



*It has pleased God
That divine verities
Should not enter the heart
Through the understanding,
But the understanding through the heart.*

— BLAISE PASCAL

Help from Above



“Ah,” the Voice exclaimed, “perhaps we assume too much. What do you know thus far about your Higher Self?”

“Well, I met my Higher Self when I was working with Junie,” Larry said. “But everything was happening so fast—as if it isn’t now—I don’t really know much, other than to say it’s one of my subpersonalities. On the other hand, it might be the other way round. Among other things, it’s the one who chooses the lessons for a third-density lifetime.”

“This is too important a subject for you not to grasp completely,” the Voice responded. “Zeus, perhaps you might clarify this matter for the lad?”

“Why not?” Zeus replied. “It seems attempting the impossible is my routine assignment these days. Larry, my man, you want paradox, you got paradox! You’re about to meet yourself coming around the next corner!”

“Huh?”

“What color was George Washington’s white horse?” Zeus asked. “You know, the high-spirited one with the long mane?”

“What in hell are you talking about?” Larry said.

Zeus found Larry’s confusion amusing. “Sorry, couldn’t resist. Why is the obvious always the last thing we see? Do you

recall that a little while ago you explored your unwillingness to take Rocky's message seriously because of his funny outfit?"

"Yes."

"And what did you discover?"

"That he was actually a part of me," Larry replied.

"If you can see that Rocky is a part of you, why is it so difficult to work out who the Higher Self is?"

"Duh . . . ," Larry said. "Washington's white horse was white, wasn't it? What you're trying to tell me is my Higher Self *is* me?"

"Bravo. Now that we've gotten past the easy part, let's explore how you can be split into two levels of Consciousness at the same moment in time. Imagine talking to yourself in the mirror. You have a thought, your mirror image reads your mind and responds. The only difference here is that the response comes from a much higher point of view."

"You mean the me in the mirror is speaking from the sixth density?" Larry asked, with more than a touch of disbelief in his voice.

"Close enough for government work," Zeus responded with a chuckle. "That ain't exactly it, but if you don't get too caught up in the mirror business, it'll help get the idea across. Let me explain: It's all about nonlocal time being simultaneous rather than linear. If you remember, that's another way of saying there is no past or future, only a whole bunch of nows going off in all possible directions. Since you've already arrived wherever you think you're going, doesn't it make sense to reach back and give yourself a helping hand from time to time?"

"You mean the Higher Self is actually a more evolved 'me' in the future coming back through time to assist me?" Larry wondered.

“You see,” Zeus said, speaking more to the Voice than to Larry, “that wasn’t too hard at all. I believe he’s beginning to get it.”

“But how is that possible?” Larry stammered. “If my Higher Self comes from the future, wouldn’t he . . . or I . . . know everything that is going to happen to me?”

“Oops, looks like I spoke too soon,” Zeus said. “No. As you have already observed, nothing is certain and all possibilities are played out in parallel universes. The Higher Self is like a road map that depicts your known destination—in this case, the state of Awareness to be achieved when you finally make it to the sixth density. The map offers many routes to get there. Although part of you has already reached the destination, the journey may have been tougher than it needs to be. So the Higher Self—if so requested—reaches back to guide your third-density Consciousness through an easier, more productive route. In a sense, your Higher Self gifts you with partial knowledge of what you’ve already experienced, so you don’t have to repeat so many of the lessons.”

“That makes twice in the last minute you’ve stressed that the Higher Self has to be invoked, it doesn’t just appear. I gather that’s an important point?” Larry asked.

“Indeed it is,” the Voice interjected. “Recall that the overriding force animating Creation is Free Will. This mandates that each aspect along your infinite continuum of I’s must be allowed the freest possible expression of experience at each level of Consciousness. Your Higher Self may create certain predisposing limitations to set up third-density incarnational lessons, but the rest is up to you and how you choose to exercise your Free Will. That is why your Higher Self cannot freely interact with your conscious mind unless specifically invited to do so in each instance.”

“Isn’t the Higher Self governed by the same laws as I am in my third-density state? Doesn’t it evolve in Consciousness too?”

“Not exactly,” Zeus replied. “Amazing how seemingly simple questions can’t be answered by a simple yes or no. In some ways, your Higher Self is completely outside the evolutionary equation. It’s a part of you that was bestowed on your sixth-density self by *its* own future self.”

“You’ve got to be kidding,” Larry said. “If my sixth-density self gets my Higher Self from its future self so it can help me when I’m my later self, how do I—whoever I am—ever get out of here?”

