



*You are a child of the Universe,
No less than the moon and the stars;
You have a right to be here.
And whether or not it is clear to you,
No doubt the Universe is unfolding as it should.*

— MAX EHRMANN

Redefining Reality



The three waited in silence, no one wishing to interrupt the reverberations of the Voice's last words. "Such is the process," the Voice finally said. "When one walks, each step must die so the next can replace it. And so it is with all life. Death is no enemy. On this path through the densities, death becomes your greatest ally—to be welcomed, when it comes, as a dear and treasured friend. Perpetual birth in the absence of death is overwhelming; it leads only to pain and suffering. Consider, for instance, the current state of imbalance on your planet, a product of humanity's reverence for power and possessions while disdaining surrender.

"The Higher Self can be reached only by surrendering the lower will. The egoic self cannot manipulate or exploit it, for its Light/Love quotient is too bright for the lower I to handle."

"Then how do we bridge the gap?" Larry asked.

"With great humility," the Voice answered, "just as one does not pray arrogantly to one's God. Remember, the Higher Self is the priceless jewel gifted to your sixth-density self by your seventh-density self just before it turns its full attention to merging with All That Is. It is arguably the highest form of God a third-density being can commune with directly. Contact with this elevated energy is so elusive that we strongly recommend it be attempted only during states of dreaming."

“But didn’t I contact my Higher Self when I was with Junie?” Larry asked. “I wasn’t asleep then.”

“Ah, then we have to define our terms more precisely. By ‘dreaming,’ we refer to any activity that establishes a bridge between your conscious and unconscious. Space/time flows into time/space along this pathway, allowing you and your Higher Self to connect. This state can be most easily achieved in sleep. However, it is also reached through deep meditation, especially with judicious use of the breath, and through other activities that call for surrender, such as channeling, deep ritual, and—though unpredictably—the use of mind-altering substances. Your ability to speak with your Higher Self in Junie’s presence was largely due to her particular magic. She induced the required state in you.”

“So it *is* possible to commune with the Higher Self while you’re still alive and awake in the third density.”

“Yes, Larry, it is,” the Voice replied. “However, this state—called the magical personality—is accessible only to serious adepts who have already balanced their chakras and honed their ability to reach into the Infinite Intelligence. You will have greater success by confining your attempts to the modes of dreaming that come through sleep and meditation.”

“Fair enough,” Larry said, “I can read a ‘no trespassing’ sign as well as the next guy. What do you suggest I do?”

“The opportunities available when you link with your Higher Self are limited only by your imagination. You have only to express your clear intent and, provided it does not interfere with the lessons you are programmed to learn on this side of the Veil, it will manifest.”

“Does that mean I can ask to be healed?” Larry asked.

“Yes.”

“Can I ask for guidance and understanding about problems or relationships?”

“Absolutely.”

“And how do the answers come?”

“In many ways,” the Voice responded. “Healings, of course, are self-evident. Moreover, the reasons for a particular physical disharmony are often made clear, and the lesson that is its gift is learned, so the illness departs. With regard to guidance or understanding, the Higher Self communicates through many means, often catching your attention through synchronicities and coincidences. Words on a billboard might suddenly take on a profound meaning, or the right book might fall off a shelf at a key moment. One might overhear a key remark in a restaurant or—in your case—read a relevant fortune cookie. Perhaps a random thought suddenly appears in your mind, a line from a movie or a play sticks in your Consciousness, or a friend you haven’t seen or thought about for years unexpectedly contacts you.”

“If they’re so diverse,” Larry asked, “how will I know what to take seriously?”

“That’s the easiest question you’ve asked yet,” the Voice chuckled. “Take it *all* seriously. There is no need to travel to India in search of your guru. There is nothing in all Creation that is not your teacher, provided you are present and open to learning. Understand that virtually nothing occurs randomly. Every chance encounter, every casual remark, every serendipitous happenstance contains deeper meaning than is first apparent.

“Consider the complexity of events in a world of well over six billion people, each personally guided by his or her Higher Self—like an unimaginably elaborate, intricate multidimensional chess game with remarkably dynamic rules. Because of the Oneness of Creation, every single interaction has a direct effect—grossly palpable or exquisitely subtle—on you. Fortunately for each entity on your planet, the game is played by Grand Masters with levels of Love, Wisdom, and Power beyond your wildest

conception. We promise, when you finally review your incarnation after leaving this illusion, you will be amazed at the many, many blatant messages you've ignored."

