
Light, Love, Laws & Lies

Simplifying Life's Lessons So You Can
LIBERATE Your SELF.



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Dedication

I dedicate this book to my beloved girls, Sacha & Alayna.
May this work inspire you to uncover and live the dreams in your hearts, save you time in
the doing of and help you arrive more speedily to the journey of pure joy that is your
birthright as it is all of ours.

Thank you for the joy that you have brought and continue to bring to my life.
Life would not have been the same without you.

Introduction/Preface

I am a simple person. I believe life is about sharing and that the fundamental principal to life is LOVE. Why do I believe this? Because every time I let go of guilt or wanting to make someone else feel guilty, then love bows its beautiful head in acknowledgement, as if to say namaste, then throws its head back in the most delightful peel of laughter as bells of celebration ring through the universe, of my being.

It is in the sharing that we find we all have a voice. That we all have a unique perspective to share. As much as we are the same we are also truly unique and can help each other by sharing that uniqueness.

So, from my heart to yours, this is my voice speaking out to you. From the infinite to the infinite.

Someone once joked:

We've made enlightenment so hard that even God couldn't make it:)

While this book is about enlightenment first off it's also about taking care of Your Self - Your Mind and Your Body. I see your Self as your Spirit, so it's about taking care of Your Spirit, Mind and Body. While your mind and body might need more care, I don't believe your Spirit needs taking care of, as I see it as inviolate. What it does need, is your recognition of its existence. Otherwise it stays in the dark where we have relegated it to and actively hold it, by our denial of it. This book is about shedding some light on that so you can experience the light of your Spirit as it is.

On the other end of the spectrum of existence it is also about learning to accept your body for what it is and for what it is not. While people who seek the light have often denied the body, there are laws that govern the physical universe, like gravity, that need to be paid attention to, that can help you appreciate your body's place in it all and how to keep it as healthy and as well oiled a tool for your spirit as it can be.

I wholeheartedly believe that we can live and be beyond these laws. That it's possible to turn your body into light, 'remove' it from this physical realm and to bring it back again from the light to walk the earth once more.

I am under no laws but Gods.

A Course In Miracles Workbook (ACIM WB) L,76

But since I haven't experienced that yet, it's simply a belief I have.

So in the meantime in my journey to experiencing that, if indeed it is possible, in this lifetime or another, I'm going to look to taking better care of myself by working with the laws of the universe that govern health and wellbeing. Why? Because I've found life is easier and the path more enjoyable, if I do.

I started off on this journey believing healing was all in the mind but I've had enough experience now of doing things with my body that made me rethink that. The mind does need attention. But I found that dealing with my mind became an easier task when I took better care of my body. Taking better care of my body and my mind has meant that I could settle into my spirit more effectively and effortlessly. If I can settle into spirit then everything else disappears in importance.

So this book will not be a niche book. They say that to make something marketable you should focus on one niche and become an expert in that but alas that is not my forte. I see life as all one, not a series of parts. Living for me is broader than the parts. It's all equally important. I believe we all need to handle all of life, not just a part of it, and we can learn from each others journeys. As I've learned from others, hopefully you can learn from mine.

So this will be about what I've found to work in all areas of life. Yes, there are laws that we need to follow. Some, or all, we may be able to get beyond. But until then, we need to learn to work with them. One of the challenges we face in doing that is it's really hard or likely impossible to do that, when we are being lied to about them, accepting those lies as 'the truth' and living our lives unwittingly then from a position of untruth.

There are lies we've been told and continue to be told. Some by folk who mean well and care about you but are lost in the lies they themselves believe in. And some by folk that really don't care about you at all. These lies can affect you without you being aware of it and become the lies by which you live and also die by. Some of them will likely surprise you and infuriate you. Some will likely make you laugh and cry. Sometimes both at the same time. I've found that waking up to being lied to can be a painful process but I believe it's a necessary one.

Some people go through their whole lives avoiding the facts. Even perpetuating the lies. Epitomised in the saying by Max Plank (Nobel Prize winner for originating Quantum Theory):

*A new scientific truth does not triumph by convincing its opponents
and making them see the light,
but rather because its opponents eventually die,
and a new generation grows up that is familiar with it.*

If we don't know the truth how can we truly move forward?

Since you have picked up and are reading this book I assume you are ready to know what you are being lied to about, so that you can deal with it and get on with your life.

There are, what would now be called, simple life ‘hacks’, that save a lot of time and energy. The quickest way from A to B is not to slash a new track through the bush, although that can be a fun exploration for some, but to get on a well formed road with a good map. Hopefully you are ready for a faster, smoother track and something I share in here will help ease your way. As the title suggests this book is about Simplifying Life’s Lessons for you, so you can LIBERATE yourSelf.

The acronym I created for LIBERATE is Life In Balance, Expanding, Radiating And Touching Everyone. For me that is the essence of how love works in the world.

But the thought of liberation can itself be subject to lies. I imagine you’ve heard of liberation being about the busting loose of constraints.

Someone once said the definition of insanity is doing the same thing over and over again and expecting different results. Implying that you did it once, twice, thrice and it didn’t produce the result you wanted. So why bother trying it again a fourth, fifth, sixth and ad infinitum time and expect anything different than happened the first, second and third?

What if, believing you have to bust out of anything is part of the problem? It’s been quite a different experience for me to realise and recognise that I am free, now and always, and experience those apparent “constraints” simply fall away and vanish as if they were never there, the more I do just that. No busting out necessary. Just a relaxing in. That’s an experience I wish for everyone.

And ye shall know the truth and the truth shall set you free.

John 8:32 KJV

But how do you know what is truth and what is not? I think it differs depending on what truth you are trying to come to terms with. For nutritional truths I believe the scientific process, as much as it’s been misused to ‘prove’ all sorts of untruths, can and should be used to uncover the real truth of what is good for you.

For determining spiritual truths we can certainly use scientific methodology but because God is, by definition, beyond our senses we cannot rely on the perceptual sciences to decipher spiritual truths. Those truths come to light in our inner experiences.

I like a reminder from ACIM (A Course In Miracles). Which says essentially that if you are experiencing peace, joy and love simultaneously, then you are experiencing truth. One without the others is not.

In other words if we love something or some event or moment, but don’t experience peace and joy along with it, we’re missing something. Paying attention to how those three blend in your reality, or not, is a key way you can tap into your inner wisdom to see if the path you are on, or the thoughts you are contemplating, are based in truth or not.

Haidakhan Baba, a being I spent a few months with in 1982 in the foothills of the Himalayas (I have still to meet another person like him) used to talk about the *Sanatan Dharma*, or the true, eternal religion. For me that’s about finding and living from the truth of our being, beyond religion, beyond body and beyond mind from the core of our reality, a reality that is more real than the world we appear to live in.

I'm not sure what I really learned in college, American's read high school, and in medical school but for some reason I seem to have taken my old Wellington Boys College motto to heart. In essence it says it all for me:

Lumen Accipe Et Imperti
Receive The Light And Pass It On

This book is my attempt to receive the light and pass it on. May it help you receive more light and understanding in your life and may you too be inspired to pass it on to others. As ACIM (A Course In Miracles) would say, *it's in the giving that you experience having.*

Spirit

Chapter 1

In The Beginning

Extending The Light

I woke up in light as light. Light was everywhere and everything. I was everywhere and everything. Not a bright white light, one that hurts your eyes when you look at it or one that burns you if you get too close or freezes you if you get too far away. Instead it was a soft amber light. One that has already oozed into every nook and cranny of being-ness and is there to stay. Like a warm bath, this light was something I had already relaxed into and been opened by. Alive with being, extending in all directions. Not that there was a sense of direction. More one of simply infinite being, enjoying being. I existed in this ocean of soft amber light. I was one with the ocean. Endless and at peace. Pulsating and alive with love and harmony and an effulgent joy. Bliss in being. The eternal moment.

Foreverness.

Or so it seemed.

Almost imperceptibly, in the depths, there was a stirring, the slightest murmur of low grumbling discord, that, like a maelstrom, broke out in a mad shrieking cacophony of unbelievable, unrelenting proportions and in what seemed like the blink of an eye, all that beautiful light was gone and only darkness and sickening terror remained. Chaos and disorder reigned.

Then I woke up, panicked, stressed and on the verge of, if not openly, screaming, from what was one of my main repetitive nightmares as a kid. If I couldn't handle the terror I'd head for the bottom of my mum's bed. Dad had left years before so mum was my refuge and the floor at the bottom of her bed was the closest I felt I could safely get to the comfort of her presence. I'd had too many memories of waking mum up in terror and being told to get back to my own bed, that I was unwilling to risk jumping right in for a cuddle. So I'd lay there, as close and as quiet as I could to not disturb her. Listening to the sound of her breathing and being close to her helped me recover a sense of safety in the world that had been completely shredded by the dark force that had overwhelmed the light.

Years later mum told me she would let me into bed but it's an interesting thing about the way we selectively remember the past that I don't remember those times at all. I certainly do remember the long cold hours spent at the foot of her bed in the north of Scotland shaking both from cold and fear until either I fell asleep there or I settled down enough to go back to my own bed or waking mum up and being told to get back to bed. Over time I learnt I could handle the fear so I'd stay in bed till it quietened down and I could get back to sleep.

It had just been a dream. Or was it, 'just a dream'? Was it something else? Something real? Was it a 'memory' of my birth, my emergence from the womb into the world? Or was it a 'memory' of my conception, from the world of spirit, beyond mind and body, into

the physical world? That sense of coming from the light of consciousness into the body? I had that dream experience once more in my adult life, shortly after I started doing breath work.

I have heard and can make up all sorts of stories about it but when all is said and done, how would you really know and what does it really matter?

What did matter for me is that dream experience of the light felt as real to me as my body and the world we live in, feels now. Because of how undeniable that was for me, I've chosen to accept and recognise that experience as a guiding inner light and I have, in general, continuously sought to bring that experience of light and love and joy and peace and harmony into my everyday living. I have wondered how life on earth, what we do for money and work, how we interact with our family and each other, could reflect that better? And that has been a driving force for a lot of my life choices.

For a long time I thought the journey was to 'get back' to the light and it was at the tender age of 57, while sharing my story on a leadership panel, that I was able to hear myself say something in a new way.

That revelation for me, was that there is no 'going back', there is only going forward. I'm sure that sense of needing to go back to sort something out is not unique to me but I had it pretty bad. For the first time the realisation that there was no going back was a deep visceral sensation that brought to light, pun intended, how I'd been perceiving on a deep level, my relationship to the 'light'. I could see that my relationship to the light had been about being separate and needing to get back to it.

In that moment, I understood that all along it has always really been about me needing to acknowledge, appreciate and trust the presence of the light in me and in my life – now. So that in living from that place I could help to extend it.

It was a paradigm shifting moment for me.

You may have heard this tale used to describe what a paradigm shift is:

*A battlecruiser in a stormy ocean at night was faced with a blinking light
on a collision course with it.
The captain radio'd the source of the light and commanded it to change course.
The light responded back with the exact same command.
'I am not moving, I suggest you change course.'
Not being used to having his authority challenged, the captain ordered the return
message, 'I am the biggest battlecruiser on the ocean, Lord of the seven seas and I
command you to turn aside.'
The light replied with elegant simplicity,
'I am a lighthouse.
So I suggest you choose a different course.
Right NOW.'*

You can imagine the change of mind the captain went through.

It's my favourite analogy for describing a paradigm shift. Often we may experience a puffed up sense of importance of an idea we have, only to experience a 'lighthouse' moment and completely change tack, to hopefully a more life supportive one, like that captain would have needed to.

I wonder if society as a whole may be on the verge of its own 'lighthouse' moment about life? I hope so. But what I've come to understand is important, that no matter what the rest of the world is doing, whether it be someone really close to me or someone I don't know that is being portrayed in the media for whatever. What really matters is how I relate to the moment I find myself in and everything that is appearing in it.

I don't believe my experiences with the light are unique. Somewhere along your timeline, I imagine, you've experienced something that has had you wondering similar thoughts about the life we are part of. The life that lies beyond our bodies and beyond our minds and that our bodies and minds exist within.

Whatever it was for you, I believe those experiences are worth paying attention to. If you haven't already I'd suggest you take the time to write them down. Include your responses and questions to them. Share them with someone close. Take time to savour their meaning in your life.

I am reminded here of Viktor Frankl's comment in his book, *Man's Search For Meaning*, about what got him through the atrocities he and many others experienced. Viktor was an Austrian Jewish psychiatrist that survived the Nazi concentration camps where his father, his mother and his wife, died. He says it was the discovery that he was free to choose what was in his mind.

I believe that freedom to choose, not just what is in our minds, although that is a major turning point, but what exactly to listen to within, is a key factor for all of us to learn to exercise.

Chapter 2

Who Am I?

Answering The Question

Only once have I been made mute.

It was when a man asked me,

Who are you?

Kahlil Gibran

How you *choose* to answer this question has consequences that will either reverberate joyously throughout the universe or slip off unannounced into nothingness.

Once people find out I graduated as a medical doctor and then left nine months into my first year, more often than not the very next question is; *Why did you leave?* My answer has often felt inadequate to me. Partly because there is a part of me still answering that question for myself and also because it's not something I can truly encapsulate in a few words.



Bush doctor - New Guinea medical elective 1978

Here is a fuller answer...

I have started this chapter several times and wondered how to begin. Like, how about - *From The Frying Pan Into The Fire*, which might give you a sense of what it may have been like for me.

Then one night while watching Greg Braden's *Missing Links* series, the one where he talks about this question, *Who am I?*, as the most fundamental question that anyone can ask themselves because the way they answer it will govern their whole field of perception. While watching that episode I was reminded that it was attempting to answer this question, *Who Am I?*, that was the biggest part of why I left medicine.

Let's go back some.

On the strength of those light dream experiences I wrote about in Chapter 1, I remember one day questioning my Sunday School teacher about the nature of God. We were still in Scotland, in my home town Fraserburgh aka *The Broch*, so I must have been 9 or younger (we came to NZ when I was 9). Sorry, I didn't write down the date of that momentous occasion. At least it was momentous for me. I never asked the Sunday School teacher anything ever again so I never got to find out how it affected her:!) At one point I became conscious that it was my first ever stand up argument with an adult and it felt like a life or death issue.

It was centred around my confusion. How could an All Loving God do all those nasty things they were talking about? Turning women into pillars of salt, flooding the world and killing everyone apart from Noah and his family, asking Abraham to sacrifice his son and then doing the same thing with his own Son, for real this time, among a host of other Biblical dramas and current day disasters and personal trials and tribulations that were often mentioned as God's Will.

It really didn't make any sense to me, at all. And I couldn't reconcile that, with the inner sense or knowing that I had, that an all loving God just wouldn't do that. That kind of behaviour had nothing to do with the everlasting light that I knew and everything to do with that terrifying darkness.

So here I am standing, quaking in my boots, having this 'discussion', with everyone else in the class looking on and neither the Sunday School teacher nor I, were going to change our minds. It was impasse city and indeed it went nowhere but it did have an impact on me.

I don't remember the exact words from both sides but I do remember the conclusion I came to as clear as day. *Well if what she says about God is true, I want nothing to do with Him.* It didn't occur to me, at that tender age, that my position might have some validity. So I did as the proverbial saying goes, *I threw the baby out with the bath water.*

God and I were finished.

Mum never went to church, at least I have no memory of going to church with her. For some reason as far as she was concerned, she'd made up her mind that church was not for her but she had told me that she wanted me to go to Sunday School so that I could make up my own mind.

So, on my way home after that conversation with the Sunday School teacher I imagined that when I got home, I'd tell my mum that I'd made my mind up that I didn't want or need to go to Sunday School anymore and that would be that. But alas, that was not to be the case. Mum's argument? *Ye're o'er young t' be makin' yer mind up aboot things like that.* So Sunday school wasn't finished for me just yet.

It seemed it was only shortly after that, in 1964, we emigrated by ship to New Zealand and to my chagrin I was packed off to another Sunday School, which was just over the fence from our home in Charlotte Ave, in Brooklyn, Wellington. I went a few times but I was 10 now, I'd wisened up a little around my mum and I wasn't going to use the same reason for not wanting to go that hadn't worked for me the last time. So, one Sunday I came back and said I don't want to go and blamed it on not liking the people there. For some reason she accepted that and there was no more Sunday School for me. It was well after mum had passed over that I wondered if maybe she just wanted Sunday mornings off, without me around? One of those questions I'll never get to ask.

That's perhaps a good life lesson to pass on. I'm sure I'm not the only one who has questions that will never be answered. It seems to be a reasonably universal trait that we often don't think to ask our folks about all sorts of things that we find we'd love to know after they've gone. If your parents are still alive you can start a list of: *questions I'd like to ask my folks before they die and can no longer ask.* Another question you could use if you want to stimulate your mind to come up with questions could be: *if my folks were dead now what questions would I be most upset that I hadn't asked?* See which ones you really would like to ask now and go ahead and ask them before it's too late. You'll be grateful you did.

Funny thing about the mind. One of its favourite things seems to be to ask and answer questions and one thing to learn is if you want better answers its best to ask better questions. I've come up with a couple of questions there just to show you an example of that in action but the thing is for you to learn to think of and ask better questions yourself. I may have overcompensated with our own girls, trying to tell them repeatedly about their own family history so that hopefully they will remember it:). They'll often moan at me about that but there are also poignant moments where they realise something that I thought they would have remembered from my previous memory sharing. Alas, it's only when something becomes important to us that we bring it to light.

Back to my story... I felt bad about lying about not liking the other kids but it worked and happily, there was no more Sunday School for me. As I said, even though I had been dutifully going to Sunday School I'd left the idea of God behind with that argument in The

Broch and it stayed that way for a while. But it wasn't to be for that long in the grand scheme of things.

In the early 70's in New Zealand there was a big screen film came out, called *The Bible*. I remember going to it with my girlfriend, Anne. For some reason it made a big enough impression on me that I came away from it thinking *well maybe I should revisit this whole idea of God?*

That revisiting started in earnest when my girlfriend and I split up. The pain was intense. I was suffering, and Malcolm, one of my friends from a neighbouring Catholic Boys School, St Patricks, handed me a book he thought might help. It wasn't a book you would expect a Catholic boy to be reading but he wasn't exactly a model Catholic. I didn't know how important a part of my life it was to become. The book was Paramahansa Yogananda's *Autobiography of a Yogi*. It was a book I would return to after each successive break up. There were 3 of them. So I read it 3 times before I left medicine. At that point in my life my relationships tended to last about a year and a half. It's interesting that my dad left when I was a year and a half old. Could I have been reliving the trauma of that moment of separation in my break ups? It was likely a part of it but I've come to believe that the pain and trauma we feel when we separate from a loved one takes us back to the original sense of separation we all feel and want to heal. That's the sense of separation from God, Goddess, All That Is. I like that way of giving God a name. It's not my expression. I heard a channel called Lazaris in the 80's refer to what we imagine as God this way and I liked it, so I use it. But whatever you want to call the infinite source of life is fine with me. It is after all beyond names.

I've also come to appreciate that the 'separation' from God, Goddess, All That Is, is only an imagined separation. But then imagination can create a pretty convincing 'reality' that can take lifetimes to get over.

It seemed in very short order that spirituality and reconnecting with whatever 'It' was and learning to live from there, became the undercurrent and primary focus of my life but on the surface I was going through the educational process of college and university. I never thought of spirituality as a career option unless it was to go hang out in a cave somewhere and I couldn't see myself doing that.

Perhaps my decision to leave medicine was foretold in how I chose medicine in the first place. I can't say I chose it out of a great passion, other than the hunger to know. Which itself could have been born from a deep sense that I didn't know and somehow not knowing was a vulnerable, life threatening experience for me. So 'knowing' for me, became imperative. Later when I was learning how to free my breath and use my breath to free my mind I recognised a preverbal thought of mine that happened when I was taking my first breath. It was simply: *I don't know how to breathe*. So it was easy to see why the experience of not knowing felt like such a vulnerable space for me and became such a personal driver. Learning to allow myself to say *I don't know* has been such a profound shift for me. I still can get tripped up by the pressing need to know something for someone. Somehow I equated not knowing with personal failure. Now I can accept that owning up to what I don't know is a sign of personal strength. And it opens up the option to learn to know from a greater mind than mine.

When it came down to choosing a career I found myself in the top class in Wellington College and as I didn't have anything I was particularly inspired to do, I remember thinking that maybe I'd better go through a process of elimination. Clarifying what I 'should' choose by the exclusion of what I don't want.

Whether it was the actual reality of the situation or not, I felt there were limited choices available to me. So it was a matter of choosing between the four or five choices that were being held out to us. I was clear that I didn't want to be an engineer which some of my classmates were headed for, so for me it came down to a choice between law, dentistry, veterinary or medicine. Law seemed infinitely boring so I took that out first. I absolutely hate hurting people and I was brought up in the era where school dental nurses weren't allowed to use, or simply didn't have, anaesthetic when drilling. Even with anaesthetic, drilling teeth could hurt, so that took dentistry out of future possibility for me. Which left being a vet or being a doctor.

What it came down to between those, was that I loved animals and I loved people but I loved people more. Plus there was a British TV sitcom "Doctor in the House" in the late 60's early 70's that made being a medical student look like fun. So medicine it was. I didn't have good enough grades to get into Auckland so I headed off to Dunedin to compete with a couple of thousand people for a couple of hundred places. I remember being absolutely delighted when I got in.

In terms of a pathway in medicine I originally wondered about being a plastic surgeon. The kind that helps burn victims get their faces back, not the cosmetic kind. That was until I saw the results that could be achieved and the idealist in me scrubbed that option as a career.

I loved finding out about the body though. Lectures were fascinating. Anatomy was great, even though there was an undercurrent of discomfort in the room. It could be an overwhelming experience to be surrounded with 20+ dead bodies in a big hall, all on their tables with the stench of formaldehyde striking up your nostrils. I remember there was one lass who left med school, after all the competition to get in, after her first day in the dissection room. And another classmate skipping with someone's small intestine to lighten the tension. He was reprimanded for that but I still remember him as one of the most endearing people in my class of 200.

We were the first class to have equal numbers of men and women. We even got experiments on animals, for our educational benefit, stopped or at least initiated the process. We didn't think we needed to do those nasty things to the eyes of rabbits in cages that we were doing, to prove something happened when we could simply be told.

I learned Transcendental Meditation while in those first years in medical school and the few of us that did, started doing experiments on ourselves to see what kind of differences we could measure from our practise. For me focused meditation started opening doors that had been jammed shut in dusty hallways of my mind. Experiences started flooding in. But there were two episodes I remember as clear as day.

I was walking back to our student flat in upper Queen St, Dunedin. It happened after I turned the corner from George St on my way up Lachlan Ave, the diagonal road to Queen St, which ran parallel to George. I looked up and a big macrocarpa tree and I connected. Don't ask me why or how. I looked at the tree and all of a sudden all I can say is that an experience of oneness with the tree flooded my awareness. The impenetrable questions about life were answered in those moments of communion with that beloved tree. The rest of the short distance home was walked in the awareness of that oneness, chuckling to myself as joy bubbled up and over as the tree and I communed throughout.

Seek out a tree and let it teach you stillness.

Eckhart Tolle

The second happened later that year. I was distraught. I hadn't heard from my girlfriend in Wellington for a while and I just wanted to connect. We were in the process of breaking up. That wasn't out in the open yet but I was picking up on it. This was the second girlfriend separation.

Before internet and mobile phones all I could think to do was to meditate. So, I sat down on my mattress on the floor in our Queen St flat and tried to settle my fraught mind. I settled into the dark behind closed eyelids and some quiet. Descending, opening into peace.

Next thing I know I'm driving a car. I can see it as clear as day. I look down at my hands and legs. I'm Judy my girlfriend. I look up, to see we're crossing a bridge over the Hutt River at Lower Hutt, I see an intersection ahead, she/I/we turn right. She's headed home! Now I know where she is and where she's headed. I'll call her home.

I rang and her mother/father answered. I forget which one it was but s/he said Judy had just called to let them know she was paying a surprise visit. She'd been at Lower Hutt Hospital where she was training in lab work and was on her way home. The time she was on the bridge and I was with her was likely real time and she still hadn't had time to make it all the way to the foothills of the Akatarawa's in Upper Hutt.

We did get to talk that day when she did get home. She didn't live at home at the time. It really was an impromptu visit. She asked how I knew to call her there and when I told her the story of how I knew, she freaked out a little. But for me it felt like nothing out of the ordinary had happened. It was just life and there was a sense of peace and rightness associated with it. Our existence being beyond time and space seemed perfectly natural to me.

You'll hopefully have heard stories or had experiences yourself that helped you see that time and space really do not exist in the mind. Or maybe I should say beyond the mind. You may not quite believe them until they happen to you. Even then you can deny them. That experience for me was and is yet more proof that we are more than our bodies and minds. We have those things but we exist beyond both. We can use our bodies and minds to feel trapped, to feel a victim of the world we see (ACIM L 31 I am not the victim of the world I see, was the daily lesson on the day I wrote the first draft of this piece) or we can

use them to remind us and others of our freedom from everything in this world, including our minds and our bodies.

I don't believe those experiences are always necessary to feel that freedom. They are certainly nice when they happen but I don't believe they are obligatory. We each have our own paths home and it pays to not compare yours with mine or anyone's. Yours will be unique because you are.

