking entry to somewhere, and Jack was giving it energy. He could feel it was another being now; not him. He could feel its fear for its own existence, and he could feel it drinking its fill.

The darkness of this creature rose as Jack now saw Jennifer beyond the lines. He fought harder to reach her, and The Darkness grew in power as he did.

“Jack...Jack...Are you okay?”

Jack had been walking along the street as he woke, and he now shuddered at the attack. He did not know what this creature was, but it was dangerous, as it had taken his thoughts, elevated his emotions, and created a dream; runaway thoughts of fear, anger, and loss.

He shuddered again as he felt it now even feed on his revile for it; like it was licking the bowl of its own creation. Or was it Jack's creation? He was not totally sure.

“Jack! Come back, Jack,” called Jennifer to him, as if he were miles away.

A gaunt face turned to Jennifer, and her strong reaction to his current state made him realise that he had to lift his heart out of his lower nature and these runaway thoughts. He felt his love for her take him from that place. He used it to release him from this monster's grip and raise him out of the darkness. He had sunk deep, and as he released himself, he felt that this creature seemed weakened, or that it was somewhat desperate.

"Jack?" she said, as she sat him down in a bus shelter.

Jennifer had been driving by and saw him walking along. She had wanted to talk with him, so stopped. Then seeing him in such a lost state she sought to be of aid.

"Thanks, Jen. *Wow*, that thing got me! Got me *good*."

"What thing?"

"Something dark. It seems to come at me stronger each time."

"What times?"

That question made Jack think. "*What times?*" he thought, and as he did, the answer came. It came when he was passing back from deeper, or times when he was thinking dark thoughts, angry ones, fearful ones; or when he was confused or frustrated.

The two sat there and talked of all the craziness in their lives, and the trouble they were having with a foot in two realities at once. For Jack, many realities at once. As they talked over their struggle Jack's face slowly returned from pale to healthy, and Jennifer's demeanour changed from a little lost to somewhat at ease.

The fact that Change had changed her reality so suddenly had done her in a little. She had been on her way to Jack's place to tell him she was over him, and all this rubbish, and

that she was cutting ties. She did like Jack but was no longer wanted to stay within some alternate reality, or even have it leaking through.

“Jennifer, I need an anchor.”

“Me. No, Jack. I am *out*. This just makes me surer. You can have your deeper worlds and all your meaning to yourself.”

“I need an anchor, Jen,” he virtually repeated.

Jennifer felt herself weakening, but certainly not all the way. “Well, Jack, you have to leave this place you are in, or places you go, because I can’t anchor you otherwise. Don’t you just want to live life, and do some good things here? The learning you talk about is of no use to anyone here if you’re so lost. Maybe it’s time to let go.”

“I think you may be right, Jen,” said Jack, recalling Brig’s advice to be here for a while, on planet Earth. “Yep. Time to live *here*; just do things here, and just be normal,” he added, and feeling very good about that idea.

“I don’t mind your beliefs even, Jack. I checked out your Faith. It’s very gentle and has high aspirations for people and humanity. I can be supportive of that, but not all this other stuff. That’s my boundary.”

“You know, Jen, I agree. But to me, I can’t even be sure if *you* are real. I don’t know if I am still lying down in that paddock, or not.”

Jennifer sat back, and finally looked at Jack with eyes that could truly see him, and where he was. Her experience with Change, and what it had done to her, brought his words now even more clearly into view. The strange thing was, that at that moment, and in this very situation, she felt glad for Change’s gift, catching a glimpse of a deeper and wider wisdom

within that essence's seemingly bunt action. She saw the magic and perfection in it now and was a little awed. *In time*, she would see even more mercy hidden deep within Change's sudden call on her.

Change stood behind the bus shelter in his spacesuit, trying not to giggle. Time stood beside him smiling, and whispered, "I think they have had their fill of *you* for now. Now they need some of me; well, a *good deal* of me actually."

"MEN ARE ALWAYS HARDER TO OPEN UP, THAN WOMEN, USUALLY."

"Well, yeah," responded, Jack, agreeing and not agreeing.

"But you are easy, Jack," said Jennifer, beginning to laugh.

Jack just grimaced, pretending to have taken a hit to his manhood.

The two had gone for a drive to the beach today, now feeling a bit freer of all the recent goings on. They were also finally at ease with each other. They had gone for a swim in the ocean, and were now back on their towels, lying down in the sun. These simple things were such a joy and balm.

"Yep," agreed Jack, knowing he was very open, yet still appreciated his own council and time to consider things alone, most especially when he was struggling to understand something that he was in the midst of. He was sitting up on his towel and looking out to the sea in thought, and added, "But you know, men like sorting out their own stuff. I get it that some need to talk more and that at certain times it's crucial for them to talk, and even that it's healthy to communicate, but we *aren't* women. We just aren't."

“Sure, Jack. I get that. I’ve seen that in my work. Men are more to themselves, get it sorted, and get on with it. But they believe they *have* to be strong and that makes them vulnerable,” offered, Jennifer, lying back on her towel.

“Look, I get that, and it is true, but all this feelings stuff that women see as essential for men to come to, is maybe, not them, and not valuable past a certain point. Women are more communicative and share more of what they feel, and that’s all good, but we’re created a little differently.”

“Sure. There *are* individual differences *too*, and many of them have been suppressed due to social perception of both genders.”

“For sure, and it’s not helpful. Hard and fast perceptions of both genders don’t help, but men and women are different. That’s all I’m saying.”

“Okay, sure, but there’s also a growing shift in societal roles going on, so *we will see*,” added Jennifer.

It was a pleasure for Jennifer and Jack to be talking about such grounded and normal things. They both breathed in deeply as they realised the contentment of a normal life. A normal life was a joy, and the *greatest* of gifts, and they now both revelled in it.

Jack looked over to her as she lay on her towel with her hat over her face. “*Even a real ‘knock em down and drag em out’ argument about feelings would have been okay with this woman*,” he thought. He cared about her, and for some reason only now realised that when you do love someone, even some emotion, any emotion, is good; rather than none at all.

“Let’s hit the surf again, Jen?”

“*You can*, Jack. You were always the one who loved pushing it.”

Jack just sat there a bit stunned by her comment, as Jennifer went off to sleep under her hat. She had drifted off not realising what she had said, but Jack remembered back to a Surfer, and a day on the waves with Jennifer that he would never forget. She was drifting ‘*deeper*’, now; just when they were seeking to step away. Only the Jennifer from his previous journeys had known about that day, not this lady...and yet *she did*. He then realised that their escape from things deeper to a *normal* life was going to be hard fought.

He was not happy about that, even though it was absolutely wonderful to hear the voice of the woman he had loved again. Jack felt many emotions, some quite conflicting about what was now happening. He wanted his great love to return, but he also wanted to explore life with this gracious intelligent woman now beside him, and even felt a little like he was cheating on the woman he had loved with her. He wanted a normal life *so much* right now too, and he stood up to wander down the beach alone as he let these thoughts and emotions do what they were to do. While under her hat, Jennifer dreamed.

“She sat high up in the umpire’s chair as the tennis match went on. On one side of the net was a lady who had trouble losing points, tending to get very emotional about it. The man on the other side seemed a little cold and just recalculated after any lost point. The lady was elated at winning a point, but broken at losing one, while the man just kept working it all out, totally oblivious of the woman’s pain.

The game was creating a bad atmosphere, and in the end the man walked away before it finished, as he was more than over her carrying on. The woman stood there quite indignant at such a slight, and all this had Jennifer wondering what she was doing here. She was aware in the dream; the first time for her, and although a little confused right now she was enjoying the experience. Then she thought, that ‘oh no’ thought that she was experiencing Deeper.

Jack had explained it many times in their sessions, and while she was a bit wary, for some reason she strangely felt a little at home here.

A beautiful woman then came onto the now empty court. She was wearing a long white, yet slightly iridescent green, dress, and she almost floated as she moved toward the net. There, at the net, appeared a man. He was glowing. Like he was light, and he smiled at Jennifer, as he then turned and bowed to the lady on the court. He then wound down the net, and as it fell, they took each other gently, and began to dance around the court with real grace. The beauty of these two, the gentle flow and creativity of the dance, and the dynamism between them, took Jennifer away. She just sat there feeling the motion and the ease of their beings.

“Ahh! Well! Jennifer Johnston!” said The Judge. “How are you dear?”

“Oh my,” said Jennifer, a little surprised, “I am Jennifer Thompson.”

“Sure, you are, dear,” said The Judge, with an open smile.

There was a gentleness in her that Jennifer had not felt before. Then Jennifer asked herself, if she even knew this woman...but she did. She did know her.

“Yes, I am different, Jennifer. You see most who come into my courtroom are in their mind or emotions, so I have to be there too. They need me to be able to communicate at their level, so I can be of service to them; by showing them their intellectual and emotional stupidity, as well as give them a good flogging with it. It is all kindness really.”

Jennifer opened her mouth to ask something but was held back by the confusion of memories that were not hers; at least, she thought so. She was different here, but she was not different, she just felt added to somehow. She did not mind this other Jennifer, because this

one was very sure of her ground this strange experience. She knew her feet here, and Jennifer could feel she was quite courageous.

“Yes, a courageous soul.”

“It is very strange, but comforting.”

“You will get used to it, as things are different here.”

“Why do I feel her as part of me, and why are you here? What do you represent?”

“I represent me. I am here, and I have a message for you. I don’t know what The Fashioner has in mind for you, so I don’t know if this melding in you will remain on waking. But after leaving here you must not tell Jack, you must not tell him any of this, as he is in grave danger.”

“Grave danger?”

“Yes. We need to track a creature down that has its claws into him. We need Jack to rise fully into the temporal world; to the outer reality. We want you to aid that process, and sometimes we may need to call on you.”

“Why this tennis match? And the dancing couple, though?”

“That is meaning that your soul was seeking. ‘Deeper’ is a place of meaning. I am just taking advantage of your travel here. You see, Time, always has the timing right.”

“Okay,” said Jennifer, knowing about all that from the returning memories of her travels. She was her, and she was herself.

“If I may be so bold as to help you with the meaning of this place. So, we can get on with things?”

“Certainly,” agreed Jennifer.

“You are a refined soul, my dear. It was a pleasure to have you in my court, and that fellow you seem to like, well, my husband speaks highly of him.”

“Yes, he is...” Jennifer struggled with the words, or more that she could not find them. She saw his good qualities and his high aims, his fire for what was good, but he was just...Jack.

“Yes, he is, my dear.”

Both ladies smiled, as they knew that he was as ordinary as they come, and yet had experienced so much; a very simple man, and yet somehow a deeply complex soul. The Judge also knew that when it is all said and done, that we are all quite ordinary, even though at times we can be magnificent.

“So? This Place?” intimated Jennifer.

“The tennis match was emotion and mind; the dance was heart and soul. Many live in the lower reality, but the higher reality is best, and that higher focus can be chosen in any situation; changing that situation from a competition into a dance of love.”

Jennifer saw the beauty in it and the kind lesson within it. Yet she also now felt the deep intense feelings of separation from Jack rising in her new passenger; one that was now, quite strangely, her.

The Judge then broke down, sobbing deeply. She had her hands over her face, looking down, and she went to her knees. But said “Oh God, please save me from your pathetic emotions!”

“I don’t understand?” questioned Jennifer.

“While I’m here to talk with you on this delicate matter, I must also be a part of the meaning and feelings of this place; hence, the crying.”

“I don’t quite understand?”

“It’s your dream. Try and catch up, there’s a dear,” said The Judge, now breaking free and back to her sarcastic best.

“Okay,” answered Jennifer, now very confidently, as she regathered her focus, and more knowledge of the certain realities of deeper from the new part of her. Actually, she felt now that it was almost like she was recalling part of her own self.

“Lovely. I can feel that you have your head about you now; many realities can confuse souls. It seems you are on deck. Your mind is definitely sharper.”

“That’s a relief,” said Jennifer, knowing it was true. She was on deck and very sure of things, outer reality, and deeper.

“It’s a relief to me too, Deary. So, back to business. You must steer Jack away from deeper places and any link to it within him. The creature does not know of you, so you are Jack’s best hope, and ours. The more he engages it with his lower nature, the stronger the creature will become when he is linked at all to these deeper places. You need to keep his focus in the real world, as the creature is evading us, and we don’t want it any stronger than it already is.”

“What is this creature?”

“We are not sure. It is ancient. Only of emotion and mind, and it seems that can steal lives away.”

“Okay, so how do I protect Jack?” asked Jennifer.

“Don’t allow the creature any time with him. Be around him and live fully in the outer reality. That means that you have to leave here fully too, though dear. So, this is just a short visit, and we will only call you back if we absolutely have to.”

“Did you call me back here?”

“Sharp as a tack. Lovely,” said The Judge, with all the sarcasm she could muster. “You made a call, dear. We simply connected up and joined in,” she explained slowly, and as if to a small child.

Jennifer laughed out loud. She liked The Judge, and appreciated the clarity as well as the performance, then saying something that just seemed to come to her, “But the design is His.”

“Oh, my goodness, yes! The deeper you go, the more aware you are of His Will and the flows of the spirit. But also, the deeper you go the more it is less about time and space, and the more that connection and meaning become the overriding laws of reality. So, it is quite natural we came here together, as our purposes are one. These laws also exist on your plane of existence, but they are just less apparent. So, are you up for the job?”

“Yes, I am,” said Jennifer, now with her protective instincts kicking in.

“He must not know,” reiterated The Judge, “and it is something that you may have to take to the grave. You cannot give him any inkling of your new state either. His soul wanders, and any inkling may send him back here. He is a wildcard, and too easily shifted deeper.”

“Okay.”

The Judge seemed a little unhappy with the small response, as she now made some things clear, saying, “A lifetime is a long time to keep a secret from a loved one, and now

that you have returned here, and become more, it may be even more difficult? Can you do that?"

"I can for him, and really, we are both happy for a life on the ground."

"Hopefully we can net this thing, and then you may open up to him; but only then. So...Mum's the word," reinforced the Judge.

"Mum's the word," agreed Jennifer.

Humility

The giant was sitting at a desk and was a little huddled into itself. Jennifer found herself walking past his great house on her way home. It was good to have some transition time back to waking, and not knowing if the changes in her would hold beyond her dream, she wanted to know as much as she could about Jack. She had been asking many questions until she had now come upon this place.

She could see the giant; well not him. She could see a small figure that stood outside the front of the house where he was sitting. It stood on the lawn, like a normal person sized stone figure, but one which moved a little, and gave off signs of life.

“Hello,” she said.

“Hello,” said the small figure, in front of the house. The Giant in the great house was talking, but the figure was mimicking it.

“Lovely day,” said Jennifer, while clearly seeing that the figure did not house a soul.

“Yes,” agreed the giant.

“You seem...not alive, somehow?” ventured Jennifer.

“I am not what you see in front of you. I am much more, and have always been much more, than the little ones imagine. I am not being arrogant. I am just making clear the reality of my state.”

“So, you are more?”

“I am greater than it would seem, and I am tired of little people’s games; the endless games.”

“You sound tired and sad. If you truly are greater, why do you fall prey to such pettiness?”

“Ahhh...” The Giant let out a sigh; a sigh of relief. “You are more than you seem.”

“Am I? Thank you so much for your kindness.”

The giant wept at her words in the privacy of his house. So long he had waited to hear truly refined words from a truly refined soul. With that thought, the figure fell, and the wall of the great house opened, showing the giant at his desk.

Jennifer was thrilled to see him and walked over to talk, person to person.

“You are greater, than you seemed.”

“Mmm...yes. So, what brings you by my home, good lady?”

“A few things; some things known, and some things, as yet, unknown.”

“Mmm...yes. Life is such.”

She felt the beauty and depth of those last few words immediately, and now that she was closer, felt his pain too.

“I can feel the burden in you. What is your pain?” she asked.

The giant did not break down, but his long-term pain was made even clearer to Jennifer in the way he turned to her, and in how he now looked out into the distance in a kind of longing. He was not seeking any sympathy, but his pain was clear.

“So many times, the little people sought to play with me. So many times, they didn’t even know they were even doing so. So many times, they talked of their greatness. So many times, they failed to be what they professed. So many times, I hoped. So many times, I saw the emotion that drove them. So many times, they thought it was spirit.”

“So, you have been let down,” said Jennifer, searching for the feeling.

“Yes, and no. I have been ‘let down’ as you say, but that is not the concern. The concern or question is...Do I live on, hoping to meet here such as the like of you? Just one to converse with would be a marvellous thing; to walk with, far greater.”

“Thank you, kind sir,” said Jennifer, with true feeling.

“We all have struggles, and I suppose this is mine. But I say this in all humility; I am tired of small minds and great egos. I am tired of children in the form of adults. I am tired of the arrogant and aggressive who sit behind a smiling face. I am tired of those who push and shove, yet say they are detached. I am tired of disrespect, behind a falsely kind look. I am tired of enforcement, especially by the misuse of the Great Words, or by those who feign

passivity. I am tired of words of excuse when I only feel their fear pouring into me. The dishonesty offends me, and it fails them. I grow more tired every day.

Why do those who are small, with endless words...seek to be great. Words cannot avail them of advancement. They will not grow unless they see that; that self-honesty and effort are the way. They talk as Kings and Queens yet act like rabble. Some even knowingly serve their fears and their ego while trying to seem greater than they are.”

“Maybe you judge too harshly. Maybe you put too much attention on what is less in them. Plugging into their darkness is not healthy.”

“That would be true, but to be in the company of just one soul who holds true to the spirit and walks in deeper places would be wonderful.”

“So, you are lonely?” she asked, knowing that following the feeling always brought more to light.

“Thank you my dear one. It is like cool water on hot day to hear your sweet words. Your perception is clear, and not at all soiled in self. I do believe that some good company could ward off the tiredness and make it of less concern; but it would also be nice to be granted the company of those who do not play.”

“That might be impossible. Even here. Wherever here is.”

“It is not greatness in itself that I seek, but a companion to wander with. And yes, I only let myself down to pain by seeing the lack of other souls, but I need the greatness of humility in another; crave an honesty that creates movement, growth, and life.”

“Sure, we all need the company of those who are like, but those who are not do challenge us to grow.”

“I do understand that, and I, like all, am prone to fall and fail, but I can no longer walk with those who do not pick themselves up, or just continue on in their egoic ignorance; muddying the waters to save their ego. I don’t want to walk with those who scream in pain at problems which are only of the self; pain telling them of their own lack, not mine. I have had my very fill of games; games on games, and people blind to their higher nature, or not willing to seek nobility. As if words were ever enough...they will go on and on, and never release themselves...on and on; time and again.”

Jennifer could feel the pain growing as he shared his struggle. “So, let’s look at solutions,” she offered, naturally in therapist mode.

The Giant smiled for the first time in their conversation. He saw a friend and was now a little embarrassed about his droning on. He then said as much, adding that he did not wish to see the failure in any soul, and knew his own failures clearly, he just wished not to be alone in spirit, as he had felt very alone for most his life.

He looked at Jennifer then, as if taking in something that now sat between them, and said, “Thank you. I see things clearly now.”

“You do?” said Jennifer, quite surprised.

“Just having a soul like you around makes things clearer. There are people who give us view of our lack, in relation to them. You are such a soul.”

“But that was so sudden. I don’t quite understand. Are you relieved now?”

“Yes.”

“Can you share what you’ve seen then? You’ve got me very curious,” requested Jennifer.

The giant then shrunk, and so did his desk, and the house he lived in. It was by more than half. He smiled gently at Jennifer, and said, "I am not greater, as I thought I was. I have brought myself low, to little things. I have focused on lesser things, and lost sight of My Lord. My growth was an illusion. I will grow again though, by this clarity, and I will grow better this time. To concentrate on that which is small, may make you feel big, but in fact you are not."

"So, you will handle the games then, now?"

"I do not know. I will just not think myself, so big. I am reminded now that I need have the sin covering eye, and be kind, as that is Paradise. But I will no longer pretend I agree with what I do not. I will be honest; when it is important to do so of course, as we need to be humble...to see. Maybe by this new honesty and humility, I will truly grow, and find greater souls drawn to me. We draw to us what we are and what we concentrate on, in this place."

"It's nice when clarity comes, but from my experience with clients, our actions on these things lead to still more questions and discoveries. It's a process; a lifelong one," said Jennifer, in challenge, as she woke up on the beach.

"Ahh...Thank you good lady..." was the echo that followed her into the conscious world.

