

Back into the Void



“That completes our brief tour of the chakras,” the Voice said. “We cannot overstate their importance as stepping stones for evolving beyond the duality of the third density. If you are up to it, we will continue with the Universal Myth of Creation.”

“Please do,” Larry responded. “I’m especially interested in the fourth density, since that’s where the planet and its inhabitants are supposed to go.”

“In theory you are quite right. You were all meant to evolve in unison. Unfortunately, given the current state of affairs and the inherent right of each entity to exercise its version of Free Will, a large harvest does not appear likely in the few years you have left. However, nothing can be assumed. You have already confounded the odds with your progress over the past twenty years. Given your peoples’ resiliency, and the present unfettered access to information and extradimensional assistance, anything is possible. After all,” the Voice added with a touch of humor, “each of you is a god, albeit somewhat handicapped by a self-prescribed planetary dose of Prozac.”

“The time has come in this extraordinary relay race to pass the baton to those who have entered the illusion in human form and are well on their way to recovery from the Veil of Forgetting. As Zeus might say, ‘You’re the man!’”

“I’ll bark to that,” Zeus affirmed.

“Come on, guys,” Larry said, “give me a break. You keep telling me that I’ve volunteered to take responsibility for the entire planet. What do you expect one person to do?”

“Nothing. Everything,” Zeus replied. “It’s all the same. In fact, what you do has nothing to do with it. Remember Rocky’s words: ‘Don’t matter where you’ve run, gotta come back from afar. Who cares whatcha’ done? What counts is whatcha’ are.’ What do you think these lines mean?”

Larry remained silent as he contemplated Zeus’s question. “Damn! Who would’ve believed that little raccoon clown could be so wise, or that his silly rap song could contain such depth of meaning?”

Zeus, in an unusually grave tone, asked, “Do you have any idea who that raccoon clown *really* is?”

“No, I don’t. Who *is* he?”

“You have made the all-too-common mistake of judging a book by its cover,” Zeus responded. “Would you have listened more closely had Rocky come in his true form? Would you be more impressed if he had descended in a chariot of flame and towered over the boulders with a twenty-foot sword flashing bolts of purple lightning?”

“Do you mean . . . Rocky is the Archangel Michael?”

“No, Larry, I didn’t say he is—or isn’t. I only asked, if Rocky had taken on that persona, would you have listened more closely?”

“Of course I would’ve.”

“Ah, the three temptations rear their ugly heads yet again! Why are you always so quick to judge?” Zeus let his question sink in before continuing. “It’s time to clear the cobwebs, little one. Over the past few days you’ve received a considerable instreaming of wisdom, lovingly aided by people, animals, trees,

rocks, even sunsets. What is the one thing you are still unable to see?”

“God?”

“Precisely,” Zeus said. “Go on.”

“I can say the words ‘God is all things,’ but when it comes to really knowing what they mean, I seem to fall a bit short.”

“And?”

“And . . . unless I can get past my deeply ingrained belief that form outranks substance, I will be forever locked into this density?”

“And?”

“And . . . I will remain an intellectual and material snob, failing to acknowledge the true worth of every being . . . every plant . . . every animal . . . every blade of grass . . . grain of sand. . . .”

“Oh, can it,” Zeus interjected. “You’re making me sick. You still don’t get it, do you?”

“*What? What? . . . What? What?*” The unmistakably cry came right on cue.

“Help!” Larry said. “I thought . . . Oh, never mind. I don’t know what I think any more.”

“Good. Let’s take it one step at a time. Look back over the past few days. What do Junie, Rocky, your current mentor, and I all have in common?”

“You are all my teachers?”

“Yes, but where I’m asking you to go is even more basic. Let’s expand the list a bit. Add: the sky, the motel we stayed in last night, the left front tire on your car, the classified section of the *Los Angeles Times* in which you saw the ad for my adoption, 9/11, the Council of Nine, starving kids in Rwanda, your silly collection of cookie fortunes from the Peking Noodle Company. What do these all have in common?”