Zeus smiled, thinking of all the thirty-foot neon signs Larry had missed during their few years together. His mind echoed the famous words of Matthew Henry, "None so blind as those that will not see." But honoring the process and Larry's Free Will, he said nothing.

"How do I become more aware of them?" Larry asked.

"By not being so consumed by the magnitude of your daily drama that you fail to appreciate the wonders surrounding you at all times," the Voice replied. "By learning to listen, treating everyone you meet as if he or she was an avatar. By relinquishing the need to seek rational answers to the enigmas of life. By focusing less on being interesting and more on being interested. But by far the greatest way to open up to the riches offered you moment by moment is to reverse your third-density instincts and learn to think with your heart and love with your mind.

"In Zeus's words, the key is to show up—to be as present as possible. You cannot be completely in the now if ingrained patterning and prejudgments control you. So cultivate the art of not knowing. It is up to you to find and celebrate the uniqueness of each aspect of Creation. We suggest you play this simple game: Wherever you find yourself at any moment, try to observe three things you have never noticed before. Look for them in the people you encounter, in your physical surroundings, and most especially in your own thoughts."

The Voice allowed this advice to sink in for several moments before continuing. "Very well, then. We shall complete the Myth of Creation by briefly mentioning the seventh density, also called the gateway cycle. Here the Consciousness of those who enter from the sixth density discerns the sacramental nature of all

aspects of Creation. From that point forward, the process is shrouded in mystery. From the little we know, it seems the social memory complex accumulates such a high degree of spiritual mass that it turns away from all concepts of personal identity. It surrenders fully to the gravitational force calling from within as it coalesces into the zero point of All That Is. The outward, physical manifestation of this metaphysical state is what your scientists call a black hole. Then, in the eighth density, Consciousness becomes one with its original source. All Creation cycles back in this way, merging into the All That Is—before reemerging in the first density within a new octave of Creation.”

“So it’s a continuous process?” Larry asked.

“There is no way to answer without misleading you,” the Voice replied. “In the eighth density, time as we know it collapses completely. The transition from the eighth density into a new form of experience is neither linear nor simultaneous. The succeeding creative expression simply unfolds from an unimaginable timelessness. That is all we can say.

“And so ends our little journey through Creation. We offer it not as fact to be accepted blindly but as a proposition for you to consider. In this period of extreme uncertainty, it is urgent that your peoples embrace a larger mythology than your present teachings offer. You must discard the conclusion that you are powerless in an infinite universe and cease measuring your worth by how well you please others or meet society’s expectations. It has become dangerously counterproductive to wallow in the illusion of separation and alienation—from each other and from Creation itself. Can you not hear the insistent ringing? It is time to awaken and greet a dawn you have never before encountered.”

“You make it sound ominous,” Larry said.

“That is not our purpose,” the Voice replied. “We do not

intend to direct choice or interfere with Free Will in any manner. Rather, we wish you to appreciate that the third-density experience on this planet is rapidly approaching the end of its cycle. We want you to realize that those who wish to make the transition must make certain decisions.

“Our discourse is intended not to underscore the failings of humankind, but quite the opposite. Those entities who respond to the call and wander outside of Plato’s cave will surely discover for themselves what you are learning here, that humankind and God are one.

“Consider humankind’s extraordinary legacy of architects and writers, painters and performers, inventors, scientists, mathematicians, philosophers, musicians, and dreamers. Are their works—given the self-imposed limitations of the Veil—any less grand than the galaxies? We think not. The spark of the logos thrives in each of you, though it is hidden under layers of conditioned beliefs.

“Perhaps you can now appreciate the limitations of your physicists’ attempts to explain the Universe. Even quantum theories only create more questions than they answer. Infinity can not be perceived by the finite. No telescope, no matter how powerful, can see to the edge of the Universe. The Universe will always appear to be expanding in direct proportion to one’s ability to view it, the red shift factor notwithstanding.”

“I thought the red shift proves that galaxies are hurtling away from each other,” Larry said.