Thinking back, the first inkling I got that maybe medicine wasn't for me was when I walked into the first lecture of my 4th year in Christchurch Clinical School of Medicine. At that time, as we transitioned from pre clinical medicine in lecture theatres and teaching rooms to working more closely with patients in a hospital setting we could choose between Dunedin or Christchurch and I'd chosen Christchurch.

I so clearly remember walking into that smaller, very highly stacked, looming dark wood lecture room looking up at my classmates, and having the distinct impression that I had come into the wrong class. They were there, I could recognise faces but they were oh so different. Gone were the long locks and beards and many instead were clean cut and sporting crisp collars and ties or bowties. The question passed across my mind, did I miss a lecture or a memo about dress and appearance code? It seemed like I could count on my hand the few that hadn't changed with the passing of the end of year break. It was a strangely ominous experience for me. If anything my hair and beard got continuously longer. By the time I graduated I was walking around the wards in an open necked shirt, corduroy trousers and roman sandals, feeling like a fish out of water.

The big switch for me though really started to kick in when the education switched from finding out how the body worked to learning about all the drugs we now had at our disposal. My mind seemed to fly out the window. Although I could memorise and regurgitate facts about drugs, their applications and interactions, I couldn't seem to connect or even want to connect.

You can no longer sell your mind for money.

Your mind belongs to God.

Mari Perron

Now that it has been shown by Dr Peter C Gøetzsche MD, MSC, in his 2013 book *Deadly Medicines and Organised Crime* that *prescription drugs are the third leading cause of death after heart disease and cancer*. it's hardly a wonder I didn't want to connect with them, with my internal radar so highly tuned to the issue of hurting people.

I highly recommend reading Peter's book but in the meantime you can check out [Dr Barbara Starfield's article in JAMA July 26, 2000](#). In there she lays out how iatrogenic, or treatment induced, deaths were the 3rd leading cause of death in the US, after deaths from heart disease and cancer. Medication deaths were about half of the total.

I have to point out here that as much as it may appear so, I'm not anti medicine. I am very much pro looking after yourself. Sometimes that includes drugs, surgery and radiation. We each need to make our choices around those things. Yes, we need to be aware of their

pitfalls but I don't think it serves us to be afraid of medicine and doctors. It does serve us to learn to look after ourselves as best we can and to be very discerning as to what advice we take from any and all in 'authority'. Aseem Malhotra, probably UK's most public cardiologist on the forefront of changing dietary guidelines, expresses it well in his statement:

Medicine is not an exact science.

Our patients are guinea pigs and they don't even know it.

Aseem Malhotra

I'd like to add that it's not just the patients that are *guinea pigs and don't even know it*, but the well meaning medical students and doctors as well. There was a big part of me that didn't want to be forced to do things I couldn't agree with and had doubts about.

The time when something I was doing would cause someone to die will always stay with me. It was Saturday on a cardio-renal ward and I was the house surgeon on call. After morning rounds, while waiting for 'something' to happen for the crash cart team I was on call with, I was given the task by the registrar to reduce a patient's medication. It was thought that if we kept him on it, it would kill him. My job was to go in every hour and taper him off his drip that had the meds in it. The task was to check his vital signs each time to keep an eye on how he was going and if all was good to reduce the drip a certain amount each time.

He wasn't looking at all well from beginning to end but all his vital signs were stable, strong and steady throughout the tapering. At one point the staff brought him his lunch. It didn't look like he was enjoying it at all but he ate it. Neither of us knew it was to be his last meal but it was. Some time in the afternoon I went to check on him again and he was dead. I called the rest of the crash cart team and we tried to revive him. We did generally pull more people back from the brink than we lost, which was a great thing to witness and be part of, but not him.

As there was no other calls needing my attention during the day, I'd spent the time in-between reducing his drugs, reading in the staff room on the ward. Not a medical text but *The Magic of Findhorn*. For some reason the ward more often than not tended to be quiet when I was on call so I caught up with quite a bit of reading, including medical texts. I had friends and class mates who went on call after their working day ended on Friday night and had no sleep right through the weekend till they got home after the end of Monday's normal work day. Not exactly a healthy practice for anyone and something young doctors I hear are still struggling with 40 years later. Sometimes I wondered if it was just luck or if there was something with the way I was being that created the difference?

That day, alternating between reading that book and turning that man's drip down ending with his death, heightened the contrast for me between what we were doing in medicine and what could be possible.

Next came psychiatry.

When I was doing 4th or 5th year in Christchurch, *One Flew Over The Cuckoo's Nest* came out. Needless to say I among many other medical students went to see it. A few short years later, here I was helping to give ECT to people, myself. A team of us, leading people to a closed room, strapping them to the table, sedating and intubating them so they wouldn't bite their tongue when the electricity hit and firing off those cables that sent their brain and body into cathartic fitting and spasms on the table. Followed by the dopey aftermath that came from having their brains fried as they came back to life over the next hours and days. They said it was proven to be good for people but I still question does that really do any good? Or is it another example of how little doctor's really know?

Then there was experiencing the emotional flatness of people with lobotomies. Where on earth were we headed?

I also remember hours of sitting alone in a room talking with someone to determine whether I thought he needed to be committed or not. It was a task given me by a consultant. Not that I would have the final decision, as much as he thought it would be a good lesson for me. It proved an interesting discussion given all that I'd been learning outside of medicine. He had similar points of view in many areas. I remember thinking that there really wasn't that much difference between him and me. Who could say what was real and what was not? Who had a better grasp of truth and reality? But when it came down to why he was on that side of the desk and I was on the other, was that someone had raised some concerns about him and it was our job to determine whether he should be committed to psychiatric care or not. And that simply depended on whether we could see that he was a danger to himself or other people, or not. He certainly wasn't.

The one case that really stuck with me though was a large Pacific Islander. He came to us after having been weeks in both the surgical and medical wards. No one could figure what was going on with him. He came in unconscious and had stayed that way for several weeks. The only change to his state was something that happened periodically. In those moments it was literally like someone had tied a tourniquet or a noose around his neck and his whole head and face would blow up, engorged with blood and body fluids. The most staggering thing was watching his eyeballs stretch to capacity and virtually pop out of his skull and his face as the engorging of the soft tissues behind them pushed them outwards. It looked like he was about to explode from the inside out like an overinflated balloon. Thankfully it always subsided. But his unconsciousness stayed stubbornly still.

Everyone was stumped.

Life continued for him in limbo land like that with no one knowing what to do with him, till one day we had a request from his family and community. They wanted a space with no onlookers so their tohunga, or healer, could have some time with him. The ECT room was chosen as the perfect spot. No windows, no onlookers, just them and whatever they wanted to do because we sure as hell didn't. It's a testament to how little our western scientific minds really know that he essentially woke up and walked out that day. I never found out what happened but it did and a problem that western medicine could do nothing about just disappeared in the relative blink of an eye.

I have to give acknowledgement to the team that was open to have that happen, like they were open to me teaching Tai Chi to the in-house patients.

My medical nemesis was yet to come though. It happened in A&E. Accident & Emergency. Nowadays called ER. It was to prove to be my undoing or was it my moment of personal choice? Gone were the crazy on call hours. Just 10 hour days. So you'd think it was going to be easier on you. I was in the same A&E that earlier I'd had the experience with a tough belligerent doctor who had stuck a forceps under what remained of my nail on a broken big toe and yanked it out without anaesthetic, while complaining all the time about the stupidity of people who rode motorbikes. So that may have coloured my opinion of the place;).

Between my psychiatry run and A&E I'd had leave time and I went up to Aiwira Yoga Centre in Auckland to learn about massage. I loved that form of contact. Sometime later my dad asked me to give him a massage on the lounge floor at home. It was a lovely moment of closeness in a relationship built on lack of communication. The difference between what I was doing at work and what I was finding out and loving was building. And yes there had been good moments in medicine. If all went well, being part of a team delivering babies was an incredible joy. I loved using a microscope on someone in a head brace to pull a metal splinter out of an eye and sewing up someones finger cut while he meditated. He'd asked me if I'd be willing to sew it up while he put himself in a zone. So working with the promise that he would tell me if he wasn't handling it, we proceeded. Successfully on all counts. And I'll always remember the nun who I had to give intravenous drugs to every day. She had the worst to find veins, we were reduced to finding capillaries really. She had the patience of a saint as I struggled to get a live line. One day she mentioned she really missed strawberry's. Not on the hospital menu. The look of delight on her face when I brought her in some fresh strawberry's the next day was precious.

What got to me in the end was the A&E night shift. 10pm-8am. Awake when all my circadian rhythms just wanted to have me sleep. Not just awake but dealing with every imaginable variety of psychiatric and physical trauma that doesn't bear thinking about.

I remember I was the only one who had two of those week long night shifts. I remember being completely distraught coming up to my second one, a suffocating feeling of doom that wouldn't go away. The fear of not being up to the task, of possibly hurting someone and at the same time feeling like if I didn't get out of there, I'd die, all began to crescendo in my brain. I prayed for help to get me out of there.

Be careful what you wish for, lest it come true.

Aesop's Fables

Help came in the form of an out of the blue phone call from a former fellow student. He'd called to say he'd left medicine and thought I might be interested in getting together to hear what he was up to. I had a lot of respect for him so it was a resounding yes. We met in my room at the yoga centre, he brought his wife and their first baby. They told me about thought is creative, about doing what you love and making money at it, about a breath work therapy called rebirthing and about a connection with Babaji, the very same Babaji, Paramahansa Yogananda had mentioned in his book that I'd been reading after every break up. I was enthralled. They left me with a copy of 'Rebirthing In The New

Age' (it was the late 70's remember) and a copy of an article about Babaji by the founder of Rebirthing, Leonard Orr, who had spent time with Babaji in India.

I remember staying up with those writings, both laughing and crying at the possibilities ahead. I had found my way out, my reason to leave. Something greater to focus on. I took action on it immediately and made an appointment with the person I needed to talk with at the time to resign my position.

Leaving then meant I missed out on my surgery run. I often wonder if I'd made it through that final A&E week if I would have ended up in some form of surgery, like I'd originally thought. I do like doing things with my hands.

But that was not to be.

The decision to leave medicine would come to haunt me, yet at the same time I could never get myself to reverse, although I did try - twice.

The first was soon after I left, after telling my mum and dad one weekend what was happening. Mum looked like she'd been hit by a sledgehammer. From standing by the dining table I watched as she slumped down on a chair and exclaimed with an explosion of air that seemed to be forced out of her *I knew something terrible had happened*, she moaned. She lit a cigarette and we tried to talk about it but it seemed the damage was done.

I hated hurting her and my mind unravelled, so I tried to go back. I had to go through a psychiatric evaluation with the consultant in charge of the psychiatry ward I had worked on. It was interesting for me to hear that she said that she knew I was having troubles but never said anything. I trust they have more support and mentoring systems in place now. But it was agreed that it was OK to go back to work. Wellington Hospital didn't have any spaces but New Plymouth did so I set up an interview and bought a plane ticket to go up for it.

In the meantime doubts about my reversal in direction started to seep into my mind and on the day of the interview New Plymouth airport was closed with an unseasonal hurricane! What was going on? Was this a sign? In the background I'd been doing my best to unravel the tangled mass of thoughts and feelings that were going on but clarity seemed a long way off.

Then, that very day, two people came to the centre that we'd never seen before and I never saw again. They came to my door, as I was in the closest house to the street with residents. I don't remember if I was the only one that was free and willing to talk with them or why they only talked with me but I was happy to listen. They wanted to share about their guru, Swami Sivananda and in their telling of his story when I heard that he had been a doctor for 9 years before deciding to leave medicine the thought came into my mind that I didn't need to wait for 9 years to make that decision.

I weighed that up with all the experiences I'd had so far and a letter I'd recently received from a psychiatric consultant. One of his patients had been on the psych ward and I had spent some time with her, talking, as part of my day. She had remarked on our time together with the private practice consultant she'd been with and it made enough of an

impression on him that he had written to me thinking I had a future in the profession and should look at psychiatry as an option. But no, the decision was made, I felt I needed to listen to the signs. So I called New Plymouth hospital and let them know I wouldn't be rebooking the appointment when the weather cleared. At that moment the storm had cleared inside my head.

It wasn't to last forever though and it never cleared for my mum. She entered a depression that lasted till she died, 22 years later. I hadn't really known how much me being a doctor had meant to my mum until I left.

Mum had a way of being in life, where she would cut people off and shut them out emotionally when they did something that upset her. I saw that happen with her only sister and her dad. Now as she put it when she said, *we've supported you all we could, now we can't do anymore, you're on your own*, it seemed to be my turn. Physical support returned in time but emotional support and trust was nowhere ever to be found.

I could almost count on one hand the number of times my mum initiated conversation with me since leaving medicine. It was always me that called first. As part of my journey of reaching out to reconnect with my mum at some point I came up with the idea of telling her I loved her at the end of every conversation or time together. Always there was a stilted quiet from the other end of the phone and it was a lovely moment when after years of saying *I love you* that I finally got a *Me too*, as a response.

In her last months I nursed mum at home, as she wanted to die at home. One afternoon she woke up and found me crying at the foot of her bed and asked me *whit's 'i maitter?/* what was the matter?

It's interesting now that I look back on it as I'm writing this, that there I was again, at the end of her bed, and I'd started crying as I was looking through some photos and remembering how our relationship changed when I'd left medicine. So I let her know what was going on and she asked me, *Why did you leave?* It seemed the first time in 22 years that she had asked me that question with any sense of openness. So I told her and we talked. I pretty much shared a short version of what I'm sharing with you now. It was one of those rare 'end of life' moments of willingness to listen. The moment of truth had arrived and the truth had its way with us and set us both free.

Although, I must admit, her summarising comment, *Dinae worry yer heed about it/Don't worry your head about it*, seemed a bit of a glib, throw away comment after 22 years of lost connection at the time but I had to take it to heart for the best she could do at the time and now I'll bring it back to mind whenever my head starts to worry about it and I can remember her words.

For me, part of the process of making a decision about medicine, whether it was right or wrong, came about because of a certain level of impatience I had at the time with my life as it was. Living with the consequences of my decision over the years has taught me what many who know and love me, often express to me. *You have the patience of a saint.* If it's humility, patience and grace that I got from that journey, then that is worth it. ACIM has a saying, it goes something like this: *it's often what you feel are your biggest successes that hold you back the most and what you see as your biggest failures that take you furthest forward.*

For me, it's one of those questions that I don't know if I'll fully answer until my life here this time comes to an end. Then, assuming we go through a life review, all the pieces will hopefully fall into place. Until then I can only do the best I can to live. I'm sharing the story in full because there are some things I've learned through the process that we'll talk about in the chapters to come.

During my first year as a doctor I wrote an article for the newsletter of the Lotus Yoga Centre that I lived in, in Wellington, entitled *On Health and Yoga*. An overriding question I was mulling over at the time was - *Life has got to be simpler than this?* In that article there is one line that summed up everything for me. The essential idea was that the path that folk like Jesus, Buddha and other spiritual teachers took was the real path to health.

Health, for me, isn't just about the body. In the broadest sense it's about living from the deepest well of being. Being physically healthy but emotionally and spiritually bankrupt is essentially pointless for me. The body as I see it is just a tool to express the love that we are. All else comes up short. In that perspective I have stayed the same throughout the decades.

For me, we are light, and the sooner we recognise that, the better. But we get lost in the darkness of the physical world. The light is forgotten in the struggle for survival and the meeting of rampant physical needs. Whether we can turn our bodies into light or not isn't the issue. Whether we can identify with the light, and all it entails, and live from that Light and extend it, is.

Man will become better when you show him what he is like

Anton Chekov - on Steven Pinker's TedX on Tabula Rasa

My point in sharing all this is so you won't fall into the trap of believing in me. I don't want you blindly believing what I say. Just after I left medicine I remember reading Richard Bach's book *Illusions: The Adventures of a Reluctant Messiah*. The only line that I remember and the one that made the biggest impression on me was near the end where the reluctant messiah said to his pupil.

Everything I say could be wrong.

Essentially I'm afraid that you will do something with what I'm saying here that will hurt you, that might take you years to deal with. So I am trying to minimise the possibilities by letting you know the consequences of decisions you make may haunt you, like they did for me, for decades. And at the same time if you can learn to listen better to what is arising within you, I can imagine those potential possibilities will be minimised and this information will help you access more love, peace and joy than you currently can imagine.

I know I have an overdeveloped responsibility bone so this is one way I can let myself off that hook enough to write down my thoughts and let you be responsible for picking and choosing what you would like to explore in your life.

In that way I'm happy to be both teacher and student as we hopefully learn from each other. It's interesting that if you go back to the origin of word, doctor, it comes from the Latin *docere*, meaning to teach. *Usually given to a middle aged and above person who had immersed himself in some field (originally religion, law or medicine).*

I'm happy with that definition. I love sharing my thoughts and experiences with people to help them learn something new. For me that is the spark of life.

And, on the other hand, you don't really need me. Each of us has an inner teacher and I hope to help you develop a relationship with that teacher. For when you do, the need for other external teachers takes a backseat. Like it should.

We cannot teach people anything.

We can only help them discover it within themselves.

Galileo Galilei

I also don't want to give you the idea that immediate and radical change is necessary. As this passage from ACIM would suggest, it is by far not the norm:

There are those who are called upon to change their life situation almost immediately, but these are generally special cases.

By far the majority are given a slowly-evolving program...

ACIM, Manual For Teachers: P.25

ACIM also has a twist that I like. It doesn't suggest you ask Who are you? But rather, WHAT are you? When I think about the difference of the two questions for me, the *what* are you, takes more of the personality ego self out of the equation. It's more in the vein of what are you, animal or human? Placing me in a broad category. Unlike *who* am I, which can still be pointedly specifically - me.

Sally and I travelled around the world for a while after our girls left home. I found getting oriented was a big part of our first few days at a new place. Finding out the ground rules. Where we were in relation to things. So to with life, if we are not conscious of it we can spend a lifetime without knowing who we are, where we are and what 'on earth' we are doing here.

So, back to that question: *Who or, rather, what are you?* Are you the culmination of a chance happening of chemical reactions, with just this one short life ahead of you, followed by nothing? There are plenty of reputable scientists that would have you believe that. Or are you something more? There is only one way to find out. As I'll elaborate on in the next chapter.

For now I'll finish with these thoughts to ponder before you flip the page.

*The power of decision is my own.
This day I will accept myself as what
my Father's Will (Love's Will) created me to be.*

ACIM Wb, L. 152

*Father, I was mistaken in myself, because I failed to realise the
Source from which I came. I have not left that Source to enter in a
body and to die. My holiness remains a part of me, as I am part of
You. And my mistakes about myself are dreams.*

ACIM Wb L.228.

Make whatever decision you make, right.

Abraham - Esther Hicks

Chapter 3

N=1

Your Mission, Should You Decide To Accept It...

*When doctor's, (guru's) disagree,
where does that leave you and me?*

Darag Rennie

I think we put way too much faith in the opinions of others. Particularly so called experts. And far too little on our own. I think of it as an authoritarian bias. Meaning that we'd far rather have someone else do the hard work of thinking for us rather than do it ourselves. In education we defer to the authority with the assumption that they *must* be right.

It becomes faith in an external authority in place of trust in an internal authority. You could say that all cowardice stems from the former and all courageousness from the latter. In that regard I think that any opinion, or stated fact, from anyone, should be run through a filter of our own making. And an N=1 experiment gives us the best experience to create just such a filter from.

So often the people influencing public opinion are falling total victim to the blind leading the blind. We generally come into that as the blind following the blind led by the blind. Hardly a recipe for a good result.

Figuring out what life is all about can certainly feel like an impossible mission, yet I believe it's one of our primary reasons for being here. But how do you get clear on what is true for you and what is not, when there seems to be so much conflicting information and so many theories out there?

My answer is to treat life like a big N=1 experiment. In scientific research N equals the number of participants in the study. In an N=1 experiment there is only 1 person and if it is you conducting a personal experiment then N=1 is you. I think N=1 needs to be our primary M.O. or modus operandi. By that I mean that life is better when you don't just randomly bounce about from one life event to another but that you take an active interest in your moment to moment life and the results your thoughts, words and actions have in both your own inner experience and what happens to you and in the world around you.

N=1 acknowledges that life is the biggest and boldest experiment that there is. There is a growing awareness and popularity of the N=1 idea when it comes to personalised dietary and medical interventions. I believe we can and should ultimately apply this to the bigger questions of life.

In essence I think about it as us all being here on our own N=1 experiments. On a spiritual front we are finding what we need to do, or to not do, to reconnect with the light, with love, peace and joy. And to live from there. That's where there is not one path home but as many paths as it takes to return us all.

You don't have to accept this specific mission. You can go about life as you have always done. You can get your health together, improve your relationships with yourself and everyone you know. You'll find key information in here about that, which will certainly make life more fun. But I also ask that you learn to apply the same principles to your spiritual life. Rather than relying on someone else to tell you what to do and how to live your life, why not learn to explore life from your own N=1 perspective?

You can start down the path and stop, without turning to stone and pick it up again later. The path that is, not the stone.

We are so often confused into inactivity when it comes to the "latest" research. Our food choices often wax and wane on that. But the real research that is both the most elucidating and the most accurate is the research you do with your own body-mind and life.

Whether it's about personal love, peace and joy or about what food is best to eat and what is best for you not to eat, your own experience trumps any amount of research that anyone can do or any magazine can talk about.

Why? Well research is often slanted to prove a point and, try as you might, you can't deny an experience that you can duplicate again and again in your own experience. Before consciously starting your own N=1 experiment though, it's good to have the right information to begin with. Otherwise you could go around in circles not proving anything useful for lifetimes.

Let's switch gears from the lofty heights of spirit to a very down to earth practical, body oriented, example of what I mean

Let's say you are going to try out LCHF, Low Carb High Fat or Low Carb Healthy Fat eating, and you've read that you can do that by reducing your carbohydrate intake to 50 grams net a day. Net means you take the fibre off the total carbohydrate intake to arrive at your net intake. Most countries in the west use this total vs net method. In the EU and Mexico the fibre is measured separately. 50 grams net carbohydrates a day is exactly what some people, in authority, promoting LCHF suggest.

But what if your tolerance to carbohydrates maxes out at 20 grams TOTAL a day?

If you followed the advice from the 'respected authority' to just eat below 50 grams net carbohydrates a day and you went to all the trouble of figuring out what that was and likely stopped eating most of your favourite foods because they would take you over that level. Remember, the current dietary recommendations are 225 - 325 grams of carbohydrate a day. So 50 grams net is a lot less than that. To give you an idea that would mean you could still fit in an apple, one slice of bread and some nuts into that figure but not a whole lot more.

You'd want to get some serious results for all that deprivation. But, if your body can't tolerate more than 20 grams total carbohydrate in a day, then you really wouldn't get the results you are looking for in terms of fat loss, mental clarity and just downright feeling great. And you'd be left feeling as frustrated as hell.

What do you think would be your inevitable N=1 conclusion if you did that? I'd imagine it'd be in the realm of - *LCHF doesn't work for ME!* You'd go back to your old way of eating and keep getting the same results, weight piling on, not feeling good, being despondent.

Until one day, after enough misery and consternation, you were open enough to revisit the idea and look again. You read somewhere, it may even be right here, right now, that you may need to get down to 20 grams of total carbohydrates a day, or 10 grams a day or even 0 grams. Heaven forbid! That's a shock! But despite that you muster up the courage and decide to recommit to an N=1 on this. Properly now, fuelled with the right information, the right parameters to be working with and you do that and one of those numbers works for you.

Suddenly it's like magic. Cravings disappear, your clothes are looser with no physical effort, your brain feels like it's woken up, you may very well feel more love, peace and joy in each and every moment, and you wonder *why didn't someone tell me about this sooner?! I feel like I've got my life back:)*!

So what's your N=1 conclusion then? *In order to have my body-mind be where I experience health and vitality like I did as a teenager, I need to be below 'x' grams of carbohydrates a day.*

You see, it's not about a mindless believing but about a mindful faith in your experience. Mindless believing, meaning not thinking about what some authority says but just believing it because *the authority can't be wrong*, can and does create a lot of unnecessary pain and drama. It's likely the cause of the tidal wave of diabetes, cancer and Alzheimers that is said to be about to crush our medical systems as we speak.

Throughout history there has been an unspeakable amount of horror created in the world and in people's lives due to mindless believing in ideology, whether it be religious, health & nutrition advice or anything else you'd care to think about.

Mindful faith, meaning thinking about and conducting a meaningful N=1 experiment with parameters that will more than likely work for you, can and does create results you can have faith in. That way you will truly come to know what works for you and what doesn't. A life that is worth living becomes not only possible but apparent. It will not only lead you to find peace with your body and food but on a deeper level can lead you home to a sense of presence that is so intimate and so all encompassing that even the smallest details of life become delectable & delicious. Life becomes the deepest acceptance of you.

Mindless believing will forever keep you sinking in the sand, whereas mindful faith will give you a building confidence because you will be learning to stand on your own rock of experience.

Just as we do with nutritional advice, people take on religious advice as if the good book the advice came from was the absolute truth, without stopping to question it or their teachers at all. Others revolt against what they see as blind stupidity. The blind leading the blind. Along with rampant hypocrisy it's likely what has driven people away from religion as we all seek to find the truth.