“*What? What? . . . What? What?*” The bird’s second appearance within a minute confirmed that Larry had fallen deep into the abyss of confusion. Yet even he knew this was a wonderful sign, an opportunity for total destruction of old beliefs, making way for the Phoenix to arise anew.

“I don’t know,” Larry said weakly.

“Of course you know!” Zeus responded. “Don’t settle. Go deeper. Ask for help.”

Zeus watched as Larry focused on his breath to quiet his mind, beginning his descent into the delicious realm of nothingness. Zeus silently invoked a sacred symbol of Kofutu, one of the twelve teachings in the Mantura system of arcane study practiced by initiates in Atlantis. Within seconds, a holograph of the ancient image appeared above Larry’s head and began pulsing slowly, radiating a glowing orb that eventually enveloped Larry in a sheath of golden-white light. Larry found himself transported once again into the Void. In this place, where the mind could not follow, his confusion, and all else, melted away. There was only peace. Then eternity. And ultimately, nothing. This was the domain of the Phoenix’s great cosmic fire into which the soul descends and dies, only to be reborn again.

In time, Larry returned, exuding a remarkable clarity, completely free of doubt and confusion. When at last he spoke, his words were strong and clear. “The common thread is *me*. All the things you listed are present in my personal universe.”

“Good job, kiddo,” Zeus said. “Welcome back. It seems your short ventures into never-never land agree with you. You might want to schedule them more often.

“You see, you shortchange yourself when you settle for the first scrap of information that floats along. Somewhere within you the answer always lies. The only obstacle is your unwillingness to search for it. Unlike the hapless, *Gerris remigis*, you are

not a water bug doomed to spend its lifetime striding across the pond's surface, oblivious to the rich treasures lying just below its feet. For you—and others who so choose—there's always more.

“Give it another go. Dive in as deep as you dare,” Zeus challenged Larry. “What do you and every thing in your universe have in common? This time I won't assist you. You are now able to enter into the higher realms on your own. Simply shift the point from which you are viewing into your sixth chakra and seek to commune with the Infinite Intelligence.”

Larry once more used the breath to align his Consciousness—this time with the frequency of the Great Bank of Cosmic Awareness. What he encountered defied cognition. His sanity, teetering on the edge of coherence, reeled and balked like a horse refusing a jump. Regrouping, he released the need to grasp at the fragments of reality disintegrating before him like snowflakes sublimated by fire. Directed only by some eternal instinct, he pressed on, eventually emerging into a boundless roil of realities snaking through each other in endless motion.

A sea of possibilities, ceaselessly touching, changing, and breaking away. . . .

Every possible thought playing itself out on the screen of apparent reality, fading, and merging. . . .

The immeasurable bank of collective experience, repository of the Universe's gifts to Creation, yet occupying no space and independent of time, incomprehensible. . . .

Larry merged with the All That Is. Yet the ocean was but a single drop within him. Pure paradox, poised at the brink of annihilation. This time he did not blink, and the Infinite Intelligence opened to reveal the prize he sought.

Zeus and the Voice waited quietly. Both understood the magnitude and potential danger of Larry's inner journey. Any sudden noise or dissonant energy could snap Larry back prematurely,

fracturing his essence. It was vital that he returned only when he was ready, when his Consciousness had fully cohered again.

Eventually, Larry reappeared in their midst. His voice seemed strained, as if speaking for the first time after decades of silence. “They *are* me,” Larry said. He was stunned by the simplicity of these three one-syllable words juxtaposed against the immensity they implied.

“Bravo, my friend,” Zeus said. “You’ve been allowed a peek behind the scenes of the Great Mystery. You’ve seen first hand how the smoke and mirrors are placed to create the illusions of experience. In the process, you’ve perceived that in the Oneness of the All That Is, everything in your personal universe is a reflected aspect of yourself—Rocky, Patchuliti, me, even the tires of your car.”

“Interesting thought,” Larry mused. “If anything happens to me, you all disappear—poof!”

“Cept for one small thing, ol’ buddy,” Zeus responded. “You’re also only a player on my stage. If my electricity gets shut down, the curtain descends on you just as fast. So we’d better take good care of each other. ‘Cause if I don’t make it, you’re in big trouble. And if you don’t make it, I can kiss my uncropped tail goodbye.