“Not really,” the Voice replied. “It’s just a convenience latched onto by modern science to lend credence to the Big Bang—an attempt to describe mysteries, vast beyond comprehension, in terms that human beings already accept. If your scientists would review their data without preconception, they might find that the intrinsic red shift of a quasar or a galaxy is

not related to velocity. In other words, it has nothing whatsoever to do with receding galaxies. One of your scientists, Halton Arp, almost took a step in the right direction when he suggested the shift might be linked to a galaxy's relative age. But because he relies on current scientific concepts, he, too, fell in the trap of seeking a physical explanation for a nonphysical event. The red shift does appear to manifest in discrete steps over time, but this is not a function of chronological age. Rather, it is due to the increase of spiritual mass acquired as a local galaxy evolves. What meaning can distance or velocity possibly have in an infinite universe?

“So you see, Larry, in your quest for heightened Awareness, always seek another way of seeing things. Do not rely solely on your senses or intellect. Even lightning, which Zeus so beautifully described to you earlier, is not what it appears to be. In all matters of inquiry, never settle. No matter how far you believe you have come or how much you think you understand, you are only on the surface. Always go deeper.

“The potential for further discussion is almost as infinite as Creation itself, but the shadows are beginning to lengthen. It is now time for you and Zeus to begin your journey back to your home on this planet. It has been a privilege to share this teaching and learning experience with you both. We have gained much from this exchange. Perhaps we shall meet again. For now, we bid you farewell. *Espavo*. Go forth rejoicing in the power and peace of the One Infinite Creator. Adonai.”

“Thank you,” Larry said. “Thank you. This has been, without a doubt, the most extraordinary school I've ever attended. You've given me much to think about. If you don't mind, I'd like to ask you a few more questions. A few areas of confusion still remain.”

“Just a few?” Zeus remarked. “Come now, laddie, this is no time to be modest.”

But the energy of the Voice had vanished as unexpectedly as it first arrived. Larry and Zeus found themselves once again in their physical bodies, sitting on rough, bare ground in the concave depression of a cliff face. Shadows had indeed engulfed the entire area, and the air was considerably cooler than Larry remembered. His body felt stiff as he gingerly stood up and began to stretch.

“Do they all just suddenly appear and disappear like that?” Larry asked.

“Don’t know,” Zeus drawled. “Can’t rightly say I’ve met ‘em all. Least ways, not up close and personal like this. Makes a dog wonder.”

Zeus and Larry walked side by side, silently picking their way around the spill of boulders. The scattering of Joshua trees dotting the barren landscape were barely catching the last caress of the late afternoon sun. At last, they reached the marked trail that looped around Hidden Valley. It was Larry who spoke first. “Zeus, what did the Voice mean—that lightning is not what it appears to be?”

“You’re insatiable,” Zeus replied.

“Well, the Voice did tell me to go deeper.”

“Can’t you give it a rest, kiddo? Why not get out of your head for a while and enjoy the walk? This has got to be one of the most beautiful places on the planet and you’re not seeing a single rock or tree.”

“They’re gorgeous,” Larry replied, running his hands over the ridges of a nearby boulder, “and since they’ve been here for the last umpteen million years, my guess is there’s a good chance they’ll still be here next month.”

“Ah, but will you?”

“What do you mean by that?” Larry asked.

“I’ll let you work out that morsel for yourself,” Zeus replied.

“You’ve got to be the intellectual equivalent of a nymphomaniac. What does it take to satisfy you?”

“Physically or mentally?”

“Okay, you win,” Zeus said. “Let’s dive into the deep end one last time before we leave the energy of Joshua Tree. You recall the Love, Wisdom, and Power triangle? What do you suppose these three cosmic principles really are?”

“From what I remember, Love is mastered in the fourth density; Wisdom, which balances Love, is gathered in the fifth; and Power, which unifies Love and Wisdom, is attained in the sixth.”

“And the beat goes on,” Zeus said.

“What do you mean by that?” Larry demanded.

“You speak as if answering a test question—carefully defining the surface. What you’re looking for lies deeper. Remember the Voice’s advice to think with your heart and love with your mind. You might want to give the Voice’s meditations on the three sides of the Great Triangle a try—especially if you expect to get the meaning behind the words I am about to use.”