But it's also essential to watch that you haven't thrown the baby out with the bath water. What if there was another way of relating to religious education? Instead of tossing it all out because it's just too hard to think about maybe certain parameters need to be in place and you need to find out what those parameters are. Hopefully you'll find some in here that make sense for you to apply in your own grand N=1 experience called life.

In the end, like me, you have to live with yourself and life can seem interminably long if you have fallen off the wagon so to speak and are experiencing a long and lonely road to God/heaven knows where.

I've always had a thing about lying and being lied to. Maybe I had it smacked into me by my mum or maybe it's just been a deep internal thing for me. On a personal level it can be devastating to relationships, fortunes and simple good old trust. But what gets my goat more than anything is people in authority lying about the parameters you need to be working with to have a healthy, happy life. When people are put in a position of trust then they should really do their best to be worthy of that trust.

For all of us a big part of living is to learn what is true and what is not. To come to terms with truth and accept it for what it is. To recognise it and to be willing to work with it. In terms of personal recognition N=1 is the place where you look for a new experience to either confirm a truth or negate it.

I have often wondered what it is that differentiates people who can come to not believe but to KNOW from their experience that they have touched the infinite and know it is real and those that have an experience and deny it or do not see that it means anything? What is it that makes some recognise their experience as evidence of something else and not simply a figment of their imagination? I think this paragraph from ACIM may be of some help:

*All terms are potentially controversial, and those who seek controversy will find it. Yet those who seek clarification will find it as well. They must, however, be willing to overlook controversy, recognising that it is a defence against truth in the form of a delaying manoeuvre. Theological considerations as such are necessarily controversial, since they depend on belief and can therefore be accepted or rejected. A universal theology is impossible, but **a universal experience is not only possible but necessary**. It is this experience toward which the course is directed. Here alone consistency becomes possible because here alone uncertainty ends.*

ACIM Manual For Teachers Introduction para 2. Emphasis mine.

What if it was as simple as that? Those who seek controversy will find it. Yet those who seek clarification will find it as well. Which category do you think you fit into? Do you notice that you are in one or other of those camps?

When I read this I'm reminded of something Babaji is quoted as saying....

*If you come to doubt, I'll give you every reason to doubt.
If you come suspicious, I'll give you every reason to be suspicious.
But if you come seeking Love,
I'll show you more love than you've ever known*

The Self Realisation Fellowship, Yogananda's group, made a statement that Babaji, aka Haidakhan Baba, is not the Mahavatar Babaji in Yogananda's lineage. Could it be they fell victim of their own suspicions? Or could they be right?

To me it makes no difference. I experienced a more complete being than I have ever, or yet to experience, who opened my eyes and heart to a deeper appreciation of what it means to be a divine human. Answering questions and leading to more that I am still finding answers for.

I saw that play out in front of me. There were some pretty gruesome, sorry tales happen for some. For myself I did indeed find more love than I'd ever known at the time. Ultimately it's beginning to sound like it all comes back to us. How willing are we to receive all that life wants to give us? Can we get through the fear of being *sucked in* to something, if that is an issue? As much as I'd like to be able to present some argument or some thoughts that would make the choice for life and the reality of a loving, guiding consciousness so painfully obvious that you relax and accept it, it ultimately will always lie in your hands and mind, within the intimacy that is you, this moment with the source, within you.

*Yet are the words but aids, and to be used, except at the beginning and the end of practice periods, but to recall the mind, as needed, to its purpose. **We place faith in the experience that comes from practice, not the means we use. We wait for the experience, and recognise that it is only here conviction lies.** We use the words, and try and try again to go beyond them to their meaning, which is far beyond their sound. The sound grows dim and disappears, as we approach the Source of meaning. It is Here that we find rest.*

ACIM L.171 Review. Bolding is mine.

How can you truly look after yourself without getting properly engaged? Taking on N=1 means doing whatever research you need to do to determine whether you want to take a path or not or whether you want to deepen your engagement with that path or not. Anything less is simply frivolous behaviour. That may be deciding what experts to follow

but always keep in mind that experts are simply experts in their own research and they have their own set of blinkers on. So you may find that at one point they disappoint you. Learn to take that with some grace. Acknowledge what your N=1 had agreed with them at the time and let them step off the pedestal when your N=1, or further research you have done, makes it necessary to do so.

I see a lot of doctor's waking up to the truths that are being uncovered and I also see their new found over excited certainty, creating yet more blinkers for them as they accept certain parts as true and think those are the only parts that are true. You really can get carried away with excitement, which is something I've learned to be wary of through bitter experience, and I watch out that I don't let my current over excitement about some truth I've 'discovered' spill out onto my relationships with people, like I used to let it.

One of the things that shocked me most as a doctor was the level of mindless believing that I experienced from patients. It's one thing to hear how we nowadays treat doctor's as God. It's completely another to be on the receiving end of that experience yourself. Next time you are with a doctor be alert to how you relate to them and how they relate to you. If you're not getting the same sense from him as from Peter's comment below, then maybe it's time to be on super alert.

In science, unlike politics, there is value in saying, "I don't know," or "We don't really know, but it might be this," or "Actually, what I believed last year is no longer likely correct." Once you actually embrace this notion—that you can't know everything, that facts have a half-life, and that humility is a blessing more than a curse when it comes to trying to understand the natural laws of our universe—you become obsessed with research.

Peter Attia, M.D. <https://peterattiamd.com/start-here/>

I'd actually argue with Peter's first sentence. Instead I'd suggest, *like science, this **has** value in politics as well.* Or at least I think it should have. How can we move forward as a community if we are continually being lied to and having things hidden from us? Can we evolve our political systems so that the parties can come to agree on the best path forward because it is the best path, not the best ideology. Can we learn to focus on the important issues rather than get lost in left-right politics? And can we get honest science back so that we can have a well educated public? Without that, we have only the mere semblance of democracy.

Remember this quote from earlier?

Medicine is not an exact science. Our patients are guinea pigs and they don't even know it.

Aseem Malhotra, UK Cardiologist on the forefront of changing dietary guidelines.

If the doctor you are talking with doesn't appreciate this, then maybe they also don't realise that they are guinea pigs too. Doctors don't know as much as they think they know and they are in the process of a rude awakening right now around the nutritional guidelines they've been taught that had no real science behind them but lots of money. Some don't want to wake up to this. Either because they fear they'd collapse in on themselves for all the lies they have been complicit with and the thousands of people they'd harmed, or they simply will not allow themselves to think they got it wrong.

It's vitally important to realise that what we now believe to be true will not always be so as we can see from this comment on [lobotomies](#).

Back in the 1940-50s a Lobotomy in the treatment of certain mental disorders was considered "Settled Science". If a doctor questioned this barbaric procedure he would have been viewed as ignorant or inadequate.

In fact, in 1949, the inventor of the procedure, Doctor António Egas Moniz, was awarded the Nobel Prize for his discovery. Lobotomy was considered Standard of Care, and any neurosurgeon not performing this accepted procedure would have been considered sub-standard.

Looking back now, we realise how ignorant these doctors were, and how dangerous this procedure was. Thousands of patients had their SELF destroyed by this procedure and became docile, robotic, non-humans

So, when you hear someone say the phrase "Settled Science, just remember that the Lobotomy used to be that. When you hear someone talk about Standard of Care, realise that this is often based on no meaningful research, and based entirely on the opinions of a few "experts" in the field.

There is no such thing as Settled Science, everything should be questioned and studied.

Standard of Care is a false paradigm implying that we know everything about a subject there is to know, and that this model should not be questioned.

Think, study, watch, research, debate; we are figuring it out as we go.

<https://www.npr.org/templates/story/story.php...>

https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Ant%C3%B3nio_Egas_Moniz

Ken D Berry, MD

23 March 2019

The bottomline is no one cares as intimately as you do as to what happens to you. You suffer the consequences in ways that others can only imagine. Taking responsibility for yourself can seem like a scary journey. We'd so much rather have some authority tell us what to do. I think the most poignant story I've ever heard on this point was a lawyer we met sharing about why he chose to vaccinate his kids.

Well, if I choose to not have my kids vaccinated and something horrible happens to them as a result of that, then it's my fault and I couldn't live with myself if that happens.

But if I choose to believe the doctor and vaccinate my kids and something terrible happens, then it's his/her fault and I can live with that.

Really? That comment shows up the mind set that most of us are caught up in, doesn't it? I assume you can see and appreciate the dilemma. Like I said, taking responsibility is a tough thing to do. But I believe it's a necessary thing to do. Treating life like a grand N=1 experiment and taking responsibility for doing not just the exploration but also the research to do the right experiments i.e. ones that are likely to work and help you see through unreal lies and uncover real truths, so that you can build a life on solid ground rather than shifting sands, is one of the absolute best ways to approach life.

After all, is there any point in making it harder than it already is or committing yourself to a seemingly endless cycle of repeating mistakes? Groundhog Day made a good movie when it was all handled in 90 minutes but decades of the same thing can get a bit boring and suicidal. As Lao Tzu said: *A journey of a thousand miles begins with one step.* Often that first step is one of humility. One that says, I don't understand, I haven't understood and I'm willing to take a step to find out.

Chapter 4

The Misunderstanding

That eclipses all misunderstandings

Have you ever misunderstood something? Someone you loved did something or didn't do something, said something or didn't say something, that sent you into a tailspin. You went from loving them to hating them in an instant and really couldn't see what you saw in them in the first place and are starting to plot a way out.

Then you clarified something that showed you the other side of the story and you realised you'd misunderstood the situation.

What happened next as soon as you realised you'd misunderstood?

Your inner experience changed, didn't it?

You went from love to hate and back again, did you not?

Well, what if we have done the same thing with what in the Western world we call God? What if we misunderstood God and our relationship to that which we call God? What if it wasn't just a little misunderstanding but a real doozie of a misunderstanding?

This is where organised religion has a lot to answer for. Or rather a lot to be forgiven for.

Does Religion Help or Hinder?

The answer to this question really depends on the core tenets of the religion and how it is practised.

I loved discovering that the root of the word religion comes from the Latin word *religare/re-ligare*. *Ligare* meaning to bind, tie, fasten, unite. The 're'- meaning to do that again. As you have been before. And now it is time to bind oneself or unite oneself, again. Isn't that a lovely phrase? To bind oneself, to entwine with another, so that you are one. Like a rope that becomes stronger with the number of strands involved.

And to do that again in the acknowledgement that you were before, likely always have been, and that it is your natural place to be, in that state of union. You just needed to bring your attention to that sense of being bound being a liberating experience. Bound to what? To God/Goddess/All That Is. Including each other.

We are always one. I think about remembering that, as Heaven. Whereas, forgetting that, is hell. We don't fall into hell. We create our own right where we are.

*Heaven is **the** decision I must make.*

ACIM L.138

It's not an either or, heaven or hell choice. It's a recognition and acceptance that only one is real. In that vein I believe Good vs Evil is a battle in our minds showing up in the plethora of stories and movies. It's an addiction we could well learn to live without. There is no good and evil. Just us.

So, if you are involved in a religion, how does it relate to this? How can you determine if it is helpful or not? My thought is that if the above is what you are learning, then yes, religion is good and helps.

But, if you are learning that you are 'unbound' that you have been cast out of heaven because you are a sinner and you need to repent because you are guilty, guilty, guilty and you need to do all these good deeds to get back to heaven, then I'd suggest questioning that religion.

It seems to me easy to see, that as humanity begins waking up to its own divinity, that part of that journey, for a growing mass of individuals, has been to not want to be part of religious organisations that teach that we are guilty sinners as a basic premise. Essentially it's called control by guilt. Shaking off our sense of guilt is a necessary part of waking up to our divinity.

Where people sense the beginning of freedom to think outside of religious and state control, they are waking up to this en masse. Which in my mind is the reason that churches are struggling now compared to what they were like in the past. People often wake up by heading to different religions that seem to be more compassionate. Or they reject it altogether like I did.

Some, like Richard Dawkins, almost seem to make a life out of making God an unfortunate myth. While I agree on many of his thoughts about religion, my experience tells me that there is more to life than meets the eye, or spills out of the DNA. Assuming there is an afterlife, it would be interesting to be a fly on the wall of the Pearly Gates to witness his thought process as he passes through. As a scientist and a self professed agnostic, I imagine he would be delightfully surprised if he found there is indeed life after death.

Others wake up through reading one of the many books that are available through the myriad of teachers that are coming online as we all seek to wake up ourselves and in the process help to wake up others, I am one of them as are you.

The caveat I have in place for myself is that until and maybe even beyond the moment when you can turn your body into light and bring it back again, then we are all suspect in one shape or another and therefore our own connection to the One Mind is what we need to seek and attend to. To continuously religare/rebind ourselves whenever we find we have become unbound and are experiencing ourselves as a lost strand floating haphazardly in the universe.

Don't get me wrong, I believe religion can help in terms of increasing the awareness to be more loving and compassionate and it's likely that we live in a more peaceful world than we did just a few hundred years ago because of the spreading and adoption of those principles, but does it teach that, you are innocent and can do nothing to destroy that innocence, that that is who you are and have always been and how you are looked upon? Or do they teach that is what you must be to get through the pearly gates and if you're not, then you're going to hell? Do gooders who come from that context can be so excessively annoying and sickening. I can hear it now *I'll pray for you and your unholy thoughts.* Yeah right, you mean, rather than take a moment to appreciate and celebrate, both our holiness?

But I rave and rant. Heaven comes to each of us in our own time.

It strikes me as ironic that scientists spend their lives trying to prove that God/dess doesn't exist but by definition God is beyond the phenomenal universe. So S/He can't be found anywhere in the field of the 5 senses. Inferences can be made but no proof by definition could ever be found. Even Richard Dawkins I believe would agree with that.

So we are left with our own inferences from our own experiences to guide us.

If God/dess really did create everything out of nothing and S/He existed beforehand, how can we find Him/Her here? You can't prove S/He is real with any worldly measurement but you can experience something, seemingly beyond your senses, that intimates that S/He is not only real but the only reality worth re-joyning with.

The idea I like the best is that we created all this. Meaning the universe. Yes us. It makes more sense to me that God/dess created us in His/Her image. That we are truly equal but for some reason we didn't appreciate what we had. I can be very good at that. Or perhaps we just wanted to explore something different, so we created the universe, the world and everything in it. Including us, our ancestors. This certainly could explain the missing links in evolution, as we came and went from this plane always looking to improve the next version

But eventually we got lost in our own creation.

Certainly, for me, this beats the thought that we are a victim to His/Her foibles when S/He got upset with us one day and cast us out. And also clarifies that we are the ones who can and must choose to see otherwise. That is the profound process of personally merging our humanity with our divinity.

These are not my ideas. I read about them like you may have already in a long list of books I've enjoyed.

*Then listen further. He will tell you more. About the Love your Father has for you. About the endless joy He offers you. About His yearning for His only **Son, created as His channel for creation**; denied to Him by his belief in hell.*

ACIM. WB. L,76. Bolding mine.

Creation and Evolution are, more often than not, presented as mutually exclusive, an us versus them. Two opposing teams. Playing in a battle to the death. Team Creation vs Team Evolution. Only one must survive. Really? Are we that childish to not contemplate that it could be a mutually inclusive process? Creation followed by evolution? Creation vs Evolution or Creation AND Evolution. We don't have to fight with people who have a different perspective on life. We can learn from and support each other. It's always a choice to do that.

As has been said:

My Father's house has many mansions.

John 14:2

All things are possible.

Mathew 19:26

Is There A Case For Giving Up On God?

I'm not talking here about throwing the baby out with the bathwater. I am talking about giving up on the word 'God'.

Why?

Many are so averse to that little 3 letter word beginning with G, ending with d, with an o in the middle that rational discussion seems impossible.

A lot of people can't even look at A Course In Miracles because it has THAT word in it. And heaven forbid it talks about Him and him & Father and Son all the time. Sexist text that it is. Tut tut. Hasn't god or Jesus (the apparent author) caught up with the modern world yet? I can just hear the judgemental flood. Can you?

God as a human conception is an illusion of our making. We go to war over our interpretation of those illusions. Because God as a word is a human construct. something we can disagree with, fight over, kill each other and die for. I'm from a Christian nation so God is our word. In other nations and religions there are other words for God. Sometimes multiple words. Whatever the word used, it's the same principle.

What would I suggest replacing it with?

What if we replaced the word God with the word Love? Love. Simply Love.

Do you think we could sit down together more easily and talk about love and what it truly means, without getting into a fight? The jocular, cynical part of me responds with -

probably not. But the hopeful, idealistic part of me thinks that at least we should be aware that we are arguing about our own perspective on love and not on what we've predetermined is absolute truth, what has been passed down in some book, that we are willing to die & kill for.

Love is something we, hopefully, all have had or definitely can have, an experience of. As such it can be something in our experience that we can then talk about. We can decide on characteristics that go with love and characteristics that don't and hopefully we can come to some sort of agreement about it.

I would imagine agreeing on love is going to be a lot easier and more fruitful than sitting around a table, no matter how round it is, trying to agree on God. Why? Because it has some meaning and relevance to all of us and hopefully we could talk about it, agree about it, and we could disagree, and agree to disagree about our viewpoints without cutting each others heads off.

To create a common ground we'd need to first decide what love meant. Because we all know how loving something can come with some level of madness: possession, jealousy, rage, hunger, lust to name a few. I can't remember who said it, Freud?, that:

Love is the most common psychosis known to man.

Whoever it was, s/he was not alone. As this quote from Plato demonstrates.

Love is a mental disease.

Plato

Does that give us an inkling of how afraid we might be of love? So, getting over our fear of love or our fear of *losing our reason* to love, may be required before we can talk about it.

I believe, though that we all know that when we talk about true love, that's not the kind of love that would ever feel those levels of madness.

So what would we connect with love that would complete it, and go some way to creating something we could hopefully agree on?

I'd suggest the trilogy of Love - Peace - Joy as ACIM describes...

Guilt feelings are the preservers of time. They induce fears of retaliation or abandonment, and thus ensure that the future will be like the past. This is the ego's continuity. It gives the ego a false sense

*of security by believing that you cannot escape from it. But you can and must. God offers you the continuity of eternity in exchange. When you choose to make this exchange, you will simultaneously exchange guilt for **joy**, viciousness for **love**, and pain for **peace**. My role is only to unchain your will and set it free. Your ego cannot accept this freedom, and will oppose it at every possible moment and in every possible way. And as its maker, you recognise what it can do because you gave it the power to do it.*

ACIM. VI. Time & Eternity p.71 ACIM combined pdf

So to add these two things, joy and peace, would hopefully help us stop cutting each others heads off and give us a framework to decide and agree on what love is and what love isn't. Then it's just a matter of personal agreement about that. It's not a matter of powering up the Love train to obliterate resistance or to spread the gospels to the heathen or to create and enslave through a political doctrine. By its very nature, love sees no need to do that.

Christianity did a good thing in helping us not do that. At least until the church got a hold of it and combined with the armies of the world to spread the gospel and crush all resistance about it. Something any good Christian would have trouble forgiving them for but then if you were a good Christian forgiveness would be automatic I do wonder whether the decline of Christianity has something to do with the rising tide of awareness of the hypocrisy against the repressive ideas that Christianity has at times stood for.

The Vatican is a good symbol of how powerful the church can be. Just try carving up a piece of downtown Auckland or New York today to call it yours to reign over and see how you get on.

Power over has ultimately nothing to do with love. I think we can all agree with that. Love is the power to give, to extend what is. Not to take. The word God however can bring about that sense of power, of dominion, of control. Is it any wonder that we fight over our version of it?

The question then remains, could Love be seen and upheld as the universal prime mover, God is Love, Love is God. Love as the inspiration for personal daily intent and action? Could love be a universal name for God that we can all agree to agree upon? And maybe, just maybe, we might be right on the money with that word.

No discussion of love could be complete without talking about women and the experience of being birthed, fed, cared for, nurtured, LOVED, by the first woman we each knew in our lives. Our mothers.

But how do religions treat women? Do they see them as the source of all evil? Something to be afraid of and controlled lest they lead you down the fiery road to hell? After all, there was that thing with the apple, right?

I think we all know the answer to this. Do you think that may be a good sign of how much religions don't understand love?

I see a deep chasm that has opened up between what we intuitively know to be real about love and fundamentalist religious thinking. It's time to move beyond our manmade thoughts and beliefs on God to the deeper reality that is God. Unless of course Richard Dawkins is right and it's only The God Delusion at work.

But then again, can we talk purely of love and its value and commonality to us, beyond any connection to any sense of spirituality?

In relationship we have to connect face to face and be open to the other person's perspective so that misunderstandings can be cleared up. But where do we meet God/Goddess/All That Is/Love, face to face?

Mind

Chapter 5

Getting Out Of Your Mind

It's Safer Than You Think

*While thoughts and words are potent
they are not nearly as powerful as
the mind that is thinking them.*

When I think about why I want to write this book, the material in this chapter is a big part of the reason.

I'm using the idea of getting out of your mind here as a play with words and meanings to get your attention, in a light hearted way, to think or rather to become more aware that your mind may not be the friend you think it is or that it would like to make itself out to be.

By getting out of your mind I'm not talking about going crazy and I don't mean to become mind less. I think when we honestly admit it to ourselves, that we all have a sense that there is another Mind that would be worth our attention, that's available to all of us. I am talking about becoming Mind full or full of that Mind that brings with it the experience of Fullness. To experience that Mind and that Fullness you will likely have to start questioning the mind you are currently thinking with.

If you watched or read Lord of the Rings you'll know that Gollum named the *One Ring To Rule Them All* - "*My Precious*". You'll also know that his single minded obsession with *My Precious* would lead him to lie, steal, beg and kill for it and it would ultimately cost him his own life.

I'd like to posit that, in the same vein, there is nothing more *Precious* to us than our minds. We can be so addicted to our thoughts and our ways of seeing the world that we become unwilling to see another reality. The fear of getting out of our minds and learning to trust another Mind can be palpable and we can become so defensive that we find ourselves knotted up in a tight ball of beliefs, compelled to hurl any manner of weapons at any and all who would oppose them.

Isn't it true that we will live, fight and die for our beliefs?

The question is, is it time to start questioning how precious those thoughts and beliefs really are and perhaps more importantly, the mind that is thinking them? Truth can be so easily hidden by whatever beliefs we hold *precious*.

I think we need to continually question our beliefs. Our beliefs will decide for us what science we are willing to accept and which we are determined to reject. We need to face the discomfort of looking into the science that our beliefs want to reject. We need to find out what is truly true and what is simply co-dependently supportive of our beliefs. Why? Because when we don't, our beliefs will become policies in the world that inflict the deepest of harms.

From my perspective we start to grow up when we gain some level of awareness that we are not our beliefs and we are not our thoughts. Beginning to question our mind's thoughts, their validity and importance, is a symbolic act that shows you are ready to let self importance go and are opening to welcome a greater Self. Giving it space. Not to let it take up residence in you but to let yourself accept your residence in it. A pre-existing and forever Mind, The One Mind To Free Us All. As I write this that One Mind stands out to me as a cute and poignant acronym - OM - ॐ - the Sanskrit sound for the infinite. The supposed original sound of creation.

Although they can't truly meet, this *meeting of the mMinds*, stutter intended, is where we touch the infinite, where we come face to face with God, Goddess, All That Is, in short - Love, and start to clear up some of those misunderstandings from the previous chapter.

Liberating Your Self from the prison your mind is busy creating, with its thoughts and beliefs, is the point of any meaningful teaching that you can think of. Each teaching or teacher in their own way working with the mind to help us all open up to the One Mind.

I'd like to highlight the examples of people like Anita Moorjani, Byron Katie, Eckhart Tolle and Mooji, who are all alive, awake and talking with us today. And yes, I've purposely chosen 2 women and 2 men to attempt to bring some equality into the men vs women argument that has been going on for way too long.

Many people have a fascination with these characters and how they were able to achieve that state of apparent peace. We want to learn how to do the same and to emulate that process in our own minds. When it comes down to it, we all, in full or in part, hanker for that *peace that passeth understanding*.

In my journey of getting out of my mind and learning to live in the One Mind I've found that my life, at some point, has become a senseless devotion to the One Mind. By senseless I don't mean that it's lacking in meaning. More that it is a journey beyond the senses, a sense-less sense of devotion to a deeper experience of what is real. What some might call knowing. Once this has been tasted (it's challenging not to put it in sensory language), and awareness of its presence brought to light, it's hard to forget completely. Although you can have a good go at it.

I spent the first 12 years after I left medicine helping people deep dive into their spirit through working with their breath and mind. Part of that was teaching affirmations. Essentially identifying negative thought patterns and the emotions that went with them, often using the breath to uncover those, and helping people to turn them around. To essentially learn to acknowledge, accept and handle the old thought, and the emotions that went with it, and to take on a new thought and the emotions that went with that.

As useful as working with your breath and thought processes can be, I've come to think that even more useful is the process of determining which mind is thinking those thoughts and dwelling in those feelings in the first place, and making a choice of how you are going to relate to that mind. If it's what I would call your 'little m' mind, then it's good not to read too much into what it is saying. You know the one I mean, the one that's all about you and your mind-body and what it is and isn't getting. To, instead of believing everything it thinks and assumes, to actively question it and distance yourself from it.