“Unfortunately, human types have yet to get the message. You guys have a knack of making a mountainous mess out of the tiniest molehill. Take a look at your own life: every difficulty was ultimately blamed on some external circumstance. Your parents weren’t perfect, Marianne didn’t give you what you needed, work is too restrictive, world leaders are too self-serving, and the weather isn’t exactly as ordered. Now you know the common denominator is you. Despite the challenges of all your experiences, the only *real* relationship you will ever have is with yourself.”

“Third-density Consciousness is enshrouded in a conundrum within an enigma within a paradox. The illusion masterfully keeps you from knowing who you really are. Virtually every personal relationship within the lower, egoic realm is driven by projections. How can anyone exercise Free Will when each decision is born of belief or preference? Once you grasp this, you begin to appreciate the source of human suffering, why even the great among you are so easily driven to their knees. Cultivate compassion, be more gentle on yourself and others. Remember, all beings with whom you interact are the center of their own personal universes, projecting their needs and distortions onto you even as you project yours onto them. Is there a movie, play, or piece of fiction that doesn’t try to choreograph this curious dance?

“So, now that you have uncovered one of the secrets of the Great Magician, are you more or less impressed with the show?”

“Wow! You’ve got to be kidding,” Larry responded. “This is the most amazing show in the world, and I get to star in it as well as write it, produce it, direct it, and sit in the audience. I am the play within the play within the play . . . an infinite series of Chinese boxes each holding a surprise. God is all things and I . . . I am God.”

“So, then, who is Rocky?” Zeus asked.

Larry laughed and laughed and laughed.

“The rest, as the Talmudists are fond of saying, is merely commentary,” Zeus said. “But as long as you’re on a roll, and now that you have the Creation’s Rosetta Stone in hand, tell me what you know about illusion.”

“It doesn’t really exist,” Larry answered.

“Then what makes it appear to exist?” Zeus asked.

“The charisma of time,” Larry said.

“If I didn’t know better,” Zeus mused, obviously caught up

in Larry's merriment, "I'd swear you've been peeking at my I-S-M manual."

"Not me," Larry protested in mock indignation. "Not only have I never seen it, I didn't know it existed until we got here and you started talking. Besides, I think I'm getting the drift of these lessons." After a short pause, he added, "What does the great manual say about all this anyway? I'll let the two of you know if I concur."

"Indeed, my exalted master," Zeus replied. "Your merest wish is my command. I shall be only too pleased to provide the quote. The gods, I am certain, eagerly await your pronouncement in judgment of their work. Praise from one so venerable as you would be prized beyond measure."

"As I recall, what you seek lies in one of the earlier portions. Ah yes, I can see it clearly now, projected onto the screen of my mind:

Time is the canvas on which Creation paints the illusions of reality.

"Huh?"

"Too deep for you? Shall I ask them for the annotated version with little cartoon animal drawings?" Zeus quipped.

"Never mind," Larry responded, his previous bravado slipping quietly away, "I'll work it out for myself, thank you."

"And so you shall," the Voice said, enjoying the rollercoaster ride Zeus had just provided for their student. "Allow us to restate the manual's wisdom, which, we may add, perfectly echoes your earlier insights. Now you know that nothing exists that isn't you and you are that essence of which nothing is made, which simply means that everything isn't . . . though of course it could be.

“When we suggested that it’s time for you to take the baton from our outstretched hand, we hardly were referring to the little you. The bigger You must come to the party now. If we may quote that delightful little raccoon once again: ‘It doesn’t matter where you’ve run, you have to come back from afar. Who cares what you have done? What counts is what you are.’”

“So, what are *you*, Larry?”

“I’m not certain how to answer that question. What I am exceeds any words I could possibly use.”

The Voice did not respond, and Larry’s last words rippled out well past the horizon of thought and beyond.

It was the Voice who broke the silence. “May we offer a word of advice? It’s one thing to operate within your illusion while you are fast asleep. It can be quite another now that you have begun to awaken.”