“Calling Love, Wisdom, and Power ‘principles’ is misleading, because it suggests that one can grasp the essence of this Great Cosmic Triangle with the intellect. They are not theoretical concepts. Each is an aspect of the All That Is—three interlocking pieces of a puzzle that combine to form the unity of the Infinite One. Love is Infinite Consciousness, Wisdom is Infinite Intelligence, and Power is the innate ability to Create.

“Earlier I used the illustration of waves on the surface of a pond forming interference patterns.”

“Yes, I remember that,” Larry said.

“Now, imagine the water as an omnidirectional plasma—like a cosmic, multidimensional game board—where these three interact. How do you suppose the logos manifests galaxies? Through intentional design. It manipulates the wave patterns of

Love, Wisdom, and Power in the potential flux of hyperspace to create precise interference patterns. When these are frozen in the illusion of space and time, presto! Cosmic arrays of apparent realities, in all their multifarious expressions, take their appointed places in the Grand Experiment!”

“I think I’m getting the idea,” Larry said, “though I can’t begin to imagine the level of intelligence required to hold it all together.”

“There’s no way you can, so don’t even try,” Zeus said. “It’ll help, though, if you substitute ‘Awareness’ for ‘intelligence.’ This Love-Wisdom-Power model of Creation opens up a whole new understanding of the nature of the cosmos. Space is not, as your scientists once believed, a vacuum. It is living, throbbing, holographic Consciousness. That’s why information is instantly and universally available. That’s why there are solar winds and heliospheres. That’s what makes ESP and channeling possible. That’s what our host in the rocks meant by saying every single interaction throughout all Creation has a direct effect on you.”

Noting Larry’s silence, Zeus continued, “Why do I get the distinct impression you’re not following me here? Let me take another approach. Until your scientists grasp the significance of Consciousness, they are better off accepting the electric model of cosmos suggested by the plasma physicists. It’s a more elegant platform from which to explain cosmic curiosities such as recurring spiral structuring, galactic magnetic fields, and the dynamic movement of galaxies.”

“I don’t get it,” Larry interjected, “what’s all this got to do with lightning?”

“I digress not, little chickadee. You just hang in there. We’re about to discuss lightning as an effect of cosmic orgasm. It’ll just be gift wrapping if you haven’t grasped how the Universe operates. Stay with me, now.”

“Okay, sorry.”

“So hold onto your image of a charged electrical plasmic Universe made up of Consciousness, Infinite Intelligence, and the Power of Intention. Instead of thinking of stars as gigantic thermonuclear engines, try them on as electrodes in a galactic glow discharge—great concentrated balls of lightning. What looks like activity—sunspots and solar flares and the like—is essentially determined by their electrical environment, which can change suddenly. Every star is actively communicating with its galaxy’s central sun and with other parts of the cosmos. They’re not atomic furnaces; they’re great beings, the sublogoi of Creation.

“This brings us to the object of your insatiable curiosity—the nature of lightning. Lightning is really a dense stream of luminous plasma manifested as a powerful electric discharge. When you see a great jagged burst of electricity explode from the sky, where does the electric charge really come from? What I said the other day—that it comes from static electricity built up in storm clouds—was pretty simplistic. But given your understanding at the time, it was the best I could do. Besides, it made for a helluva story!”

“Thanks. And now you’re going to tell me the tooth fairy doesn’t exist?”

“No way, José. I no spoil ‘joo foone para toda el Tequila een Tijuana. I gonna turn ‘joo fairy into some pretty hot, chili-pepper mamma. ‘Joo bet.”

Larry chuckled as Zeus continued, abandoning his south-of-the-border accent.

“Guess what? Your government has several low-light photos of the upper atmosphere that conclusively prove—since seeing is believing to the beltway boys—that while you are enjoying the lightning lightshow below the clouds, there’s a simultaneous above-the-clouds plasmic discharge that reaches up to seventy

kilometers above the planet's surface. Now, what tree lives high enough to create the necessary positive ionic charge, do you suppose?"

"The Tree of Life?" Larry quipped.