But if we get a sense (there's that word again) the thoughts are from the 'big M' Mind or the One Mind, and the feelings are infused with that spirit, then it's up to us to begin to trust that and let ourselves be led down the path of the One Mind and be gathered up in and by the journey itself.

I'm not sure when I learnt it or came to appreciate it but at one point I imagine we will all come to the realisation that the thoughts we think are only pointers to the mind we are thinking with and to really change our experience we need to change not just our choice of thoughts but our choice of which mMind we want to think with, to develop an allegiance with and to trust.

We're familiar with the phrase, *Well I'm in two minds about that*. What we generally mean by that is that we are weighing up two different thoughts in the same mind. That's one way to go about it but I'm talking here about a wholesale shift from the mind you are used to dwelling in, to another that you may not be used to living in but One that is actually a lot easier and more comfortable and natural to live in, once you make the choice to do that.

I'm sure we all have our unique entry points and moments of choice and I think it's good to hear how that's happened for others. Rather than sharing these stories as something to compare your own, or some ideal, to, I'm sharing them more as a testament to the fact that it's a real experience with as many flavours as there are individuals.

In Eckhart Tolle's case, it happened when the pain his 'small m' mind drove him through came to an impassable crescendo where he got to the bottom of his pit of despair, contemplating suicide, and heard himself think the thought *I just can't live with myself any longer*.

It was so painful. And then something happened to me suddenly and I looked at the thought. Note what Eckhart says here. Can you see that he got out of his small m mind into a state of Awareness. *"I looked at the thought"*.

That's strange "I" cannot live with "myself"? So there must be "I" and there must be "myself". Am I one or two? I seem to be two. Because if I can't live with myself there must be two... and when I became aware of the structure of the sentence I asked who is the self I can't live with? And who am I? And it was all my thought processes that created the dreadful suffering. The mind created entity, the unhappy me, was continually fed by my thinking. It consisted of a stream of thinking. It was kind of a spiritual suicide so the ego died instead of me having to jump off a bridge, fortunately.

*The ego died, **the ego as the unobserved mind**, the false self, my identity as the unhappy story, dissolved. The I that is behind it suddenly woke up and said who is that self that I can't live with. When you fully look at that self it dissolves because it cannot survive in the light of intense consciousness. And next morning I woke up and looked around and everything looked so fresh, the old furniture, the pencil, everything looked so fresh and alive and the birdsong outside, wow, as if I've never heard it before. Because the mind becomes still and there was simply the beautiful perception of everything, the sunlight coming through the curtains. Incredible I said. I'd never seen that before. - Bolding mine.*

I see Eckhart's experience as a letting go of the small m mind and a reawakening to the large M Mind, the One Mind To Free Us All.

In a similar vein but from the opposite perspective. Instead of coming at it from the depths of a painful time it can come from following the heart in love with the recognition that the pleasure of the One Mind is something you want above all else, like in Mooji's case. Here is a man who was loving his life as an artist and the work he was doing with stained glass, who became similarly enthralled with the spiritual quest and experience.

As he describes ...and I kept on feeling so unusually light and happy. I didn't want this evening or this feeling to go away. And I stayed up very late and then somehow sleep came. I didn't want sleep to come. I felt if I fell asleep I would wake up and it would be finished. But I woke up the next morning and it was still there, the feeling in my body. Tingling. Very sensitive and noticing the sunlight coming through the opening in the curtains and it was looking like I'd never seen the sun before, this type of feeling. As though some sensitivity in me had been turned up, very high, and I felt marvellously happy. After another day of this and a deep peace came inside my heart and that has never gone away... I was so in my heart dedicated to truth I felt that the only thing that mattered now all my other interests begun to fall away because the feeling inside was so compelling, so beautiful, so rich, so complete, I wanted to offer my life as a please take it, take it, in exchange for more of this, I want this.

Following his bliss, as Joseph Campbell would say, Mooji found himself in India having a conversation with a guru in Lucknow, called Papaji. At one point in conversation with him Papaji said *if you wish to know the truth, you must vanish*. Mooji got furious and decided to leave. Something deep inside had been spotted and brought to light and he didn't like it. In the short inner turmoil that followed at one point he said - *everything disappeared. Including myself. I was still here but my history of myself I could not find anything of my person ... there was nobody in this body but something was here, to see that. What was there to see the absence of myself? Myself being who I think I am. My story. My history. My relationships. My values in life. My desires for future. Nothing was there at all. And then in this vast space of being ness my masters face came to me and it was in that moment that I realised I'd met my master.*

You could say that Mooji essentially found pleasure in new ways of being, he experienced the One Mind and simply wanted more.

I'm aware I'm making assumptions from their story telling. But notice Eckhart, I affectionally call him ET, talks about self suicide, and Mooji talks about his guru murdering him.

These two stories remind me of the teaching in ACIM that we can learn through pain or through pleasure and that the choice of which of those to learn from, is ours. Either choice is OK. No judgement there.

Byron Katie had a similar experience to Eckhart in that she took a deep dive into misery until she literally woke up one day. After a successful life she hit a period where everything fell apart. Alcohol played a role. She ended up in a halfway house sleeping on the floor because she didn't believe that she deserved to sleep in the bed that was there for her.

Less than two weeks after I entered the halfway house, my life changed completely.

What follows is a very approximate account.

One morning I woke up. I had been sleeping on the floor as usual. Nothing special had happened the night before; I just opened my eyes. But I was seeing without concepts, without thoughts or an internal story. There was no me. It was as if something else had woken up. It opened its eyes. It was looking through Katie's eyes. And it was crisp, it was clear, it was new, it had never been here before. Everything was unrecognisable. And it was so delighted! Laughter welled up from the depths and just poured out. It breathed and was ecstasy. It was intoxicated with joy: totally greedy for everything. There was nothing separate, nothing unacceptable to it. Everything was its very own self. For the first time I — it — experienced the love of its own life. I — it — was amazed!

In trying to be as accurate as possible, I am using the word "it" for this delighted, loving awareness, in which there was no me or world, and in which everything was included. There just isn't another way to say how completely new and fresh the awareness was. There was no I observing the "it." There was nothing but the "it." And even the realisation of an "it" came later.

Let me say this in a different way. A foot appeared; there was a cockroach crawling over it. It opened its eyes, and there was something on the foot; or there was something on the foot, and then it opened its eyes — I don't know the sequence, because there was no time in any of this. So, to put it in slow motion: it opened its eyes, looked down at the foot, a cockroach was crawling across the ankle, and ... it was awake! It was born. And from then on, it's been

observing. But there wasn't a subject or an object. It was — is — everything it saw. There's no separation in it, anywhere.

All my rage, all the thoughts that had been troubling me, my whole world, the whole world, was gone. The only thing that existed was awareness. The foot and the cockroach weren't outside me; there was no outside or inside. It was all me. And I felt delight — absolute delight! There was nothing, and there was a whole world: walls and floor and ceiling and light and body, everything, in such fullness. But only what it could see: no more, no less.

Then it stood up, and that was amazing. There was no thinking, no plan. It just stood up and walked to the bathroom. It walked straight to a mirror, and it locked onto the eyes of its own reflection, and it understood. And that was even deeper than the delight it had known before. It fell in love with that being in the mirror. It was as if the woman and the awareness of the woman had permanently merged. There were only the eyes, and a sense of absolute vastness, with no knowledge in it. It was as if I — she — had been shot through with electricity. It was like God giving itself life through the body of the woman — God so loving and bright, so vast — and yet she knew that it was herself. It made such a deep connection with her eyes. There was no meaning to it, just a nameless recognition that consumed her.

Love is the best word I can find for it. *It had been split apart, and now it was joined. There was it moving, and then it in the mirror, and then it joined as quickly as it had separated — it was all eyes. The eyes in the mirror were the eyes of it. And it gave itself back again, as it met again. And that gave it its identity, which I call love. As it looked in the mirror, the eyes — the depth of them— were all that was real, all that existed — prior to that, nothing. No eyes, no anything; even standing there, there was nothing. And then the eyes come out to give it what it is. People name things a wall, a ceiling, a foot, a hand. But it had no name for these things, because it's indivisible. And it's invisible. Until the eyes. Until the eyes. I remember tears of gratitude pouring down the cheeks as it looked at its own reflection. It stood there staring for I don't know how long.*

These were the first moments after I was born as it, or it as me. There was nothing left of Katie. There was literally not even a shred of memory of her — no past, no future, not even a present. And in that openness, such joy. “There's nothing sweeter than this,” I felt; “there is nothing but this. If you loved yourself more than anything you could imagine, you would give yourself this. A face. A hand.

Breath. But that's not enough. A wall. A ceiling. A window. A bed. Light bulbs. Ooh! And this too! And this too! And this too!"

*All this took place beyond time. But when I put it into language, I have to backtrack and fill in. While I was lying on the floor, I understood that when I was asleep, prior to cockroach or foot, prior to any thoughts, prior to any world, there is nothing. In that instant, the four questions of *The Work* were born. I understood that no thought is true. The whole of inquiry was already present in that understanding. It was like closing a gate and hearing it click shut. It wasn't I who woke up: inquiry woke up. The two polarities, the left and right of things, the something/nothing of it all, woke up. Both sides were equal. I understood this in that first instant of no-time.*

So to say it again: As I was lying there in the awareness, as the awareness, the thought arose: It's a foot. And immediately I saw that it wasn't true, and that was the delight of it. I saw that it was all backward. It's not a foot; it's not a cockroach. It wasn't true, and yet there was a foot, there was a cockroach. It opened its eyes and saw a foot, and a cockroach crawling over the foot. But there was no name for these things. There were no separate words for foot or cockroach or wall or any of it. So it was looking at its entire body, looking at itself, with no name. Nothing was separate from it, nothing was outside it, it was all pulsing with life and delight, and it was all one unbroken experience. To separate that wholeness and see anything as outside itself, wasn't true. The foot existed, yet it wasn't a separate thing, and to call it a "foot," or an anything, felt like a lie. It was absurd. And the laughter kept pouring out of me. I saw that cockroach and foot are names for joy, that there are no names for what appears as real now. This was the birth of awareness: thought reflecting back as itself, seeing itself as everything, surrounded by the vast ocean of its own laughter.

*When I try to explain how *The Work* was born in that instant of realisation, I can analyse the instant, slow it down, and tell it so that it takes on time. But this is giving time to an instant that wasn't even an instant. In that no-time, everything was known and seen as nothing. It saw a foot, and it knew that it wasn't a foot, and it loved that it was. The first and second of the four questions is like the slow-motion mechanics of the experience. "It's a foot" — is that true? Can I absolutely know that it's true? No. What was it like before the thought of "foot" appeared, before there was the world of "foot"? Nothing.*

*Then the third question: How do I react when I believe the thought? I was aware that there's always a contraction, that when I believe any thought I create a world separate from myself, an object that is apparently "out there," and that the contraction is a form of suffering. And the fourth: Who would I be without that thought? **I would be prior to thought, I would be — I am — peace, absolute joy.** Then the turnaround: It's a foot / it's not a foot. Actually, all four questions were present in the first — Is it true? — and everything was already released in the instant that the first question was asked. The second, third, and fourth questions were embedded in the inquiry that was there in the experience. There were no words for any of the questions — they were not explicit, not thought, not experienced in time, but present as possibilities when I looked at my experience later and tried to make it available for people. With the fourth question the circle is complete. And then the turnaround is the grounding, the re-entry. There's nothing / there's something. And in that way people can be held without the terror of being nothing, without identity. The turnaround holds them until it's a comfortable place. And they realise that nowhere to go is really where they already are.*

https://evelynrodriguez.typepad.com/pointingtothemoon/2007/02/byron_katies_aw.html

I love how stepping into awareness, into being in the One Mind, and the Four Questions of what Byron calls 'The Work' were born out of her experience. Did you notice the words Love, Joy & Peace that she used to describe being? I highlighted them just to make it easy.

I'm sure you can see the similarities in these three stories. The process of becoming aware, or of becoming awareness itself. Of getting out of one mind, the one that was the origin of all suffering and of being delivered into another Mind. One that shows up as the source of all joy, peace and love. One that is always there when you let go of your attachment to your own little mind. When you let go of hanging onto to your own personal breed of misery or attachment.

There is another story I'd like to bring in here. For me it highlights the possibility that there is always room for hope. No matter how deep you are in the pit. I don't believe you can get any deeper than this.

If you haven't heard of Anita Moorjani, I'd highly recommend her book *Dying To Be Me*. In which she relates her story of dying, literally dying from cancer when her organs gave up the ghost and fell over on her. As doctor's who have looked at her case described it, it shouldn't really be called a Near Death Experience but as a death and rebirth experience. A proverbial Lazarus coming back from the dead, genre. In death she woke up and that awakening helped her back to life. To the life that was there all along The effect is the

same as our previous stories. Its about a re-identification, a reconnecting, a rejoining, to bind once again with a different Mind, the One Mind that frees us all.

For my entire life, I lived in fear of disappointing others, and I believed there was something wrong with me in the moments I failed to meet their wishes. I battled with the part of myself that wanted to do things differently and carve my own path. I had dreams of climbing Machu Picchu, enjoying paella in Spain, and seeing the Eiffel Tower in Paris.

DEEP DOWN, I WANTED THE FREEDOM TO BE ME.

I just didn't know how. So I went on playing it safe, toeing the line between fitting in and honouring my true self.

While I did go on to pursue some of my greatest desires—one of them being marrying the love of my life—fear always remained underneath all of my choices. No matter what challenge I was faced with, fear weakened my resolution. It filled me with doubt and triggered endless negative thoughts and feelings.

It wasn't long before fear began to manifest itself in my physical form. At age 42, I found a lump in my shoulder and was diagnosed with cancer of the lymphatic system, better known as lymphoma. For 4 years, my body was ravaged by not only the disease itself, but also my fear of it. My weight dropped to 80 pounds. I became too weak to walk on my own. And I started giving up hope that I would heal.

Then, one morning I didn't wake up. My husband rushed me to the hospital where he was told that I had entered a coma and my organs were slowly shutting down, one by one. I didn't have much time left.

What happened that day changed my life. While my body was being cared for by a team of doctors, I had what is called a near death experience or an NDE. And on that journey, I learned that my only purpose in life is to be a full expression of myself. To love myself to the core of my being. And to share my heart and soul with the world without fear.

<https://anitamoorejani.com/about-anita/>

Eckhart, Mooji, Byron and Anita, four very unique entry points but striking similarities.

For myself there has been no moment of blanket, global change. No moment where I could say life crossed a line right there and then, and the door back was forever closed. For me there have been moments of profound realisation followed by long periods of the every day, moment by moment choices of which mMind I choose to align with. Being

aware I have both available to me but growing in awareness that only one is real. Learning to choose which one to listen to in each moment. Which one do I trust is the real one? How do I know to trust it? Becoming more certain and trusting, with time and experience, of the nuances that come with the One Mind and of then treading the path of life with the *One Mind That Frees Us All*.

Each of us, in order to decide which mind to choose, need however much experience we individually need, with both mMinds, to come to the point of being able to make that choice in a continuous flow. That is how we all return.

I wonder if part of the issue we have with choosing which mind to trust is the confusions we grapple with around the existence of God and the nature of God, if God does indeed exist, as the progenitor of all that exists? If we believe in the Old Testament, God can seem to be a cantankerous old sod. Getting angry enough to flood the whole world when it refuses to please Him. Sounds more like the Gods of the Ancient Greeks than anything else to me. God as the ultimate righteous warmonger that you'd better be on the right side of.

That image is as clear a case as any, I would think, that 'man' has 'made' God in his own image. One that any thinking and feeling human being who has had any glimpse of what love is or should be, would automatically find incomprehensible.

Jesus and the New Testament became a major relief from that but then as science overtook superstition and religious ideology a lot of it faded into disrepute because of the ignorance and hypocrisy that the awakening masses could see. The teachings of Jesus did a good thing in that they brought the experience of innocence and love back to the masses. Unlike Islam, where it is recommended you be killed if you left the religion, there was no such threat over questioning and subsequently leaving Christianity. The trouble is how many threw the baby out with the bathwater, as I did?

If we run mostly on fear and pain we tend to distrust the experience of love, joy and peace. Because we believe it is our fear, that will keep us safe. This can go on forever and life can become more and more painful. Until we come to the point where there is no other choice but the one to let go of the pain, as we've seen in the stories above.

The thoughts in spiritual texts like ACIM that are in sync with the Mind of God or the One Mind To Free Us All, are still pointers. The underlying process is about giving up or giving over your small m mind in favour of the only Real Mind, the One Mind. In that process you give up thinking from your mind but are open to the thoughts that come to be shared from the One Mind. It's not that you are thinking them but rather that you become the channel for their expression.

How do you know that you have got out of your mind? There is a saying *Ye shall know them by their fruits*. I think about mMind like that. The mental-emotional fruits of the One Mind are discernibly different to the fruits of my little m, mind. In a perhaps oversimplified take on it, if the bliss of being isn't present you are still in your own, small m, mind. If the bliss of being is effulgent then you already know which Mind you are devoted to. Love, joy and peace are that bliss.

I've also noticed that when I am relaxing into and trusting the One Mind that my breath frees up naturally and spontaneously. I spent years teaching people to do that, when a change of mMind does it all. Who would have guessed life could be that simple;)?! Learning to surrender to your breath though is still useful.

The thought of not having our 'own' mind is frightening to people. The thought of trusting a loving Mind to guide our daily thought and action can stop us dead in our tracks. Yet that could very well be the thing we need to do.

What stops us trying different things, different ways of being, maybe just a simple change of behaviour like say an all meat diet for 30 days? It's our beliefs and addictions. It's the *I can't believe that's*, or the *I can't do this*'.

When you come to think about it, beliefs might be the deepest addictions we have. they're anchored to the core of who we think we are and influence our actions like a proverbial puppet on a string.

A belief is a lever that, once pulled, moves almost everything else in a person's life.

Sam Harris, *The End of Faith: Religion, Terror and the Future of Reason*

Yet, if you want to stop hurting you have to switch allegiance in which mMind you choose to believe in and to be supported by. That's why I think it's more effective to pay attention to not just the individual thoughts you are thinking, which can lead to an endless and fruitless internal and external dialogue, but to take stock of the mind or Mind that is thinking them.

It can be hard to switch allegiance when you don't even know if the Mind you are thinking of switching to is real. How do you know what is Real and what is unreal? Do you think it would make a difference to your willingness to listen to the One Mind if you thought it was real and something that had your best interests at heart?

What difference does it make to your ability to choose if you assume it's real compared to acting as if it's real? Does 'making it real' make it somehow more imperative to act as if it's Real?

Whether the idea of two mMinds is real or not, is that important? Or does the idea have value in that it can help us question our thoughts by putting them in the context of which mMind are we thinking with? And to ask the question, is there a better mMind to be paying attention to?

How do you know if it's Real and not just another figment of your mind's imagination? Someone once said that success leaves clues. Well, fortunately, the two mMinds leave their own too.

*The small m mind will happily raise hell
The Big M Mind will gladly open the doors to heaven.*

Chapter 6

How Do You Know *And What Do You Do About It?*

What makes a person decide which mMind to listen to?

In the stories above I see people stumbling across reality. Life has become so painful that an impasse has been reached. Driven to the edge of a cliff do you fall off or fly? Delving into the pain and maximising it can be a dicey touch and go experience. Not necessarily a full proof strategy.

Do you have to go through some major process like we've heard in the stories above? It's a scary thought, isn't it? The thought of losing your precious reality could put you off the idea of becoming enlightened, and merging with the One Mind, forever. But what if it didn't have to be that way? What if we could ease ourselves into it? Is it available right now without having to leave whatever we hold dear behind?

Did you see in the stories above there is a sense of being lifted above, of letting go of the small m mind to enter the Awareness of the One Mind? A particular feeling tone was described in relation to the One Mind, as there was to the small m mind.

Small minded is an apt description in more ways than one.

I have an inner sense when I am in the One Mind that I've left my other mind behind. That mix we've talked about of joy, peace and love is ubiquitous in the One Mind.

Another sign that rings true for me, that I experience relaxing into the One Mind, is a tone. Like a tuning fork emitting a tone that reverberates through my being. It's different to a tinnitus, ringing in the ears, that can often be painful or annoying. This sound brings an invitation to luxuriate within its arms. To melt into being.

There was a time in my 30's when I questioned whether it was tinnitus. As if to speak up for itself at one point, when I was meditating in the bath, breathing with my ears immersed in the warm water, the inner sound changed to bells. Like church bells. Clear and unmistakable. No particular tune. Simply bells peeling out a ring. Since then I never question but instead welcome the inner experience of sound in whatever flavour.

If you search for it you will come across the idea that the various inner sounds relate to opening the different energy centres or chakras. The buzz of a bee, the pure tone of a flute, harp strings, bells or gongs and the roar of the ocean.

The quieter my mind has got the more prevalent the sound. That's another clue for me that I am letting go to the One Mind, my mind is indeed quiet. No thought. No need for thinking. Simply enjoying the fullness of being.

As delightful as that is I think it's also a fortunate thing that we each have a guide on the journey.

Chapter 7

The Still Small Voice

Does It Have To Be That Quiet?

The main argument I had with God for a long time, was if S/He really wants us to get on with it, then why doesn't S/He bloody well make it clear to all of us what life's about and what we need to do in any given situation to be on the right side, to know what is the right path and what is not? The right choice versus the wrong choice? The one that leads us to a heavenly experience rather than the one that leads to a hellish one? Because there has certainly been times when I felt like I was making the right choice but ended in a hell of my own making. And a clearer voice would have been a helpful companion I would have thought.

This book is an attempt for me to make it clear both for myself and for you.

It's easy to rail and complain about God though. Or make out like S/He doesn't exist and we're all alone in the world and the universe. I imagine there are as many ways to kill God off as there are points of light in the universe. But rather than complaining about how God/dess can't be that smart because if s/he was s/he wouldn't have left it up to us, surely?!, I've come to understand it from a different perspective and ask a different question.

The question isn't really about why doesn't God make it plainer? The issue is really: Why aren't I listening better?

I know it's hard to listen to something if you aren't sure if it's even real. Why would you? You could just end up deeper in the shit. Yet beginning to contemplate that 'it' is real, is part of the journey. Until then though, many of us, seem to have a penchant, or predilection, for being brought to our knees before we finally admit to ourselves that our plans failed and maybe, just maybe, we needed to listen better to the voice that has been trying to speak to us all along. That there may actually be a better way. And that there is a Mind that we could be paying better attention to. We all seem to have a sense of the truth of that.

Jordan Peterson, for me, excels in the concept of Jnana Yoga. Using the mind to get beyond the mind. Here's a piece of his story and the thought process he went through to clarify who he was and who he wasn't:

*I was trying to figure out who I was and how that could be fixed... I started to pay very careful attention to what I was saying... I could feel a split happening in my psyche... I split into two and one part was, let's say, the old me that was talking a lot, liked to argue and that liked ideas and there was another part that was **watching** that part like just with it's eyes open and neutrally judging. And the part that was **neutrally judging** was watching the part that was*

talking and going: 'that isn't your idea', 'you don't really believe that', 'you don't really know what you're talking about', 'THAT isn't true'.

I thought that was really interesting and that was happening to like 95% of what I was saying. So then I really didn't know what to do. I thought ok, well this is strange. Maybe I've fragmented and that's just not a good thing at all. It wasn't like I was hearing voices or anything like that... it was, well, people have multiple parts. So then I had this weird conundrum. Well which of these two things are me? Is it the part that's listening and saying, 'no, that's rubbish, that's a lie, you're doing that to impress people, you're just trying to win the argument'. Was that me or was the part that was going about my normal verbal business, me?

*And I didn't know, but I decided that I would go with the critic and then what I learned to do was to stop saying things that made me weak, and I'm still trying to do that because I'm always **feeling** when I talk whether or not the words that I'm saying are either making me align or making me come apart. I really think that is the right way of conceptualising it, because if you say things that are as true as you can say them, then they come up, they come out of the depths inside you... because we don't know where thoughts come from, we don't know how far down into your substructure the thoughts emerge, we don't know what processes of physiological alignment are necessary for you to speak from the core of your being. We don't understand any of that, we don't even conceptualise that but I believe that you can **feel** that.*

And I learned some of that by reading Carl Rogers, by the way. He was a great clinician as he talked about mental health in part as the coherence between the spiritual or the abstract and the physical. That the two things were aligned. And there's a lot of idea of alignment in psychoanalytic and clinical thinking.

But anyways I decided that I would practice not saying things that would make me weak (unaligned) and what happened was that I had to stop saying almost everything that I was saying. I'd say 95% of it.

It's a helluva shock to wake up and realise that you're mostly dead wood. And you might think, well, do you really want all that to burn off because there's nothing left but a little husk. 5% of you.

Its like if that 5% is solid then maybe that's EXACTLY what you want to have happen.

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Z6F-jyrSBgg&t=428s>

Can you see that he was experiencing an ‘awareness’? That this awareness was neutral, non-judging? God/dess, as a non judging awareness. Now that’s a thought in contrast to what a lot of religious texts teach;)!)

That he was experiencing through a ‘higher’ mind? The One Mind. Can you get the sense that he knew because he **felt** (bolding above is mine) the truth through what he called a sense of alignment that he could **feel**.

Can you corroborate that with your own story? Does that help you clarify when the Awareness, the Voice for God/dess or whatever you want to call ‘it’, The Voice of Love, as I like to call it, is talking with you, trying to be heard, to reach through the mist to bring you into the light?