Consciousness

Jack and Jennifer had now made definite conscious decisions to walk the earth. It was a little hard in a way for Jack, as his experience was now more singular, and not so richly layered. He decided that he would dig into the books of, and about, his Faith, and also books on psychology and history. He had always been curious about psychology particularly but had not allowed himself time with it; or Time had *not allowed him*. He was glad of all this now though, as these things would provide good food for his thirsty soul. He was very happy about Jennifer becoming more a part of his life, and for a long while, they spent time just wandering and enjoying the simple things of life together.

Jennifer *had* retained all she had become deeper and was quite at home with this new part of her. It just felt like a part of her had simply been returned to her. Wandering about the countryside with Jack was more enjoyable now because she remembered her times deeper with him. She kept it all silent, as it seemed no matter to her. She was here, with Jack, and believed that she could be all she was in any case. Her words and awareness surprised Jack at times, and he would wonder if it was something that he was just discovering about her, or whether it was deeper leaking though unconsciously again as it had on the beach that day. In any case, they both enjoyed the greater simplicity that came with their now grounded lifestyle.

“WELL, YOU DON’T KNOW MY CULTURE.”

Jack just looked at the man, and so did Jennifer. The man was surprised by this reaction, as it was not discernible, or somehow strange to him.

“So, *you know* my culture then?” said the man, guessing.

“I’ve known many cultures,” answered Jack.

“You are different. You are not as *Australian* as others.”

“We’re all different, mate. I respect your culture, but *my* culture is the family of man; but for your info, I *love* being Australian. You can be *whatever you like*,” said Jack, plainly, but gently.

“I get so little respect here.”

“People get little respect everywhere on the planet, mate. I could imagine that it’s really difficult being dropped in a whole new culture and language, but we all have to make special effort of some kind in life.”

“Oh, that is a usual, response,” retorted the man, almost happy he had something to fight now.

“Please understand that it’s an honest and caring response. You might be treated differently because you’re not European, *by some*, but nobody likes a victim. We *all* have struggles.”

“Another usual response,” repeated the man.

“Then all the best to you mate. *Seriously*, all the *very* best to you,” he said, with deep genuine caring, then added in blatant honesty, “But I don’t have time for this kind of negativity. If you want to swim in that garbage, go for it. Don’t expect me to join you, and don’t expect to win friends and influence people.”

“What!? Because I ask for respect?”

“You didn’t *ask* for respect. You fired accusations, and negativity, at us. As a matter of fact, you just *judged* me, and this gracious lady.”

“*You*, are not giving *me* respect.”

“For cryin’ out loud. I’m just giving you what you gave me; straight talk,” said Jack, very aware now he was speaking from the young very blunt Australian man he was before his journeys deeper. He did not seem to have the will to lift his gaze upwards spiritually or widen to the scope of his soul eyes right now; or was he. It was like his deeper self was somehow okay with where he was standing too. As if there was some wisdom in this kind of talk, in this situation.

“I thought you were different. But you are like all the rest.”

“*Seriously*, do you think people will get past their differences by judgement, name calling, and all that woe is me stuff? I don’t like this behaviour from *anyone*, mate. You don’t have to assert yourself to me or prove yourself to anyone; you just have to use good manners. Believe me, *all* peoples respond to courtesy.”

“You have *not* been courteous, and I have been called plenty of names,” charged the man, not taking a backward step.

“By idiots; *not me*. You’re being too defensive and only see me as your enemy, and I just don’t muck around with negative people if I can help it. I either help them see it, or I leave them to God.”

“Ahhh, you are a believer, this is good.”

“So, what if I am. Belief is useless us if we attack everyone because we assume they don’t like us. You know, *brother*, most people are *not* racist; they just need a chance to get past it and experience the humanity in those they see as different, or scary. They might baulk at you a little because you’re different but give them a good experience instead of all this anger and judgement. Educate them. I know some will be crazy blind idiots, but that doesn’t mean people here *generally* are.”

“You talk hard, but you do not know what it is like to have judgement and the eyes of suspicion on you everywhere you go. Sometimes I am even being *very very* kind, and I am treated with this...disdain. I feel like a fool when people do that. I lowered myself for them and they still do not see me.”

“Maybe you did. I’ll give you that, but if you are *very* kind it has to be *very* genuine. Australians are a little sensitive to *bull*, even when it’s kind; and mate, we don’t tend to trust it in someone we don’t know personally. Maybe it’s a flaw, maybe it’s not, but it’s a good tip for getting on with people here. Anyway, enough of this ‘*you and us*’ stuff. I *am* your brother, but I’ll see you around, eh.”

“Talk with me. Please. Come to my home. I will close the stand,” he said, referring to the fresh orange juice stand that he stood behind. “Come and meet my family. I would like it that we talk more. Maybe more of the straight talk?”

“I don’t know. I don’t know,” said Jack, looking to Jennifer, and shaking his head while he said it.

He was a little lost in the Jack that had fallen down in the paddock right now, which was interesting and a little entertaining to Jennifer, as it was not the Jack who talked of high ideals and effort to bring change, like in their sessions. She also held older memories of him as a very unsure younger man, and a very gentle older man, but not *this* man. She smiled, and then raised her shoulders and tilted her head, as if to say, ‘It couldn’t hurt. Could it?’

Jack was thinking that it could hurt, *a lot*, but he knew that it took honest and sometimes difficult conversations to bring people truly together. He was very tired of even the *well-meaning* people who just labelled those who wanted to talk things out honestly as racists and bigots. There *were* loud bigoted idiots, but most people weren’t, and even a lot of seemingly well-intentioned people were shutting down conversations that needed to be had.

Connection and time, even struggle, were required, not pontificating, or seeking a destructive passivity brought on by creating lines between groups of people. *Actually*, many souls were deeply invested in a kind of *militant* effort to bring unity; an enforced unity, *and* a kind of separation, all at once. That just did Jack’s head in. To him, all this dichotomous rubbish had only shut down conversations, space for different peoples to get to know each other, or for individuals in certain social constructs to be allowed to talk *at all*.

It was strange to him how people got so crazy if you even *seemed* to think differently, or stepped outside their absolute conversational laws and their totally incoherent view of reality. He knew that unity is only brought about by unity, and these soldiers in this army against racism often ended up separating people of different cultures even more, instead of aiding the conversations and connections it took to defeat the *real* enemy, *disunity*. More and

more, it seemed to him, that only extreme voices were being heard; these well-meaning *fundamentalists*, and the bigots.

Jack nodded, and said, “Okay,” but not necessarily because he *wanted* to. Good things *can* be done though, even with not-so-great intentions sometimes, or with some reluctance. But good people *will* mostly, at least, make the attempt.

The man was elated, and said, “Good. I like your straight talking. We should talk and understand each other. Thank you. I will be a short time. There is good coffee over there. They *are* my family, but *it is* very good coffee,” the man finished with a smile.

Jack and Jennifer smiled back and headed over to the small café, while the man packed up his cart.

JACK AND JENNIFER HAD BEEN WELCOMED IN. It took very little time for the conversation to build as it seemed that Jack and his new friend had much on their chest.

“Attacking the culture that you came here to be a part of is not a good start,” offered Jack.

“But, *it attacks us.*”

“You made the leap of faith to come to this country. So don’t blame others for your choice to take on this challenge. We *all* make choices, and why not see the *good* that’s here.”

“This is easy for you to say, Jack. We had to leave for my family’s sake, and we suffered and struggled on our way here. You and Jennifer belong here, and you do not feel the eyes of others, or face our struggle.”

“I get that, Ahmad, *sincerely* mate, but many people have deep struggles. Your struggle was real, but Australia didn’t promise you anything; God didn’t either and hardship is a part of life. It is a different hardship for you now, here in this country, compared to your struggle at home. But do you want to go *back* there? Do you want this place to be like *it* was?”

“In a way.”

“*Really?*”

“In some ways. We *love* our ways.”

“We all want things in life to be different to what they are. You’re not alone in that, Ahmad. I think there’s a lot of fear in all this cultural stuff. You want to feel safe, and at home, and the many local people are afraid that you want to change their beautiful country. But we *all* have to suck it up, and get on, and maybe *all* change a little. We all have to sacrifice a little, and we all have to respect each other. We do it *together*, or we *don’t do it at all*.”

“I agree,” said Jennifer, beginning to elevate the conversation, “and I also see that we are all, in the wider world, coming together; the human family returning to one fold. It is definitely the time of the coming together of East and West, and it will be hard for all of us. The dangers *and the opportunities* are *greatest* now, and this conversation is just part of this great coming together. At least, that’s the way I see it.”

Those there were silenced by this vision, this understanding, and so much of what they had shared up until then faded away as they saw their duty in this great process.

“Your woman is smarter than you,” said Ahmad, after a short while, and they all burst out laughing.

Such is the beauty of humanity; such is the ease of our ability to be one.

THE GIANT STEPPED INTO THE BASEMENT. He seemed to be being very cautious.

“You will have to leave. I took pity on you, but you have made me small. You have made me fearful, and locked me too often into my thoughts, and endless thinkings. I am tired of this imagining. Be gone from me,” demanded the giant, as he turned on the light.

The creature hiding there had great power but could not use its power fully on the giant; and as the giant was now very conscious of it, and it was now clearly seen with the light on, he knew he had to cast it out. Aware of its impotence here, it rose up through the grate like a dark mist and drifted out into the night. The giant was well pleased; but also, quite suddenly, and most unfortunately, it seemed that the Darkness was too. As now outside, it gathered Jennifer’s trace, and started following it to the boundary of Here and There.

Here and There, is a place in time and space, and also a place in meaning and connection; a place that guards the line between them. Only a human soul may traverse this boundary, as only a human soul, with the exception of angels, can exist in both realms; at least, for an appointed time.

The creature knew that it could not cross. It could only wait for prey to cross over, so it may go to its business. It could only prey on those this side of Here and There, as yet. It was a creature of deeper; one that now, so very much, craved the Earth. It craved to be out of the Other Place it truly existed in, and to be powerful there, as it had experienced Jack’s mind; its confusion, and its suggestive nature. Jack existed in the two realms consciously, and this Darkness had now gathered the scent of another mind that could exist in this state.

It had lost Jack. It wanted her now; as its dark heart cried out for immediate gratification, and as its inner self-tortures raged on.

THE CONVERSATION HAD GOT VERY LIVELY. Trust and honesty seemed to rule the night as these new friends broke bread together. Jack was now thinking just how short sighted he had been; how judgemental of what, this man, and their interaction, would be like. He had shown kindness to many who saw themselves as badly done by, and it always seemed to turn out the same way; badly.

Tonight, assumptions and generalisations were not of value, and could only derail the train that they now shared a seat on. They had thankfully reached past these less elevated places reasonably quickly. There was effort, but also upliftment, and even though they *were* passionate, they were also *listening* to each other. There were moments of strain, and of patience, and impatience, as each there brought their perceptions clearly to one another.

“You see, mate. It’s simple. Just be a good person and do good things. Take part in the wider culture. You can still be yourself and share your culture. Come to people with *kindness*, show you are trustworthy, and they *will* trust you.”

“I do, and they don’t, Jack.”

Jack shook his head. He thought that they had risen from this lower place, even though this man and his family had experienced a good deal of pain with these things.

“I am *human*. You are human. You don’t seem to *see* that, but we will all need to see that *first* if we have any hope for the future. We need, as individuals, to *earn* each other’s trust. If we see our culture first, instead of other individual souls of one human family, then we will struggle longer.”

“But it seems that things must be only *their* way, and that somehow our culture should not exist.”

Ahmad could not seem to hear him, but his wife was nodding.

“It’s all fear,” offered Jack. “Just like you, they don’t want their culture eroded, but we’ve integrated Germans, Greeks, Chinese, Vietnamese, and many more, and they’ve all added to the culture here. Yet, it remains Australian. It’s evolving as one culture; but it appreciates many cultures and has many flavours.”

“But there is so much you all could gain from *our* culture,” offered Ahmad.

“And we would like to, but we won’t be forced to it, just like you don’t want to be forced all the way to what you perceive as our culture. You can only *offer it*, like any other ideas. We have to have patience. It will take a few generations probably, just like it did in the other waves from other cultures, maybe more; but it will only happen with some effort, and with kindness.”

“We feel like we are lost on an island sometimes; cut off from what we know.”

“Make *personal* connections and share parts of your culture with them. We have to stop making *everything* about our different cultures.”

“People don’t want to share my culture, and I don’t like much of what I see in this one,” argued Ahmad.

Jack was getting exasperated and realised that this man would most likely not see outside his own view, and the night would end up in quicksand, but he persevered. “*Really*, there is plenty to like here. I know we’re a little lost in materialism and we are really

beginning to forget each other, but this is an easy-going open culture mainly, and a *lot more* than it was in the past.”

“But people aren’t interested in who I am, and always talk of integration.”

“I don’t see what’s wrong with integration. It’s become a sort of dirty word, and it’s really not.”

“It is and it is controlling. We wish to be who we are, just as you do. We cannot be something we are not.”

“Well, for me, for us all to be on this *big bloody boat* together, we have to have a basic set of shared standards and basic values, and we are *all* responsible to help them evolve. There has to be a shared reality, a central point of unity, or this boat won’t hold together and it’ll sink. No use coming all the way here just to watch it all fall apart.”

“But there are differences in our ways and yours that seem to sit *against* each other.”

“Sure, but it’s like that with a lot of people here, even the ones with a shared culture. Values seem almost individual these days. It takes *tolerance*. It’s like Jen said, we are in a time of the evolving unity of East and West. No small feat, and we *all* have to do the work.”

“Mmm, this East and West thing is more than difficult, but I and my family *do* love the freedom we have to prosper here.”

“We’ve done alright here in Australia to accept change, and even though it’s not perfect, we have brought in those many cultures, and succeeded. We even moved into the Asian neighbourhood as a mostly Caucasian country, so, I reckon if there is one place that can make diversity work, it’s Australia, but we *have to have* a *united* culture to underpin them.”

“What about all this darkness in your culture? That cannot be good or right. Also, why does your army go to the East, and kill our people?”

“Hold on a sec’ there buddy. There’s a lot of darkness in your culture too; both apparent *and hidden*, and the rise of fundamentalism has killed a lot of people and even created a lot of those wars too. Your internal religious civil war has raged over a large part of history.”

“But the great death toll from wars started by the West is played down in Western media, and I know that the West has been playing in the Middle East and South America for a very long time. They talk about virtue while seeking more wealth, and with it, more power. Money rules them, not God or justice.”

“I see these things too, and you are *not wrong*. It’s *all* bad, but at the core of it all, it’s really *people doing things to people*.”

“Yes, it is unjust. *Endless* thousands of people in the East have died, even *after* the two great wars. How can people here be so blind to the *sheer numbers* of dead in the Middle East since 2001?” challenged Ahmad.

“Yes, *too* many souls, *too* much suffering. People here can ignore it a little too easily so far away from it all, and it *is* an *abomination*.”

“Yes,” agreed Ahmad, a little surprised. You see to Ahmad, he just thought Australians were okay with all those deaths, but mostly, it was just a world away here in the Great Southern Land. The media did not really show what it was like under the bombs in Bagdad and had not known such hardship. It was not good enough by *any stretch* that people should care so little of other people, but this lack of care for those seen as different was the world over, and no culture was innocent.

“The thing is though, that there is darkness in every culture, and every person.”

“There is more hate in the West, and they bring more destruction.”

“That’s debatable, Ahmad. There is hate in many human hearts. Look at Syria for example. That was internal; brought on by Eastern tyrants and religious fundamentalists. And *who took in the dispossessed* and weary...Europe mostly.”

“And Turkey,” offered Ahmad.

“And what about Arabia?”

“That is a source of shame for me.”

“There is a saying in my Faith which goes something like, ‘There are no two souls, who in this time, can be seen to be inwardly and outwardly united’. *That’s* our problem, Ahmad...*Disunity*. Even *within* countries, and all over the world, people are at each other’s throats with guns, knives, or hateful words. I think the time for the apportioning of blame is well and truly over, and thoroughly useless. Chaos is impending, and the only thing that can ward it off is unity. We have to look to solutions, not problems; ways to bring us together, and what values we all *do* share. We have to *anxiously* seek out ways *forward*, even if we are uncomfortable and have to sacrifice a little. Nothing but real love and unity will suffice us now, *nothing*.”

“There is still a need for justice; for recompense.”

“I think that what we *will* need is *order*; more than *anything else* as things break down. Justice *is* essential, but mostly we will need *forgiveness*, and we will need to build things *together*, and that all starts with you and me, Ahmad.”

“You do affect my heart, Jack. Truly, I hear you, and I see the power in this. But there is still a great darkness in the West. I see it growing in people here every day.”

Jack just sighed hard, he now recalled many conversations with people like this, of one cultural, racial, religious, political, or ideological bent, and they all blamed someone else. He knew there was darkness everywhere, yet he was *so* tired of these conversations that he said, almost in resignation, and yet with depth, “Concentrating on what is dark in each other will only force us apart, and *we will war some more until we are all brought down; until we are humbled enough in the depths of our shared pain, to understand clearly our shared humanity.*”

“I see, my friend. Your words are compelling, but how can we succeed?” asked Ahmad.

“We need to look to ourselves and see clearly *our own* lack. We *need* to walk past ‘*us and them*’ as a single human race. We *need* to connect *person to person*, on the ground, in our lives, in the spirit of *one human family*. It’s like thinking the best of those in your family; even the ones who are really hard work. It will take *love*...the sin covering eye.”

“You talk like an Arab sometimes, Mr Jack. Have you been to the East?”

“No, but I’ve been to many places, and yet no places much at all, Ahmad.”

“That is more of a riddle, than an answer. You talk strongly about what *I* should do, but you *hide* from me, Jack,” accused Ahmad.

“I was talking about *us*, not just you, mate,” retorted Jack, with a sigh.

“But this, going to many places, yet no places?”

Jennifer just put up her hand beside her ear and waved it about, and went cross-eyed, as if to say that Jack was a bit nuts. It was to protect Jack from questions she knew he could not answer here.

The table erupted in laughter, but Ahmad kept driving for an answer, “So, you keep this riddle alive, eh?”

“We are new friends, Ahmad. I am not simply going to open my life up to you, and I am trying to *move on* with my life right now. Some things need to be left behind.”

“That is fair, Jack. But we *will see*,” he finished, smiling.

Jack smiled, and then he offered a small vision to the family. “What if you wanted to get to know all your neighbours and invited them over for an outside meal? How would you do it? What would it feel like to do it?”

Aliyah, Ahmad’s daughter, spoke up clearly and enthusiastically that she thought it was a great idea. She put forward her thoughts concisely about what it might look like. “...so, we can be less suspicious of each other,” she finished buoyantly.

Her father smiled, and the two boys nudged each other, as if they had some secret. It passed by all but Ahmad’s wife. She would be talking with her husband later about that nudge and get to the bottom of it. She did not spoil her children or hide them from struggle, as she knew they were best learning the hard lessons of life. She was vigilant and kind, but she did not let them fall prey to the weak minded and she would not let them be weak. She would not let them be too proud either, as she knew the power of hardship and the power of humility gained by it. She knew her children would become strong, and humble, because she would see to it.

She now looked to Ahmad. He was a good man. The intent in the depths of him had always shone through in his words and actions toward her and the children. He was a just and kind soul, and she was so happy for him tonight. Tonight, he was slowly showing more of the man she knew he was, and could be, and it buoyed her heart. She now looked across at Jennifer and sent her thanks in a look. Jennifer felt very moved by that, and they both somehow knew that they would be good friends.

“Yes,” said Ahmad. “That would be good. Would you please come?” he asked of Jack and Jennifer. “It will help, if they know we know...”

“Australians?” offered Jack smiling.

“Yes,” admitted Ahmad.

“We’re all Australians, mate.”

“We are all Australians...mayyit,” he echoed.

They all chuckled, then continuing to eat and talk long into the night. Ahmad and his family talked of the struggle where they had come from, and the difficulties of their journey here. They also made plans together to have a neighbourhood barbeque and kofta kebab night. Jennifer even mentioned that they could invite Brig and Judy.

Much was shared around that table. Every person at it became more aware by what was openly shared there, and slowly grew more courage and tolerance to share their thoughts. The ebb and flow, to and from more elevated themes frustrated Jack. But such is the nature of such conversations, and thankfully this one was now moving towards action.