“Out of where?” Zeus asked with obvious amusement.

“Here. Creation. Infinity. Whatever,” Larry said, annoyed with himself for not being able to see the humor of it all.

“How about inserting a few more pieces of the puzzle before trying to guess at the final picture?” Zeus offered. “Lighten up. What’s the big deal? You’re down on yourself just because you can’t grasp how the future can fold itself so conveniently into the present to affect the pathway by which it has already reached its destination. It’s no more than another shining example of pure paradox—piece of cake, once you stop trying to understand it. Let’s step back for a moment and revisit the Myth of Creation, this time from the point of view of a particle of Awareness rather than the All That Is.”

“Okay, show me what you mean,” Larry answered.

“Cool,” Zeus said. “Now hang onto your hat, ‘cause this is going to be a mouthful. As an Awareness particle emerges from the earliest densities, it’s drawn deitropically—if I may coin a word that, from this day forth, shall mean being drawn irresistibly toward the Oneness.”

“Like heliotropic—the way a sunflower moves its face toward the sun?” Larry asked.

“A perfect analogy,” Zeus replied. “As I was saying, an Awareness particle is drawn deitropically by the gravitational attraction of the spiraling Light energy back toward its source. This pull increases exponentially at each successive density until, in the final phases of the seventh density, the exquisite intensity causes Awareness to lose all sense of personal identity. Its final act before merging with the Oneness is to shed its Higher Self. That portion of Consciousness is then gifted to Awareness’s sixth-density self, so it can assist those portions of its own Awareness yet to follow on the vast circular course of existence.”

Larry’s silence testified to his confusion. Zeus continued, “Ah, so. It appears I had better try another approach. Imagine that your entire continuum of I’s is represented by an enormous, slowly spinning disk containing all the colors of the rainbow. Larry, other than the obvious difference of hue, what actually distinguishes one color from another?”

“Their frequencies,” Larry replied, trying to anticipate where Zeus was headed. “As I recall, the vibrational rate of red is the lowest and violet is the highest.”

“Go to the head of the class!” Zeus exclaimed with feigned enthusiasm. “You remember Physics 101. In our example, let’s equate the color bands with levels of Awareness. As Consciousness emerges from the Void, it passes through the first veil to enter the red realm. It remains there as long as necessary to increase its Awareness. What happens to its hue?”

“It gradually shifts from red to orange.”

“You’re on a roll!” Zeus teased. “Absolutely correct. Even though the colors flow into each other through infinitely subtle gradients, let’s agree for the sake of this illustration that there’s some energetic point where red becomes orange and orange becomes yellow, and so on. Those points all lie on radials that

define the beginning and end of each color, separating them into seven vibrational compartments.”

“The seven colors of the visible spectrum?” Larry asked.

“Yep. Let’s call these seven radials the veils defining the entry points into each of the eight densities.”

“Now you’re trying to confuse me,” Larry said. “How can there be eight densities if there are only seven veils?”

“Lordie, ah do declare . . . why, you’re actually listenin’. How sweet. Ah just love an attentive audience,” Zeus offered, reverting to his hammy southern drawl. “Why, Larry, ah coulda sworn ah already told you ‘bout how first-density babies were born.”

“Can the Kentucky fried chatter,” Larry retorted. “I’m seriously trying to get this, and I’m not sure your little asides are helping. The first density arises out of the All That Is.”

“Now don’t get heavy here,” Zeus replied, dropping the deep-South affectation. “This stuff is far too important to be taken seriously. Just hang in and keep your thoughts out of it. You’ve reviewed how a being enters the Wheel of Consciousness; where does it go when it graduates from the seventh density and is ready to get off?”

“Why, it merges back into the All That Is,” Larry answered.

“Now you see, you’ve been trying to make a mountain out of a molehill. You really understood all along, didn’t you? The veils create the distortions marking the onset of each density. Since the eighth density is the Great Unknowable Mystery—the One Supreme Infinite Creator—there’s no veil blocking it from those ready to enter. All Consciousness is directly and intimately connected to it at all times, limited only by each individual’s tolerance for pure Light/Love energy. Consciousness arises out of the Oneness only to return to the Oneness, in a constant, simultaneous sweep. Except, of course, that it never leaves it.”

“*What? . . . What? What? . . . What?*” The screeching was right on cue.

“Ain’t ol’ What-What the cat’s meow?” Zeus said. “He’s always ready to break the tension and pat professorial pups on the paw to remind them they’ve strayed a bit off the path.”