“My God,” Larry gasped, “I hadn’t thought about that. Talk about being a stranger in a strange land! Any suggestions before you pat me on the behind and return me to the slumbering masses?”

“What a lovely image!” Zeus chimed. “I can see you now, staggering between rows of beds, a ringing alarm clock in one hand and shaking somnolent bodies with the other; Paul Revere with amnesia—a true picture for the ages! Mind if we suggest a better way?”

“Suggest away,” Larry replied, by now used to Zeus’s off-beat sense of humor. “Off hand, I’d say the job ahead of me is far more than I can handle—at least that’s the way it looks from here. I’m going to need all the help I can get.”

“Very well, then,” the Voice offered. “We offer three simple but powerful tools for dealing with your fellow human beings. The first is: in all interactions that threaten conflict, simply ask yourself, ‘What do we have here?’ These few words will help

contextualize the situation, separating you from the energetic emotional snares that previously would have triggered your personalities.

“The second suggestion is: whenever you feel the beginnings of an emotional reaction, silently say to yourself, ‘I need to just remember who I really am and why I chose to be here.’ The word ‘here’ refers to both the situation and the incarnation.

“The third tool is founded upon the realization that nothing in Creation is random. When you find yourself in a challenging circumstance, consider that great effort was expended to bring it about. Each person involved spent his or her entire lifetime gathering unique experiences to bring to the table. Consider each to be your personal teacher and ask, ‘What lesson is contained here for me?’”

“Thank you,” Larry said. “I’ll treasure your advice, and I promise to use it. Of course, it’s easy to be detached and aware in your presence. The test will come after I leave here and some joker presses one of my buttons.”

“Indeed,” the Voice responded. “We will watch with interest how you choose to react.

“Larry, given your new insights into the current state of affairs on your planet and the road ahead, what would you say needs to be changed to help humans transition into the next density?”

“Nothing but me,” Larry replied.

“Do you understand what you just said?” the Voice asked.

“Yes, I think this time I *really* do.”

“Easy to say. Let’s see whether you have seen deeply enough to unlock the files,” the Voice said.

“What do you mean?” Larry asked.

“Remember earlier, when you learned that the information surrounding John Lennon’s death was hidden in the Akashic records?”

“Yes.”

“Do you now understand why it was hidden?”

“I think so,” Larry said. “Until I could totally suspend judgment and know that everything is perfect exactly as it is, I would find myself emotionally embroiled, fueled by righteous indignation, trying to fix and save a world that doesn’t need fixing and saving. Like a boy scout forcing an elderly lady to cross a street she doesn’t want to cross.”

“Precisely correct, Larry. Now that you appreciate why these files were locked, can you tell me who hid them?”

“Wow! . . . I did!”

“Clever man. You hid them to save yourself from being permanently distracted—as so many of your fellow humans already are—by the swirls and eddies at the edges of the stream. You knew you had to stay centered. As you have come to understand, there is precious little time left. If you choose to take up a particular cause, it must be picked carefully, as if it were your last battle.

“So let’s test how deeply rooted your newly discovered insight really is. What do you know about the death of the famous Beatle?”

“Only what was written in the newspapers and what you told me before. As I recall, you said he was killed on December 8, 1980 by a guy named Mark David Chapman. He was shot just outside his Central Park apartment building in New York City. I have heard that certain people believe the incoming White House team serving Ronald Reagan sanctioned the hit.”

“Interesting,” the Voice responded. “It is time to see if you can answer your previous question. You’ve already mastered the process well. Focus your attention through your breath and access the Akashic records. See if the hidden files are now open to you.”

Larry stilled his mind and once again reached out to the great Akasha. This time he found no secreted areas of information. It didn't take him long to locate what he was looking for. He returned within a few minutes, a smile of satisfaction illuminating his face. "You're right, of course," he said. "No matter what it looks like to the outside world, no matter who is doing whatever to whom, it is absolutely perfect exactly as it is."

"And what did you find?" the Voice asked.

"Isn't it curious that the killer's names all begin with roman numerals?" was Larry's oblique reply.