The great thing about a table, about eating around it, is that it binds us, and holds us together to share what we may. Jennifer knew the future would come, and unity would come,

through people sitting around tables; sharing food and ideas, and becoming more by it. She knew though more so, that it would come by smaller places, neighbourhoods, becoming orchards of peace and nurture. She saw that this planned barbeque kebab gathering was a first step to what could be built here, but she would bring that up another time. It was about other steps that would ensue, and she knew the value of an evolving process. The social reality seemed chocked with singular *events* these days, and less ongoing or continuing efforts in creating real change.

Jack and Jennifer had seen first-hand in their experiences deeper, and Jack, recently in a documentary on some villages and neighbourhoods around the world here, what was possible. The wider, seemingly unfixable problems *could* be fixed, person to person, and neighbourhood by neighbourhood, village by village. The power of small areas of people being more connected and responsible for their own future was compelling; and the empowerment that came with it was staggering. The proof of it was in that documentary, and there were many more of these reinvigorated places, small communities, and neighbourhoods all around the world.

These were all powered by The Creative Word, and the natural abilities within each soul who participated. Jack had seen the power of these things as these communities did projects together and got together regularly to reflect and learn together; to share ideas easily and their thoughts, frankly, yielding up a vibrant process. It was an ongoing process that empowered children, youth, and adults, that saw a shared vision grow, and a wider participation rise naturally as they went.

Jack sat back, seeing clearly how quickly this small struggle, or challenge, with a bit of courage and kindness, had turned into the promise of abundant fruits. How a simple

conversation on a city street could turn into a process of positive change. Something good was just beginning here.

JACK LOOKED ACROSS AT JENNIFER. They were eating breakfast at a small hinterland cafe the day after that eventful night with Ahmad and his family, well, after Jack and Ahmad had finally shared the floor with the rest of them. The words Jennifer had mumbled as she nodded off at the beach, as well as the *'East and West coming together'* comment when they were talking with Ahmad and his family, made him feel that something *had* changed in her; something beyond the crisis and victory brought on by Change.

“So, what’s up with that *'East and West coming together'* comment, at Ahmad’s?”

“It’s something you shared with me in one of your sessions, or sometime when we talked. I remember being very impressed by it, as there’ve been so many recent wars that East and West were engaged in, together, and as enemies. Also, now that China is becoming the economic giant of the world, and so many countries are trading with her heavily. Let alone the number of families like Ahmad’s that have moved to the West in recent decades; Persian, Arab, Afghani, and way more Indian souls. That’s beyond the Chinese, Vietnamese, and Lebanese, in previous waves. It made so much sense of what I see in the world today; *that one simple sentence*. It’s a very powerful understanding.”

“Jen, you have to be honest with me, or things won’t work.”

“Jack, things have changed a great deal for me. I was shocked out of a seeming slumber. It scared the hell out of me, but it opened my mind and made me aware of many things that I had *already seen*, but not perceived clearly. Anyway, if I ever hold anything back from you, then you must be assured that it’s wise for me to do so, or for the sake of

love, or for your sake. That's normal in relationships. I trust *you*, Jack. I trust completely that you care and have my back. Please trust me and know that I have yours."

Jack looked down. Her consciousness *had* changed, and although she seemed to be clear with him, he felt that it was *too* great of an expansion inside her to fit her explanation. He knew people could not move on that quickly. Maybe sometimes there can be a huge perceptive shift, but he did not feel it could have changed her that quickly, that much. Finally, though, he had heard her words on 'trust', and knew that *it was* more about having trust. He *did* trust her, and maybe he was just underestimating her. Maybe he did not know this Jennifer as well as he thought he did, as they really had relatively little time together. He *did* trust her, so he smiled at her and went back to eating.

They spent the rest of the day together and continued to enjoy each other's company. They finished it with a long hike through the bush, and by the end of it Jack was a bit knocked out, as they had stayed late with Ahmad and his family the night before and had a big day out together today. He needed to sleep, and gather his energies for work the next day, so Jack dropped Jennifer off at her place, and headed home.

Jennifer was taxed, less from the walk, than the charade. She knew she had to keep it up, and had come to peace with it, but it was still hard work when she had to hold back or lie to him. She now really did not know how she would sustain this effort for a lifetime and hoped that The Judge and the Agents tracked this creature down quickly. But she was sure that if it was to be a lifetime thing that she could forget about Deeper, and simply get on with life with Jack; that was their agreement with each other anyway. She actually came to the conclusion that it was best she forget about The Judge and Agents, and this darkness from deeper *right now*. So that night she set her mind to simply live and set *deeper* adrift like one would a dream.

Jack had been kidding himself too. He was trying to tell himself that he did not see what was right in front of him. He had lived through many experiences and had known old age twice, so he now trusted his gut implicitly. He trusted her implicitly, but he also knew the woman he loved when he was in her presence, and then the answer became clear to him. He picked up his phone and called Jennifer.

“Jack,” came her voice in reply.

“I know you are now more somehow. I know you have my back for some reason. It is the only explanation. I do trust you. So just be *you*, don’t feign being less, and I *will trust you*. I assume there’s a reason, because my many seasons of life with you, and knowing your character, tell me that it must be so. So don’t answer. Don’t lie to me now. Just say, I love you, and we can get on with life. I don’t want you to have to lie to me or be less than you really are.”

“I love you, Jack.”

“I love you too.”

With that Jack put down the phone. His heart soared. Now he was sure that his Jennifer had been returned somehow. He loved her, and now at least she didn’t have to carry the weight of dishonesty. He did not want her burdened.

With that thought, and the relief and joy that came with it, came the question of just how much of his love’s consciousness had Travelled here. It was a natural question, but given the situation, quite a burdensome one, so he decided that he would read a little and take his mind off it. His thoughts moved to Ahmad and his family, and what they all might embark on together over time. He opened a book, by The Master. He was also called The Exemplar, or The Servant as he wanted to be called, and these were the few words that Jack read...

“A superficial culture, unsupported by a cultivated morality, is as “a confused medley of dreams,”⁽¹⁾ and external luster without perfection is “like a vapour in the desert which the thirsty dreameth to be water.”⁽²⁾ For the results that would win the good pleasure of God and secure the peace and wellbeing of man, could never be fully achieved in a merely external civilisation.”⁸

He reflected on these words and let them feed his soul and mind. He was now acutely aware of the nature of what these people may need to build for their future. Jack’s new Faith was in the business of re-spiritualising the planet, at the grassroots level, and empowering people to create together their own vision for their particular part of the world; empowering them with the spiritual insights and the skills to take care of their own spiritual and intellectual advancement. To help bring forward personal transformation and a new culture based on spiritual principles, which would bring justice and material advancement for all; one that did not create an unnatural structure, allow for endeavour, or the various different drives to build or create within endlessly different souls.

He saw before him, in this small quote, what would guide his actions and help power the potentials that existed in that family and their neighbourhood. But he mostly saw that he needed humility, as the group had to create its own vision; grow its own ideas in relation to its particular nature and surroundings. He knew he would help the process be one of humility and love; of spiritual conference, to strengthen the bonds between these souls and deny division. Unity and collective action were the structure, and a humble posture of learning the power and safeguard of what could be built. A spiritual foundation even in *the process* was required, as it itself would *become* the culture.

He reflected again on the words of The Master, and his understanding grew.

BRIG CHATTED WITH JACK AND AHMAD AS THEY BARBEQUED. Judy sat with Aliyah, and they were very intent on each other. Jennifer, and the two young brothers *when they were asked*, helped Ahmad's wife, Jana, with various preparations. When a few of the neighbours turned up, they were welcomed, and uneasy conversations slowly turned into interesting and elevated ones.

Brig had asked if he could meet Ahmad, Jana, and the family before they invited the neighbours over. He had come over with Jack, Jennifer, and Judy, and they had sat and ate and talked about how to elevate their conversations with the neighbours to higher themes. Brig had explained that anyone can just chat and get on, but neighbourhoods and people really needed to start having higher conversations that could lift awareness of people and unite them more deeply; conversations that rose above petty concerns, politics, and cultural differences.

Talking about the essential nobility of a human being, how people were people and could work together for their shared future, were very powerful subjects. Anything that lifted conversation above the mundane would lead to exploring what was important in life, and what these things actually meant in their lives. Conversations that could lead to activity and have them beginning to see their future in their own hands.

As they had discussed all this, this new group of friends realised that there was always a need for the basic introductions, and small talk, when people met for the first time. So, discussion on how they could start with elevated conversations become the new topic. Aliyah had suggested that a good deal of the ice breaking with the neighbours could be done when

they went around inviting them to the barbeque. Jana suggested they take some food to give as a gift as well.

Ahmad was relieved about all that, because he saw it as respectful to get to know his neighbours a little first. He was at lengths to say that he needed to take time to get to know them too. Brig certainly agreed, but also added that the elevated subjects would actually help them get to know each other; that when they were all in their higher mind trust would be built more quickly. Seeing where someone was coming from was far greater than comments on various subjects when getting to know someone.

Ease for the family to begin talking about higher subjects came from Brig's vision questions. They were questions about what each of Ahmad's family would like to see in their neighbourhood, and what it might look like. The boys had come up with some great ideas, which surprised everyone, but not Brig. These boys were twelve and fourteen, and were full of the energies of that age, and had a deep will to be of use in the wider world beyond their family. Their mother, Jana, loved seeing them becoming more empowered now in the wider culture. She knew how it would grow them, and support them, instead of them feeling like 'outsiders', or not valued. They would show their value. They would take part, and add to the unity of this culture, and to the unity of man.

"So, what do you think about Jack?" asked Change, seemingly a little hurt.

"It would seem that he has no will to return here," answered Mesos. "But he still does the work to grow me, in any case. It seems that he does not want to Travel anymore. If he has decided to move on without us being in direct contact, then it is his to choose."

"I don't know. There's something that's just not right in all this," offered Change.

“I am happy with things as they now lie. Time will tell,” said Time, with her finger up to her lips, showing that she would not tell. “Be patient.”

“I can do, slow,” said Change, looking a bit put out that Time might think less of him than he was.

“These human creatures do,” offered Mesos.

“Do what?”

“Do things slow. It seems they need a whole life to come to the so many places within; to understand life, and to have known themselves clearly.”

“Yes, to be human, and to become more conscious, does take a whole life. I have my work cut out for me there, you know,” explained Change. “I wish they would understand that and be humbler as they go along. It would be way less work for them, and me.”

“Yes,” said Time. “Childhood, youth, adulthood, parenting, old age, and everything else in between; time and experience, it takes it all. Then they move on beyond me, and I can no longer see how they grow. Which I must say is a little disappointing.”

“They are with me forever,” said Change.

“I suppose they are,” said Mesos. “I am a bit like them, you know. I require time and process. I can change suddenly, but there is definitely no getting there without the required learning and experience. It is a small shame that Jack chose this new pathway, as it was nice having direct contact and interaction with one of the beings I am growing. I would have liked to share just how intimately we are linked and made him more aware of the amount learning and effort required.”

“He has been a Traveller. He has seen these things. He is doing things, and these people are now seeing that it takes effort,” offered Time.

“Yes, but saying it out loud, so he could see clearly that if they don’t grow, I don’t, and if they don’t make the effort, I can’t. I can’t build myself. So many of them just want things to be different, and don’t even have a barbeque, let alone explore elevated themes together. I mean, really, like I am just going to hold together when people don’t connect, or make an effort, or even seek to live to higher standards. They seem to believe that I should just appear without any effort or process; that I am not organic somehow, and cold and separate; that people should not have to act, learn, participate, or reach higher; and there I will be, just around the corner, waiting for them, producing an order they can thrive in.”

“Oh, and do they waste me,” said Time.

Time, Change and Civilisation, all chuckled a bit at that.

The other creature with them did not, she simply said, “I have faith in them.”

“Oh, God, it’s always the same with you,” said Change, looking so bored. “Of course, you have faith in them, but it takes me to shake ’em.”

“It takes the Words of the Great One to bring all of us into line; to make us conscious of our current work and the nature of the possible evolution; just as it does them, and all things,” said Faith, so gently.

“God, Faith, you take all the fun out of it.”

“None of us are enough,” ventured Mesos, almost sternly. “Faith and effort; Change, sudden and in process; Time for all things to unfold. It takes The Spirit, The Word, Faith,

Time, Change, and aware effort, and of course me...to rebuild me. First there is Knowledge, then volition, then action."

"What do you mean, 'you, to rebuild you'?" asked Change.

"I am connection and effort, at my very source; just as I am moderation in all things. I am justice and bonds of unity. I am endeavour and courage. I am love. They need these as well to build me; to rebuild their rotting civilisation."

JENNIFER TOSSED AND TURNED. Terrible scenes played out in her dreams. She could not find Jack, and all manner of creatures harried her. Terror was the only word for what she was enduring. The Darkness had found her deeper; now, in the dreaming state. While part of the dream is written and perceived by the soul, other influences are produced by the mind, the emotions, and even other bodily drives and functions. Dreams draw from all the aspects of the human creature.

Jennifer had bridged the realities unconsciously while she dreamed, but The Darkness could not actually use her dreaming state as a bridge. It could only reach her thoughts and fears for now and play them along for its sustenance. But it could also get to know her scent better, for when, she ever fully returned deeper. The creature now brought down mountains around Jennifer and made rats chew at her toes, all the while increasing her urgency to find Jack, and to save him. It was using her fears, emotions, and imagination to drive the dreams.

The dreams went on for hours, until she now walked along a dark jungle pathway. The pathway was a relief from the choking jungle vines, murderous heat, and the crawling bugs she had had to endure so far. But in the dark, a great tiger sat on a rock just ahead of her. She did not realise its presence until she could feel its breath on the side of her face. She

turned, and it looked into her eyes. Their eyes were only a few inches apart, and its breath was sickening.

She screamed herself awake, sitting up in terror. She sat there breathing deeply for a while. She was sweating as the terror, much too slowly, passed from her. She shook her head and shuddered a little. To her it was just a nightmare; one gladly now released from, and she believed it was a clear message that she was a little more concerned about Jack than she had thought. She knew that fears created nightmares, and so she believed that she had to try and allay her concerns for him a little. The trouble was that part of her would always be concerned for him.

But it didn't matter at all what Jennifer did, the nightmares would continue, as the dark creature slowly got its hooks deeper into her consciousness. It knew it would have her in time; and by her, its freedom to roam unfettered and unchallenged in the Outer Realities.

Darkness

It had realised its being, as The Creator saw its beauty come fully to be within His great orchestra of the system of life. It wandered the wooden glade simply being what it was created to be. It breathed, and knew life, and it wandered only knowing what was placed within it. It had such beauty, and so pleased The Creator that He decided to give it more. He decided to give it thought and memory.

The creature was startled with joy as it received them and as it began to look into everything. It observed itself and its surroundings, and it grew memory of these things; memory that was not reactive, as before, but true memory by which it could learn more cognitively. It began to modify its surroundings to suit its needs, and as it did this more and more, it found it wanted more and more. Its needs drove its mind to more solutions and comforts, but they were strangely never enough. It always required another thing, as the beauty once held within the strong boundaries of the animal kingdom had been set free, and that beauty, with the power of thought, was becoming quite a selfish and fearful thing.

Its drives now pushed it again and again, to want more, and to be more powerful within its now wider reality. It gathered other creatures and sought dominance over them, but only because of its fears, wants, and for the enjoyment of power. Now it had greater being it

knew it was more, and it would take its high place, and protect itself, no matter the consequence to the other creatures or its surroundings. It was more than those around it, and it began to revel in its own power over other creatures and its environment.

It strove for many things and even greater control over its world. Strangely, as it came to more understanding of how these drives within it could be satiated; it still could not be satiated. It cried out night and day, and day and night, in the pain of this never-ending want, and it cursed The Creator within its deep and terrible torture. Then finally, in one of its rages, it managed to gather peace in a thought; something that was not reliant on the outer environment. So, it then sought to imagine, and became quite adept at it. In time it would spend all its days imagining what it could have, and be, becoming locked in the freedom it imagined it had gained.

Such was its hunger that it forgot the world it lived in and lived within itself. Deep in its self it sought peace, and for a time it did. But then again and again, the torture that it suffered when an imagining came to an end was so fierce that it would focus all its energies on something more, something new: something else that would calm its emotions. But as it was to be, in time, it became so unhappy with these endings of its own glory and power that it sought to have a continual imagining; an endless world it would create, where it could have peace. It sought to make itself endless, or limitless, within itself.

The creature then sat within its world and became totally separate from all that was, and in its delusions, it found a home. Although it knew it could again have reality, or being, it would stay here until a wider world was granted it. But the physical reality in which it had come to be would never change to suit its wants and thoughts. Its wish could not be granted within reality, and so it went further into its own thoughts. It was a wild and crazy creature,

and it brought destruction on the physical world about it, as it focused on its imagining; the outer world only food, and a stage for its endless delusions.

In time though, it knew even this was failing. Its delusions no longer would serve it, and so it sought to rise above its station; to break through the boundaries it was held within. It lashed out, destroying all about it, and it finally broke through to a deeper place. In this one rage its reach suddenly grew, and the creatures it could manipulate grew. Its ability to be greater grew, and it knew power again outside of itself; and it loved it. It would wander in this wider reality and play with all manner of creatures in many worlds, gaining sustenance from their pain. It learned to pass on its imagining to others and have them do its bidding by the power of their own thoughts. It knew its own deep fears and its own ego so well that it used these fears, and the want of power, within others, to lead them and to torture them.

On its terrible journey, it eventually shed its outer being completely, seeking to hide itself deeper and deeper in the reality of thought alone; seeking to hide from all eyes, including The Creator. As it moved from place to place, and as the machinations of its projected delusions grew, it eventually came to find what it called the light in its victims. This light or deeper awareness was a great mystery to it, but it felt its power. While this creature had the power of thought, it did not have this power for some reason. It had found this ability within certain beings because it had needed to subjugate this light in those it wanted to feed on. But it also wanted this ‘awareness’, and sought to gain it, as it always needed more.

But every time it tried to draw this new power down into its lair, it strangely took the aware creatures out of their awareness, away from this light. The dark creature brought these beings low to capture their minds, and so, pulled them out of their souls, stemming the flow of spirit. Its wants, and this awareness, could not be held in one place, no matter how

much and how often it sought to trap it. By its own needs, and its devices to gain this new power from those it played with, it continually disallowed itself the satiation of its possession.

It finally raged at this frustration for a very long time; one great rage, and many ages passed as it did. Eventually, it came out of its tempest, then seeing its satiations and power as the only things of consequence. So, awoken from its own storm it continued on, and soon came to believe only, and totally, its own imaginings, as it fed on the fear, doubts, pride, and selfishness of every creature it came to know. Possession of them, power over them, and the pain it could inflict became its food.

The deeper worlds had been evolving though, and it had found less and less minds to manipulate. The beings here, which had imagination, were growing such a level of awareness that they saw the creature's machinations. The light was growing in them, so this beast could have no hold on their reasoned and elevated souls. It only sought satisfaction, and in these deeper places it was finding it harder and harder to find that which fed its emotions.

It was in this time that it had felt a different creature. A creature not of deeper, a Traveller, named Jack. It followed this being and it sought others like him. But he came in and out of the places deeper randomly and in different places, so the creature had trouble seeking him out. The creature was only able to gain hold of him once in Deeper, and for what it saw as a very short time, in a Garden, or truly, in the darkness below a Palace of folly. It was then, as it wandered deep in the thoughts of this new creature, that it saw another realm: Earth, where emotion, fear, and want, were great, and seemed commonplace. So, the creature followed this human being when it could pick up his scent, and slowly, but surely, began tracking down the doorway to that place.

When it had finally realised that this place, this planet, abundant in fear and want, was only one of endless worlds in this outer reality, it was thrilled and filled with hope. But it

also saw that this world it would reach for, Earth, was at a great pivot point of its evolution. This renewal, or rise to adulthood, could bar the creature from its darker satiations. It knew how The Creator slowly evolved worlds and brought them to flower and fruit, and that such dawning came at the end of a great dark night of ignorance and self. It had seen Judgement come time and again to many worlds that it had known deeper in this very process. It believed it could allay, or even turn back, that wider evolution, if it gained a good hold of the creatures there quickly enough; if its timing was right, the chance of even more.

With that, it set its entire mind to an idea that would give it real power. Impatiently it went about its work, to gain its freedom, and its greatness; to this creature though, this was all towards its very survival and a final satiation. Yet truly, power was all it now craved, and in this new place, this outer reality, it knew it could gain such ascendancy; even seeing itself as partner there...with The Uncreated.