"Cute. And not so far removed from what's actually happening, I might add. Toss out the belief that lightning is created in the clouds. It simply ain't so. Clouds are merely a convenient pathway for electricity originating in space to descend to Earth. Keep in mind that your planet, together with its solar system and galaxy, is speeding through the vast, dynamic electrical plasmic medium of the Great Cosmic Triangle."

"Talk about the potential for a sparking good time!" Larry said.

"There'll be a hot time in the old town tonight," Zeus quipped to the tune of the old refrain. "It means that the Sun and Mrs. O'Leary's cow may not be the only source of Earth's thermal and electrical stimulation. If your planet freely exchanges its energetic favors with every good-looking hunk of cosmic plasma it encounters, can you imagine how that might affect weather patterns? As I said, your scientists actually have photographs showing the illicit discharge between the ionosphere and the center of a hurricane. Scandalous!"

"But everyone knows weather comes from the sun," Larry said. "As the sun heats up the oceans they get warmer and stir up the air above them. This creates wind, which in turn creates weather."

"Then tell me, little hummingbird, how come there is weather on the sun? Who heats her buns? Besides, last time I checked her out, I didn't find too many oceans—or cows for that matter. While you're at it, perhaps you'll explain how come Neptune, one of the more distant planets from the sun, has the most violent winds in the entire solar system. And how do your

little theories explain away the huge dust devils and planet-wide dust storms peppering Mars? Exactly why do your astronomers observe spokes in Saturn's rings or St. Elmo's fire dancing over the tops of Venusian mountain ranges?

"No, my little mosquito, these are not caused by the sun. They're merely part of the outward pyrotechnic display caused by interesting interference patterns. It's the clash of planes in a great cosmic joke."

"Pretty soon," Larry said, "you'll soon be calling me your little molecule! Why are you stressing all this weather stuff?"

"Ah, so!" Zeus replied. "Since we are about to leave the energetic hospitality of Joshua Tree, perhaps it's time for us to join together alpha and omega to make a complete sacred circle—not unlike the one we encountered soon after we got here. Let's go back a few days. Why did you leave work early last Friday and make tracks towards Phoenix?"

"My despondency over the terrorist attacks last Tuesday," Larry answered.

"And do you not see the connection between what I have been telling you and 9/11?" Zeus asked.

"No, I'm afraid I don't."

"Then allow me to fill in the gaps. If we live in an electric Universe, and if the sun and all the planets are significantly affected by plasmic interference patterns, how do you suppose they affect all other life forms, which are also electric in nature?"

"I'm not sure I get the question," Larry said.

"Fair enough," Zeus said. "Do you grasp the idea that the sun is not a burning ball floating in empty space, but the visible manifestation of an energy nexus—or a major confluence of interference patterns, as your scientists might say—in the electrical plasmic ethers?"

“Yes, I’ve got a picture in my mind—a Universe made up of a multidimensional, plasmic electrical field that manifests all the created objects in space, such as planets, stars, comets, and galaxies,” Larry answered.

“Good,” Zeus said. “Then what does that make you?”

“Oh, my God!” Larry exclaimed. “Me too?”

“Every one of us,” Zeus said. “Every rock, every tree, every bird, fish, and drop of dew. Every entity that ever lived in any of the infinite subsets of the many densities. What are these, if not the products of interference patterns in the same plasma field, albeit on a smaller scale? You’re not very different from your sun—a projected electrode of Consciousness linked to the Infinite Hologram by the silver thread of Love. . . . My, how poetic,” he mused. “Even if it doesn’t quite say it all, it sure sounds pretty. You think I’m ready to publish?”

“Oh, cut it out,” Larry replied. “This stuff is tough enough without you making light of it.”

“Why thank you, Larry, what a kind thing to say. To think I’ve created Light—which, in a sense, is exactly what I’m talking about.

“How you choose to see yourself is little more than a function of the position you choose along your continuum of existence, defined by the I’s of infinity. You can look out into the heavens from here on Earth and explore the Unknowable Mysteries, or you can turn the telescope around and view Creation from the point of view of All That Is, who’s exploring life behind the Veil through you. Either way, you discover that a part of yourself has been projected from the larger You into this remarkable dualistic illusion. How can any biochemical/electric entity—whether it be the sun or an ant—move through the electrical field of plasmic Consciousness without interacting with it?”