“Get real, Zeus,” Larry offered. “Even the bird thinks you’re absurd. How can one get on the Great Wheel, go through an entire process of gaining Awareness, to finally get off and still never leave it?”

“Ah, a perfect catch for two JAPs!”

“Zeus, what the hell have you been drinking? I give up. What’s a JAP?”

“My! You have led a sheltered life,” Zeus goaded. “Remind me to do something about that as soon as we get home. A JAP, mon cher, is a special subspecies of the human experiment, the crystallized perfection of doting parents and a dedicated supporting social cast of hundreds—a Jewish American Princess, of course.”

“I still don’t get it. What’s a perfect catch for two Jewish American Princesses?”

“Why, a paradox, of course!” Zeus and the Voice roared their delight. It took a fair while for Larry to join them.

“Stay cool, dude,” Zeus continued, “you’re doing just fine. Let me add a few more ingredients to the story before we give it a final stir. I promise, it’ll all make sense soon.

“As the gigantic disk rotates, it draws cosmic plasma in its wake, creating countless interference patterns within each segment of Awareness. These wondrous, intricate weaves of peaks and troughs constantly inform each range of Awareness, adding more and more spiritual mass, thereby increasing the density levels of each segment. There comes a point when the segment with the greatest quotient of Awareness—the violet seventh density, in

this example—becomes so dense that it merges once again into the black hole from which it sprang. In the same instant, its place on the clock is replaced by the faintest shadow of a newborn red segment just beginning its journey through the first density of Creation.

“You see, this is the snake swallowing its own tail. There is no beginning and no end, only the Oneness of infinity. The totality of who you are *is* the disk. Each wedge of the Great Circle, akin to the seven densities, simultaneously experiences every possible aspect of Conscious Awareness.”

“I’m trying my best to follow you,” Larry said, “but I still don’t understand a couple of things.”

“And what might they be?” Zeus asked.

“It seems that all portions of the disk spin together. Doesn’t that mean that all of the densities last equally long and that all beings graduate from their respective densities at the same time?”

“If the disk existed in local, linear time, that would be true. But it doesn’t. What you call time is quite relative and subjective, depending on the point from which the observer views. Rather than encasing it in months, years, and eons, think of it in terms of too little, too much, and just right. From that perspective the time spent in each density is just right: no more, no less. Regardless of how long it takes, it all happens simultaneously anyway.

“You might try gift-wrapping that and giving it to one of the JAPs as a wedding present. And your second question is?”

“I don’t know why I even bother asking,” Larry mused. “If the seventh-density entity finally merges back into the Void, how can it simultaneously reappear as a newborn first-density entity?”

“Well done!” Zeus cried. “Now that’s a really good question. It points to the very heart of the Unknowable Mystery. Consider

the seventh-density self—just after it bestows the Higher Self to its sixth-density counterpart—as it passes through the final portion of its radial. What becomes of it?”

“It ceases to exist?” Larry asked.

“In one sense, since it’s forsaken all individuality. But in another sense, just the opposite happens. It merges into the absolute Oneness of the eighth density. Yes, it becomes nothing, but that, in actuality, is everything. So it can’t help but be in the portion of the One reintroduced onto the first section of the disk, just as it is a miniscule part of the portion of Consciousness spun out onto a different disk in a different universe, to experience a completely different aspect of All That Is.

“If this makes even rudimentary sense, how can you consider even the *possibility* of escaping the hologram? How can you ever again doubt that you and all Creation are One? You ask how you can get out of here; there is *only* here. Where in the infinite Oneness could you possibly go that isn’t here?”

“I need a beer!” Larry groaned.

“I agree, this is heady stuff,” Zeus said. “But if you wanna’ stay true, eschew the brew. The minutes left are getting few, and as you can see, there’s much to do. Pardon the rhyme, but—as I just said—it’s all about time.”

“What’s about time?” Larry asked.

“Why, the paradox, of course,” the Voice interjected. “If you take Zeus’s suggestion and eliminate time and space from the equation, it all makes perfect sense. If you are going to shift your Higher Self from theoretical concept to practical reality, you must first deal with your restrictive concept of linear time. You’ll need to give up the belief that you have a beginning and an end. What you perceive as space/time is simply part of the third-density illusion created by the Veil. Viewed from the sixth density, all events appear simultaneous—one experiences the entire disk at

☛ GOING DEEPER ☛

once. The Infinite Instant contains all that ever was and ever will be experienced, from the first glimpse of Consciousness to the final merging into the All That Is.

“Herein lies the dilemma: How does one hold onto third-density reality and at the same time invoke the Higher Self’s assistance?”