JACK AND JENNIFER SAT IN THE COOL OF THE EVENING. They sat on Jack's veranda and watched the night sky slowly come. They talked of life; the world and its constant battles, and the ones within themselves too.

"I don't watch the news anymore. It's the same old story over and over," said Jack.

"But you need to be informed about the state of things," offered Jennifer.

"We have been so long in the process of coming to maturity. I just get sick of the same stuff coming up; pain, meaningless deaths, and the endless wandering and distractions."

"Maybe because you've seen, *we've seen*, The Beauty and heard His promise; that we've seen what could be, here, that it's made your expectations too high for where humanity finds itself."

“Yes, and I see the pain and the endless distractions of people as they try to cope with the nature of our times. I really *feel for people*, Jen. I know this deepening darkness will make the light more apparent in time, but I find the ignorance quite disheartening.”

“We can’t be disheartened, Jack. We have to be humble. Too many opinions on opinions out there already. In a way we have to let go what we know, and not even be emotionally attached to the Faith, or outcomes.”

Jennifer had become of Brig’s faith too now, and did not have to hold back at all about what she had become aware of in her travels, thanks to that providential phone call.

“Yeah, but...”

“We just have to do the work, and we will get there. You *know* humanity is capable, and you know the systems of life are perfect. Even those who only see material existence, or think less of humanity, *are learning* by all these things; good and bad. When the turning comes, they will be very aware of the lessons learned. We’ll see the pain and disorder, and even if people aren’t now seeing it clearly, they feel it, and we all learn together as a race. The news is just part of the learning curve that humanity finds itself on.”

“I’m not *totally* disheartened. I just refuse to plug my soul into negativity and dysfunction portrayed on the news.”

“Oh, come on Jack, you *have to* be more than that. You *are* more than that. We’ve seen all this before, and you seem to forget *yourself*. It is not about what is around us or who is saying what. Rise above it, rise above your mind and emotions, see with your spiritual eyes.”

“Thanks for the reset; I find it a struggle with *this guy*. *This* Jack is *very* forthright and plain talking.”

“*I’ve noticed,*” said Jennifer, with a smile. “I like who you are. I never knew this part of you in the other places.”

“He’s hard to ignore, but people do. I talk with people at work every day, and they all feel the times. I try to open them up to the realisation of our nobility and offer them long term optimism, but they can’t see what we can be. They fall back on a lack of awareness of the times and their own particular narrow view history, saying that as humans we are caught in some endless cycle. They don’t believe that humans have the *will* or the *ability* to evolve, or even that we can change the human system.”

“I didn’t see it either, Jack. And like you said, the man that fell down in the paddock didn’t see it.”

“Yep, I had given up. I just feel so responsible and so *powerless*.”

“What about Ahmad, and Aliya, and their family? They’ve come a long way quickly. We’ve helped open them up. If you had been too apathetic that day, we may have missed that opportunity. Their awareness is much wider now, and so is their understanding of how to build community and a new society.”

“As I remember, I *was* that apathetic. You were the one who pushed us over the line.”

“We are a good team, Jack, and we will just have to keep doing good things. We need to remember that we are *only small*, and the vision of the future we’ve been given by The Blessed Beauty is *so great* that we may get disappointed. But we can’t, *can we?*”

“No, we can’t, and I suppose it’s humanity’s great need that drives me. It *always* will, because I feel responsible, even though I *do* drag myself there a *little reluctantly* at times. Anyway, it’s not about me.”

“I don’t believe for a moment that you think it’s about you, Jack. This sense of responsibility that you have, and the high vision you hold for humanity’s future, creates disappointment in you. But we are *all* responsible, so don’t carry the weight of the world on your shoulders. They’re not big enough.”

Jack smiled; he loved this woman. He loved her ways that brought reason and kindness to his life. He did not know the particular secret that she still held from him, but he very much trusted that she had his back. Even though he had taken some of the load off her so that she could be herself, he knew she may be still carrying the load of whatever it was that threatened him. He knew it had to be something that she could not tell him for his own sake.

“So, let’s go to the beach tomorrow, Jack,” said Jennifer. “Let’s live life a little, seeing as we want to live *here*. There’s an endless garden out there, and much of it well within the boundaries set by The Beauty. So, let’s take ourselves away from our concerns for a while and enjoy some of the bounties of life.”

“Sounds good to me,” said Jack. “The little things are good for the being.”

“Yep, they sure are,” she said smiling, and with that Jennifer got up, and Jack saw her to the door. He watched her walk to the car, and then waved her off. To him, it was very strange waving her off like that after their lifetimes deeper, but it was nice that it was also new, as for parts of them both, it was.

He thought how fortunate he was to have her in his life, but he was concerned for her, as whatever threatened him may be dangerous to her. He wanted to protect her, and as he went and sat back out on his veranda his thoughts wandered, trying to imagine what might be a threat to him. His thoughts just wound on and on until he got lost in them, just as we all can tend to follow the wanderings of our mind, and only wake up from them eventually.

There was a friend of Jack's; a man he knew before his journeys deeper, who talked a lot about silencing the mind and allowing our whole being to see things clearly. His friend had said that the majority of people lived in a state of mostly negative thought, and that these thoughts gaoled them. He had told Jack that they did not realise there was more to them, and so did not access their deeper creature; so much so, that they did not notice these negative thoughts driving them. This friend had had a life changing struggle which led him to get his thoughts in order, so he was more present and more in his higher consciousness. Meditation helped him come to his centre, and by noticing his bodily reactions to his thoughts he learned to free himself from negativity. This not only led to him discovering and dealing with these negative thoughts one by one, but also was a constant reminder for him to return to his higher state, until he naturally lived there.

Jack had learned so much on his travels deeper on this subject too, and while his thoughts would still wander, he would catch them more and live more in his higher state. Some thoughts in him still rose from fears and want, but they also just happened, as thoughts do constantly wander by, and sometimes take us wandering away from our awareness. His young being seemed more prone to this wandering he thought, as he now woke up from his thoughts and headed to bed. He loved living more so in the state of *the watcher*, but just *living along* in life too. Spirituality, while in part a discipline, is lived, and more found on the ground; in just being a good person and doing good things.

He appreciated *the watcher*, the consciously aware part of us that overlooks our senses, thoughts, and emotions, from its detached vantage point; being very present, with reactions, thoughts, and life situations, more so playing out in front of us rather than being lost in the jungle of them.

“There are doorways to the higher state,” he thought, as he wandered down the hall, *“In almost any Holy Writing.”* He only now realised just how busy his mind had been since he ventured out to be in the world again after his heart attack. All the learning, talking, change, and challenge had been quite a lot, and quite tiring. *“I’ve forgotten to be in His Presence, or to look to His face,”* he thought. *“I’ve forgotten to worship Him in how I go about my day,”* he added to himself, like the spiritually experienced soul he was; just as he plonked into bed like the younger man he also was. The gentler older man he had once been, then smiled at this quite adamant young man he now was again. But the greatest doorway to the aware state then opened as he remembered the love of God in his heart.

The darkness again tried to reach into Jack, both in his mind’s wanderings tonight, and then in the dream state. But again, it failed. He was still more fixed in the outer realities and sat within his soul’s higher focus tonight. The dark creature knew for sure that this one could no longer be a bridge to the Earth, or the source of much satiation, but he kept an eye on him just in case and would still feed there if he could.

There was something else in Jack tonight that also disallowed the beast to reach him. It was Faith. She was on duty that night too and as she went about her work, she did not see the creature. She had no fear, and little concern for what lay beyond the borders of Deepest. The dark creature could not even imagine Faith and did not know of the existence of Deepest. In any case, The Creator commanded all, on all levels of reality, no matter the machinations of any creature.

“HEY, ROUHA,” called Jack, as he walked past her house in the early morning. A few days a week he would run; and others just walk. It was the first time had seen any of her family up

and outside in the early hours when he usually wandered by. It seemed a lifetime ago since the time he last visited; when his great challenge began.

“Hi, Jack. *How are you?*” asked Rouha, happily.

“I’m well, thanks.”

“I see you have a lady friend. That is good.”

“That’s my psychologist,” said Jack in jest, and making that jest very clear to Rouha.

“Oh, Jack. It is good to have company. We have missed yours.”

“And I, yours, Rouha. How is the family?”

“Busy. Busy with life. Busy with work. Busy with the children. We have a children’s class that we call The Rose Garden on the weekends.”

Jack remembered back to his first journey deeper, and he remembered that she had held them, now recalling the joy that came with the chatter of these *little birds*, as *he* called them. He smiled at that, as he also recalled a great wall of stories and climbing roses.

“Where are you, Jack?” asked Rouha.

“Listening to little birds, Rouha.”

Rouha laughed, and said, “You are not aiding your return to our home, Jack Johnston.”

“No, I suppose I’m not,” he said, with no concern at all and a cheeky smile. “A lot has changed since that night. Seems like a world away now. I’m sorry to have brought any confusion to your hearts, and please give my kind regards to Farhad.”

“I most surely will. And Brig tells me you have been doing youth work with him. He still visits us when we have seekers. He keeps very busy.”

“Yes. We’ve been accompanying a family as well, a neighbourhood really, in town here, to start to realise its potential. He’s coming back with us soon to visit the family. We’ve all become good friends.”

“Oh, so you are *really* in the work.”

“Just like I said I would, Rouha. And living on terra firma.”

“Jaaack! That’s great, *and* a girlfriend. *My goodness*, I am *so* glad for you.”

“She is much more than that, Rouha. And I am very thankful for my life too.”

“So, it is serious?”

“*Very* serious.”

“That’s beautiful. I will have to keep going now, Jack, but lovely to see you.”

“Always a pleasure, Rouha.”

With that, Jack waved and turned to get on with his walk. He still loved walking along the high range that the road past his house wound along. He really loved looking over the large grove of macadamia trees a little way along it and looking over a wide valley below the road on the opposite side. An old friend from his younger days, away from here, had bought the macadamia farm recently, and Jack now remembered back to a wild youth; while wonderful and adventurous, it was also quite a little lost. He had not known that all that drinking, and smoking, had stunted his inner growth too. He had wasted time, money, energy, and his youth on lesser things, when he could have *at least* travelled, seen the world, and

widened his view. He could have had far greater and more grand adventures, and he could have done so much good with all that energy too.

He loved those times and those people, but he had also been quite lost in his own crazy thought process then. It had produced little, and now seeing what the junior youth groups provided young people, he realised how stunted he already was before he had gone out working in the bush. He was *not* an adult at eighteen, did not know himself, and had not put any thought into his potential or what talents may lay within him, or the future at all, in his teens. He was let loose on the world, and fortunately for him, there were fewer dangers, and the people more tolerant out there and in those times.

He was lucky he was not let out on the world, where drugs were rife. He had had his fill of beer, though. It had only made him less aware, and he had done ridiculous things under its influence that could easily have ended his life, or even ended the life of others. He considered himself fortunate that it had not turned out that way. He loved the folk out there though, and was so glad for the experiences of life, because lost or not, he had learned some things. The wastefulness and beer-soaked bravado had made clear to him its loss; a lost place that a person could so easily get stuck in. So, even in darkness, we can come to better see the freedom of the light; if we *do leave it*, that is. He just wished he had had a chance to be in these spiritual empowerment groups as a teenager and was mostly sad for his wasted potential.

But such is life, and he thanked God for His protection over those years and for all the lovely souls, young and old, who had graced his life, and kept him safe, in that crazy part of his life. He loved them all dearly.

The Darkness could hear Jack's thoughts as they wandered. It wished so much to reach through again, but his being was clear, and the feelings of love for those he had known

shut the beast out. It cursed The Creator, and all its misfortune, blaming it all on Him; almost crying like a spoilt child, or more so, like the bottom lip tantrum of a small child.

But it knew that its plan would come to fruition. It would make sure of it. All was progressing well, and it held a rising hope that an opportunity would present itself. But even knowing this, it just could not stand to wait. It had no patience at all. So much so that it lashed out at itself, and tore at itself, increasing the pain, while totally unknowing of its own place in the creation of the pain that it now bore, or so lost in its raging emotions that it simply did not care to look.

Reflection

“O contending peoples and kindreds of the earth! Set your faces towards unity, and let the radiance of its light shine upon you. Gather ye together, and for the sake of God resolve to root out whatever is the source of contention amongst you. Then will the effulgence of the world's great Luminary envelop the whole earth, and its inhabitants become the citizens of one city, and the occupants of one and the same throne...There can be no doubt whatever that the peoples of the world, of whatever race or religion, derive their inspiration from one heavenly Source, and are the subjects of one God.”⁹

Jack, Jennifer, and Ahmad’s whole family now sat and reflected excitedly on the recent neighbourhood get together. They were genuinely excited that they had connected with their neighbours and the family felt very much more at home now. All of them had stories of who they had really clicked with. There had been some awkward moments of course, but over the course of the night the good motives of all those who shared food and conversation were clear to each other.

“It is such a relief!” expressed Ahmad.

Thankfully Brig had talked a little with all present on the night, just here and there individually, about the possibility of a continuing process here; and on the nature of process itself. Yet asking more about what *they* saw as important for their neighbourhood.

“There will be more awkward moments, just like anyone getting to know someone different. But yep, a small part of the foundation’s been formed,” offered Jack.

“But, just like any relationship there will need to be continued effort and loving kindness. As well as, compromise and humility,” added Aliya.

“Yes, Aliya,” said Jack, “the biggest thing we learn,” recalling his and Jennifer’s experiences in *deeper places*, “as we help people to connect and take charge of their future together, is the necessity of *a humble posture of learning* in all those who take part. We will learn and learn and learn, and there is *always* more.”

“So, if we want to learn, we can’t get over-confident and miss important things that could help in the process,” offered Hakim.

“We all have to be humble, and be curious, and seek answers *together* as we go,” added Jennifer. “We can learn more about the process and refine it by acting, and then reflecting together to see things more clearly; to understand the next best step, so we can make things even better.”

“Then we should reflect now,” said the younger son, Abbas.

“We *are* reflecting...*Joyously*,” offered Ahmad.

“But what are we learning?” asked Aliyah.

Jennifer smiled. The question buoyed her. She knew these young minds were getting the idea and beginning to run with it. She looked across at Jack, so glad that she did not have

to change her face to show any ignorance of the process or hold back in giving to this effort. His trust in her was enhancing their bond and her input into the work. They had worked together for a lifetime doing such work, and even though the conditions were very different, the process was quite similar. The process would be a little different in every place, but many of the same stages seemed to be a universal reality. She, Jack, and their own family, had had many conversations like this one today; as a family themselves, and in efforts with others.

She was so much more than the lady he had first seen at the psychologist office; so much more, even though a new love resided there too. She did not seem like two people at all, and he could still not be sure how much of his wife was existent within her. It seemed there was still a barrier of some secrecy there. But against all the odds he felt that he had his Jennifer back *within* the loving intelligent lady who he now smiled at. It was the deeper qualities within her soul, the attributes of God within her, and her particular advancement that allowed his clear flow of love to her; that being *all* of her. But it was also that she was the person he had fallen deeply for and been through so much with, that no other would compare.

She smiled back at him as the family talked about what they had learned. The two of them reminiscing within themselves as old people are wont to, and while doing so, they were allowing this family to seek its own understandings.

These two knew that too much input, especially early in reflections, did not help the flow of ideas, or the empowerment of those who took part. Some amazing new and innovative brilliance could arise from any group, and when it did it was always awe inspiring. Even so, there would also be times for little bits of input from more experienced souls, and always a need at other times for the study of certain guidance; as well as looking to useful experiences from other places. All these things helped the process along its unique pathway.

The conversation wound around naturally, and Jack did not get in the way. Abbas, the younger boy, was very chatty today. He had been quiet other times, and walked close, or behind his brother in many ways. They were close these two, and less the ratbags that Jack had first thought them to be. Well, maybe they were a little, but that meant they had spirit, and in this conversation that spirit was now going to great use.

“So, have we just given ourselves work to do?” asked Ahmad, a little perplexed.

“Well, I suppose so. But it is a process, eh. Like family, you just keep building it,” offered Jennifer, trying to reiterate the concept of an ongoing process, and that things unfold as we act in the day to day.

“Yes, we *are* building family,” agreed Ahmad, with gusto.

“Yep, culture is family,” added Jack.

Ahmad was now starting to see the human culture, and society itself, from a very foundational viewpoint. He could see how things worked in this small place, which helped him understand the wider perspective better. Beyond that, he could now see these foundations in all cultures, coming to know how they formed. “I am learning a great deal. *We* are learning a great deal,” he said, with real understanding.

“So, what do you want to build here?” asked Jennifer, asking once more for reflection on what they *now* saw; adding to the vision they had found together before they had acted.

“I want my boys strong,” said Jana, plainly.

“I want to take a real part in all this,” said Abbas, smiling at his mother.

“What can we do to bring these here, and what has that got to do with the whole neighbourhood?” asked Aliyah.

“Well, we could get Brig out here to explain the youth spiritual empowerment programme a little more,” offered Jack.

“I would like to take part in that,” mentioned Aliyah.

“You may even be required to train up so you can lead the first group, and there were other young people at the barbeque who may want to be part of it.”

“Can I be trained up?” asked Abbas, who was only just twelve.

“Sure, in time, but maybe just being part of the group will help encourage others your age to join.”

“Sure. Me and Tom would be interested,” said Abbas, quite excited that he could hang out with his new friend some more. Then turning a little blank, he asked, “What will we do?”

“Well, actually you’ll learn how to be strong;” said Jennifer, smiling at Jana; “how to think for yourself, and express yourself; how to see your nobility, and practice being a good influence on the world around you, mostly here in your own neighbourhood. You might even learn what you like doing when you do some service projects, and maybe even discover what you might like to be when you grow older. It is really powerful.”

“It sounds interesting,” said Hakim, not telling anyone that he already knew what he wanted to be but knowing he would become stronger in other ways by being in the group anyway. He also loved his younger brother and wanted to support and encourage him by taking part.

Jana then looked at her husband. A look passed to him, and then him back to her. It was, ‘Well there you go; from outsiders, to movers of the culture. Can you believe it?’ Both

were very moved for their children and by the maturity and powers they were showing. Jana then teared up a little as she got up to get tea for everyone. She was a private soul, and her culture had also taught her to be so.

Ahmad turned to Jack, now realising that a deep joy grew all throughout this process, and that it was not *just work*. It was more like the growing of a fruit orchard, or growing a family; much effort, but *so* much reward; *so* enriching. He could see that they were growing love and connection, and therefore a future. “So...more work; quite long and ongoing then,” he said, just *feigning* pain, and making that very obvious.

“I’m *afraid so*, Ahmad,” said Jack, feigning concern. “I’m afraid so.”

“WE’VE GOT TO GET CO-ORDINATED,” said Deveroux.

“Will it take a meeting?”

“Yep, we gotta get everyone on the same page. We need everyone in the room; you and me, my people, your bloodhounds, my lady, *and* Jennifer.”

“It will be a big risk bringing Jennifer deeper again, Agent. She’s a Traveller, and now she knows it,” offered Beauregard, the man who had the bloodhounds, and had been tracking the creature for a good while now in the deeper places. “We’ve got to figure, that if the meld she had when she talked with the Judge holds on in the Outer Realities, she’ll be meat for this thing now too.”

“Yep, sure,” said Deveroux deep in thought. Then he piped up, saying, “Maybe we can use her crossing to sniff this thing out. If it wants to have a play at her, your bloodhounds should catch its scent.”

“I don’t know, Agent. It’s there sometimes, and other times it’s not. This thing just might even be playing with us,” explained Beauregard.

“*Damn*. What to do? I’d hate to risk that girl. Maybe, we ask her if she wants to take the risk?”

“From what I have heard of her, she *will* come, and the problem with that is...” responded Beauregard, not needing to finish the sentence.

“*Damn*,” cursed Deveroux again, “What about we give her full guard? Nothin’s gonna get near her with us around.”

“How *bad* do you want this thing?! I’m just sayin’. It’s still a huge risk from what I *do* know, and *don’t know*, about this creature. I got a naggin’ feelin’ that it’s *way* ahead of us, and we don’t know its motives well enough. Actually, we don’t know much about it *at all*.”

“So, it can hide. *So what!* Does that make it strong? I don’t *think so*,” said Deveroux, a man who had fought all kinds of creatures, and his ‘get it done’ drive talking.

“We *can’t do it*, Agent. We can’t bring Jennifer here. You *know* we can’t.”