Listening to that voice can be about the simplest of things. Today as I was writing this section I was reminded of that. We are housesitting in Tuscany. Helping someone look after her tribe of rescue dogs. She and her son were out to dinner and usually when they come home they let the dogs out to do their business. For some reason, this night I thought to let the dogs out myself just before 10pm before I went to bed. It was the first time I did that because usually, as I said, the owner let them out herself when she comes home. But she had been out a lot lately and thought she might be getting a bit tired.

One of the dogs didn’t want to go, she’s an aged 3 legged Maremma cross. I hated the thought of making her go outside when she obviously didn’t want to. Like I said I hate upsetting people, and dogs obviously:). The thought came to let the owner know that I’d got them out but the oldest one hadn’t gone. But I didn’t follow through on that. Remember this was the first time I’d had the impulse to let the dogs out because I had the sense that the owner was tired and I didn’t follow through on messaging her because my mind argued and said she’d let them out as usual.

Well, the owner got in at midnight tired and decided to go straight to bed. You can imagine what she woke up to the next morning.

It can also be about the most difficult of things, as I’ll share with you later in the chapter about our fear of love.

Here is another in the meantime, from an autobiography I’ve just read, about the moment Tara’s Voice spoke to her when asked in a conversation with someone whether she would agree with polygamy as her destiny as it was taught in her religion.

*I agreed. I said the words, then braced myself for a wave of humiliation-for that image to invade my thoughts, of me, one of many wives standing behind a solitary faceless man-but it didn’t come. I searched my mind and discovered a new conviction there: I would never be a plural wife. **A voice declared** this with unyielding finality; the declaration made me tremble. What if God*

*commanded it? I asked. **You wouldn't do it, the voice answered.** And I knew it was true.*

Tara Westover - Educated

Do you have a sense of that voice for yourself?

I've heard that some people hear a voice that is tonally different to their own but I imagine for the majority, when the voice talks to you, it more often than not, comes in the shape of your own voice. Albeit, one that has a ring of undeniable truth to it. Learning to listen out for that 'vocal' quality is an important piece.

If I had a dollar for every thought like that, that I hadn't listened to and wished, in retrospect, that I had, I'm sure I'd be a wealthy man. How about you? Has your own personal version of the Voice been talking to you and you haven't been listening to it as you could?

I remember reading *The Gifts Of The Jews - How a Tribe of Desert Nomads Changed the Way Everyone Thinks and Feels*, by Thomas Cahill. The one gift that stuck with me from that book was that before Abraham we were all at the effects of the Gods but Abraham brought to us the idea that we had a personal connection to God. That we could talk with Him, directly and that He had our backs.

Edith Eger in her incredibly beautifully written autobiography of her survival through Nazi Germany, Auschwitz and the aftermath of that - *The Choice* - talks about her mums words as they headed to Auschwitz as being a guiding light for her throughout that time; *...everything can be taken away from you apart from the words you put in your own mind*. I wonder if Edith's mum was not referring to her own minds words but rather the words you find in your Mind that have that ring of truth. You didn't put them there but you can recognise that they are there and that they are worth listening to and allowing yourself to be guided by.

The connection between the two, between you and God - Goddess - All That Is - Love, is the Still Small Voice inside you that speaks from the Mind of God if you would but learn to listen.

Think about it, if the One Mind is trying so hard to take care of us in the little things, how much do you think it's trying on the bigger ones?

When it boils down to it, if you have to listen to 'a' voice to guide your actions, which is it to be? The voice of your conscience à la Jordan Peterson? Or your daemon à la Socrates? As Jordan says, his internal voice was similar to what Socrates heard. In Socrates' mind it was more in the vein of not doing something whereas in Jordan it was more in the vein of no, that's not true. Either way it was and is 'no' to something. Or is it not so much the word and energy of no but rather is it no to whichever emotion that has control over your thought processes in the moment? Is it about the choice of listening to the voice of your own little mind or to the Voice of Love? The choice as always, is yours.

I imagine you've heard the phrase someone *can't see the wood for the trees*, or *can't see the forest for the trees*, (What the English know as a wood, the Americans call a forest.

The intended meaning is the same though.) Meaning they are so lost in the details of all the individual trees, that they miss what's important about the whole thing, the wood/forest. I think the thoughts in the mind are very much like this. We get lost looking at all the various thoughts our mind deems to be important and by getting lost in our mind's thoughts we get lost in the mind itself.

This could go on forever and seemingly does as the mind's major preoccupation is to keep us eternally lost in the maze of thought. Until that Still Small Voice from the One Mind penetrates the darkness of the wood and directs us toward the Light and the maze dissolves into the nothingness it really is.

The Voice of Love can be our guide but we need to still the mind enough to hear what the One Mind is trying to get through to us. It could very well be that, where the human rubber meets the spiritual road is in our ability to listen to this Voice.

Accepting that we don't know what is best for us opens the space to listen. Which gets us back to that need of ours to be brought to our knees. To give up on our own activities, our own desires and determination to fix our problems. And to listen to a higher wisdom, the Voice of Love of the One Mind.

*I hear the Voice that God has given me,
and it is only this my mind obeys.*

ACIM L199

From this point on when I quote ACIM I will be replacing the words God, Father, He, with Love.
e.g.

*I hear the Voice that Love has given me,
and it is only this my mind obeys.*

ACIM L199

What can get in the way of that soft listening is the incessant clamour of our emotions. Something we seem to have an incredibly difficult time with.

There is one being that I spent time with that confronted all my ideas on what it meant to be emotional, what it meant to unite our senses of humanity and divinity and live life in a coherent and sublime flow of thought, feeling and action.

Peace to my mind. Let all my thoughts be still.

Father/Love, I come to You today to seek the peace that You alone can give. I come in silence. In the quiet of my heart, the deep recesses of my mind, I wait and listen for Your Voice. My Father/Love, speak

*to me today. I come to hear Your Voice in silence and in certainty
and love, sure You will hear my call and answer me.*

ACIM L.221

Chapter 8

Babaji

Call his name in reverence and he will come...

I was 17 years old and going through the horrendous grief of separating from my first love, when a friend, Malcolm, from a local Catholic School gave me a copy of Autobiography of a Yogi by Paramahansa Yogananda. He felt I needed it with what I was going through. I had read things like the Carlos Castaneda series that talked about us being able to connect and communicate with forces or a presence beyond what we could see, feel and touch but this was the first book I'd read from a real person who had been in the world not so long ago, Yogananda died in 1952, only 19 years before my reading of his book, and people were still alive today who had met him. So there wasn't the same degree of fantasy there.

I lapped it up. It was a balm to my soul. Over the next few years I would read it twice more. After each major successive separation. Getting more and more into yoga and meditation with each reading until I ended up living in the Lotus Yoga Centre in Wellington while I was a first year House Surgeon at Wellington Hospital.

There is a chapter in Yogananda's autobiography about Babaji titled, The Yogi Christ of India. He was portrayed as the originator of Yogananda's line of guru's. Beginning with Lahiri Mahasaya, followed by Sri Yukteswar Giri and then Yogananda. Babaji was described as someone who had been coming and going for a very long time and could still be called on today. I stopped for a moment at the line *...whenever anyone utters with reverence the name of Babaji, that devotee attracts an instant spiritual blessing...* I paused for a blessing. Contact.

It was some time after my 3rd reading while I was going through my trauma with medicine and living in the Lotus Yoga Centre in Wellington, that I had the visit from my friend to share with me about why he left medicine. During that conversation he told me that Leonard Orr, the founder of Rebirthing, had met Babaji in India after Babaji had appeared out of a ball of light to a rebirther in the US, called Diane Hintermann, as she was working with someone. She felt guided to go to India to find him and did. After her return many rebirthers, including Leonard, followed.

My friend gave me a copy of an article called *The Legend Of Herakhan Baba* by Dio Urmilla Neff. It was poignant for me that the opening lines of her article were about her going through the exact same process of reading Autobiography of a Yogi and calling Babaji's name, for a blessing, 6 years earlier. Maybe you'll be trying that out right now. And maybe one day you will meet him.

Meeting him in the flesh was nothing like I expected or imagined. Even though I had heard of what was called Haidakhan Theatre, I had still expected to see only peace, love

and joy, what I have written about as signposts that we are on the right track, emanating from him. For me, this was indeed the underlying emotional ground in his presence but overlaying that, there was also every other imaginable emotional experience, in full technicolour and surround sound. I have yet to experience another being in human form that could come close to the kaleidoscope that was Babaji.

As I write this I remember when we first met him in person. You can probably imagine our sense of anticipation was high. Over the intervening years from 1979 to 1982 I had met and married my first wife, Margaret. We sold virtually everything we had of monetary value to get to be with him. Our last night on the journey there, was in Haldwani, the closest town to the ashram. Haidakhan/Herakhan Vishwa Mahadham was in the valley just over the first foothills of the Himalayas which had come into view rising up from the plains on the bus ride from New Delhi. Our ACIM lesson for the day was particularly poignant at the time. I can't remember it exactly but it was of this genre.

Into His Presence Would I Enter Now.

ACIM L 157.

As it was summer, the river was low and the fords were easy to cross, we decided to walk up the river rather than over the hill. It was just a short bus ride to a place where the Gautama Ganga river, one of the headwaters of the Ganges that flowed past the ashram, met the road downriver. There wasn't much of a bus stop. It was known as the dam site. The place where a dam was intended to be built earlier but had been abandoned. The driver knew we wanted to go to Haidakhan and waved us in the general direction up the valley.

We walked down a gravel road to the river bed. From there a simple track snaked upriver crossing from side to side, obviously just a summer track as it would have been washed away with the rainy season. It was a lovely quiet walk in a warm sunny day. No one else on the road. Just us and our hearts thinking of what it would be like.

It was the custom to bring Babaji gifts. Even though he didn't need any. He simply passed them on. They moved through him, a constant flow of life and energy. We'd asked a few devotees at the hotel we stayed at, for ideas and fell in love with a cute smallish cushion made with burgundy cloth covered with little sewn in circular mirrors. After arriving in Haidakhan and settling in we heard that Babaji was in the temple garden receiving people. It was time.

He was sitting on a low concrete wall around the temple at the edge of the garden. Sunshine gleaming off the white coloured stone walls of the temple. The small manicured lawns and flower borders filled with marigolds, forming such a peaceful setting. The friendly bubble of happy voices invited us in. As we got closer we saw that he was wearing a waistcoat of the exact same material as our cushion, over white kurta and lungi!

An indescribable warmth and welcome permeated the scene as we approached the group gathered around him and after waiting our turn we gave the cushion to him and he gave us the biggest smile in return and dissolved any nervousness we were experiencing by

playfully putting his eye to one of the mirrors and giggling. I have a memory of a comment about *seeing himself in there* or something zany like that.

Was it coincidence that he was wearing the exact same material? Or a sign of *welcome, we are one*? Even though he wore many things repeatedly over the 3 months that we were there, that was the one and only time we saw him in that waistcoat.

There were to be several other experiences, some of which I'll share that made me acutely and happily aware that nothing was unknown, all was known and all was good.

As much as I had read and heard about what was called Haidakhan Theatre, the name given to the emotional play between Babaji and his visitors, I still held the image of an evolved spiritual being as one of love, light and peace. That indeed was my inner experience around him but the outer experience could be anything but that.

It was spending time with Babaji that made me think how little we understand human emotion. What it's for and how to use it. I'm still learning from those three months with him. I've come to think that the best we can do is to learn to not be at the effect of whatever emotion is running high in our body-mind at any given moment and to choose love and acceptance, for everything we experience, as much as we can, in the moment.

If there was an emotional rhythm to the day it was that Babaji was generally cranky in the mornings and happy in the evenings. Considering the play that was going on, I have to wonder if this was more to do with us than him?

It seems part of our nature to wake up grumbling with being alive or fixated on what there is to do for the day. We wake up into being human doings. At night there is the relaxed content of a well done day or the welcome relief of oncoming sleep to wipe away our day's torturous travail. We relax out of doing to become human beings again. In the mirror that was Babaji, that made sense to me.

One of the stories that I remember the most was of Bea, a German woman. For some reason Babaji seemed to single her out for attack. He often carried a big walking stick. I'm talking about something as tall or taller than him and 2-3 inches in diameter. Probably more accurately termed a walking pole.

He usually did use it for walking but when it came to Bea, more often than not, out of the blue, he would launch into a furious tirade aimed at her that ended with him whacking her with that pole. He used to whack her so hard that you would hear the thump, like the beating of a carpet to free it from dust, from 100 feet across the field. A deep sickening thud. As crazy a sight as that was, her usual response of a loud peel of laughter was even more disconcerting. It happened so often that one evening as we sat in the chai/tea shop, a small thatched shed, its walls made from river stones that would be gone in the next winter floods, Bea came across and we used that brief interlude to ask her what she thought was going on. Her reply spoke volumes.

Apparently when she was growing up her father was very abusive. Particularly to her younger sister, who he beat all the time. Bea used to wish that he would beat her instead of her sister but he never did. It seemed that Babaji was helping her fulfil that wish and heal that time for her. So, we had to ask, why did she laugh every time Babaji hit her?



For Bea, she said when Babaji hit her it was like a bolt of joy leapt out of her heart. No sensation of pain at all. Simply a pure release.

The beatings did stop. Bea had resolved her guilt. We were all relieved.

The answers were not always that clear and there wasn't a lot of time spent talking over things. So most of what we experienced we all processed internally. Idle chit chat was one of Baba's pet hates. If you were working you were supposed to be repeating the mantra Om Namaha Shivaya silently as you were working to bring the divine to the task and keep your monkey mind at bay.

One evening I remember working in what was called the company bargh/garden and we'd settled into an unusual but welcome, relaxed camaraderie, joking and chatting in the soft gathering twilight. Suddenly, Babaji came barging in, telling us off for talking, not focusing on the task and ordered us to work all night as punishment. We all stood their. Shocked.

Then he singled me out and took me by the arm/hand. In what seemed like the next second we were on top of the 5 foot high wall we were building around an area of the river valley to protect it from the floods and turn it into a garden. Usually it was a two handed job to get up on that wall. How on earth had I got there? Could I have just blanked out the obvious or did we somehow levitate up there? I had heard of stranger things happening.

Standing with me on the top of the wall, which was at least a metre wide, he carved with his finger a big arc in the air out from the outer side of the wall and asked me to build what I understood from his motion to be a buttress for the wall, there. Then he left as quickly as he had come. The atmosphere of familial conviviality had disappeared. We still talked. This time about did he really mean that? Work all night? We'd heard the stories of tigers and snakes in the area and we weren't too enamoured of spending time in the dark with impending threats laying in wait. Some of the group had simply become resigned to their fate. Babaji had said so, so it just needed to be done.

I personally couldn't believe he really meant that so I mustered up whatever courage I needed and went up to him before he and his entourage left the wall, on the side of the field, for the evening. I asked him if he really meant that or if it was ok for us to stop now too. He said it was all good, no need to stay working. Reprieve. I went to tell the others. I'm sure there was every level of emotion from relief to guilt in the group. Surely if Babaji had said that who were we to question it?

That threat to work all night was unusual. In contrast Babaji was often throwing people out of the ashram. Usually it was an individual process someone was going through with Babaji but sometimes it was en masse. Like the time I was in the group to be told it was leaving. In fact it was ALL WESTERNERS had to leave, TOMORROW!

The next morning we had all been invited to a wedding in town with Babaji, and after morning aarti Babaji repeated that when we got back in the afternoon, all westerners were to get their gear and go! As happy as the wedding was, the atmosphere was a bit tense. We still had several weeks left before our return flight and were wondering what to do? Did he really mean that? Would we all really have to leave?

As we got off the trucks at the bottom of the 108 steps to the ashram, the culling started. One young man (I was young at that point too;) beside me, was brutally and unceremoniously sent packing. Then it was my turn to face him.

I'm not sure if I asked if I could stay or not but all I heard was *You stay. You stay;*)! I gratefully went off to get changed and go to work.

That afternoon the work was carrying bricks up the 108 Steps for the continuous building projects of the ashram. Later that afternoon, on one of my trips up the steps, I met Babaji and his entourage coming down. To give them room to get by on the narrow steps, I stopped and placed my load to the side at my feet. But instead of passing by as Babaji usually did, he stopped in front of me, bent down, picked up my load and helped me put it back on my head with the biggest of smiles I ever saw him give me. I got the sense that in the gesture Baba was saying to me, *yes, I meant for you to stay, I will always be there for you and support you in your work.*

Any time any one was ordered to leave, there was a lesson waiting to be learned. Margaret was sent off once. The reason for her 'expulsion' had been that Babaji had 'misinterpreted' that she was late going to work. She had been working but was sick and had to go away from the field for a while, and was actually coming back to work. As she came off the steps and saw him there, she had the thought that he would think that she was just now coming to work. The humour of thinking someone who supposedly knows everything would think

that was not lost on her. She tried to go around the group surrounding Baba at the bottom of the stairs to avoid him seeing her.

As she moved past she felt the relief of escaping his attention but it was short lived, the ploy backfired and her fear came true. He yelled and pointed at her. Told her to come over. Quivering in her sandals he ordered her to leave. She turned and walked away wondering what it would mean. She thought of staying in Haldwani by herself till I left but that would never have been a possibility for me. If she was leaving, I would too.

Thankfully neither of us had to face those choices as it was rescinded. As she was walking away, accepting her fate, she said she felt like a fire of rage grew in her belly to the extent that she turned around, marched right up to him, wagging her finger at him and told him exactly what had happened. Her lesson was about standing up for herself amidst injustice. And yes, she could stay, stay, stay.....

The follow through for her happened not long after. She had been sick, she was late and she came down the stairs to find him in the exact same spot as he had been on the previous occasion. This time she thought if he tells me to leave, I'm too weak to resist, I'm just going to go. From memory this time he gave her the most precious gaze and she burst into tears.

It was experienced by most people there that Baba could read all our minds. One story reminds me the most of that.

Margaret and I used to go up to darshan more often than not, together. One night as we came up from bowing at his feet Babaji held out a small bottle. It was one of my favourite sweets. A small plastic bottle an inch or two long, in the shape of a coke bottle, filled with green, sugar coated aniseeds. It looked to me like he was handing it to me so I accepted the gift without another thought.

My happiness unravelled later that night when Margaret shared in no uncertain terms that she thought he was handing it to her and that I had taken it by mistake. I started to wonder if indeed he had and that I had taken it in error. Guilt and uncertainty plagued my mind through the night and the whole of the next day.

In the evening we again went up for darshan together. This time as we were bowing at his feet I felt something digging into my head. I wondered what on earth was happening? I looked up. It was Baba. He brought the source of my irritation into view. It was another bottle of green sugar coated aniseed. This time he looked me straight in the eyes, wagging the bottle in front of my face while saying with us much clarity and force as needed for me to get it; *YOU - TAKE!*

The question of medicine was big in my mind while in Haidakhan. After Baba had given me the task of building the buttress on the outside of the wall surrounding the space that was to become a garden, I spent quite a bit of time on my own on the other side of the wall. When I think about that in retrospect a lot of my life has felt like that. Outside of society. Society and me a bit like oil and water. They can meet but they do not mix.

At the time, as much as I was happily engaged with tearing down the wall and rebuilding it, which involved placing big stones on top of each other on the outside and filling in the

enclosed space with small ones, I was simultaneously wondering if I was doing the right thing? Did I really understand him right? Did he really want me to build this great big buttress? As I struggled with those thoughts, questions of whether I should have left medicine or not came solidly to mind.

I resolved to ask him. At the same time knowing that whatever he said, I would still need to make my own mind up. After a few days, as I was bringing the wall to completion, Baba as if on cue, bounded up. He put all my fears about whether I had really understood his instructions to rest with ample compliments on how good a wall it indeed was. Then he sat down beside me on top of the wall, looked up at me and blew my mind away again with a question: *So what do you do in Germany?*

I was taken aback. The thought of what indeed was I doing with life, career, and medicine had been my main mental preoccupation while I'd been on the other side of the wall and here he is rubbing it right in my face with a joke? The humour of someone who apparently knows everything asking me what I did in Germany rather than New Zealand. I laughed along with him and told him where I was from even though I was thinking that he must know and was just joking around with me.

After that I blurted out like a lovestruck devotee about how I taught people about the breath and about him. He immediately looked as bored as could be, as if to say, really, is that all you can say for yourself? and hopped off the wall without as much as a sayonara. Me feeling more stupid than ever. Why didn't I just tell him my dilemma and ask him right there and then?



The wall on the left of the shot shows half of the buttress I built. The temple is behind that tree above and to the left of me. The top of the 108 stairs can be seen as the wooden poles to the left of that. could argue that he had answered my question. That the answer I gave was good enough and all that was needed. But it still plagued me, so I had to ask in a way that there was no wiggle room for error or misperception. It took a lot of courage because I was afraid he'd tell me to go back, which I really didn't want to do but if he told me to, I had got to the point where I was prepared to go.

As he didn't speak in English that much and the usual form of communication with westerners was through an interpreter, I asked Om Shanti to come with me and ask the question for me. Om Shanti was a lovely retired woman who had left her husband to come to be with Baba. A huge step for an Indian lass. She did a lot of the interpreting as well as giving us Hindi lessons. A loving, all accepting, Indian grannie to all of us westerners.

I was trembling in my boots at the directness and portent of it all. The answer came quickly, even before I was sure the question was fully out of Om Shanti's mouth, the intervening moment was like waiting for the surgeon's scalpel without the benefit of anaesthetic. "*REBIRTHING:)*!!!" Came the hearty joy filled Baba blast. The instantaneous release of joy from my being knew no bounds and the question was settled. For a while, anyway...

As I reflect back on that a full 40 years after that moment I am astounded at the number of times I have doubted my joy in life. Where I have second guessed or infinitely questioned the sanity of trusting and following the joy I felt inside. I'm talking about real joy here. The kind of joy that is intricately bound to love and peace. Discernibly different from the joy that accompanies the satisfaction of getting something you think you wanted or needed.

The last story I wanted to relate is perhaps the most profound for me. It was just after the main morning aarati. At the time I was learning about the duty's of a pujari at the temple and about how to relate to a murti (image of God or the Guru), when the temple drain blocked. It was not a big deal and we were in the process of unblocking it when people started to gather around. It seemed to be quite the cause of intrigue.

Babaji erupted into the scene. Fury personified. Yelling at everyone who shouldn't be there to get out of there and go to work. Words were followed with slaps and kicks. Baba had turned into a 4 limbed flailing helicopter determined to scatter everyone to the wind. I looked at the scene in front of me. So much for a lovely morning. My mind distilled down to the thought that everything must be happening for everyone's highest good. As I settled in to that thought I felt Baba grasp me, ever so gently, around the wrist and he proceeded to lead me around, holding me softly in his hand, while his other three limbs continued their devastation. I watched as he kicked an old Indian lady, who was sitting, in the face. She turned and scuttled off across the floor. She wasn't going to wait for a second kick. If I ever needed an experience of the calm in the centre of a storm, that was it. I joined with him in that centre. His touch, as light as a bird's, anchoring me to peace. While the outer drama raged on.

Eventually all the bystanders were gone and Baba let go of me and left us to clear the drain.

I ask you, what would you make of something like that? Anyone could be forgiven for looking at what appeared to be a fully grown Indian gentleman acting like a 2 year old having continuous tantrums every day and discount him as a nut case. A poor demented soul who might never grow up, certainly couldn't offer any real wisdom, and who was living off the delusions of others.

Would that be you casting those thoughts? After all, we've been taught how enlightened beings behave haven't we? They are the epitome of love, joy and peace are they not? Certainly not the image of a belligerent 2 year old. Or is it us and our traumatised relationship with our emotions and our societies suggestions as to what passes as saintly behaviour, that just can't imagine we've been deceived and deluded as to what it means to manifest the divine here and now?

As much as the image of peace, love and light, that we associate with divinity certainly wasn't there on the surface a lot of the time, under the surface of appearances, it was palpably omnipresent.

It was a curious juxtaposition and as I've reflected on it over the decades since, I've wondered how it all relates to us and our relationships with each other? How we handle our own emotion and share it with others? How indeed we go about our daily lives and everything we find in them? And how we can use our emotions to blend our humanity and our divinity in the process of living?

As I said above about tThought and mMind:

In that process you give up thinking from your mind but are open to the thoughts that come to be shared from the One Mind. It's not that you are thinking them but rather that you become the channel for their expression.

What if that also applies to emotion? Let's rewrite this from that perspective -

*In that process you give up **emoting** from your mind but are open to the **emotions** that come to be shared from the One Mind. It's not that you are **feeling** them but rather that you become the channel for their expression.*

Can you see how that may have an impact on your relationship to your emotional life?

Chapter 9

The Roller Coaster Ride

E-motion. Energy In Motion.

*The one thing that disturbs our peace
is our relationship with our emotion.*

*Remove the source of discord and
joy is ever-present.
to lead the way.*

The thing I learnt from Baba around emotion was how much we were challenged by them. We seem like stunted children in their presence. Helpless to them having their way with us. A bunch of forever traumatised toddlers still trying to figure out how to emotionally take a walk.