“Damn it!”

“*You* could go to her,” offered the tracker.

“The outer worlds, eh. Planet Earth,” mused Deveroux, as a distant look came into his eyes for just an instant. “Mmm...okay. Let’s get everyone together in the glade. We can coordinate there, and when we’re all clear on what we are doing I’ll head topside and see the girl.”

“That sounds more realistic, but do you even really need to see her?”

“I need to know that she’s holding to her promise. The Judge put a *big ask* on her, and things could get *real* ugly, *real* quick, if that boy comes deeper without us knowing about it. She has to be *right on the job*, and anyway, we have to make *very clear* to her that she’s in danger she’s in too.”

Agents travelled by portals; deeper byways of love that no darkness could enter. Even if one of them *was* compromised, any darkness would soon find itself cast out and maybe even destroyed. The Agency had thought of luring the creature into one of them, but were told by the higher ups, in no uncertain terms, that was not to happen, as these byways intertwined, and no one knew which way the beast would be cast out of them if it survived. Agents had been given permission to use the portals to help with the nature of their work; but only them, and only when necessary. Travellers simply wandered in state and seemed to straddle the realities. They were an open bridge, and the beast knew it.

“I still don’t get it? Why travellers?” mused the old tracker.

“Maybe it wants more than to just feed on ‘em. Maybe it wants to *get* to the Outer Realities,” said Deveroux, thinking out loud.

“*Yessir, that’s it, Agent!*” expressed Beauregard; both men now very clear about this possible and far greater danger within this design.

“Then it could *definitely* go after the girl too. We need to get that meeting underway. The Agency’s been looking into anything it can uncover on the creature, so we might find out more about what we are tracking. We’re *close* though. I can *feel* it,” pronounced Deveroux, now much more confident, and very glad that he did not decide to bring Jennifer deeper again.

BRIG, JUDY, JENNIFER, AND JACK WERE ALL IN THE CAR. It was a couple of weeks after the barbeque, and they were now heading over to Ahmad's again. They had all still been working with Brig's youth group, except for Jennifer. She was more connected to Ahmad and Jana, so she had made it clear that she would like to continue visiting them; just keeping the support up, and so they knew that they were all in it together. Jack was keen to keep in the process with them too, as was Judy. She had found a real affinity with Aliya at the barbecue, but the commitment to the other youth group was still to be fulfilled.

They talked it all over; about the youth group that Brig had formed, and about this new Australian family. The discussion was mostly about the amount of time they each had to be involved, and how things might develop with each of their activities. As the discussion unfolded, they decided that they would all be in both; that however they could take part would come naturally. That they would see as they went along. Each person would have their role, but they could learn from both groups in different ways, seeing that one would probably help the other. They then realised they had formed a real, committed, little team.

The rest of the discussion, or reflection, was on what guidance they might look to, and on gathering other experience from around the world on working with a family to grow their community; anything that could be of use, or give them insights and ideas, about moving forward. Brig suggested that they all get together with the Junior Youth Coordinator, as that seemed to be the main activity for now with the family's neighbourhood too. She would have been around enough other groups to help them with her experience. She would be able to help with some good Guidance from the Plans too, and they could all share what they found.

They then went on to talk about how they were going to *empower others to take charge* of this process, and not just run things themselves, or be too heavy handed. They were all very aware of the fact that if things were to progress, that *the people* in this small

community, not just the one family, had to see it as *their* process; and *as a process*, not just a youth group service. They had to bring others in on planning and reflection meetings in the neighbourhood, and they would help Ahmad's family understand the need for regular reflection together as a community, by accompanying them in that process for a while.

They talked over what the next discussion with the family might look like and came to see that one element was key. There had to be a clear understanding that *everyone* needed to participate in *some way; any way*. A community could not be built by passengers, it needed to be people who were empowered and interested in their own future. So much of people's lives had been farmed out to government, government agencies, churches, charities, and business interests. It was not that it had not been successful and extremely valuable, and still so, but it took *people* to build a real community, and that had to become a foundational ethos of any activity, an understanding that underpinned life once again.

Judy then said that she thought the family and the community needed to really explore *human nobility* together *first*, as so much needed to rise off, and could rise off, that understanding. She loved this understanding, as it made her feel the power and beauty in herself. So, while Brig, Jennifer, and Jack, knew that the main sequence of adult study circle courses could create the insights and skills to move things forward, Judy had made it clear that for these people to see their inherent nobility was a good foundation on which to build all the other things. It was on this foundation too, that communities grew.

By both these understandings, that people build communities and seeing their inherent nobility, these folks would understand the need for all to participate.

"You blow my mind, Judy," said Jack.

“We will have to put together a small deepening, and hold it in the neighbourhood,” offered Jennifer. “Maybe too, we need to present a wider vision of our hope for wider humanity, as well as exploring their vision for their neighbourhood.”

“Sure,” agreed Brig, beginning to be a little amazed at Jennifer’s sudden will to be part of this process, and her deep awareness of its nature. “Now we need to be talking with the family, and have them be part of preparing it too, eh. At least one of them in the preparation, and all of them from now on, as it evolves. They have to be in the consultation on all this now,” he finished.

“Yep, it’s hard to walk the fine line between personal initiative, and collective empowerment,” said Jack.

“The whole process long; but both are required. We have to keep the empowerment and participation of *others* more forward in our minds, as we work and plan. The rest will work itself out,” stated Brig.

“Takes the community to build a community, eh,” finished Judy.

IT HAD BEEN A GREAT DAY, AND JENNIFER WAS OFF TO BED. She had still been having bad dreams, but she was getting them less often, and they came they were shorter thankfully. Her community work, her regular interaction with the Creative Word in the activities and meetings, and the fact that she was now a far more integrated, had kept the beast more and more at bay.

It was not at all happy, not that it *ever* could be, as she was slipping from its grasp and had not travelled deeper again. The Imaginer was getting desperate and decided that a

different tack, and a careful concerted effort, was now required before the gates to her mind shut altogether.

Jennifer was now cleaning her teeth and letting her mind wander. She then saw something odd in the reflection in the mirror; a shadow, out of the corner of her eye. She looked around, feeling a bit spooked, until she remembered that the eyes play little tricks at times, especially on the periphery of our vision; that the mind makes up what isn't there sometimes.

A short time later she settled into bed and found herself imagining a story. It was unfolding in her mind, and she loved it. She had not been particularly creative, but thought after thought, now rose to her consciousness. It was like part of her had been asleep in all her years and now suddenly very awake. Her imagination painted picture after picture as the story unfolded. It was thrilling, and after such a great day, she saw it as a confirmation, and maybe *even valuable*. Her mind wandered on until late, until she eventually succumbed to sleep.

She would find this to be regular occurrence, yet only from time to time. She found that she simply remembered the story and would play with it during the day. She honed it gently and found after a while that she wanted to share it with others. It was not something she wanted to put to paper or hide away in the computer; she actually felt that she wanted to *tell it*. This made the process even more enjoyable, and she shared parts of it, and other stories that came often with Jack for practise, and then with Brig's youth group. She had hoped to inspire storytelling in the youth who took part in the group.

But deeper in the dark, the Foul Creature had helped Jennifer imagine. It had already gained a foothold in her mind from the nightmares, a foothold that it could not get in Jack's. It suffered all the pain that it felt from her new creative elation, as it despised her happiness

because *it* had experienced so little of it. Even so, the creature continued to help her imagine, slowly taking greater hold on her subconsciousness as it did. It was continually *repulsed* by her happiness; any happiness in *others*, but it knew it had to keep on. It was an insatiable and envious creature, and it knew what it wanted.

IT HAD BEEN A FEW MONTHS SINCE THE BARBEQUE. There was now a junior youth spiritual empowerment group growing strong, and a small children's class had recently begun. The mothers especially, had been keen to take part. They could see the potential for the neighbourhood, but mostly for their children. They now saw a safer place, people they *knew*, and their children getting stronger, here in their very own street.

The two-night Human Nobility Workshop had been a huge awareness boost for this small community. They saw the deeper and powerful potential in themselves to build a better reality for their families, and the powers existent in their children that they needed to help nurture. They had seen that expressions like, 'I am only human', were in most instances, excuses for apathy, and at worst, a surrender to the darker forces within ourselves and in the world at large.

The community had been galvanised by the clear message that people did have the power and ability to change their reality, and that man was not doomed to constantly fall into darkness. They came to the knowledge of their nobility. They began to see the power inherent in an individual, and the power and potential available in a small group of people who decided to act. They saw how local activity was possible, and when they had watched a documentary on how it was happening all over the world, and literally changing people's lives, they got on board with all speed.

A small, but solid number of them even began doing the main sequence of adult study courses with Jack, while Jennifer started the children's group, for now. As soon as some of the people in this locality were through the adult course on children's classes, Jennifer would accompany them to take charge of it. The she would let it go to them for the sake of its future.

The junior youth spiritual empowerment group had got underway first, as Aliyah, and an older boy here had gone quickly through the adult training to be *animators*. They had very much enjoyed joining other youth their age at a school holiday camp, where they studied how to animate youths and run these groups. Aliyah was so committed that she also joined those who were going through the main sequence of adult courses, in the study circles with Jack. They were held on a weekday evening each week and tended to enliven people, even if they were tired from their day, or their week. There was a pure energy, an upliftment, as they studied higher thoughts and gathered new skills.

Ahmad had not been sure about courses, as his English was not great, but he found his English got better from doing the courses and his daughter and the others taking part helped him along. He would finish the night of study almost every time, saying, "How could it be so simple, but so rich?" or "These are simple skills, but they are powerful." Ahmad certainly knew how to put a good finish on every study night with his open enthusiasm, or even just some light humour.

It was now night, and after the *study circle*. Jack was quite tired physically, yet very much energised by the insights gathered by the participants. He was walking out of Ahmad's home with Jennifer; she too was tired.

"It's a real process eh; takes time," offered Jack.

"Yes," agreed Jennifer.

“But they’re really taking charge. You know as they develop, we’ll have to back off a bit, and let them run with the ball even more,” added Jack.

“Sure, but there’ll still be nurturing to do. Like that little place on the coast...” Jennifer stopped cold.

“I know there’s a boundary there, Jen. But maybe we should just open up about it. I’ve felt you since the day we made the deal to trust each other. I don’t know how much of you *is* there, but I am glad for it.”

“It probably won’t hurt, but there are some things I can’t tell you.”

“You don’t have to tell me what you’re protecting me from. I won’t ask. I just want *all* of you. I want *all* of the woman I love.”

“I am all here, Jack; *all* of me,” expressed Jennifer, as she and Jack began to tear a little. “Every experience I have ever had, and we have had together. But I am, the woman I am *here*, too.”

Jack took hold of her, and they kissed.

To Jennifer, due the nature of her fractured condition in the early morning of her travels, they had been married for almost a lifetime, to Jack, it had been two, but these varied perspectives did not matter, as to them both, they loved each other and were not beyond the bounds of marriage. To them, they had walked together in union for a long time before today.

“We will have to get married again, Jack,” said Jennifer, not removing herself from the embrace, and smiling wide at the thought.

Jack grabbed her shoulders and held her away, but did not let go, so they were facing each other. “Will you *marry me*, Jennifer Thompson?”

"I certainly will, Jack Johnston."

Just then she saw Deveroux, behind Jack, looking at her over a shrub. He gave her the 'over here' signal; and then, the 'quickly' signal.

"I have to go, Jack. It's important. Bad timing, *but important*," she said, not looking happy about it.

"Sure, Jen," said Jack, a little lost.

"Sorry," she said, as she reached up and kissed him on the cheek, then wandering off towards Deveroux. She turned back, as he turned to watch her go, and she silently mouthed the words, "Trust me."

He smiled, and she turned and went quickly around the corner. Jack then took on a pensive look; one that was trying to make up its mind about something. Then it did, and he followed Jennifer. He was over this patience thing. He *did* trust her, but he decided that if he was in danger, he damn well wanted to know, and if Jennifer had his back, then she was probably in danger for his sake. So, it was a no brainer for him. He would try and be discrete, but he would find out.

He followed Jennifer around the corner, and then a few more. Then he saw her talking with a tall man in a dark suit with his back to him. He knew those suits, but in the dark, and from his discrete distance, he could not see the man. He could see Jennifer's face though, and it killed him to see the expression on it. It was a very concerned expression, but it was then that Jack got somewhat cold feet about wading in and breaking trust. He loved her, and he said he would trust her. He was very torn right at the moment and didn't know which way he should go.

IT WAS SOME MONTHS LATER, THAT MESOS TOO SAW A SHADOW. He was sure of it, but let it be. Nothing could make its way through the portal without his consent, though he was a little concerned at any shadows.

Mesos and Change had been following the work of the small team of friends. They had been so gratified at the movement, and growth, and gave all they could, or at least all they were given leave to give, to help the people and the process grow. It had been many months now, and the culture there had evolved markedly.

There were many souls, deep in Deepest, the Abha Realm, helping too. Many confirmations of spirit and helpful occurrences came to the work that people did on the ground in the world. Grace flowed where people worked together and sought to be more. The work of renewal was always met by the many layers of existence, and within the nature of all created things. So much rises to the human world, The Creator never leaving us alone; sending Messengers and continually creating us through all things, even if we do ebb and flow. Mesos was in the box seat, so to speak. He could see all the various realities interplaying and bringing this world to maturity.

Life was always about making things more and bringing things to a constantly higher perfection. Our world was the same, and the process had been one over a very very long time. It had had seen many eras now and would have new eras and new Messengers as it moved on into the distant future. Many Messengers had been forgotten, many followers had stopped with the Messenger of their cultural reality, and many had walked away altogether, but unbeknown to many, the process, the progressive revelation of The Creator, always rolled on. All was to be continually made more, in The Endless Worlds of God. Growth to greater perfection was the very pulse and goal of life.

“Boo!” shouted Change, as he jumped out wearing lederhosen.

Mesos was a little shaken but was not going to give Change the satisfaction. "You are looking very sharp, Change."

"Careful there Mesos, you don't want to say 'sharp' and 'change' together. Nobody likes those two together."

"No, nobody likes that," responded Mesos, now referring to the lederhosen, and thinking that Change could learn from his own words.

"No, but Judgement is coming, nevertheless. Sharp change...on wings!"

"Really? I don't see it. They have been heading towards chaos, but they are also lifting in many ways. Judgement Day is always the period after the coming of a new Messenger, but why is Judgement coming to the outer realities."

"Future, told me, man," said Change, now sporting a very flash suit and cool sunglasses, like he was in the know, and knew people...you know.

"I can't see it, but The Omnipotent knows what He is doing. You, on the other hand, I am not so sure of."

Change chuckled as they both looked to the street; Ahmad's neighbourhood, where things were now moving nicely.

The small neighbourhood had grown into a very close-knit place. People knew each other well, and now often stopped to talk. Children played outside more, and the youth were not so lost in themselves or as much in the world. Youth are always explorers and trying what is new, but these were coming to know themselves too, and making much better choices than the ones they would have made if they did not believe in their inherent nobility. They were

experiencing the change they could bring to bear, and the respect they gained, by putting effort into their community.

An old man who was very well off, and who kept to himself before the change here, had just offered a bursary to one of the youths here to do higher education. It was Hakim. The young lad had happened to talk with him one afternoon, as the old man had taken to walking again now that he felt safer in his environment. He and Hakim had had a long discussion about the nature of Hakim's possibilities, and what the lad just knew he had to be. The old man had told Hakim to stick to his dream and find a way. Hakim had been very clear about his determination to do just that, and this had impressed the man so much that he had talked with Ahmad about helping it come about.

This was just *one* thing that was changing in this street. People were there for each other and becoming almost like a family. Jack was just finishing the last of the adult courses, so now the people *here* were empowered to run their own study circles, youth groups, and children's classes; what they called the core activities. Jack and the others would certainly visit and accompany people for a while in various ways. The collaborators and coordinators would also come for the development and support of these core activities, to share insight and new experience from other places; as indeed any skill can be developed more.

Jennifer had been to a meeting with people who took these roles as collaborators and coordinators, but only for the children's classes. It reminded her of The Department, and the way learning was like the water cycle. All those who worked on the ground, and to support the community building work everywhere, were sending learning on the ground down along the gullies, the creeks, and the rivers, down to the sea. This continued learning was being evaporated up, by the larger institutions, and like clouds of purified water it rained down all over the world.

This re-spiritualisation grew stronger every day in this small locality, as many who went through the first book of the training courses had set themselves to get together regularly to pray and reflect on life. Regular devotionals, with readings from many faiths, poets, and thinkers on various subjects, took place here. People gathered. People talked. People discussed things, planned meals and other activities together. They looked after each other's children and youth at times because the trust had grown strong. They also found solace in each other, when struggling, or within the great flux of change in human society. The readings and prayers reoriented people in the spirit and reminded them constantly of their nobility, but they were also meeting points, connecting places, caring places. These and the other core activities brought meaning and connection back into the world; as *every* small part of the world, *is indeed the world*...and aren't people, *humanity*?

Some in this neighbourhood became of Jack and Brig's Faith over this time, but many did not. All, here, in this small street, were in the hands of The Omnipotent, and now in the hands, and efforts, of those who sought to bring beauty, meaning, and nobility back to their lives, and to the lives of those around them. Isn't it, in the end, *us*, who decide to bring beauty through into this world?

"They will move on, and evolve, as do all things, no matter what they believe. I have seen many civilisations; many Revelations of The Omnipotent sent to this world," said Mesos, now looking away to another local community effort, in Cambodia.

He and Change, then reflected on a writing of The Beauty on the subject, of this 'progressive revelation' of the love and knowledge of the Creator. That is, the true nature of the religions on earth, and how they progressed from one to the other over time, creating an ever-advancing civilisation...

“The difference between the ordinances under which they abide should be attributed to the varying requirements and exigencies of the age in which they were revealed. All of them, except a few which are the outcome of human perversity, were ordained of God, and are a reflection of His Will and Purpose. Arise and, armed with the power of faith, shatter to pieces the gods of your vain imaginings, the sowers of dissension amongst you. Cleave unto that which draweth you together and uniteth you.”¹⁰

JENNIFER AND JACK WALKED GENTLY ALONG THE BEACH. He was very much at ease, but he knew Jennifer was more on edge. He had not gone into the open to confront the Agent who had been talking with Jennifer, and today, he just wanted to be with the woman he loved and share a day away from all the concerns of life. They loved the work of community building, but we all need time reenergise; to simply *be* for a while.

It was very much the same for Jennifer today. The things Agent Deveroux had told her had shaken her, and a good deal of time had passed now with her wondering about this darkness and how it might break through. She had known, since the Agent’s visit, that she too was directly in the firing line. Jack had felt her concern, and she had noticed his concern for her. Both had been a little ill at ease, but strangely, he seemed relaxed now. It settled her and she now instinctively reached out for him to hold her. He felt her need and gave her the safe gentle port of his embrace. Jack *was* strangely calm, and he *knew* he would never let her come to harm; that, he was *very* sure of.

Just then Change appeared and rolled by them in the opposite direction in a very psychedelic shirt and some groovy flared jeans. He had long hair and wire framed sunglasses with rose coloured circular lenses. He brought his pointer finger up to his nose, taping the tip

to the side of his nose, to indicate he was in the know, to Jack, and not about to tell anyone; then disappeared again.

Jennifer laughed, “That guy is *crazy*.” But she felt some relief in the laugh, and strangely, some intuitive emotional support in his appearing like that right now.

“He’s *the man*,” agreed Jack chuckling, and shaking his head a little.

SHE TOSSED, AND SHE TURNED. She woke in fright. Jennifer had not been having the nightmares for some time but had noticed that her fears had been becoming more heightened lately. They had been with her for a while now and were just catching up with her it seemed.

The warning from Deveroux about her safety, a while ago now, and her concerns for Jack before and after that, had been wearing her down. Judy had also told her a story about Jack, and robots, when a Darkness had got a partial hold on him. While she appreciated her sister’s information, it had only heightened her fears. It was too hard carrying this load for so long, and now decided that she would tell Jack. He deserved to know, and she could feel that she was really weakening. She could not hold up the secrecy, and her concerns, any longer, and she wanted them to fight this thing together.

She now shuddered a little as she tried to shake off the feelings engendered by the nightmare she had just woken from. Thankfully though, it was morning, and she got up, as there was no way she was going back to sleep or just lying there in her thoughts. But the relief of waking and getting up was short lived. It allowed her no solace as a *deep powerful dread* now took hold of her. She realised that this creature was knocking at the door of her existence. Jennifer knew that she needed to seek refuge in the attitude of spirit, to seek the

Presence of the Generous One through The Creative Word. What she did not know, was that the dark creature *already had her*.

She washed her face heavily, and as she held her face in her towel to dry it, she breathed in and out, slowly, and deeply, for a few breaths. She then pulled the towel down and looked at her face in the mirror. It was concerned, but she did not feel the will to change it. Just then, she saw, again, something in the reflection of the room out of the corner of her eye, like the time months before.

She moved her gaze quickly this time to catch it in the mirror, but it *caught her*. She had given it attention, and now it grew. Like a cloud of darkness filling up the world within the reflection in the mirror. Startled, she turned to see if the dark cloud was in the real world behind her, but it was not. She breathed a great sigh of relief as she turned back to the mirror. But as soon as her focus was back on it, The Darkness grabbed her, and pulled her through the mirror.

It had slowly, over all this time, through the stories it had fed her, explored the intricacies of her mind. Gladly watching her *own* fears slowly wear her down too, it now finally tricked her subconscious into *her* bringing herself deeper. Using her fears *and* her own imagination against her. She fell, and she fell, as it drew her down. Her thoughts filled more and more with terror and self-concern. She was in deep shock, and in dread of what may be within the *lair of the beast itself*. She cried out, “Jack! Jack! *It has me!*”

Her call was heard by the Agents who were posted, now almost permanently, in Here and There. Some immediately gave chase, while one of them stayed for a moment to call it in. There were Agents all through the great caverns of this place; hundreds of them. All would be brought to bear on the beast, and Jennifer’s wellbeing, would *sadly*, be considered

secondary. It had been reluctantly decided that Jack, or Jennifer, may even have to give up their life to stop this creature.

Much understanding of the dark creature and its nature had been gleaned from the Books of Deeper, and they believed that they only had one shot at the beast. By the nature of what they had found, they could not consider the health or lives of anyone; *including* Agents, in its capture and destruction. They were all informed of this heavy reality, but all went to work in a great collective orchestration anyway; to do the work that was theirs to do.

Jennifer prayed to The Ancient of Days as she was cast even further down. She poured her heart out. Not only to live, but more so to have her soul freed from this creature's grip. She would not endure this torture a second longer than she needed to, even if the obliteration of her being was the outcome. She knew that The Agency had a deep kill order on the beast, so no *one life* would be put over what harm the beast could do to *the many*. Deveroux had made that very clear on his last visit.

Now realising that her fate was set, one way or the other, she gave way to it and the fear then dissipated within her. The terror followed it out of her being as Jennifer set her soul in the hands of The Benevolent and let go completely.

The monster gasped, suddenly stopped its descent, and cast her onto a very slim rock shelf, as it could not stand the light now growing in her. It seemed to even scream, just as Deveroux and many Agents turned up on an opposite cliff top. They were on the other side of a deep wide underground chasm, which seemed to go on forever in both directions. Jennifer was on a shelf on a great sheer wall, just a little above them. Though the situation was dire, Deveroux allowed himself a smile, at this, 'little girl', who he really knew was a strong woman, beating back such a monster.

“Deploy the grab! Get her out!” he yelled.

The Agents were a bit stunned as Deveroux was going against the orders given them to go immediately for the Beast, but nobody was game to go against him, and they knew that he had the experience that they didn't. In any case, they quickly set up the equipment and fired a net with a rope attached, that blasted its way toward Jennifer.

The beast let out a bellow, like a bull in deep pain, and a great wave of emotion created from it cast the net away and blew the agents off their feet. Deveroux knew he could no longer go after Jennifer, as it only seemed to make the beast more violent. His prime focus was now *totally* the dark beast, and he now knew for sure that he had to destroy it without any more concern for anyone.

Plans

Jennifer lent back against the rock face but had to keep repositioning her feet to keep from falling. Even though she trusted the Wisdom of Life, and had let her life go, she still knew it was right to continue her effort. Inner faith and outer effort are two quite different things, and yet the same thing, unless all is lost. She had acquiesced to fate, but for *her*, all was not lost *yet*.

The Agents were now setting up a new weapon. It had been in development since the trouble with The Robes. It was powered by deep spirit; spirit that was mined from the Great Chasms that lay closest to Deepest. It was the purest essence available in the realms of Deeper, as none there were allowed to pass to Deepest until their lives were spent. Many would seek answers and aid at the threshold, but none were allowed to pass.

In the second life, one's consciousness was allowed entry, well returned, or more truly its connection to the physical body severed; but only then. In Deepest these souls would

discover, learn together, and unfold its mysteries for eternity, but yet never enter the *Most Inner Realities* within Deepest; the Great Messengers were of that place. The Great Being though, The Uncreated himself, was beyond *place*, or description, and was ever unattainable for any soul, even the Great Ones; for All cannot be part, and the Creator cannot be the created.

The Creator *could* be known, but only as such puny creatures may understand that which is far greater than them. All in Deepest were fully subject to the Source of Creation, as they were granted knowledge when passing into that realm, or more so, that the truth of reality was simply more apparent there. All understanding and love flowed from The Omnipotent, The All-Sufficing. Deepest was not a place of subjugation, though; it was a realm of Worship, which in its core essence was love and understanding itself; the souls there eternally grateful, just as the plant is grateful for the sun and the rain.

A younger lady Agent in charge of the weapon, now called out, “We’re ready, sir.”

They knew where the creature was now, thankfully. *That* had been the hardest part of defeating it so far. It had moved like the ego does; in so many guises that one may find it impossible to search out its source or see it through its many ruses and protective deflections. This new weapon that they were bringing to bear worked, in a way, like pouring pure water into a receptacle of muddy water; eventually replacing it with pure water.

Agent Deveroux didn’t flinch, or hesitate at all, as he ordered her to fire the weapon. So total was his confidence in this Agent and in the immediacy of the need to fire.

Guidance

The weapon fired, and many thin streams of spirit fired out and dove down into the swirling black cloudy vortex below Jennifer's feet. A wondrous music filled the air, so sweet as to make Jennifer cry. So much so, that she almost forgot her feet; but just regathered her attention, and herself, before falling. The beast wailed like a child, and its screams rose higher and stronger. The screams and the wondrous music mixed in the air. The music did not lose its form, or an ounce of its beauty or effect, as the Beast's screams rose to a cacophony. The swirling mass simply could not assail the spirit.

Then the creature seemed to begin to push back, and these pushes built in frequency and strength, as it did all it could to cast the sublime vibration of spirit out of its midst. The Agents could feel its heavy exertion as it fought back with highly charged emotion. Like waves, fear, anger and want, pushed back against the spirit. They also rose up and crashed over the Agents, as it also tried to wash them and the weapon away. It also now forced its way up through cracks in the rock strata under their feet, where the earth was weak. Then with a great screaming wave of anger it burst up underneath them, and the weapon, and with this violent lashing out went a huge swathe of the great rock shelf they were positioned on.

Many agents were now gone or dead, and the weapon destroyed. Deveroux looked through dazed eyes from where he lay on his side. Such was his concussion that he could not

rise to his feet yet; none could, and the beast roared with all the pride it felt in its own power. The stench that came with the wave of pride almost totally overwhelmed the agents who had survived. Most of them lay there, struggling to even gain their senses. Deveroux now knew that those who were left, were as good as dead too. They had failed, and so this creature was to be walled off; sealed up, to keep it from the body of Deeper. That wall was already being produced with a second defensive weapon; a constantly growing and thickening shell to encapsulate The Darkness so it would be cut off from existence.

Deveroux knew his fate. All the Agents left would be sealed in with the creature, as none of them could rise to escape. They *had* said their goodbyes before attending this mission and made their peace with The Compassionate. Deveroux now looked over to Jennifer and saw even more clearly his own powerlessness. A great sense of loss hit him *hard*, as anything negative, anyone felt here now, was somehow very much stronger this close to the beast. He had not protected her, an innocent, and he had not protected his Agents, and that made the feelings and the pain so great his eyes went even foggier. He had lost his hearing in the initial blast too, but he tried to stay alert; as hope, to the end, is a powerful thing.

The second weapon was to be deployed from above, on two sides, and from below. It had already been deployed East and West of their position, and from below, on their arriving here. When the failure of the first weapon was detected, they began finally sealing the shell above. It was not noticed by the beast or the flailing Agents, until the light from above them began to fade. The great strands built and built, until all light failed to gain entry. The beast then shot itself upwards, but only really battered itself against this field which was a good two kilometres above the floundering Agents.

Jennifer looked across at Deveroux, and as he nodded to her in respect, he saw the net retrieval device was still in one piece. He pointed to it, while the monster roared and roared, firing itself against the higher part of the new shell, time and again.

Jennifer was elated when she saw Deveroux point out the machine, because if she was going to die, or be trapped with this creature for any time at all, she wanted to be with her friend. The creature eventually realised its powerlessness and turned its attention on those below, but strangely it dove back into the darkness below Jennifer, nearly whipping her off the shelf as it did.

As it boiled in its seeming frustration, in now what looked like a cauldron of rock, the fears of those now left there alive grew. The creature then started feeding on them, slowly, like it was catching its breath and recovering its energy. This only increased the dread of its victims, and many minds began to scream as they held their heads to try and lessen the pain now visited on them, when suddenly from above, a shaft of light shot down towards the great boiling swirling Darkness. Deveroux strained his eyes through the pain. A small figure on a carpet seemed to ride this beam of light like a wave.

The rider drove down hard and gathered Jennifer up so quickly it was astounding. Deveroux knew who it was, and he *knew* the nature of carpets. He knew what the rider was planning, and he looked again toward the net device. Agent Wat was beside it, already beginning preparations to fire. He was glad Wat was there, and he, *sure as hell* was going to make it to that device too. He willed himself up, and almost fired himself towards Wat and the machine.

Jack swung wide, flying outside, inside, and around black projections from the beast. He was totally focused, as the carpet surfed the other invisible waves or charges of emotion now again pouring out of the beast. He deposited Jennifer quickly with Wat, and flew up, and

up. Deveroux was still disoriented, but Wat wasn't. He too knew what Jack's plan was, as Jennifer's muffled words, in amongst the battering of the growing wind waves of anger, had allowed one word though. But even though Wat was sure of what Jack had planned, the likelihood of him surviving was one in a thousand. That anyone could even make the shot to gather him up was much less likely.

Jack had swung high and turned. He breathed in deeply, and with all his determination, cast himself downwards toward the beast; picking up more and more pace, which almost turned him into a blur. The shell again began to enclose the small space he had entered through, and the light again started to fade. The beast raged and pulled itself back into itself. It began to swirl again, creating a vortex as it built up momentum, preparing quickly to make its escape and destroy this intruder on its way.

Agent Wat never removed his concentration from the screen on the retrieval net device. There was a comet-like blip intermittently appearing on it. It was Jack, as he shot downwards toward the black vortex. Wat struggled, as his eyesight, like all those now behind the net device, was not good; and the dust that rose with the continuing waves of anger and ego made it even worse.

The beast finally roared, and it began to project itself upward, to meet Jack head on, and break free of the now closing shell. The pulsing waves of emotion shot ahead of it, trying to knock Jack off the carpet. Its mind came up with all manner ways to knock him off the carpet, but the guidance system within the carpet, and Jack's faith in it, countered the Beast at every turn.

Jack dove deep into the heart of the dark raging cloud, and Wat sprung the net as the rider hit the rising screaming Darkness. The carpet drove deeper and deeper, and just as Jack gave up hope of rescue, and accepted had his fate, he was netted and whipped off the carpet.

The carpet dove to the centre of The Darkness, and the Great Light of Love and Knowledge suddenly exploded from it. It reached every corner of the dark cloud, and The Darkness began to dissipate and die. Its death cry, its sadness, its emotion, again came like huge semi-moist waves, and it now had all four friends crying; even Deveroux. But he also had a look on his face that showed *very* clearly, that if these few people *ever* shared information about him being *all emotional* with *anyone*, and that he *may* have been crying, the consequences would be *more than dire*.

Knowing Deveroux so well, and such was the weird mixed look on his face, that all three cohorts broke down laughing. Maybe also, in some relief from the now waning battle. It was just as Deveroux's confusion and the friend's laughter had reached full expression, that The Darkness met its demise. The Essence and power source of the Guidance System in the carpet was The Holy Spirit. It was from Deepest, and almost the very essence of The Knower. It simply could not be assailed.

LIGHT FLOODED INTO THE GREAT CAVERN AS THE SHELL WAS REMOVED. The Agents, at least those who were left, cheered as the first rays entered. The friends near the net machine joined in, well except for Agent Deveroux, as the last semblances of emotional energy in the air fell away.

"Thank God for that!!!" said Deveroux, almost trying to throw up the emotional energy he had breathed in from the beast, which had the others chuckling a bit.

"You bet," said Wat. "It's like people who throw up all of their negative thoughts and pain all over you, again and again, with no will to self-reflect, or ever change. Takes a while to recover from the drain, and to feel clean again."

“Well... *girly man!* We *might just* make a protector out of you yet,” said Deveroux, to Jack, with a big ‘good on you, boy’ smile on his face.

“Unlikely, mate. I’m heading topside and *staying* there. I’m *definitely* done. No more Travelling for me,” pronounced Jack, holding Jennifer just a little tighter.

“Boy! One little skirmish, and it’s *home to mamma,*” expressed Deveroux, in jest, and also a little not.

“Yep. *One world,* for the rest of my life, mate.”

“Definitely,” said Jennifer, smiling as they regarded each other lovingly.

“So, how the hell did you get a carpet, and *how the hell* did you know how to beat that thing, and *how the hell* did you know where we were? *How the hell did you know anything?*” interrogated Deveroux, with great gusto, but also a questioning smile on his face.

“I didn’t know anything; anything other than that I had to protect Jennifer. I knew she was in danger when I saw her with an Agent, so I went through the portal I had access to, to deeper, and I called out to The Ancient of Days. I suddenly found myself at the threshold of Deepest. I prayed there, and as I rose up from prayer, at peace with whatever His will was...well...a carpet bumped into me. It seems, love for The Creator, and love for Jennifer drew *it* to me. I got on it and asked it to take me home to the material realm. I didn’t know what was going on with Jennifer and you guys, but I had a carpet.”

“So, you had it for a while, eh?”

“Yep, and when I heard Jennifer call out, I just got on and flew.”

Jennifer smiled, held Jack tighter, and he smiled at her very lovingly.

“Geeze, boy, steady up on all that *lovey dovey* stuff. You’re making me a *little sick*. We’ve had more than enough *emotion* for one day.”

Jennifer and Wat chuckled, and Jack smiled, and said, “The plan just unfolded between me and the carpet as we went into battle.”

Deveroux smiled, a little in surprise, and with some joy at the word battle being mentioned, saying, “*That’s more like it! That’s* the stuff.”

“How did you get through Here and There, and back, without the creature knowing?” asked Wat. “You have to go through Deeper to get to the edge of Deepest, *and back.*”

“I didn’t go through Here and There. I went deeper through Mesos’s portal, with a bit of help from an old friend, and the carpet took me back topside though another way.”

“*Change,*” sprouted Jennifer, now remembering their short interaction with Change on the beach recently. She had remembered Jack’s calm, and Change being in the know about something. She shook her head and smiled at the memory.

“What!?” shot Deveroux. “There ain’t no *other way back*, Jack.”

“There was a way.”

“Well, we’re all friends here, Jack, so any time you’re ready,” said Deveroux, as if he was the only smart person in the conversation.

“It was the *limpid stream of love.*”

“Ohhh, *God* help me!” cursed Deveroux, and he shuddered at the girly feelings that now assaulted him. “That beast’s got nothin’ on *you*, girly man.”

“So, where *is* this stream, Jack?” asked Wat.

“I don’t know. I know *what* it is, but I don’t know where it is. I wanted to look after Jennifer. At the threshold of Deepest, I told God that *I knew nothing*; that I was *powerless*, and I asked if *He* would *guide me*. When I got on the carpet the stream just took me home; that or the carpet, or both. I’m not sure. The stream brought me here too, and I even heard Jennifer call out through it.”

“So, you *are* a girly man, *and* you don’t actually know *anything*?”

“I guess so,” said Jack, chuckling loud, and which had Deveroux smiling wide.

“*Goddamn* boy. *Good work*.”

Jack was more than surprised at that response, but Jennifer and Wat weren’t. They had always seen the deeper nature of Agent Deveroux; Jennifer, intuitively, and Wat through experience. This man enjoyed all the danger of the job, and he loved to see spirit in people. He loved to see *stuff*, as he called it. He also knew that his service as a Protector was not just about *his* courage. It was also about empowering his Agents, and empowering people. By both these he *truly* protected. His bark was all about encouragement and challenge, so his people would succeed, and be safe.

The two men now regarded each other, and shook hands, seeing a good deal more in each other. Jennifer then hugged the two Agents from Deeper there on the broken precipice, as the clean-up crew intimated that it was time for them to go.

Jack then turned and walked away with Jennifer, just now recalling how he had seen something in there; deep in all that darkness, a glowing winged creature with deep purple eyes, fighting the darkness with all its heart. It was just a glimpse, and something he could not be sure of. But then, what *could* he be sure of in these places deeper.

JACK AND JENNIFER WALKED ALONG THE BEACH. It was the place they loved to go, and after Jennifer's ordeal it was the perfect place. All the work on the ground in the neighbourhoods, for them, had fallen away for now. They had driven down early today, refreshed their beings in the ocean, and were now heading off the beach to sit down together for a coffee. They had been spending a few days wandering, and some nights now sitting on the veranda, staring off into the lights of the town beyond the hills.

"So, where from here, Jack?" asked Jennifer, deep in thought, but then smiling lightly as she lifted her head.

"Like I said to Deveroux, I think I do need to stop Travelling. I know I already said that, but I *have* been tempted to just allow things to continue."

"*Me too*, but I've *definitely* had enough after that creature."

"Yep, I can just do *this life* like I was meant to, and *hopefully* head off to the Abha Realm when I am done. Some people might like all these inner byways and lives, but I really don't anymore. I just want to be like a plant and grow naturally."

Jennifer smiled at that, but understood the sentiment. "I think I like this place best too. It is home, and we can do some good things here. It will be hard though; not having Deeper."

"*Maybe*. Maybe it'll be freeing."

"Mmm, I don't know."

"Neither do I, but I would like to give walking the Earth a try."

"That's if you are not drawn deeper again."

"I think it's about my will, with all that, Jennifer. Actually, our will. I think we sought what was deeper, but now I just want a normal life, or live deeper here, and with *you*."

Even though Jennifer had been married to Jack for a lifetime Deeper, she still blushed. She felt great love for him too. She was glad to walk the Earth, and she would be glad to move on when her soul was given its freedom from the outer realities. The contentment of life, the work, and the endless inner awakenings available here, were more than enough.

“I think this is a *great* place to be,” said Jennifer, the depth of feeling very clear in her eyes and bearing

BRIG, JACK, JUDY, AND JENNIFER SAT TOGETHER IN THE CAR. It had been a few months now since the battle *deeper*. They were waiting at a park to facilitate some games, kid’s classes, and junior youth activities, with another group of friends who had canvassed this neighbourhood in a rough suburb. The parents here who had agreed to allow their kids to take part, or at least come and see what it was like, had been very hopeful. Those who had scouted the area for any parents who were interested in their kids taking part, had found the level of humility in this poorer neighbourhood quite profound.

These four friends would help run the activities for today, and if the parents wanted the youth empowerment to continue, then the other team would help them develop a group here, just as these friends had in Ahmad’s neighbourhood. It was never about ownership, it was always about how they could encourage each other, and how they could empower the people in the communities they served. There was a meeting every three months, for the wider area that both these teams were part of. They called the areas *clusters*, and the meetings, *reflection meetings*, were where they learned from what they were *all* doing and made plans to do more. These two teams had planned for this effort at one of those meetings.

A cluster was an area that contained a number of towns or localities which naturally belonged together; economically, culturally, or geographically. The friends and teams there would work together to help support the growth of each other's orchards. At least, that's how Jack saw these neighbourhoods. He and Jennifer, and many others, had grown orchards in a deeper Earth, and it was all the same; growing orchards, that grew fruits of the soul and community. At these large *cluster reflection meetings*, people would get collectively organised, to begin new orchards, help support older orchards, train other orchardists, and learn from how each developed. Neighbourhoods, small community areas, villages, and apartment blocks, the world over, were these orchards to Jack; even single homes which were a centre of activity.