To 'grow up' in the western world has, in the past more so, meant to be in control of your emotions. Or maybe that is just a very 'English' thing? Stiff upper lip and all that. We all know that has meant burying a lot. And we've been learning not to bury so much. To be more 'emotionally intelligent'. Learning to 'be real'. To be 'authentic'.

But, without an awareness of a presence beyond our emotions, to free us from attachment to them, and to their strident call for our attention, 'being authentic' can be a major drama. So we continue to stumble along in our various representations of allowable social mores, dependent on the culture, the religion we are brought up in, and the prevailing politically correct mood of the moment. Either way we are locked into a track and fully loaded.

Baba meanwhile had a full range of expression. He never got stuck in a track. He could turn on a dime from sublime fury to love and everything in between with complete and utter equanimity. As if emotions were multi coloured silks that he simply enjoyed wearing. With emotion Babaji was something and everything else entirely. He either experienced them differently or simply had a different relationship to them. Probably both.

From my perspective it showed up differently for the various cultures in Haidakhan. Westerners tending to be more deferential to Baba demonstrating an air of awe and reverence. Genuflection and abeyance to the projection of divinity being the 'normal' approach.

Whereas Indians would relate to him like a close relative. There was a gloves off, no holds barred kind of mentality in their conversations with him. Often there would be what

looked like an argument. At those moments I wished I could speak the language enough to get a clearer mental picture on what was going on.

On the surface they would make their point, at times vehemently, while Baba would be either attentively listening, ignoring, picking his nose, or laughing at them. Then when they stopped he would rip into them looking like a vicious rabid dog. Their turn would come again and the back and forward banter could go on like an intriguing tennis match for quite some time. Babaji primarily alternating between laughing uproariously when they looked like they were berating him and laying his fury on thick when it was his turn to speak.

I figured that talking with divinity was just part of normal life for them, as Gods and Goddesses or enlightened beings have been walking amongst them for thousands of years. They have come to expect God is available just around the corner. Probably one reason why Jesus never really took off there as a being to worship and commune with.

Whereas the rest of the world has had only two visitations, Jesus and Buddha, that have taken their attention for the last two millennia I don't mention Muhammed here because from my perspective he may be a prophet of doom for the unbelievers, infidels, fakirs or whatever we are called but certainly not a prophet of what I understand to be the light, which personifies as the effulgence of love, joy and peace to all.

You can hopefully appreciate from the stories I've relayed above that there was a deep and extremely personal emotional import in the moment by moment drama that was called Haidakhan Theatre. The ones I've related are just a few of the most memorable and thought provoking of mine. If you want more you can google Haidakhan Babaji stories and find more to listen to.

For those of us who were there in person, watching Baba's fluidity with emotion and lack of attachment to whatever was flowing through him was an engrossing show for all who weren't immediately at the effect of it. For many of those it involved, it was like the worst spotlight they could imagine.

I would hope that it highlighted, for all of us there, our own lack of flow that came from a lack of understanding and appreciation of how to be with emotion and how to be emotional.

I think we have a spectrum of how we each relate to emotion. All the way from fear of emotion, because of the devastation we've experienced them unleashing from experiences of this life or of an earlier one, across the whole spectrum, to addiction to emotion, as a source of power over both ourselves and other people.

If we look at life as some kind of emotional roller coaster, how do you think you relate to it? Do you try to keep out of the amusement park altogether? Do you enter tentatively, keeping your hands and feet on the brakes, so you never even start down an emotional track? Or maybe you let the brakes off a little and eke your way forward inch by inch, always in tight control of the process? Do you try to flatten the roller coaster so it doesn't get too scary? Are there certain emotional tracks you have decided you are not going down, ever!? Are you, in a sense, dead to some emotions? Buried so deep that you don't ever experience having them? Do you tend to get caught on certain tracks, find it hard to

get off them? Or, do you love the thrill of careering out of control into oblivion, while thinking that finally you're alive and 'this' is what life is all about?

Most of us find our emotional journey a pretty bumpy road don't we?

Like riding over any bumpy, potholed road, attempting to flatten it is simply a response to the pain we and our vehicle are experiencing while running over it. The act of slowing down, maybe even stopping, clarifying what speed is safe for us and our vehicles to move forward with, is like what we do when we take stock of the situation we find ourselves in and decide which emotions we're going to let ourselves feel, which we need to control, to go slowly with and which we are not going near, come hell or high water.

It could be that you got hammered for having certain emotions as a kid. Some parents really can't handle their kids being angry and try to beat or shame them out of it. So, as an adult it's the feeling of anger you're afraid of. Anger in your experience leads to a sense of separation and pain. You drive it so far under that you can't even feel it. That can get acted out in adulthood in driving other people to anger so you can point the finger out there, blame them, shame them, instead of telling the truth about how you feel and having to deal with feeling ashamed and the threat of being cast out again.

Maybe it's sadness and grief that is the issue for you. Were you hurt so bad that you never want to go there again? Do you live your life in a low level lament, dreading the next loss that's looming just around the corner?

And, as we've all experienced, we can feel like we're on an all consuming nightmare of a rollercoaster and almost in a moment we are transported out of the storm and are sailing on calm water in a balmy broad reach wondering WTF was 'that' about?

I used to think that life and growing as a person was about learning to get off the emotional rollercoaster so that I could be in peace, joy and love all the time. My experience with Baba completely confronted that particular delusion.

What if emotion was not to be controlled or limited but could be surfed simply for the sheer joy of being on a wave? Not to create a result to then be happy with but simply that the experience of a being in motion was enough to devote your attention to in the moment?

In my mid to late teens I thought it was honourable to attempt to emulate the calm displayed by David Carradine as Kwai Chang Caine and his younger Grasshopper self, as a Shaolin Monk in the 70's TV series *Kung Fu*. My involvement with meditation and yoga helped that process along for me. Meditation was about finding the connection to the peace within. But a sense of 'peace' can also be a trap. Without joy and love, peace loses itself and becomes like what Babaji described as muddy water.

*I do not want God's name to be like stagnant, muddy water,
but like sparkling, running water.*

Babaji 1982

Here he was talking about japa yoga or repeating a mantra as a way to union with the divine. The mantra he preferred was *Om Namaha Shivaya*, that's what he's referring to above as *God's Name*. He respected all religions and was happy to have you work with whatever name of God your religion held.

In that statement Babaji is saying that he didn't want japa, the repeating of God's name, to be an excuse for idleness, so he wasn't in favour of spending hours sitting, contemplating your navel, and repeating the mantra. That's what he was meaning by not wanting it to be like *stagnant, muddy water*. His teaching was to be full of the mantra as we were going about our daily activities and all they involved, not avoiding them, in the spirit of Truth, Simplicity and Love.

I think we can apply the same analogy to emotion. We each develop our favourite and comfortable tracks to run on. Often becoming static with life and emotion, turning ourselves into a calm pond. One that may look extremely pretty, with lilies blossoming on the surface, but decidedly muddy and murky underneath.

In contrast Baba was so engagingly fluid, like a running river. At times a placid lake. At others a raging torrent. Yet, even though he was raging I never had any sense of anger around him. He was loud and looked angry but the felt sense was never there. No sense of threat at all. He was like a clear, running river. Purposeful in its intent to bring us all home to the ocean with him.

The idea, I'm working with, is to be more conscious of the process, paying attention to what gets me stuck on the rollercoaster and what gets me unstuck. Recognising that the emotions and the rollercoaster aren't 'bad' in and of themselves but it's about how I experience and express emotions that can either wreck me on a stormy coastline or lead me out to a calm sea.

I see acceptance of whatever we are feeling as the primary tool.

Followed by learning to express what we are feeling in ways that work for ourselves and others, that lead us back to and don't lock us out of experiencing the love, joy and peace at the core of our being for extended periods of time.

In my experience emotions have become safer to feel the more I can feel the strength of the Love behind the flow of feeling. Not just as a guiding principle but as the ground of my being. The love, joy and peace, as the ground of my being, works as a guiding light to help me discern if an emotion needs expressing, or accepting, forgiving and releasing.

To fully express I imagine we need to develop the ability to not be afraid of our emotions and also to be willing to see them as they are. Not the be all and end all. Not as necessary qualities. Not as things to be relied on. Not as things to be trusted. But as things to be alert to. To be non judgementally aware of. Like we can be alert to the dangers of the elements fire, water, wind and earth. As we all know, each of those elements can kill us in many ways, but they can also be useful, for cooking, bathing, drying and growing. So too with emotion. It's about discerning when they are life supporting and when they are life destroying.

In his interactions with people I don't think Baba was being a psychoanalyst. Meaning I don't think he was critically appraising a situation and determining the best course of mental-emotional action. There was simply too much going on for that to be possible. I believe he was simply open to the flow of emotional and mental energetic movement from one person to the next. In that way I think he wasn't determining that flow but responding to it from an open receptive space. In essence he was simply willing to channel whatever was there to be channeled, without any filters, because he was unified with the field beyond appearances and couldn't be corrupted by them.

We'd love to think that we are a mature culture, governed by good sense and science but I think our biggest problems arise from our relationship to our emotions. It's where the rubber meets the road in our life. It's one thing to Think with a different Mind and it's another to allow ourselves to Feel with a different Mind. Whether we spin out or stay on the road depends on how we handle the process of feeling and expressing emotion. And I think staying on the road isn't necessarily about staying on the calm path of an apparently successful life but learning the lessons you need to learn to grow in love, joy and peace, no matter what is happening or not happening in our lives.

In Baba's lilas (Sanskrit for divine play) emotion was a primary teaching vehicle. There was almost no comment or conversation without a full 100% emotion of some kind. The kaleidoscope he had to choose from seemed infinitely nuanced.

But is it to be emulated? I imagine so. With plenty of caveats. As it's simply too easy to get lost in emotion. Like the proverbial program *Lost in Space* our inner emotional universe is fraught with danger. It can be so devastatingly simple to get caught on tracks on the emotional rollercoaster that are both; horrendous to be on and do not end well. Or to mistakenly believe that emotion is divinely inspired rather than ego driven, to mistake the small m mind for the large M Mind, and in so doing unleash all sorts of havoc on the world and others. Yet, at the same time, that shouldn't stop us from aiming to master surfing the waves of our inner landscape.

Let me not forget myself is nothing, but my Self is all.

ACIM L.358

So, while I think it's beyond me in this lifetime to become as fluent as Baba, it still behooves me to live as truthfully as I can with my emotion. But how best to do that?

One of Babaji's primary teachings was to live in Truth, Simplicity and Love. My favourite quote on Truth was from Mahendra Baba, who was like a John the Baptist character for the 1970-1984 manifestation of Babaji:

*Whatever the mind thinks,
the voice should tell and
the organs should do.*

“The exact co-ordination of the three powers viz. thought, speech and action are called truth.”

<http://mydivinemaster.blogspot.com/p/haidakhan-babaji-and-his-teachings.html>

Can you just imagine the mayhem that we would create if we all decided to make visible the full flow of our inner selves in everyday life? To make our inner world our outer world? No soap opera could compete.

To avoid the greatest show on earth we have learned to socialise ourselves. But in that process we have also lost ourselves to varying extents.

Instead of being able to speak our truth and learn from its expression we have buried our truth, often even from ourselves.

We don't know how to be with our emotion, how to decipher and express them. We haven't learnt to grow into them in a safe, supportive, steady and sure environment. So it's easy for us to become victims of them and the people that pull our strings.

If we indeed did as suggested, to express Truth as the unity of thought, word and action, and applied the process of non judgemental witnessing to what came out of our mouths, I believe we would be able to merge our humanity and divinity faster. As long as we could be present enough to see and be discerning as to what was happening. To spot the nuances of which mMind those words that came out of our mouths and actions we took, belonged to. It obviously needs to be held in a certain context to be able to do that effectively.

We need an overwatch so we don't wreck life with our relationship to emotion but instead rebuild, restore and *rejoyn* the full flow of Life so life itself can flourish fully.

It seems obvious that as I read today in our local paper of the story of the kiwi who killed his children in order to 'utu', take revenge on, or hurt, his partner ... *I'm going to break your heart into 50 million pieces. Say goodbye to your kids. This is the last time you're going to speak to them.* I think him learning how to get some perspective on his feelings would have saved a world of pain for a lot of people, including himself.

Lost in our feelings we find it hard to get perspective on them. Our attempts to hold them in abeyance only encourage future eruptions. But there is a simple strategy that I've found helps. Instead of being a default position, it's often the last thing I'll be able to do. But it always works. Meaning it always allows flow of emotion and thought and it's in the flow that peace and progress can be managed and engaged.

Chapter 10

I Am Feeling...

The Simplest And Yet, The Hardest Thing To Say.

The hardest thing is to simply accept our feelings.

The easiest thing is to blame someone or something else for them.

*Until we accept our blame and our desire to make someone else
guilty and responsible for how we feel,*

accepting the rest is impossible.

For me it was easier to go quiet, go for a walk, or explode, than it was to say “*I am feeling...*” followed by the truth of what I was feeling in that moment. Somehow saying it out loud to another person is incredibly vulnerable making. That vulnerability is something that many of us would do anything avoid.

How many of us as kids had all sorts of things happen to us from parents and teachers in response to us trying to share and express how we felt?

But to be able to say *I am feeling*, and be seen as feeling that way and be supported in working through the feeling both by ourselves and those close to us, is often exactly what we need to work through our own feelings. The purpose behind stating it out loud is to bring that conscious, witnessing, non-judgemental presence to bear. To become more conscious about the emotions we are feeling, to acknowledge and accept them, and either heal them or use them to affect something in the world.

If we are afraid of anything I think it would be our fear of our emotions. We’d rather try to minimise them than be in the fullness of awareness of them. By full awareness I mean not being caught up in the storm but to be witness to the storm.

I don’t think I’d be alone in thinking that our feelings or emotions are the thing we have the most difficulty with in life. As much as we may struggle with our thoughts about ourselves, life and God, we can completely unravel when our emotion bursts out of the deep. We all know the fury of wrath or the freezing over of compassion that comes from an internal nuclear holocaust and the ensuing nuclear winter, nothing seems impossible when emotion forces its way to the surface and engulfs our minds.

Because of the raw intensity of our experience of emotion we have each worked out a set that we have a degree of comfort with and another set that we have varying degrees of

discomfort with. What are those sets for you? Take a moment to speak those out loud to yourself.

Love them or hate them, they are part of our reality and denying them will only make their eventual rise to the surface worse. We need to learn to live with them without having them drive us crazy and to be able to receive the gifts they have to offer both ourselves and other people.

As I've said Babaji could change on a dime.

We generally can't do that. It's a telling expression isn't it to be *caught up in the grip of an emotion*. I'm sure we've all experienced that sense of being helpless to what we are feeling. We know that at some point it will pass, we know it will take time, that we'll need to work out whatever it is we need to work out, to have it subside. Science describes it as a biochemical storm raging in your blood stream. The hormones of the emotion having their way with us. It can take a while to get those to subside as we struggle to accept and understand what we're feeling, why we are feeling it and what we need to do with it.

And yet we have all experienced those moments when instead of the fury of a raging storm that takes whatever time it takes to abate, everything instead can change in an instant to a blissful peace and calm where we can see clearly once again and hear the birds singing. You've experienced that haven't you? Usually that comes straight after that moment when you understood that you had something wrong. There was a mistake in how you were seeing something. You recognised it. Your blinders came off and you saw the situation for what it really was. Whatever hormones that were raging in your body were instantaneously gone! No lag time. Just POOF - Gone.

Doesn't that get you wondering that if that can happen like that, then you don't need to be at the effect of emotion as much as you are? That there are ways to look at things that support the flow of emotion without the roadblocks and the catastrophe's?

Remove the source of pain and joy is ever-present, ready and willing to lead the way.

In this context it's not our emotions that disturb our peace but our relationship to those emotions. How do we feel about having them? Do we fight them or become overwhelmed by them? Can we be open to the feeling and learn what it is trying to get through to us?

Like crossing a road, dealing with emotions can be a dangerous situation until you learn a strategy that will prevent most dramas. I like to relate it to the basic formula for teaching a child to cross a road:

1. Find a safe place to cross.
2. Stop at the kerb.
3. Look right. (3, 4 & 5 will change with what side of the road you drive)
4. Look left.

5. Look right again.
6. If the road is clear, cross – don't run, in case you trip.
7. Keep looking and listening for traffic as you cross.

You may have forgotten one or more of those steps, in finding the list I realised I had. A refresher is always good, isn't it?

Let's see what we can come up with to help us get to the other side of an emotion without getting our life swept away by it.

1. Stop - stopping may be the best place to start as things may already be out of control and there may be no safe place in sight. Practicing this kind of process is best when emotions aren't that high. But if they are high there is no better place to stop.
2. Pay attention - what's going on? What's upsetting you? Trust that there is something important going on for you to feel so strongly about this. Your feelings are trying to communicate something with you and it may be something you don't want to hear. So pay extra special attention. i.e. LISTEN UP.
3. Feel - Ask yourself; What am I feeling? If I was to give the feeling a name, what would it be or what would it be most like?
4. Acknowledge - to yourself - that whatever you are feeling is ok to feel - that you don't know if it's ok to act on it and you need to clarify which mMind it's coming from first before you do. All feelings need to be honoured. Have you been able to name the feeling yet? The question is, is it a feeling that needs healing or is it a feeling that needs to be expressed in the world. From the perspective of Love, Peace & Joy, if you want to hurt or blame someone that's a sure sign that what you're feeling is from the small m mind, you are in deep need of healing and this specific situation is the perfect opportunity to do that. It's one of life's gifts even though at the moment you can't and don't want to see that. If you want to help someone or wake them up that's a pretty good sign that it's from the One Mind. There's an old adage that *it's better to be safe than sorry*. In this case, until you have some serious degree of self awareness, it's better to assume that what you're feeling is a reflection of the little m mind and not the One Mind, and needs to be treated accordingly. With sensitivity and the utmost respect for its destructive and healing powers, yourself and whoever else is involved.
5. Share with another - if you are fortunate enough to have a partner or close friend that you can be open and honest with, who you can trust will love and accept you no matter what, then it's as safe as it gets to explore this process and get the gifts your emotions are trying to share with you. As I said, learning to share my feelings with Sally was and still is a journey. Extending it to my kids another. And to others is yet another. The simplicity is to simply say *I am feeling - followed with whatever you are feeling*. This is not about blaming another for how you are feeling. It's about taking responsibility that you are the one doing the feeling. Other people in the same situation could feel very differently to you. So if you are feeling like blaming someone it could come out more like: *I'm feeling furiously angry right now and I want to blame you for everything but I want to take responsibility for what I'm feeling and get your help to*

clarify what's really going on for me and what it is I truly want here. The thing about sharing with another is that you finally get to feel vulnerable. Which is why it's easiest to do this with people you love, that you don't want to hurt and that you know feel the same way about you. The more true that is, the easier it will be. The less true, the harder it will be. But you've got to start somewhere. And if you've been a total shit in your relationships, then remember - *a journey of a thousand miles begins with one step.* You may need to be willing to eat a lot of humble pie before getting to metaphorically eat your cake.

6. Clarify what you want. Emotions alert us to how we're going with what we want. Be willing to drop through the layers of superficial wants to the deepest truth for you. I'll cover this more in an upcoming section.

7. Ask for what you've discovered you truly want. From yourself, others and life itself.

You don't have to master it all at once. You have a lifetime of practice ahead. And if you keep applying the steps you will get more competent and learn which emotion to follow through on and which not. You'll get better at being authentic and having the truth speak through you. *The exact coordination of thought - word - action* is when our thoughts, words and actions are skimming up and down on the waves of emotion that are coming from the depths of our being, and where we feel truly one with life, with Love, Peace & Joy.

One of the books I recommend the most for helping you to master this is *How To Talk So Kids Will Listen And How To Listen So Kids Will Talk* by Adele Faber and Elaine Mazlish. They have a range of them now, like the 5 Love Languages series. The best part about them is that we are all kids at heart and often emotionally stunted kids at that. I'm being generous here. Bottomline, we're still in need of emotional diapers. For our little kid inside simply reading this book is healing in and of itself.

You may find yourself acknowledging how you would have preferred to be talked to by your parents. *Oh, wow, what if they'd talked with me like that, how much better that would have been?!* Which gives you the opportunity right there and then to both imagine that and to begin to talk to yourself like that. You'll also find clues as to how to share your own feelings and needs in your forever current situation.

We each need to learn to talk to ourselves like the parent we wish we'd had. Adele and Elaine's work isn't all about parents and kids because at heart we are all kids and we all need to relearn how to talk to our inner child, as it's only through that, that we can be fully functioning adults.

In a Google search to see if Adele had one 'l' or two, I came across this little video clip. I also found out that Elaine has sadly passed over. But their message is still alive and well. Have a listen to it and get a feel for how a different way of communicating to ourselves and others, can mean the difference between experiencing life, particularly our emotional life, as hell, or how emotional life can feel like heaven: <https://youtu.be/IdMoKFMoFMY>

As I write I'm watching someone perfect their golf stroke on the edge of the beach. Why is it we spend so much time perfecting some purely physical act when we could access so

much more joy by perfecting our emotional flow of energy from that spot deep in our being to action in the world with those around us?

Learning to be with and express our emotions safely can and should be the source of all healing. The ultimate healing being to appreciate you are Love, nothing but Love and nobody and nothing can take that away from you.

What if emotions indeed weren't bad or good? Take the judgement of good or bad away from them and they simply become black or white. Like the ancient yin & yang symbol, each with a seed of the other in their respective hearts. Like the necessity of night and day in our solar system, black and white can be used to represent the powers of destruction and creation. Both needing each other for creation and evolution to happen.

Jordan Peterson talks about the principle of accepting and embracing your shadow side. I wonder, what is our shadow side other than the feelings we hold at bay or bury deep? The process of accepting and embracing all our feelings and learning to become more conscious because of, and through their expression, is, in my perspective, a major part of the path to merging our humanity and our divinity.

Abraham-Hicks represents emotion as a scale that you can work your way up. It can be a useful context to think about emotion.

EMOTIONAL SCALE:

- 1 . Joy/Appreciation/Empowered/Freedom/Love
- 2 . Passion
- 3 . Enthusiasm/Eagerness/Happiness
- 4 . Positive Expectation/Belief
- 5 . Optimism
- 6 . Hopefulness
- 7 . Contentment
- 8 . Boredom
- 9 . Pessimism
- 10. Frustration/Irritation/Impatience
- 11. Overwhelm
- 12. Disappointment
- 13. Doubt
- 14. Worry
- 15. Blame
- 16. Discouragement
- 17. Anger
- 18. Revenge
- 19. Hatred/Rage
- 20. Jealousy
- 21. Insecurity/Guilt/Unworthiness
- 22. Fear/Grief/Depression/Despair/Powerlessness

From *Ask And It Is Given, Learning How To Manifest Your Desires*. P.114 - Esther & Jerry Hicks - The Teachings of Abraham.

The idea being that no emotion is to be denied because they each hold a message on what it is you are wanting and your task is to notice where you are on the emotional scale and work your way up. There is certainly a useful strategy in that. It's about learning to accept all our feelings and talk to ourselves from a place not too far above it, so that the leap up is not so insurmountable. You can get a sense of how that can work by 'talking' yourself up the emotional scale.

In a very simplified manner it could look like this. Imagine A and B are two different people but they could also be you talking to yourself. Let's say A is stuck at the bottom of the emotional ladder. Scared of taking the next step in their lives. Think of a current situation where that is true for you. Follow along and see how your own feelings can shift as a result of the conversation. As you take yourself through this, watch how each A-B conversation below with moves step by step up the emotional scale above:

A. *So, you're feeling pretty scared and hopeless right now?*
B. *Yes*

A. *That must make you feel pretty insecure?*
B. *Indeed it does.*

A. *Don't you just get jealous of people that don't get tripped up by their fear?*
B. *Oh God YES!*

A. *Doesn't that piss you off?*
B. *You bet it does.*

A. *But taking steps can be a big worry can't they?*
B. *Yes. I wish they weren't.*

A. *Me, too. And it can be frustrating when things don't go our way.*
B. *Yes*

A. *In fact, things can sometimes look pretty hopeless if they don't go the way we wanted.*
B. *Yes, I hate it when that happens.*

A. *But then again, when things go right, it's just fantastic.*
B. *Yes, it would be like a dream come true.*

A. *What step seems like a natural extension of where you need to go with this?*
B. *Well, I can see myselffill in the blank for yourself.....*

A. *What would it feel like if that step led you to being exactly who you wanted to be in the world?*
B. *Now, that would be just the best.*

Can you get a sense how by acknowledging the feeling and coming from a spot a step or two above in the scale, that you went through a little emotional journey, a wave of feeling, as you moved on up? And can you appreciate that if you had tried to ask yourself that last

question first, that you likely wouldn't have got anywhere? Can you see this is a good thing to be able to do for yourself, or to help another with?

Yet, even though it's a useful thing to learn how to do. for me there's a caveat. The whole idea of up and down, good and bad, can perpetuate the problem of not accepting our feelings, and ourselves, while we are feeling them.

And I'm sure I'm not the only one who has been seemingly stuck in an emotion only to have it totally disappear in the blink of an eye, when I have seen something in a different light. In that sense you could pop straight out of guilt, or jealousy, or anger, or depression, straight into Love, Joy and Peace. No need to 'work' your way up the ladder of feeling at all.