At these meetings they learned from what they had already done together, and where they were in their development, hence *reflection* meeting. They would also share their plans, and they would form plans together, finding ways to interlink their efforts and human resources. They also studied the guidance in the latest world Plan, and in the Writings, the Creative Word. The two teams had come to see the importance of supporting each other in this particular effort after learning of each other's needs.

Judy and Jennifer were in the back seat, and Judy turned to her while they waited, saying, "So, I know I don't know you very well, but you're *different*. You are a *big deal* different to the woman Brig told me about, and the woman who came up away from under that tree."

"I am Judy. Yes," said Jennifer plainly, not wanting to tell Judy that she had known her deeper and make things even harder for her.

"So, *who* are you?"

“She’s the deeper Jennifer now, *as well*, ” said Jack.

“I am still here,” said Jennifer. “I just have more now, and it is all me. There’s not two of me in here.”

“How can that just be?” asked Judy, now remembering some stories Jack had told Judy about her.

Just like Jack, Jennifer had no answers, and she shrugged.

“Life’s mysteries, eh,” offered Brig.

“There is enough mystery in people and how life will turn out in this 3D place, *I reckon*, ” said Judy, with a particular look on her face, and referring to the physical world.

“I reckon *here* is hardly *3D*, Jude. There is so much inside us, and in the reality of things, that we’re just starting to discover. The human journey is sure getting amazing, what with science and with the guidance of the New Message; new paths in the inner and outer realities to forge, eh,” offered Jack.

“Depends on what ya’ believe though,” said Judy, reminding all in the car that she was not with them on The Beauty. She was with them in all the work, and she liked the Faith they belonged to, but there was no one going to tell her to be something she did not want to be.

“Yep, sure, Jude. We’re just so comfortable with you, I suppose, and you’ve been a big part of things. It’ll take all kinds of people to regrow community and reinvigorate humanity. We can’t do it by ourselves. We’re only just *part* of what we do, and people like you and Ahmad’s mob are all part of it too. Like I said when we first met, there’s no separation to me. I *sure as hell* don’t feel separate from you.”

“Yeah, that’s what started me out on this whole walkabout with you mob. I felt it real in you, Jack.”

“A large part of the chaos we’re feeling in the world *is* the growing tide of separation from each other, and what is so strange to me, is that we’ve never been so connected as a wider human race in all human history,” offered Jennifer.

“You mob have good ways to rebuild connection, and I don’t really feel separate. Just wanted to remind ya’.”

“All good, Jude,” said Brig. He really loved his cousin.

“Actually, I feel like I’m learning how to build a *whole...new...society*, and I’m really getting to understand the basics of culture. We sure have *overcomplicated* things,” offered Judy.

“Yep, we sure have,” said Jack. “Greed and self-interest always complicate things. So do our fears; plus, *all* the arrogance, and a mad sense of outrage that seems to be growing about all manner of things lately.”

“Even good ideals can become the source of disunity,” added Brig.

“What?” asked Judy, with a big-eyed look on her face.

“Well, even really well-meaning people who want to bring forward the evolution of good causes have been a bit more militant and attacking these days. Nobody seems to just be able to disagree, and just let it be. More and more people are seeing *the enemy*, and think they have to attack or denigrate others to advance their cause. Seems to me, that *too* many, are too over the top; they just bring bad blood, and *even* repulse people who want to learn more or back a good cause. A lot of people I talk with can’t stand this growing aggressiveness. What

happened to live and let live, and being able to have a conversation with someone who doesn't think like you?" explained Brig.

"The conversation *is* being shut down, and polarisation is growing stronger; definitely," agreed Jack. "But I reckon it won't matter who's right or who's wrong, in the long term; being *together* will be the *only* way forward. Actually, if you look at Ahmad's situation, it's all about that *now*."

"Yep, it's all about being together. I don't see how we can succeed or thrive in any place or as a human race, especially now, without it. Weapons or mouths trained on each other, is sure not the way," added Brig.

"Yep, being *against* will never cut it. The chaos out there's only deepening because of it; a widening chasm and more schisms; people's chatter creating it all. I reckon it'll get *that bad* that people will find that unity, and working on *it*, will be the only way to solid ground."

"*Together*, or not at all, eh," said Brig, with a very serious look on his face.

THE FAT MAN RAN. Well, went as fast as the Fat Man could. He had made his last mistake, and he knew it. It was the very end for him. He had *a little* insurance though, a safe house; somewhere else, where he might not be easily found. Maybe, just maybe, the Mercy of The Omnipotent would come one more time, but it was most certainly not coming with this lot who were after his blood.

The Fat Man had *already* been granted a stay of execution for all he had perpetrated, and he knew it. But he believed that if he was killed tonight that he would be in great pain for eternity in the far reaches of the Inner Realm; that is, if the Omnipotent didn't simply end his

being completely. He knew the Omnipotent's justice, but he also knew His mercy, and he now hoped. Little did The Fat Man know, that at this moment he was being guided as sure as cattle are through a crush. He would eventually enter the Abha Realm, but his suffering would not be in that realm. His debt would be extracted somewhere else, and within the perfect designs of the Omnipotent.

This man was a wheeler and dealer of dubious character, who seemed to be able to traverse the byways of deeper; by permission of course. What place he had in the designs of The Omnipotent was unclear to most, but then The Great Mystery and His Knowledge is that to all.

The Fat Man was sweating as he pushed himself along, mostly powered by his fear of these creatures that now chased him. He was very frightened by the tortures these creatures were capable of, as there was no soul, no light, left in them. Over his lifetime he had had many dreams of dying a torturous death, and he took his dreams very seriously, as they had been helpful on quite a few occasions. But, while they had been helpful, the curse of knowing the nature of his own death was the price he paid every day for this foresight.

He had to make it to his car, and for a man his size it was not easy, but he moved with real intent. He could see the car as he rounded the corner, but they were nearly on him. They seemed to float slowly, but yet, *not* slowly, somehow.

As he finally jumped in his car he sighed with relief, and just as he hit the start button one of them flung the door open and grabbed him. He gasped...and then he smiled, but falsely, like a waiter to an annoying and over-bearing customer. He craned his head forward towards the creature's face, looked into the darkened hood with no fear, and said, "*Lovely doing business with...yourselves. Please call again.*"

With that, the Fat Man was gone...

A FEW YEARS LATER, Hakim, now a *junior youth animator*, was working with the team from the rough neighbourhood. He was running a youth group there now, as things had grown so much that there were now three youth *spiritual empowerment* groups there, and they were beginning to have a real effect on the community. A good number of parents and some older youth there, had taken ownership of the work too, and were growing more skills every week.

Aliyah and Brig, as collaborators, were also helping here to develop older local youth who wanted to be trained. They were learning on the run and gaining a lot of insight from effort on the ground, but they were finding it was getting too much for them. They were spread too thin across all they did here, as well as what they did in their own home neighbourhoods. Aliyah, now also a *collaborator*, became one because of her enthusiasm and participation in this particular activity in her own neighbourhood and this one. It naturally grew from her constant surprise and interest in the value of this service to these young minds and hearts, and the power of change they could unleash.

There were also collaborators for the adult training study circles and the children's classes. But today, Brig and Aliyah were meeting with the *Junior Youth Coordinator* of the larger cluster area, Maree. With her, was Tony, the *Study Circle Coordinator* who worked on the development of the adult learning and training courses, and the development of the tutors. *Tutors* facilitated the *study circle* courses that trained children's class teachers, youth animators, and even trained more tutors who could run all the training courses. These study circles helped people develop skills and insights for active participation in community development. The power of these study circles, this *instrument of limitless potential*, had

renewed many neighbourhoods, villages, and communities the world over. Such was the growth in numbers of people in this process in some of localities in the world that even Houses of Worship for people to pray together were being built. These temples were open to all; as meditative, reflective, devotional, and even contemplative spaces.

Aliyah and Brig had already reflected on the reality they saw in the groups and neighbourhoods that they worked with, and on another they had recently visited with these two Coordinators. Tony now shared a particular story from a community in the Democratic Republic of Congo, and a passage from the current Plan Letter that he felt was relevant to the work here. This experience and guidance opened up the conversation which led them to one clear need, and the *object of learning* they would need to address.

“I think that the lack of tutors to train people here in this particular neighbourhood is not only slowing our ability to train animators for youth empowerment groups. It’s also disallowing wider participation of other parents in the adult courses, so the community building can develop in a more balanced and sustainable way. We need to raise tutors to run the study circle courses here. The *Institute Process*, needs to be stronger, to really allow things to develop naturally here,” explained Brig.

“Well,” said Tony, “how to open up the bottleneck of people going through the study circle courses, is definitely our main *object of learning* for this area.”

So powerful were those three words, *object of learning*, that they had revolutionised the work. The other core spiritual attitude, a *humble posture of learning* made this tool even stronger. The later was by far the *greatest* power they had harnessed in the work. This attitude and the power of honesty in reflection and planning, personally and as a group, was finally beginning to take root in more places. But, objects of learning, was also, in and of

itself, a powerful concept and tool which allowed for greater realisation of potential in any community's development.

This meeting was a learning space, just as the *cluster reflection meetings* were a learning space; just as almost every neighbourhood and small team meeting was, in this amazing structure. The power of reflection, learning, and seeking guidance, had released a far greater and more positive force as the rising culture slowly but surely evolved. The *humble posture of learning*, and *increasing the bonds of love*, were two of the most powerful attitudes, or spiritual forces, that animated these tender herbs of a new culture.

These cohorts now seemed a little stuck again, as Tony explained that all the study circle tutors who were active in *the local cluster area* were busy, and ones in other nearby clusters were at full tilt right now. Maree then thought to ring the *ABM*. These *ABM's* were assistants to the *Counsellors*, another arm of the Faith altogether, a supportive and learned *arm* of the Faith that constantly guided, advised, and encouraged people in the work, as well as in many other aspects of this new Faith. Their work was over an even wider area and had a wider and deeper role. They supported, advised, and inspired, more generally, and more strategically. They worked organically with other Institutions of this Faith, and the coordinators, collaborators, and individuals.

This whole process, individual leaves, new buds, burgeoning flowers, branches large and small, grew off the trunk of a mighty tree that had been grown over the one hundred and fifty years before. It was all one great tree; one that could support and sustain the new growth and fruits in the neighbourhoods.

In any case, Maree thought, that maybe, the *ABM* would have some insight into the problem that would help. She talked with him for a while on the phone and explained the situation. Then her face changed a little, and she said, "Yes, of course. Thank you. We will

reflect on it,” and she put down the phone. She smiled at the others and looked at Writing up on an app on her phone. She projected it up on a wall using a new device, and she said, “This is what he suggested we reflect on.”

***“O MY CHILDREN! I fear lest, bereft of the melody of the dove of heaven, ye will sink
back to the shades of utter loss, and, never having gazed upon the beauty of the rose,
return to water and clay.”¹¹***

They all sat there a while, and allowed The Creative Word to mingle, first with their hearts and souls, and then their minds. No one in this company was in a rush, and in time they started to stir, as a few reflective insights on the words themselves came out. The insights came out gently and sporadically; again no one was in a rush. In time then, these open reflections and insights started to become ideas. Then a plan started to develop, and it too fell into place.

These friends had come to a plan, and they would share the load out. They would home visit any tutor who could run study circles and had not been active for a while. They would take the quote that the ABM had suggested with them. They decided that they would study it with these people, the trained tutors, and see if the fire of service arose in them. Hopefully, they would then explain where they needed them. The four cohorts worked out whom each of them would visit, and who would *accompany* these tutors until were confident and running. While there were roles, Coordinators, Collaborators, and ABM’s etc, all people in the process walked *with* each other on an equal footing; from those just learning to do a service, to the Counsellors.

The group then decided that they would ring these people before going, explaining a little about the situation and if they were open to study *the guidance* with them. It would not have been courteous otherwise, and it gave those people a little time to reflect on their situation. But Brig did say he would lob in on a *couple* of people, explain the situation, and the great potential for nurturing a community if they just had some tutors to help empower the local people. He preferred it to be, person to person, and just him, as the two people he was thinking of were his close friends. With them, particularly, he would feel discourteous and a bit unnaturally stiff doing it any other way.

They also decided to consolidate the youth groups they already worked with for a while. That is, to stop creating new activities and groups until more youth animators were trained up. They would do what they were doing now, and focus on raising these tutors, and enhancing the training institute process. *The Institute Process* was the name for all the training courses; the study circles, and their development. It was a self-replicating engine that drove development in communities and empowered people to act. They all now agreed that it was doable and prayed for assistance. So powerful was the limpid stream of love, and that of assistance from the Abha Realm, from Deepest, that it could not be ignored in the process of growth and change.

These spaces of learning were heart spaces, where people connected in the work, not just places of the intellect. Though the powers and the piercing rays of the intellect were greatly required, these were places of togetherness, and all they did was for love for The Creator and their love for their fellow human beings. The Writing they decided to share with the tutors had definitely reminded them of that.

As they all rose from the prayers and readings, more ideas on the nature of the conversations they would have with the tutors of the training courses came out. They shared them gently as they bid each other goodbye, and they all headed off to their lives.

Their honesty, their humility, their willingness to seek guidance, had provided them with more power than they had as individuals, or even as a group; their caring and concern for those youth who may miss out, and the possible future of that particular community, very evident. There were many conversations had beyond this meeting, where learning also grew. Learning was like water; everywhere there was life.

Beginnings

Jack walked through the portal to Mesos. Change and Time were there, as well as another essence that Jack had not seen at all before.

“Ahh, Jack. I am so glad you are back,” said Mesos, greeting him most sincerely.

“I am just back to say goodbye, Mesos.”

“Oh, Jack, *no, surely not*,” sighed Mesos, genuinely disappointed, but not unaware of the reason for Jack’s visit.

“Got to go live on the ground.”

“I would have *so* liked to have shared more with you, Jack.”

“Well, that’s the way it goes, I suppose.”

“I didn’t see *that one* coming,” commented Change, as a joke, and with a ‘in the know’ wink to Jack.

Jack smiled at that, and said, “*You are insane.*” It was not the words, but the genuine love those words were *said in*, that was heard.

“I’ve heard *that* before. People have a complicated relationship with me, so it would *seem* that way at times,” explained Change slowly, deliberately, and in strangely adult tones. “I *am* challenging, but I am a *very* simple creature, Jack,”

The way Change said it, gave an insight into the age and wisdom of this element of life for the first time for Jack, and so he just nodded his head and gave a little smile in respect for something he could probably, not yet fully imagine.

“I will see you along your new pathway,” said Cas, by way of goodbye. “But make good use of me.” She said it in a very motherly way, and it seemed to Jack that while the stories of ‘Old Father Time’ were quite apt, they were a little mistaken about the nature of this amazing element of life. It was also not lost on him that he had been given a *good deal* of extra time in his life, and maybe Cas had been more of a major player in his Travels than he had suspected.

“I suppose so, Cas. It has been an honour to have known you.”

“Steady back there boy,” said Change, as he lost his adult demeanour, and shadow boxed around the room in his old Victorian boxer garb, with that ‘keep away from my girl’ look in his eyes.

Cas smiled, and Jack shook his head, and chuckled.

Mesos seemed deep in thought and had not responded to the goings on.

Jack noticed, and asked, “A penny for your thoughts old friend?” and in so doing, realised the honour in such a simple creature as him asking such a question of Civilisation himself. With it also came a dear and parting pain; for the breaking of a bond, that Jack had not realised until now. He had known Mesos since he took his first journey. He then began to

realise the greatness of the gift of this particular essence, and his recent direct access to him; let alone the others in that room.

Mesos looked up, and simply repeated once more that he would like to have shared more with Jack. It was clear to all in the room that the spirit of this great influence of life was saddened at not being able to share more, and receive more, from this creature it tended to. To be able to interact with those it affected, and also those who would affect *it*, was of great importance to this essence; a bit more so to Mesos than the others who sat in that room. It was like he was more involved; that the bonds of love were deeper in his reality, and that the others there were more simply just what they were.

“I can’t change my mind, Mesos. God knows I *dearly* want to, even *more* so now I realise the depth of your nurture. I didn’t realise what I was given here, and *everywhere* deeper, until this moment. It actually overwhelms me, as the love I feel is so great. Love and knowledge are certainly just one thing, and each, definitely provide the other.”

With that came even further understanding, Jack realising that knowledge is not truly available without love, and true love not fully available without true knowledge, for human creatures. He sat there for a short while seeking the applications and implications of that one insight. He saw quite a lot but knew he should return to his present company.

“You have been a great gift to me my friend,” said Mesos, with love.

“And you, *far more* than I could see.”

“But you still must go?”

“Yes, Mesos. It feels that I must. But I will feel you, and I will work to strengthen you on my world. I *promise* you that.”

“Yes, I am sure you will.”

“Of course, he will,” said Change, suddenly. “They *all* will, because *I’m* on the job, and things are gonna’ change until they *change...you know*. It’s *everyone’s* responsibility, and they’ll all know it eventually; one way or the other. You know humans don’t seem to realise it, but they think they can live beyond justice, beyond *good*; but they can’t. They *never* could, *ever*. They even think that they can live beyond *me*, and they can’t, *ever*. There’s only knowledge in love and humility, and there is only order in justice.”

“That surprises me, coming from you, Change.”

“Then you underestimate me. Many have. There is a small gleaming from The Creative Word, and it is both knowledge and love for your human system...”

“The Great Being saith: The structure of world stability and order hath been reared upon, and will continue to be sustained by, the twin pillars of reward and punishment.... In another passage He hath written: Take heed, O concourse of the rulers of the world! There is no force on earth that can equal in its conquering power the force of justice and wisdom....”¹²

...this is all nothing but wisdom and love. Justice is the glass you need to look through. It is love and it is order, and no creature, no star or even element, can live outside the laws of existence.”

“I couldn’t have said that better myself. This quote was penned a good time ago in your recent history, and it was too generally ignored,” offered Mesos.

“Only the mercy of The Omnipotent has allowed it to be ignored for such a long time, but that time will end, as do all times,” added Cas, with sincerity.

“Understand that your world *must* change,” added Mesos. “Understand where the forces that shape her rise from; understand the need for me. Work as hard as you can to disallow the impending chaos any purchase...in every locality you work in, and do all you can to assuage its fury.”

“Especially our fury, Jack,” said Change, referring to himself and Mesos.

“So, you guys are going to bring fury on us?” asked Jack, a little concerned at what he was hearing.

“Most of the struggle you see in the world is people denying my reality,” explained Mesos. “Change and I, just simply have to be, and because *I* am existent within the human reality, a necessity within the human system, so you cannot deny me. But with even greater *and greater* blindness you lash out at me because you want your petty wants. It seems that souls are intent to bring me low, and with me, *their own kind*; all to gather shiny baubles and heightened emotional feelings. But I will *never* fall, and no human will *ever* hold power over me. It is *me*, or it is *chaos*; the love of unity or the selfishness of chaos.”

“Both the storm and new growth simply exist within me. I am Change, but the choice of which of these it will be, is *yours*,” added, Change.

Jack just breathed in a big breath, nodding his head making it clear he understood the reality. He saw more clearly the seriousness of the work and appreciated the candour. There was no arrogance, as may be thought of great powers. They simply saw what many could not do, or more so, would not do; and as they said, the future depended on that changing.

“Well, I will miss you,” said Mesos.

“And I you, my good friend,” added Jack.

They embraced. Then Jack went over to Change and Time to express his sentiment in leaving them.

The other person in the room had not spoken in all this time. It had seemed content to follow the conversation, rather than hold a strong need to be part of it. So, as Jack was about to leave, he said out of courtesy and curiosity, to this spirit, “We have not been introduced.”

“Really, my goodness,” said Mesos, quite taken back that Jack had not met this spirit before, and just a little embarrassed that he had not introduced them.

“No, we haven’t met,” Jack assured Mesos.

“We *have* met,” said the essence, as he got up and shook Jack’s hand, gazing deeply into him. “I will be seeing you around, hopefully, Jack,” he added, and then left the room.

“Who was that? *And I told you*, I am *most-definitely* not going to come deeper again,” said Jack, worried that some new invention was being sought to keep him deeper.

Change, Time, and Mesos, smiled widely. Then, Time said gently, “You will see all of us in the life ahead of you; a great deal of him *if you are lucky*. You will *need* him, *especially* because of your decision not to access deeper places. He is Contentment.”