We are run by our emotions or the lack of them. Meaning, what we cannot work with, has us under its thumb. Whatever emotion you have a problem with will come back to bite you in the bum.

...search out your unloving thoughts in whatever form they appear; uneasiness, depression, anger, fear, worry, attack, insecurity and so on. Whatever form they take, they are unloving and therefore fearful. And it is from them that you need to be saved.

ACIM L.39

You don't have to go far to search them out. Just follow the path you are on and as your life unfolds they will jump out at you. All you need to do is recognise them for what they are and deal with them.

So to me, I see it more in the vein of there being core emotions or felt senses of being alive that are, let's say, those top 3 in the Abraham-Hicks scale. Or to simplify it even further, I come back to the trilogy of Love, Joy & Peace. Could those indeed be substantive qualities of our beings? In that sense you can imagine those qualities (1-5 on the list) are represented by the white of the page itself and that the other emotions (6-22 on the list) are written on that white space. When the emotions (6-22) are gone, they (1-5) are what remain.

Or maybe a better analogy would be a white board. We're all very aware of how those can be wiped clean. Ready to begin again. I don't see life as a tabula rasa or blank slate, waiting for meaning to be written on it. I see it more of a tabula originale. Meaning there is an inherent nature, meaning or purpose, to life. And to each one of us and our lives in particular. Anyone who has had more than one child knows that there is an originality in each being. How philosophers and psychologists through the ages could argue that we come out as the same blank or erased tablet or slate, beggars the imagination.

We all know a sheet of paper or a whiteboard has a substance. And whatever we write on them with a pencil, or whiteboard markers, can be rubbed off, wiping the slate clean again. If you think about the paper or the whiteboard as representing life and all that it is made of in reality and the words and pictures we've drawn on the paper or whiteboard as our thoughts and feelings and you can see how the sheet or the board can be wiped clean,

this is what I liken the Mind and the mind to. We can wipe the board clean of whatever we have put on it with our minds and have a clean board again. The Original Mind. The One Mind To Heal Us All. Just so, we can learn to be with anger, sadness, guilt, fear and whatever wild thoughts we are having and let them move us to a deep sense of Love, Joy & Peace that always exists within and beyond our surface appearance. From my experience those 3 are always waiting for me when I wipe my inner board clean. I never have to create them. They are simply there, waiting for me to uncover them.

In the bigger picture of what creation is about, the idea that makes the most sense to me of the thought that God made us in his own image, is that God/Goddess/Love created us as Love and we went on to create the rest, the universes and everything in them, in order to experience. But we ended up lost in the experience. Forgetting our original home, or being, as the pressures of life in the physical dimension overwhelmed our senses.

There is a story in the Bhagavad Gita about Arjuna and Krishna on their chariot pulled by five horses. The five horses are said to represent the five senses. Sight, sound, touch, smell and taste. Arjuna is going through a dilemma of inaction as he sees a beloved relative on the opposite side of the field of battle and he can't fight against him. His senses as the instigators of emotion and thought, in this case have stopped him in his tracks. Which brings us back to the lesson that control of the mind, or rather, which mMind to surrender control to, is what it's all about.

The horses are a useful analogy because you can see that we need to be careful with the learning process of getting the horses into control. Too tight a control and there is no power. As we do with our overwrought guilt that keeps our horses at bay. Too loose, as in uncontrollable rage, and there is the disastrous, non directional explosive activity that can rip your world apart. As in the tale of Goldilocks and the three bears, it's about getting it just right.

It's with working along with those 5 horses, not beating them into submission or letting them run loose, where we come to answer the question of whether there are true substantive qualities of being, of feeling, thought and direction, or not. In answering with the affirmative we settle into paying them more attention and honour them as they deserve. And we come to realise that our ego or small m mind driven ways of being are something that we are best without.

All inner experiences other than our substantive qualities of being are like the passing weather. They may contain important and timely messages but they all ultimately disappear when the sun comes out.

Whether being truly substantive qualities in the vein of all roads lead to Rome, that all emotions lead back to Love, Peace and Joy, or whether they are simply useful road signs to help us clarify the next steps in our journey of merging our humanity into our divinity or folding our divinity into our humanity, to help us choose the next step in the evolution of our personal journey through time; Love, Joy and Peace can be held as overarching principles to live life by, to guide us in dealing with our feelings. Like a lighthouse guiding us safely home in a dark and stormy night on a wild and stormy sea.

I certainly don't think it's about us giving up and giving over to whatever emotion is running through us. Until we are fully rooted in the presence of Love, Joy and Peace that

exists beyond our feelings, we need to be both careful how we approach our feelings and yet still be open to exploring them.

What if all emotion can be both creative and destructive? Isn't it so that we need to destroy what is there, to create anew? To pull apart in order to put together in a more coherent and helpful structure? To exhale fully so we can inhale fully?

There is a mantra that brings some lightheartedness to the creative and destructive power of God, Goddess, Life, Love. To the emotion of life.

Shiva Har Har Bum Bum

Shiva Har Har Bum Bum

Har Har Bum Bum

Har Har representing creation. Bum Bum, destruction. As mantra's go this one has a funny habit of getting people laughing at themselves and life.

So, to allow ourselves to feel and learn how to surf the wave of the feeling till it comes to resolution is both a destructive and creative process. Destructive to our delusions about ourselves. And creative for the expansion of the Truth about ourselves.

All feelings must be allowed through a filter of discernment like sorting wheat from the chaff. To determine which is a small f feeling and which is a large F Feeling. Learning to discern the difference has both global application in terms of how we feel on a moment to moment basis and a practical pragmatic, specific application, as in which specific path to move ahead with. To invest in xyz company or not? To have this surgery or treatment or not? To go down this road or that road?

We have used religious doctrines to give us an idea of how to discern a small f feeling from a large F Feeling. So that we hold back on taking action that could create pain. i.e. think of the 10 commandments here. Apart from honouring your mum and dad and keeping the Sabbath holy, the rest are all about 'NOT' doing something like killing, stealing and coveting. Basically about not following through on feelings from the small m mind that you know aren't good for you. But it needs to go deeper than that to the core of our very being. Until we have a true and lasting sense of and experience with the Love, Peace and Joy that passes understanding, we will always be likely to respond to our feelings because we don't see those Feelings of Love, Peace and Joy as paramount. It's a journey to get there and we all have our individual weak spots. But with practice, the primacy of Love, Joy and Peace and of honouring those as such, will become clearer and clearer.

Rather than hiding the 'other' feelings away, simply being able to say to both yourself and another person that: "*I am feeling ...*" and naming the feeling that is going on in your mind and body, is the most healing way I have found of dealing with feelings that swirl and threaten to overwhelm me. It helps me focus inwards rather than outwards. Inwards is about responsibility, outwards about blame.

Taking the judgement out of the feeling smooths the path to being able to communicate it. First to myself. To acknowledge and appreciate that I'm feeling something and that I need to pay attention to that feeling.

It's not something outside of me that's causing the feeling inside me. It's my inner reaction to what's happening outside that causes my feelings. If I'm not comfortable with the feeling arises within me my own inner judgement on the feeling leads me to want to blame someone else for it. Make it their fault. Can you verify that in your own experience? Can you spot that initial impulse to snap at someone when they say something that you respond to with a feeling that you don't like feeling?

Blaming someone for how you are feeling will always take the possibility of dealing with it outside of yourself. The thought that you can blame your feelings on whatever someone else is doing or is not doing, is the ultimate way to avoid dealing with it. Then you can justify your rage forever, or at least until you wake up to how sick and tired you are of that, and how much it has ruined your life and your experience of it.

Recognising I'm blaming someone for how I'm feeling can then become the key that unlocks the door to taking responsibility for that feeling. It's me and my inner reactions to something or someone that need to be felt and expressed. It's a recognition that those inner reactions mean more about me and what I want, than it means about the something or someone 'out there'.

It's helpful if we can see all our feelings or emotions as supportive. And not, not a part of you. For the latter leads to the tendency to suppress and project.

It's about getting some perspective at first. Learning which are our weak points and which are our strong ones. When we need to be vulnerable and when we need to take ourselves in hand and make a stand.

It involves some deep soul searching as to what we are going to take as 'gospel' and what we are not. Plus a lifetime of constant tweaking. But if we are even thinking about it, all will be well. Not necessarily in terms of how things turn out for us in the world but certainly about how we feel in the world. And that, as I think about yet another celebrity suicide today, makes all the difference.

Which came first, the chicken or the egg?

Thoughts or feelings. Which came first. And does it matter? Do we even need to worry about the question? Or, is trying to find a definitive answer just another of our control issues that we need to get over?

We have all experienced how a thought can seem to be the key that opens a door to a room full of feelings. That can be a pleasure chamber or a torture chamber. Like the childhood game of picking petals off a flower the thought of whether s/he loves you or loves you not can send you to the castle ballroom or to the dungeon. In these cases the thoughts happened to appear first and the feelings followed.

We have also experienced how we can be upset about something and we can't quite say what it's about. Powerful feelings that alerted us to something that only much later were we able to define or encapsulate the thoughts related to it? We search the feeling, probing for insight, so we can put our minds back to rest. Back to Peace, Love & Joy. Like a burglar cracking a safe we turn the knobs this way and that. Until we get the perfect combination and the safe opens, voila! We can identify the feeling, give it a name. Instant relief. And once we've done that the thoughts about it come tumbling out like jewels hidden away and suddenly released from their prison. In this case, the feeling happened to appear first and the thoughts followed.

So, what if we didn't see our thoughts and feelings as separate? Separation seems to be not only the proverbial bane of our existence here, but also our primary modus operandi. The irony is that, assuming God, Goddess, All That Is, Love, is our True Essential Nature, the sense of separation from that is also what we are here to undo. It is about seeing thought and emotion as One. Like we all are One. To not use our thoughts to further our fear of our feelings but use them to welcome them and receive their gifts as part of the greater experience of what thought fully is.

Truth is One.

Babaji,

Isn't it true that when you say that you've been thinking about something, that you have been exploring both your thoughts and your feelings about that something?

I like to think of thought and feeling both contributing to what we know as emotion. Energy in motion directed by thought, powered by feeling.

We can see the wildness that is caused by not being able to get some perspective on our emotions in the political sphere now. Our relationship to the climate issue or who's president of the US can be quite an uncontrollable drama. Particularly online, which seems to act like the steel and glass bubble of our cars in providing the 'safe' space to turn even the gentlest of beings into a raging maniac at the slightest provocation.

With that I rest my case that we need to get a handle on our thoughts and feelings. That comes with beginning to question not just our thoughts and feelings but the mind that is bringing them about. We need to learn to express them sensitively so we can 'see' them better for ourselves and from there, decide what we need to do with them and what place they have in our lives and the lives of others.

How do you know when you are controlled by emotion rather than channeling Emotion for divine ends?

Like the buddhists say - if your inner game is all about me, me, me, me, me. Then you are likely lost in your small m mind - it's thoughts and emotions. Like when your mind is flooding your being with the anger of being wronged or conversely, with the guilt of wronging another.

Whereas if your inner drive is all about others and how you can help, how you can support the inner progress of another being or a multitude of beings, out of the Fullness of your Being, then that is most likely the Voice for Love coming through.

It's not so much about controlling the mind but more about learning to be led from the large M Mind, that has a broader, possibly infinite, perspective, rather than leading from the small m mind, which has more of a tunnel vision perspective.

To bring our inner worlds into harmony with our outer worlds is the journey of a lifetime. Likely many lifetimes. Yet, as challenging as that sounds, I believe it is something we all aspire to. It's a hankering after the confirmation that life truly is a blessing and we, all and everyone, are the blessed ones, as witnessed by our personal present moment experience of the Love, Joy and Peace *that transcends all understanding*.

Which is really talking about how our happiness, our experience of love, joy and peace can exist beyond any particular worldly condition being present. It's the moment where we drop out of conflict with the world to become one with the reality beyond it. Indeed a lofty goal. But for most of us there are various levels of attachment to the world and what is happening or what is not happening in it.

Where we are most likely to come face to face with our emotions is in the moment to moment sense of how we are going in relation to what we think is important in our lives. Our goals and the things we are aiming to bring about in day to day living.

Chapter 11

Is a Goal a Goal Worth Pursuing?

Or is it merely more Gaol or Jail time?

We misplace too many demands on life to make us happy.

Where life and reality can come confusingly unhinged is in our relationship to our goals and what we think will make us happy. This is where we begin to question which mMind's goal it is, that we are engaging with?

I imagine you've heard of the idea of building a life, a career, building a kingdom, finding a prince or princess, climbing some sort of ladder, to wake up one day to your misery and find you've had your ladder on the wrong wall all along. And your efforts have been misdirected for naught. That can be a very painful lesson.

So, I wonder how careful we need to be not to turn a goal into a 'goal' or a jailhouse as the old way of saying it went. At least that's how I thought it was spelt for a long time. I found out, in researching this, that it's a very common mistake oft committed to both paper and even to stone, that gaol is misspelled as goal. It seems it's in the way it's come from the Latin through the different branches of Normandy and Parisienne French to the English and American dictionaries. Gaol is pronounced the same as Jail but I imagine because it looks so like goal that it is thought to be pronounced with a hard g and at the same time we transpose the o and the a.

The mistake in the order of whether the 'o' comes before the 'a' or the 'a' comes before the 'o', I liken to the way we approach life in relation to the alpha and omega, the beginning and the ending. In the context of happiness being the resplendent experience of Love, Joy and Peace, to think of us achieving that only after achieving some omega or end, is the trap I'm using this play on words to allude to. When it may very well be that focusing on the alpha, the happiness, the Love, Joy & Peace, that exist in the beginning, may indeed be the more appropriate place to start.

A lot of people motivate themselves, or is that, whip themselves, into action with the thought that *we only get one life, we will never be here again*. Using that as motivation is questionable to me as it comes from the mind of the ego, the small m mind. As I have a sense of being a forever presence that may very well have been here many, many times, I simply can't buy into that and wonder for those that do if they are actually doing themselves and others a disservice?

One reason I haven't written this book before now is that I thought I should be more successful in the eyes of the world, or perhaps myself, before having something valid to share. Now that I am in the last third or quarter of life I think that it's time to come out of the closet in terms of what I love. And life in it's depth is what I love.

There's an ever increasing amount of infomercials on the *law of attraction* that I have come to question. Throughout the ages a successful outer life has often been associated with proof that *God is on our side*. Whether that be in state & religious wars and conquest in 1010 AD or in business & life success in 2020 AD. It's the same principle. We have this deep seated belief that if we get it right, if we have God on our side or learn to work along with His or Her Laws of Creation, we will be successful in the endeavours we partake in the world. And the corollary, that if we experience success, in battle, business or love, that God must have been behind it.

How we feel inside then becomes secondary and subservient to what we create in the world outside or not. But who's to say that the state of love, joy and peace I feel in moment to moment life isn't worth more than my state of outwardly 'success'?

So my comments here won't be another rehash of what is said in law of attraction workshops that seem to have been growing in popularity ever since I first heard about them in the 70's. You know the ones - identify what you want, get clear on why you want it so you can feel more internally inspired rather than feel you had to motivate yourself to take action, feel the feelings you would feel if you already had it and then give thanks, let it go, be unattached to what you want so you don't get needy about it and practice gratitude as a regular daily and moment to moment practice. Align your mind and heart. And if you get all that right your dreams are bound to come to you. God indeed will be seen to be on your side.

If you've been doing that and your desire doesn't manifest then this must apparently mean that you're still doing it wrong. Forgive me for thinking it, but that sounds dangerously like the calories in calories out, eat less, exercise more theory that has kept the multitudes ineffectively struggling to get to and keep their goal weights over the last 50 years.

All in all it sounds very much like bargaining with God or the Devil, depending on how you view it, the tit for tat that says, if I do this, you'll do that. That doesn't seem conducive to a good relationship with anyone. Let alone God, Goddess, All That Is, Love.

This is where it becomes the right moment to hone in on what is important. Is life about you getting the results in life you have decided you want in order to be happy? Or is it rather about you giving primacy to your personal experience of happiness (Love, Joy & Peace), and using that then as the guiding light as to the next step on your path? Is our felt sense of being, indeed the priority to focus on?

The full acceptance of salvation as your only function necessarily entails two phases; the recognition of salvation as your function, and the relinquishment of all the other goals you have invented for yourself.

ACIM W.L.65

The question is: how do you apply that in daily life and action? At first it's a deep questioning of what is Real and what is not. A coming to our knees in moment to moment living. It's a willingness to navigate our N=1 experience with a Greater Reality. To listen to what we are listening to. By that I mean which mMind am I listening to? Which tThoughts, which fFeelings and which dDesires am I paying attention to and aActing on?

To learn to discern over time and experience, which that is most likely to be. To determine to the best of our ability which is the vVoice in our head, which tThoughts and fFeelings that we need to listen to.

I trust that you can appreciate what I'm trying to achieve with all those lower and upper case letters at the beginning of the words. Is it a small t thought or small f feeling from our small m minds or whether it's a big T Thought of big F Feeling from our big M Minds. Are we listening to our small v voice from our small v mind or to our Larger V Voice from our Larger M Mind. Whether it's a tThought or a fFeeling, they can all be looked on as different flavours of our inner vVoice speaking to us.

No one is different to anyone else in this arena. We all have that Voice available to us. Again this is something you will need to test out so that you can learn, like we do with people, who or which vVoice we can trust. And who or which voice we can trust not to trust. The challenge in all moments is to decipher which vVoice we are following. The small v voice from our small m mind? Or the capital V Voice from the One Mind To Free Us All?

You could liken this to the eternal battle of evil and good that the Persian, Zoroaster, first proclaimed.

The N=1 here is: have you ever experienced the Happiness, the Love, Peace & Joy, that exists beyond conditions? If you have experienced that, then you'll have the beginning of a ground of being to relate to and work from in deciphering which vVoice you are listening and responding to.

If you haven't experienced that then you'll want to clarify for yourself how do we indeed experience that? You'll want to have that experience for yourself. Because the trust in it will come, not from what I or anyone else says, but from your experience of your eExperience over time. You will come to know what and when to trust in your iInner wWorld and what and when not to.

For me it began as I've said with dreams of the light, followed by an inner questioning, developing certain practices to help me be more aware of my internal process and the Reality of the depths within and following that with action. Diving into life according to that direction and dealing with the 5 horses of the senses as life threw me whatever it was going to.

The small m mind likes to keep us internally and eternally busy. To get out of your mind and becoming present in the moment and experience the peace that passes understanding can be as simple a process as going for a walk, paying attention to the movement of your body and breath no matter what you are doing. Tai Chi and yoga are obvious examples but so too is washing the dishes, walking up or down a stair. As the Zen koan says:

Before enlightenment, chop wood, carry water.

After enlightenment, chop wood, carry water.

The actions are the same but the internal experience as different as night and day.

You can obviously do all those things and still have your mind caught up in busy chatter and rumination, so it's the taking of your attention away from the mind to the activity of your body that is the key to using movement and rest to get you into the present moment.

Then there is the process of becoming aware of the small m mind. Learning to witness it in action and to identify its thoughts and feelings. It's simply the process of beginning to be aware of your thoughts and feelings, paying attention to them, choosing to not be caught up in them but instead to watch them, as if from a distance.

There is a danger in becoming too preoccupied with the process and wanting to nitpick over every thought and feeling but that then becomes just another thought process to witness and see through. In the big M Mind there is very little thinking. It's more a deep rest.

Meditation can be helpful to sink into this. You can sit comfortably with your spine straight. Tip your head forward and back to determine where it needs to be to feel weightless. Let your eyes close slowly as you drop into the space within. Let your breath rise and fall as it wants to. Let your thoughts and feelings come and go, come and go. Like the waves encroaching and retreating on a beach. Like the clouds sliding across the sky. When you find the stillness of awareness you will know.

Remembering Babaji's admonition to not become a stick in the mud, the thing then is to take this stillness into your everyday activity. Sounds like a misnomer I know. But it is anything but.

Once you have found that Love, Joy and Peace that passes understanding the next thing is to invite it into daily life with you.

Another N=1 experiment for you is, from that space of Love, Peace and Joy, can you listen to your Mind to find the next course of action? Meaning, if you make it a priority to focus on your inner connection first and experience the Love, Joy and Peace that passes understanding, do actions you take that arise or are inspired within that place, lead to more Love, Joy and Peace in your world? Like all else, only you will be able to decide. You are indeed the ultimate judge and jury of your existence.

Predicated on this though is that you come to appreciate to some degree, the Fullness of the Mind that is there for you. When that Fullness is present and experienced by you, there is not the same insatiable need to get, because there is not the same sense of emptiness present that you have been used to, and that your mind would have you believe in and need you to act upon. To fill up the holes. When you are busy trying to fill up holes, you are lost to your Self. The more you find your Self, the less holes there are to fill in. That's when expanding the Fullness becomes a driving force, an ever present wish and

a senseless devotion to the One Mind. Even the words 'driving force' may not be the best representation. Words meet with a challenge describing infinity and being.

If there are life transitions to be made they will be made much easier by loving yourself and loving those you come across, the work you are doing etc etc. It doesn't mean you have to stay there but it will be a lot easier to leave a loved life for another to love, than to leave a hated life in 'hope' of another.

Our hate and lack of appreciation will tend to follow us because we didn't leave it at the door. And that because we simply have not made that choice to love, yet. Although it is an ever-present choice. The hate was there to alert us to something. If we can love ourselves and hold ourselves tenderly while hatred is coursing through our bodies we can come to different conclusions that lead to a different way of being that engenders different action in the world.

The whole Law of Attraction ideology about using the mind to create a life of your dreams is the piece I question. The bigger question for me is which mMind is doing the dreaming? Learning to identify which mMind 'your' goals are coming from is a required part of finding and expanding true happiness.

Follow your dreams?

Yet, who is the dreamer?

Which mMind is dDreaming?

Who's gGoal is that?

I may be showing my cynicism and hurt that I haven't made that happen myself yet or I may be onto something. You would think there would be a lot more happy people out there who have achieved their goals than there were a few decades ago because so many have been practicing that process and are to this date.

Some people do seem to have it work for them but there are a lot more who don't seem to have life working pretty well for them too. For every person who succeeds on what, to many, is seen as an entrepreneurial journey there are likely a thousand that don't. Often it's the people who are teaching you how to make money with the law of attraction that actually do make money. Many of the others fail because there is no cookie cutter recipe. Entrepreneurship is challenging. Some people simply aren't built for that.

But we are all inbuilt with the ability to find Love, Joy & Peace.

So is the problem the process or is it the goal itself and the mind that is fostering it?

As much as I'd like money and career to be working better for me it has never really been money that motivated me or inspired me, but union. The reconnection to what is Real is what has had my attention over the decades. I have a sense that none of this, that we see in this world, in this universe, may be real.

I remember when we were learning about the structure of the atom in school. How my breath caught when I realised how much space each atom had within itself. That we

indeed were more space than matter, more nothing than energy. Yet within that apparent emptiness there is a sense of a fullness of being.

For me, there is indeed some other intangible thing there that by definition is beyond our grasp but in Reality pervades our very being. You could say that I don't want a lot, just eternity. To me it's an intoxicating aroma, an ever present drug of choice available in every moment of sweet surrender. It's the opposite of the world's drugs that have you collapse in on yourself and the object of your addiction. Instead this expands throughout our world and everyone and everything in it, awakening to the life beyond.

My hesitancy to want to wake others up to this is that, hey, I might be wrong. I have been 'wrong' in the past and I'm concerned I might end up hurting others with my thoughts and beliefs if I am wrong.

On the other hand, I might be right and I might hurt people more by not sharing my inner senses. As I've mentioned, one of the journey's I went through with Sally was getting over my tendency to go quiet when I was upset. I used to hold back because I was afraid of hurting her. But holding back hurt her more. It was only when she got me to understand that and I could acknowledge it, because it was being played out in front of me, that I could see how my withholding to 'keep the peace' was upsetting and hurting her more. Then I could use that fear of hurting her to actually get me to open up and talk about what was going on inside of me.

So what I had to sort out with Sally I see I'm also having to sort out with you to be able to write this. And if I am indeed right, then people will need to face their own issues and desires and come face to face with the fact that they may be staring in the wrong mirror, climbing the wrong ladder. They may need to own up to the reality that they have opened Pandora's box and choices may need to be made, they may need to break the mirror, come down from the ladder, close Pandora's box. And that may have repercussions throughout their lives and families that cause tremendous pain. As it did for mine.

As you can see I have an overly developed guilt complex that I am the cause of all pain. Little ol' me, the cause of all suffering in the world. But then I find myself reminded of the passage in the ACIM. Remember I am replacing the word God in ACIM with Love:

*ARE CHANGES REQUIRED IN THE LIFE SITUATION OF LOVE'S
TEACHERS?*

Changes are required in the minds of Love's teachers. This may or may not involve changes in the external situation. Remember that no one is where they are by accident, and chance plays no part in Love's plan. It is most unlikely that changes in attitudes would not be the first step in the newly-made teacher of Love's training. There is, however, no set pattern, since training is always highly individualised. There are those who are called upon to change their life situation almost immediately, but these are generally special cases. By far the majority are given a slowly-evolving training program, in which as many previous mistakes as possible are corrected. Relationships in particular must be properly perceived,

and all dark cornerstones of unforgiveness removed. Otherwise the old thought system still has a basis for return.