“I asked him to come. As a parting gift my young friend,” explained Change.

“Better, you were introduced in person,” added Cas.

“Why?” asked Jack.

“So, you can look back on this time, and feel much more his nature,” offered Cas.

“I don’t understand,” said Jack.

“You will, next time you need him,” explained Mesos.

Jack smiled, wondering how that would work, and said, “I came here to explain that I had travelled too much for such a simple creature; that I had travelled enough, and that it was getting too hard. Now, you make me see more, and give me these wondrous gifts. You are making it really hard to turn away.”

“*All* know us, Jack. We are *available* to all. *All* can reach deep and find us. Many travel; not like you, but many travel deeper.”

“I guess they do,” said Jack smiling.

With that, they, and the room, faded away, and Jack was returned.

JENNIFER CAME OUT OF THE SURF. Jack was sleeping, and as she sat on her towel, she flicked some water over him. He woke up to her lovely face, and remembered another time, on another beach, where he first began to fall in love with her. She was different on the outside now. He had *actually* forgotten that since her deeper reality had come to be in her. He looked up puzzled, and she just smiled.

She didn’t need to know everything that was in Jack’s mind, she enjoyed awaiting life and people’s thoughts if they wished to share them. He loved that about her. She *lived* life, instead of talking it. It was a pleasure to be around her.

“So, we are *real* people now?” she said, with a bright smile.

“Apparently,” replied Jack, with a cheeky smile. “Got the inside running though, eh.”

“It might make the spiritual bar higher for us, Jack. We may have been given more gifts and so have more potential, but it means more responsibility, and might require a far greater effort in our life.”

“You’re a spoil sport, young lady.” With these words he launched himself at her, and they play wrestled on the sand, much to the delight of some small children nearby.

Jennifer was now on top of Jack, and had his arms pinned to the sand. They both noticed the ‘little birds’, and they both turned their heads to look at them and smile. The little ones giggled again.

“Can we do it again, Jen? Can you?” asked Jack, referring to having children.

“I think we *have to*, Jack. I would *love* to have children again. I loved our family. It would be hard *not* to have that *depth* in my life. Don’t you want another family?”

“Part of me desires that greatest joy, and hardest work, again. It’s just that we lost so many getting here, and it made me ask the question.”

“Sure, but it’s really that we had *more*, not less, and let’s not miss the opportunity to bring some amazing new souls to this place.”

He looked at the two little ones, and he winked at them, and then rolled Jennifer over and sat on her, and said, “Sure...*gotcha*, Jen.”

The children laughed, and so did Jennifer.

Jennifer looked up at him and said, “Yes, *you do*.”

He looked down on her lovingly, then rolled off. They then both got up without saying a thing and went down to the water to wash off the sand. While they waded in the

shallow water they played and talked a little. They began to talk about where they would live, how many children they might have, and many other things.

In time, they did have children, and they did live a long life together, once again, or *maybe* for the first time really, yet always thankful for each moment. They respected each other so much that it was impossible for them to fight, and when one was overstretched the other would pick up the strain, such was their love and attention on each other.

They came to know surely, that life *does* need to be lived on the ground, in the perfection of this garden, as it is living on the ground that tests and grows the spiritual being within. But yet, to live in this physical place *within the spirit* one grows and understands life's perfection. For these two there would always be a dual reality, and never experienced anything on just one plane. Life was a treasure trove, inner and outer, and they took advantage of all they had come to perceive.

This couple and their family, and their family's family here, would work hard to assuage the fury of the impending chaos, working hard to build strong communities, which were the same thing really. Only *unity* could defeat the beast, as the beast's only real name was *disunity*. What became most clear to those who came in the generations after, was that...*being right, was not right, if being united wasn't.*

But today these two played in the waves, looking forward to another great adventure together.

“WELL, MY GOODNESS. That would be a shame,” commented Mesos.

Future had turned up to make clear the unfolding events that Mesos would be working with. They had a long meeting studying the Greater Plan for humanity. It was quite stunning,

but Mesos had come across something that he had only seen before in deeper worlds, never in the outer realities; ever. Mesos just took it on board, as Future only shared the details of some matters. Even Mesos would not know the complete outcome for some time, and human free will would also play its part. He had seen, so many times, the magnificence and wisdom in the designs of The Omnipotent, so he simply waited to be amazed, yet again.

The whole system of creation was a mystery to him, though he knew it more deeply than most due to the nature of his work. Life's joy though, *is in* its mystery. Life's *wonder* is in its mysteries. Life's unfolding *is* what makes it a *wondrous* journey, and so it would not be meet and seemly to share what Future had shared with Mesos.

We all have wonders to create here. Best we create them, aid in our evolving individual and collective creation, and Future will come to us.

IT WAS LATE IN THE DAY, and many months after Jack's final meeting with Mesos. The young couples' *time deeper* was becoming very much a memory now, as he and Jennifer really got into living life on planet Earth of the Outer Realities.

The original youth group that Brig had formed had just finished a service project in their community; well, as it turned out, it seemed now that it was to be a process they were just beginning there too. In any case, all involved on the day were now heading for their cars.

The youth had taken the younger children to the old people's home, where they had facilitated games with the children and the older folk. They had parents driving, and a few of them had even taken part in the activities. They could not help themselves; such was the joy. The youth also made time after the activities, where the old folk shared stories and life

understanding with them all; while they enjoyed cake together, *of course*. It had been so clear to all there that this had to become a regular thing.

Brig had let the youth run with the ball themselves in creating and bringing this day to fruition. Respect for elders was in Brig's blood, and for him it was always an honour to speak with them. A lack of appreciation for this older generation had grown more and more recently, in many cultures, and so this small band of youth had decided to maybe begin to remedy this misunderstanding and disaffection in their community.

These older people had lived long, and the youth were now very much exploring life and what they could be. These older souls were a rich and varied source of life understanding, wider wisdoms, and more foundational knowledge; while the youths provided these older folk with their uplifting joy, energy, newness, and creativity. It was a treasure trove for all who took part, and it lifted them high. It was the beginning of a part of the reunification of community here, as so much had become generationally separate.

Jack was now watching the stragglers flowing out the main gate, when he felt a strange feeling go through his being. It was a dark feeling, and he shuddered. Then someone tapped him on the shoulder, and said, "Jack Johnston."

Jack turned in fright, and his eyes went wide... It was *The Fat Man*.

JENNIFER WOKE IN FRIGHT, THAT VERY NIGHT. As she did, *the remnant* woke too. *It was elated*. It had succeeded. Its plan to reach the outer realities had come to pass, just as it had foreseen in its tortured dreams. It emerged out of the corner of her eye, escaping quickly into the darkness of the night.

Jennifer now found herself suddenly relieved from the tormented feeling; yet completely unaware that she had carried this creature through the boundary.

The Darkness knew its power was far greater here, and it knew it would seek *ascendency; ascendency over all* in the Outer Realities.

AUTHOR'S OTHER BOOKS

As human beings we learn, discover, evolve, and grow, and what I can give as an author at the time of writing is subjective and relative; and so, does not seek to be absolute. There is much in these books that is symbolic, so readers can hopefully find their own perceptions of the concepts, which they may or may not be in agreement with. My main hope for these books is to awaken investigation and discussion; even self-reflection, while also entertaining those who read them.

James D

THE DEPARTMENT OF TRUTH TRILOGY

The first book of this series, "*The Department of Truth*", is the original adventure of Jack Johnston, who is taken away on a journey of discovery, that he wanted to take, but did not realise it. Its main theme is the search for truth. It is an existential journey, and seeks to explore the nature of truth, and intimate that the continuing journey of humanity is full of promise. It is a wild and wonderful journey that wanders to many different worlds, and places deeper, as it explores universal themes. It hopefully mimics the feelings of awe, questioning, confusion and realisation, of a spiritual journey.

The second book, "*Expectations of Happiness*" seeks to explore the nature of a human being, the nature of this life, and therefore, the nature of happiness here on planet Earth. The main character, Jack, is struggling to get the great things he learned from his first journey, on the

ground in life, and is again drawn to places deeper to find answers. “*Expectations of Happiness*” is about meaningful purpose, and connection in life; it is about striving and acceptance; it is about seeing ourselves as noble, and working at that. It makes it clear that happiness is not something that can be sought within itself, and is not, only an inner, or only an outer experience. The book is mostly about the *personal transformation*, which is required for any *collective human transformation* to occur.

The final book, “*The Halls of Certitude*” attempts to meaningfully explore aspects of finding a sure way forward for humanity, collectively. The human race and its future evolution is a wondrous story to me, not one of darkness that most seem to believe lies ahead. There may be some big tremors, some chaos, and outmoded ideas we have to deal with and cast aside, but the way forward is ripe with new fruit. There is much to share on this subject, and we may find that the answers to building a *new civilisation* are more about local communities, very much simpler than we might have imagined.

The *Search* for knowledge, *Growth* of that knowledge within us, which transforms us, and action in *Service* to others, therefore transforming our world, are key building blocks of life; *the* building blocks to a new future for humanity. “*The Department of Truth*” turned out to be seminal in that way, as its three secondary themes have become the main underlying themes of the three books, respectively.

THE STORYTELLER TRILOGY

This is the author’s second trilogy and continues on with what will be a series of nine books. It introduces many new characters and renews our connection to some old ones. These books lift the storytelling to new heights.

The first book of “*The Storyteller Trilogy*” is, “*The Storyteller*”. It is a story of the passing into adulthood of two young souls, Able and Eedra, while Eedra’s world and all its peoples are in the same process on a planetary level. It talks to some of the nature of this time in the life of a person, and this time in the evolution of a planet; the challenge, upheaval, but great beauty and potential of these ‘*passings*’. This story holds other stories within it, and all between its covers attends to the theme of crisis and victory.

The second book is, “*Letter to the World*”. It is a prequel to “*The Storyteller*” and talks to the story of good versus evil. It is a look at humanity through an angel’s eyes, and a street kid and two visitors who get caught up in His mission, the story shows the disjointed psyche of the world, and the distractions that take us from ourselves; mostly our own minds. Also, how we need to battle the forces of decay, by seeing them clearly.

The last novel of the trilogy is “*The Traveller*”. It is a prequel to “*Letter to the World*”, and explores civilisation; its great power, and how we mere mortals may wield that power in our own neighbourhoods; no matter what our own ignorance, or the social norm seeks to put in our way. It also seeks to portray how the great dark force of self is our enemy, and that we are all friends; a human family now finally being united in one river, and one future.

THE KNOWLEDGE TRILOGY

James D Connolly’s third trilogy completes a series of nine books, whose characters and storylines intertwine. These stories are again, like all the author’s books, wild, untamed, and joyous adventures. They attend to big themes in enjoyable and symbolic stories, leaving readers spellbound and reflective.

The first novel of this trilogy is “*Knowledge*”. It asks us to talk honestly, yet with respect, about what ails us as a society, as we are responsible. It asks us to open our minds to more exploration, to more open communication, in a more and more ideologically tribal world. It challenges the clichés of apathy and shows how a small group of people can take part in community building; no matter their age or outlook; no matter how seemingly ordinary. It has a good hard look at the world, through common, day to day eyes, as well as spiritual ones. It seeks to show how we have the power of initiative, and how we can utilise growth engines to transform lives and communities.

The second novel is “*Volition*”. It attends to human will and its nature, and looks at different stages in life, finding our vocation, relationships, family life, and child rearing. It looks at three core times in life, and how the knowledge we use underpins how we will act. It also seeks to create more understanding of the power of consultation in all parts of our lives, and free ourselves from the rising noise around us.

The final book of the trilogy, “*Justice*”, looks at the boundaries of human life, and how the ego can seek to subsume the greatest within us and threaten take people away from their high destiny. It talks to the inevitability of a mature, just, and unified humanity: and explores the power, and nature, of our link to the Creator as humankind.

CRASH and THE HUMAN CONTINUUM

I wanted to write a book to explore some of the implications of our burgeoning AI and robotic future. What I found as I wrote though was *how amazing* it is to be human. I *was* able find *some* clear implications in the rise of AI, but indeed, it turned out to be more a look at the seemingly small, yet powerfully amazing, aspects of our human creature.

The story is about Crash; an AI crash-test dummy that wanders out into the world by chance. He is a lovely fellow, experiencing a good deal of struggle as he explores further safety solutions for humans. Strangely the damage enhances him, allowing him access to deeper fields of the human continuum. Mmm, *maybe*.

See what *you* think of Crash and his journey in the human continuum.

UNITY

"I don't know what turn of fate brought these two together. A woman of beauty and dreams, and a killer born in the belly of hatred itself. I don't even know where they were headin'. But the day I saw their path's cross was somthin' I wouldn't soon forget.

I've prospected all over this planet in my one hundred and twenty years, and life was hard out here back then. Much harder than it is now, and most folks were just lost in the grip of desperation. Well...it was that way beyond all the walled cities, and away from the high planets.

Those places weren't caught in the grip of desperation and loss, or bein' chewed up in the violent chaos on some other rocks, but they were livin' in their own kind'a hell, and growing a chaos of their own makin'."

CLOWN TOWN

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

James Duncan Connolly is an Australian writer and artist/ painter of Irish descent. He grew up in a Christian family, but as a young man his quest for knowledge and understanding of the meaning of life and the spirit, led him towards the Bahá'í Faith and has been a member of the Bahá'í community since then.

His driving interest is the nature of the human creature, and this life. It has led him to many sources from psychology to history to religious texts. He also believes in the spiritual wisdom written into nature, and in human inner vision, as great sources of joy and understanding; but believes that only by living life can anyone really hold knowledge. His writing and art are greatly influenced by his Faith and life experiences, and those of humanity.

He has been writing philosophical realisations and poetry, under the acronym JDC for a number of years, and has now written upwards of nine novels; which will be published, when edited and developed.

QUOTE

The Universal House of Justice

October 2017

To all who celebrate the Glory of God

Dearly loved Friends,

This salutary truth we maintain: that the peoples of the earth have always been remembered by their God. In every era of history, that unknowable Reality has opened the gates of grace to the world by sending an Emissary charged with providing the moral and spiritual stimulus that human beings need to cooperate and advance. Many of the names of these great Lights to humankind are lost. But some shine out from the annals of the past as having revolutionized thought, unlocked stores of knowledge, and inspired the rise of civilizations, and Their names continue to be honoured and praised. Each of these spiritual and social visionaries, stainless mirrors of virtue, set out teachings and truths that answered the urgent needs of the age. As the world now faces its most pressing challenges yet, we acclaim Bahá'u'lláh, born two hundred years ago, as such a Figure—indeed, as the One Whose teachings will usher in that long-promised time when all humanity will live side by side in peace and unity.

From His early youth, Bahá'u'lláh was regarded by those who knew Him as bearing the imprint of destiny. Blessed with saintly character and uncommon wisdom, He seemed to be touched by heaven's kindly light. Yet He was made to endure forty years of suffering, including successive exiles and incarcerations at the decree of two despotic monarchs, campaigns to vilify His name and condemn His followers, violence upon His Person, shameful attempts on His

life—all of which, out of a boundless love for humanity, He bore willingly, with radiance and forbearance, and with compassion for His tormentors. Even the expropriation of all His worldly possessions left Him unperturbed. An observer might wonder why One Whose love for others was so complete should have been made the target of such hostility, given that He had otherwise been the object of universal praise and admiration, famed for His benevolence and high-mindedness, and had disavowed any claim to political power. To anyone who is familiar with the pattern of history, the reason for His ordeals is, of course, unmistakable. The appearance of a prophetic Figure in the world has invariably given rise to ferocious opposition from wielders of power. But the light of truth will not be put out. And so, in the lives of these transcendent Beings one finds sacrifice, heroism and, come what may, deeds that exemplify Their words. The same is evident in each phase of the life of Bahá'u'lláh. In spite of every hardship, He was never silenced, and His words retained their compelling potency—words spoken with the voice of insight, diagnosing the world's ills and prescribing the remedy; words carrying the weight of justice, warning kings and rulers about forces that would ultimately sweep them from their thrones; words that leave one's soul uplifted, awed and transformed, determined to free itself from the thorns and brambles of self-interest; and words that are clear, arresting, and emphatic: "This thing is not from Me, but from God." Might one not ask, in considering such a life: if this be not from God, what can be pointed to that is?

The perfect Educators Who, throughout history, brought light to the world, left behind a legacy of sacred words. Within the words that flowed like a river from the pen of Bahá'u'lláh are gifts of enormous range and sublime character. Not infrequently, one who encounters His Revelation responds first to prayers of surpassing beauty that satisfy the soul's longing to befittingly worship its Maker. Deeper in the ocean of His words are discovered the laws and moral

imperatives to liberate the human spirit from the tyranny of worldly instincts unworthy of its true calling. Here, too, are found enduring ideals in whose light parents may raise children not simply in their own likeness, but with aspirations more exalted. There are also explanations that reveal the hand of God at work in the history of humankind's winding journey through the stages of tribe and nation towards higher forms of unity. The diverse religions of the world are shown to be expressions of a single underlying truth, related to one another by a common origin, and also by a common purpose: to transform humanity's inner life and outer conditions. Bahá'u'lláh's teachings testify to the nobility of the human spirit. The society He envisions is one worthy of that nobility and founded on principles that guard and reinforce it. The oneness of the human family He places at the core of collective life; the equality of women and men He unequivocally asserts. He reconciles the seemingly counteracting forces of our own age—science and religion, unity and diversity, freedom and order, individual rights and social responsibilities. And among His greatest gifts is justice, manifested in institutions whose concern is for the progress and development of all peoples. In His own words, He has “blotted out from the pages of God's holy Book whatsoever hath been the cause of strife, of malice and mischief amongst the children of men” and, concurrently, “laid down the essential prerequisites of concord, of understanding, of complete and enduring unity”. Might one not ask, what would be a befitting response to such gifts?

“It is the duty of every seeker to bestir himself and strive to attain the shores of this ocean,” Bahá'u'lláh states. The spiritual teachings brought by successive Messengers through the ages found expression in religious systems that, over time, have become fused with aspects of culture and weighed down with man-made dogmas. But look past these and it becomes clear that the original teachings are the source of the universal values through which diverse peoples have found common cause and which have moulded humanity's moral

consciousness. In contemporary society, the reputation of religion has suffered a great deal, and understandably so. If, in the name of religion, hatred and strife are promoted, it is better to do without it. However, true religion can be known by its fruits—its capacity to inspire, to transform, to unite, to foster peace and prosperity. It is in harmony with rational thought. And it is essential to social progress. The Faith of Bahá'u'lláh cultivates within the individual and the community the discipline of acting in the light of reflection, and by this means, insights gradually accumulate about effective ways to work for the betterment of society. Attempts at social change through political intrigue, sedition, vilification of particular groups, or outright conflict are condemned by Bahá'u'lláh, for they merely perpetuate cycles of struggle while lasting solutions continue to elude. He champions instruments of a very different sort. He calls for good deeds, kind words, and upright conduct; He enjoins service to others and collaborative action. And to the task of constructing a world civilization founded on the divine teachings, He summons every member of the human race. Might one not ask, in contemplating the breadth of His vision, upon what foundation shall humanity realistically build hope for the future, if not this?

In every land, those who have been attracted to the message of Bahá'u'lláh and are committed to His vision are systematically learning how to give effect to His teachings. Cohorts of youth are becoming ever more conscious of their spiritual identity and are directing their energies towards the advancement of their societies. People with divergent perspectives are discovering how to replace contention and the imposition of authority with consultation and the collective search for solutions. From every race, religion, nationality, and class, souls are uniting around a vision of humanity as one people and the earth as one country. Many who have long suffered are finding their voice and becoming protagonists of their own development, resourceful and resilient. From villages,

neighbourhoods, towns and cities are arising institutions, communities, and individuals dedicated to labouring together for the emergence of a united and prospering world that might truly deserve to be called the kingdom of God on earth. On this two hundredth anniversary of Bahá'u'lláh's appearance, the many who are part of this enterprise are reaching out to those around them with a simple invitation: seize this opportunity to find out who He was and what He represents. Put to the test the remedy He has prescribed. His coming offers sure proof that the human race, threatened by numerous perils, has not been forgotten. When so many people of goodwill throughout the world have for so long beseeched God for an answer to the problems that beset them in their common homeland, is it so surprising that He should have answered their prayer?

The Universal House of Justice ¹³

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RECOMMENDED LINKS

For further information on the Baha'i Faith the following links are recommended

www.bahai.org

www.bahai.org.au

www.bahaiebooks.com