ACIM, Manual for Teachers, Point 9.

The assumption here is that we all are God's/Love's teachers. And we teach who we are by our demonstration of how we live our lives. The bottomline, no massive change in external circumstances are necessary. Only for those that can handle them. As it says above, those with *special* needs. Like me. Haha.

So I shouldn't take people's pain personally, hold it in my heart so they can avoid it and instead speak out so they can deal with it honestly themselves. Who am I after all is said and done, to stop people experiencing the dark night of the soul if that is what is needed?

If I can understand who I am, I can understand what I'm here to do.

Philip McKernan

Until we are clear about who we are, we cannot possibly know what we are here for. We may think it is the standard process of worldly success. But, I think, the more we know who we truly are the more it becomes clear what we are really here to do. And that is, to extend the love that we are.

ACIM reminds us that it's impossible to fail in this process:

...searching is inevitable here...be glad that search you must...the world cannot dictate the goal for which you search...be glad as well to learn you search for Heaven...Why wait for Heaven?

It is here today...

ACIM Wb L 131

I love America's Declaration of Independence's bringing to light the inalienable rights to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. But it seems to me that we have got lost in the pursuit of happiness process. I could argue this as I sit in the comfort of my own lounge with all the mod cons around me. But, while it has led to all sorts of creature comforts have we become lost in the pursuit of happiness? Lost because we continue to look for it where it was never to be found? In looking for the world and other people to give us the happiness we seek, we forgot the happiness that is already there.

Have you heard the sick joke:

Q: Where did God, Goddess hide happiness from man & woman?

A: Inside themselves.

Because S/He knew they would never look for it there.

Chapter 12

Happiness

An Inside Job

When you are happy, I am happy.

Babaji

No discussion of Happiness would be complete without going beyond the world, beyond the body and beyond the mind to consider the Source of Happiness. I trust you understand here that when I talk about Happiness I'm talking about the divine admixture of Love, Joy & Peace. And that's where we come face to face with our concepts and beliefs about whatever we want to call God.

The fact that we either run from or run to the word, God, shows how traumatising a concept it can be for us. But if there is a happiness that exists beyond form, beyond getting what we want in the world, then that's where we need to go.

Some people call it the 'substantive qualities of being'. Meaning our beings, who we are, are in possession of qualities that have substance, are real," and because life is everlasting these qualities, are forever and always.

That's why in the middle of rage, if we remember who we are, we are suddenly out of rage and the birds are singing again.

I imagine, we've all experienced this in some form and at some point in our lives. But the crucial point is, did we 'see' it for what it is?

Our choice is simply to recognise the Reality of the process and therefore the Reality of the Being that we tap into, in those moments, and learn to live there, so we can extend the light and in doing so, reconfirm to ourselves what is real and what is not.

Because Love, Joy & Peace is our natural state, we can't do anything to feel it, nor can we will it into reality, because it is reality. But we can stop doing things that holds its awareness away from us so that we can relax, once again, into feeling it. Things like fear, worry, anxiety, concern, despondency, anger, sadness, guilt, judgement, jealousy, envy, attachment, the list goes on:):!!! In the absence of those things Love, Joy & Peace is ever present.

The way I see it is, if you are 'lost' in the world you will see happiness as coming or going, dependent on whether you are getting what you want in the world or not. That should be easy enough to discern in yourself.

But there is another way of being in the world, that we can all learn, where Happiness is experienced as a given, forever waiting for us to accept and share with the world.

Happiness is not hiding or being elusive. We simply need to recognise it's always there, ready and waiting, beyond what is going on in our minds. The One Mind To Free Us All is always with us backstage and in the wings, waiting to be invited upfront, onto the stage of our lives.

You won't see this if you believe happiness depends on getting what you want in the world, with your body, your career, your income, your relationships.

Have you ever got something you really wanted?

For me, I think about getting into medical school, having the girl I was absolutely besotted over, say yes to going out with me, finding a path out of medicine, getting married to the woman I loved, having children, seeing them grow, achieving levels of success, writing this book.

What was it for you?

I bet you were absolutely jumping over the moon with joy, feeling showered with rose petals, living in the land of plenty.

Do you remember what happened soon after? Did the feeling last? Or did it evaporate and you were back to 'normal' life, whatever that feels like for you.

In the same vein, but in the opposite direction, have you ever been mad about something? Somebody did something or didn't do something and you felt so mad you felt like you could burst into flames?

Or has something been ripped away from you and you found yourself plummeting into the depths of grief. Feeling like the dark, clammy, lonely abyss just swallowed you up ... forever?

At some point the emotional storm passed over and you were returned to calm waters, Love reawakened in your heart and you could receive the arms that were being held out to you all along.

This reminds me of one of my favourite story's:

*When I died and went to heaven I could look back on my life.
It was as if seeing tracks on a beach.*

*I could see that during the times that were tough, the blackest holes, in my life,
there were only one set of tracks in the sand.*

*But when I was the happiest, when life was sweet.
There were two sets of tracks, walking side by side.*

*It seemed that when life was truly bad I was truly alone.
And when Love was present we walked side by side.*

*I couldn't understand why Love would abandon me,
in those moments.
So I asked Love, why?*

*And Love responded with:
Ah my child, you are right. At times there were only one set of steps.
And at others two.*

*But you misunderstand.
Those happy times when you see two sets,
we were indeed walking together.
Hand in hand.*

*But in those tough times.
When you just see one set.*

I was carrying you.

That story still brings tears to my eyes.

Emotion, thought and feeling, indeed arises in relation to what we consider is happening or not happening in our world.

The question arises, for all of us at some point I imagine, should we be trying to rearrange life so that we can be 'happy' or should we be rearranging how we feel and who we show up as so as Happiness can spill over into the world? To help with this it's important to take on board this next point:

*To change all this, and open up a road of hope and of release
in what appeared to be an endless cycle of despair,
you need but to decide you do not know the purpose of the world.*

ACIM Text. Seek Not Outside Yourself p574 p9

There is a certain relief that floods my body-mind when I contemplate that.

Capital H Happiness is the kind of happiness that depends on nothing in the world. Babaji was the most joyful being I've ever been around. He was also the most outwardly cranky. His joy sparkled limitless and divine. And his crankiness didn't have the same quality that we generally associate it with. It was fluid and seemed to be coming from a totally different place. Instead of coming from frustration, revenge and self interest there was a sense of a deeper motivation. That it came from a sense of devotion, of service and love.

When you and I have an emotion there is a biochemical storm happening in the body. We all know the sense of feeling furious (unless you're totally horrified of the experience of that in your body and won't let yourself feel even a touch of it unless it floods in through the merest crack in your defences) and it taking a while to calm down. That's the hormones and chemicals raging in your body.

But haven't we also experienced that storm disappearing in an instant, when we have a clear understanding of our misunderstanding? What I saw with Babaji was the ability to pass from one emotion to another in an instant. No personally clearer was that for me than the time Margaret and I went up for darshan and he was looking at her with such pure devotion and love. Then, in the brief moment it took for him to turn his gaze to me, his demeanour went completely wooden. And stayed that way. From my perspective it was a simple reflection of how wooden I was with my emotions at the time.

I am Bhole Baba (Simple Father). I am nobody and nothing. I am only like a mirror in which you can see yourself. I am like a fire. Don't keep too far away or you will not get warmth. But don't get too near or you may burn yourself. Learn the right distance.

Babaji circa 1982

Finding your Happy place, and learning to live from it, reminds me a bit of the Bible story of learning to build on rock rather than sand. Trying to find your happy place by having that be dependent on what is happening in the world is for me like building your house on sand. Your Happy place does exist. But in the stillness of the Mind, not in the changing face of the world.

The question isn't can you find it. Finding it is the most natural thing you will likely do. But rather the question is; will you trust it. Is it that rock that will always be there that you can trust to build your life on? Will you allow it to be a witness of that for you or not?

*I will be still, and let the earth be still along with me.
And in that stillness we will find the peace of Love.
It is within my heart, which witnesses to Love's presence.*

ACIM L.208

This isn't about denying the world. The idea is that you can still be engaged in the world, taking care of business, while keeping a weather eye out for the deeper purpose of your days activities. The choice to make how you feel important. The choice to feel Love, Joy and Peace as the primary driver. Can you do that?

It's the most important N=1 experiment that I can imagine being engaged with.

However, there is fear associated with not going after what we see as our goals or what we want. Probably best described as what we think we want. It goes against all our security bones. What will I do for money? How will I survive? There are no mollycoddling answers here, except the earlier comment from ACIM, that not many are asked to radically change their path.

What do you think is going to comfort you and bring you happiness?

*Consider but what you believe will comfort you
and bring you happiness...*

...you choose Love's peace, or you have asked for dreams.

And dreams will come as you requested them.

*Yet will Love's peace come just as certainly, and to remain with you
forever, It will not be gone with every twist and turning...*

ACIM Wb, L185

Haven't we all experienced our intended happiness disappearing when we trip over the twists and turns of life and fall flat on our faces?

This is about being open to the idea that we don't know what life and the purpose of the world is.

It has often been said that we want something or someone so we can feel a certain way.

The question is: is wanting to feel a certain 'way' coming from the small m mind, or is it coming from the large M mind? If a small m mind and a large M Mind are true and real then is it also so for eEmotion? And dDesire?

Can we discern which pPath and eEmotion is more life supporting? Not just in silent pregnant meditation but in every moment of existence, in every interaction. A deep listening to what is wanting to come forth from Us and what is not.

So, it comes back to trusting that when we touch base with our deeper Self, to the Love, Joy and Peace within, the next step in our paths will make itself known to us.

I place the future in the hands of Love.

ACIM Wb, L214

So how then do we live and go about our lives? We stay focused on the present, the vVoice, the tThoughts and the fFeelings that we focus our attention on. From there, our lives will evolve. That is the grand N=1 experiment. And it's by participating in this that we each come to find out whether it is rReal or not.

The ocean is still the ocean even as the waves come and go.

Love is still Love even as we come and go.

We are still Love even as our dreams come and go.

*We will also try to understand that only what Love would have us do
is what we want to do*

ACIM Wb, L 45

There are risks in the process of learning which voice to listen to and follow. Eckhart Tolle talks about waking up and not being able to function in the world. He had to stop working. He was teaching English as a second language and he simply could no longer function in that capacity. He ended up on a park bench for a number of years. But he wasn't like a lot of people who end up on park benches. He became an international phenomenon.

There are no 'one size fits all' answers here. N=1 is the primary driver. Lahiri Mahasaya, Yogananda's guru's guru was a householder who worked in management level at the railway. Sri Yukteswar, Yogananda's guru was living on inherited property from his family. Yogananda himself was a student who chose to follow a spiritual path rather than the educational path his parents had set up for him. In that way we all have our paths in the world that we deem to be important. This isn't about denying that. It's about honouring your own connection with the infinite, with Love. And how it wants to manifest through you.

I still see a place for goals that arise from that deep place, within. Whether that be homes, jobs, careers, friends, spouses, family. I know for me having family has brought so much joy into my life. Finding your 'right' spot in the world and with 'whom' are not inconsistent with following Love's path. It's more than likely Love's way of bringing you back home.

Writing a book has been something in the background of my mind for a long while. But I needed some more life experience first. Now the inner drive has become imperative. There is nothing I would rather be doing. Where it leads I have no idea. But it feels to me like a purring kitten kneading contentedly away on her mother's breast as words appear to fill the void on the page. Our camper van, at the moment, taking the place of the cave that offers the space to commune with the One Mind and weave words into the flow of existence.

One of the toughest things for us is the giving up of planning. To hand over the 'future proofing' of our lives, that our small minds are incessant about taking control of, to the One Mind, that knows what is best for us.

I give my life to Love to guide today.

Love, I give You all my thoughts today. I would have none of mine. In place of them, give me Your Own. I give You all my acts as well, that I may do Your Will instead of seeking goals which cannot be obtained, and wasting time in vain imaginings. Today I come to You. I will step back and merely follow You. Be You the Guide, and I the follower who questions not the wisdom of the Infinite, nor Love whose tenderness I cannot comprehend, but which is yet Your perfect gift to me.

ACIM L, 233

A healed mind does not plan. It carries out the plans that it receives through listening to wisdom that is not its own. It waits until it has been taught what should be done, and then proceeds to do it. It does not depend upon itself for anything except its adequacy to fulfil the plans assigned to it. It is secure in certainty that obstacles can not impede its progress to accomplishment of any goal that serves the greater plan established for the good of everyone.

A healed mind is relieved of the belief that it must plan, although it cannot know the outcome which is best, the means by which it is achieved, nor how to recognise the problem that the plan is made to solve. It must misuse the body in its plans until it recognises this is so. But when it has accepted this as true, then is it healed, and lets the body go.

Enslavement of the body to the plans the unhealed mind sets up to save itself must make the body sick. It is not free to be the means of helping in a plan which far exceeds its own protection, and which needs its service for a little while. In this capacity is health assured. For everything the mind employs for this will function flawlessly, and with the strength that has been given it and cannot fail.

ACIM, WB, L.135

A master in the art of living draws no sharp distinction between his work and his play; his labor and his leisure; his mind and his body; his education and his recreation. He hardly knows which is which....

Vita Benes

As we come to an end of this section I think it's good to remind ourselves that the light is experienced through extending it. And how best to extend it? What better than to ask one of my favourite practical questions from ACIM:

Ask of Love:

What would You have me do?

Where would You have me go?

What would You have me say, and to whom?

Love will answer in proportion to your willingness to hear Love's Voice. Refuse not to hear. The very fact that you are doing the exercises proves that you have some willingness to listen. This is enough to establish your claim to Love's answer.

ACIM Wb.L.71

The n=1 experiment being to ascertain how you can shift your feelings irrespective of what's happening or not happening, out there, and how you are showing up as judged by you. You have to be the final judge. It is the refinement of your discernment that is the important thing.

If you can get some perspective you can dip into the light and come out feeling the strength of the Love, Joy & Peace that is ever present and available. Life I see as a process of growing into this. Sometimes it comes in big leaps, yes, but we all know the story of the tortoise and the hare. Spiritual greed through a sense of spiritual lack can be one of those things that trip us up. It may very well be an infinite process. So there is no need to rush. Every reason to savour.

Beyond Body,

Beyond Mind,

Where Love Is,

There You Are.

Yet in the world we are caught up in dramas that touch us all. Like a series of hurricanes they pummel our global emotional landscape and threaten to take us out. It's up to each of us to find our quiet place in the centre of the storms so we can be the Voice of Love for ourselves and those we come into contact with. In that way we all create the ripples in the pond that can gather and reverberate, bringing healing waters to all who can stay quiet enough to listen.

As delightfully fluid as that sounds, and indeed is, there is one emotion that will keep us pinned on the cross, unable to move. The one, that instead of having us feeling like part of the ocean, moving in a deep murmur, will have us feeling like a random piece of flotsam and jetsam at the mercy and vagaries of whatever the weather the world is throwing at us.

Chapter 13

Guilt

The Final Frontier

*How easily a life can become a litany of guilt and regret,
a song that keeps echoing with the same chorus,
with the inability to forgive ourselves.*

*How easily the life we didn't live becomes the only life we prize.
How easily we are seduced by the fantasy that we are in control,
that we were ever in control,
that the things we could or should have done or said have the power,
if only we had done or said them,
to cure pain, to erase suffering, to vanish loss.
How easily we can cling to
– worship –
the choice we think we could or should have made.*

Dr Edith Eger, *The Choice*

I'm going to address our common emotions in the next few chapters. As I see it our inability to be present and deal with our emotions effectively, lead us to being used and abused by them. This happens both in purely personal life dramas as well as societal dramas that are being played out right now, in spades, that we would be better served by becoming more aware of. We are used and abused by them both internally, meaning we do it all to ourselves, and externally, meaning others are instigating and perpetuating the abuse.

I feel deeply for the various pickles that humanity is twisting itself in ever tightening knots over. And I'd like to give my perspective of some big forces playing out in our societies, that could lead to some ugly places, if we don't exercise some serious emotional intelligence over. My hope is to help people see life from the perspective of Love, Peace and Joy rather than guilt, fear, depression and rage. The aim being to open up a more loving, peaceful and joyful path ahead over the years to come.

For this chapter on guilt I've borrowed a line from Star Trek. *Space: the final frontier* from the [series intro](#). In terms of our inner space I see guilt as our final frontier. The last

frontier we come to, and have to cross, before entering the light. ...*to boldly go where no man has gone before*, as the Star Trek monologue states.

I was thinking of addressing guilt after the other emotions. To wrap them all up in the vein of - it all boils down to guilt. But I changed my mind. If guilt truly is the final frontier, the centre of our emotional knot, then it would behoove us to handle it first. Get to the heart of the matter so to speak, nip it all in the bud, so that the knots can unravel all by themselves when we unpick that one that is holding them all together.

My thinking is that if I start at the end the end will draw nearer. The end I'm talking about here is the end of suffering.

And how do we suffer and what causes it?

I see guilt as really our major cause of suffering and that we bring it on ourselves.

Many spiritual texts including ACIM see fear as the central issue of the ego or the small mind. Fear being thought of as the core emotion that all other 'negative' emotions spring from. The supposition is that if you learn to handle fear then all will be good as we will then return to our original state.

I question that.

If you aren't guilty of something and deserving of punishment, what is there to be afraid of? If you have no need to project your guilt outside of yourself, what is anger for and where does it come from? As Edith Eger's quote above suggests, if you don't feel guilty about something you did or didn't do in the past, what is there to be sad, depressed or in grief about?

If you look at it from Abraham's emotional ladder perspective, there's not a lot of difference. Anyone who has climbed a ladder knows there isn't too much difference in the bottom two steps

- 21. Insecurity/Guilt/Unworthiness
- 22. Fear/Grief/Depression/Despair/Powerlessness

Whether you choose to start your journey up the ladder from the first rung or the second, really doesn't make that much difference or take too much effort. But the crucial thing might be the focus, the clarity that comes from being clear on the right target. Like when Toto pulled aside the veil or curtain to show Dorothy, and the others, The Wizard of Oz in truthful detail.

I'm not saying that guilt is the core emotion we need to deal with, is the absolute truth here. I'm presenting it as a hypothesis. It's up to each of us, if the concept makes enough sense to explore, to see how it stacks up in our own inner realities and how useful it is for us.

The only meaningful question is whether a concept is helpful.

ACIM, M p57

Here's a supportive quote for this idea. Read it in the context of Heaven and Hell are imagined to be the only two states we have available. Heaven being the only One that is Real. The other, hell, seen as unreal. Heaven our essential nature of Love, Peace & Joy. Hell our imagined nature based on guilt.

If guilt is hell, what is its opposite?

.. do you believe that guilt is hell?

*If you did, you would see at once how direct and simple the text is,
and you would not need a workbook at all.*

No one needs practice to gain what is already his.

...Your holiness is your salvation from this

ACIM L.39

That suggests very clearly to me that guilt alone is hell and if you can see that your belief in your guilt is simply a belief you have about yourself and not the truth, then you wouldn't need the rest of the 365 daily lessons.

If we then work from the premise that as our innocence is guaranteed then we already abide in heaven, now and forever, hell along with guilt dissolves into non-existence. If that is so, then what is there to fear?

On a personal level it's been my experience that if I become conscious of and handle my feelings of guilt, all else falls away. It is when I am oblivious to guilt that anger, fear and all sorts of malevolence raise their ugly heads, like the mythological Hydra, from my psyche, my small mind. Cutting to the heart of the matter, if I deal with my own sense of personal guilt in whatever situation I find myself, then Hydra turns into the Easter Bunny. No harm possible or intended. All nastiness replaced with a bountiful zest for a boundless life.

From that perspective I see the landscape of guilt as the final frontier to be crossed, to arrive at the shores of our blessedness. The distance travelled not measured in miles but in time. It can be travelled in an instant, as it never was real. But to get to that instant can take a seeming infinite amount of time. Which is yet another thing to practice not feeling guilty over.

Several months after leaving medicine I was on a yacht out from Great Barrier Island, off the coast of New Zealand. I'd been invited on the month long trip by a psychic who had become a mother figure for me at the time. I won't go into the details here, but there was one moment that encapsulated, for me, what I'm saying here about guilt.

Something happened that was infuriating for her that I could have easily chosen to go into guilt about. She was ropable. The part of me that usually aligned with guilt would have cast my eyes down and avoided eye contact. But that part of me was not there at that time. However strongly she was feeling, that was associated with what I had done, I felt elevated into a state of innocence. At one point she sat down close by, at the helm. Instead of avoiding her, as my guilty self would have done, my innocent Self looked over to

her and our eyes connected. What felt like a bolt of energy shot from my eyes into hers. Instantaneously, she visibly calmed down. She confirmed afterwards that she had felt it too.

That experience of what felt like physical bolts of energy flowing from my eyes to her's has only ever happened that once for me but it's had a lasting effect on my understanding of what it means to be merged with Innocence personified. It has helped me to choose innocence again and again whenever I am tempted by guilt. Sometimes I can move through guilt to innocence quickly. Other times it seems to be a life journey for me. Like my experience of my mum entering a withdrawn depression after I left medicine that lasted twenty two years, until she died. Or in losing a third of the family inheritance, which I felt so bad about that I believe I ended up with testicular cancer over.

With time I've come to appreciate that instead of feeling guilt is a yoke I just have to bear, it's simply a yoke I have to choose to step away from and let go of.

My mum was a lass of few sayings. Perhaps one of her favourites was. *You should be ashamed o' yersel'*. I seemed to get that a lot. With force. And it was one I took to heart. Over time I have learned to see the difference between honest shame, what I would call the capital M Mind Shame, where I had done something wrong, needed to apologise and make amends for, and toxic shame, the small m mind shame, where we blame ourselves for everything and anything that happened, real or imagined. Crippling ourselves in a hundred thousand different ways in the process. I ask you, how can you bring yourself to the emotional table of a relationship when toxic shame and small m mind guilt is present? Certainly not optimally.

Healing The Past - How Far Back Do You Need To Go?

As I've expressed before I have an over developed guilt and responsibility bone. Little ol' me, the cause of all suffering. In the vein of digging into my past to see how I could have developed such a sense about myself, I could say it came from my dad leaving us when I was 18 months old. The little being I was, taking it on that I was the cause of him leaving. If we came into this life as a tabula rasa or a blank slate as many psychiatrists and psychologists still believe, then that would be an obvious choice.

It could also be from my birth causing my mother pain. Mum didn't sweat very well so she would often overheat. I remember her telling me that the two times that she did actually sweat happened when she experienced immense pain. The first was when her breast abscesses burst. Sometime after she had an accident in the bakery van and crushed her breasts on the steering wheel, no seat belts in those days, she started to feel lumps in both breasts. She was terrified it was cancer, so she kept it to herself, bound her breasts up to ease the misery and never told a soul. That plan fell apart when her secret was sprung as she wailed in pain when the abscesses burst. At summer time in New Zealand when she was struggling with not being able to sweat and overheating, she often told me that the

only other time she had felt intense pain like that, and sweated profusely, was at my birth. So, since my birth was so horrendously painful for her, maybe it was that that moved me to feel like the source of all pain?

Or it could have happened while I was in the womb. My dad's mum had died a few months before I was conceived and while I was in the womb my mum's mum died. Mum told me dad was very fond of her mum and that death of a second mother within a year, hit him deeply. Perhaps the grief chemicals from my mum and the energy of grief from my dad was all I needed to foster in me that sense of guilt for being alive, life was painful and miserable, and it was my fault.

Then again maybe it was from a past life? A memory unfolded for me during a breathing session of being a religious leader of some kind that argued the point that my flock needed to forge a certain path. Unfortunately the path was doomed and most perished. I was left, alone, in my misery. If we assume we come in with a history that we need to untangle then a life that helps us relive the pain in order to heal, argues for this being another obvious choice.

I have heard the idea that if you judge something severely that you will come back as that something in a future life. I find myself wondering if that was why I can take such a vociferous stance to authority figures who I think *should know better*? So, take heed. Be careful who and what you judge, lest you become that, in some future experience.

It could be said that any and all of those options above are valid things to consider as the source of my sense of guilt. But how far back do we go to find a cause of deep existential guilt? My bet is on what we imagine as the original fall from grace. That moment when we did something and fell or were cast out from that heavenly light. Where we lost the sense of connection with the divine and fell, backwards, into the never ending dark abyss.

Healing our relationship to our recent and distant past, as in peeling away the layers of an onion to get to the core, may indeed be part of the solution. But I think at the core it is our experience of separation and of being separate and our sense of being at cause, or guilt over that, that needs to be addressed first. All the other layers simply fold onto that one and as such will fall away, painlessly, when the core is resolved.

How do we resolve that? The willingness to consciously engage with our inherent innocence, in the context of our present moment and whatever is happening, or not happening, in it, is the healing balm we need.

I spent quite a bit of time looking at the past as I've explained above. Not to blame it but to forgive my misperceptions. Yes, people's lives can be changed or a physical symptom may disappear when they remember a past life experience in therapy or by spontaneously regressing to a moment in time and accepting everything about it. But I believe we have to go further back. Back to the moment of separation. It's not far away in time. It can be here this instant. And the only way to go that far back is to deeply connect to your life in the present moment.

Yet the healing balm of our perpetual innocence is one that organised religion seems to want to keep out of our reach.

Authoritative Religion and Guilt

If there ever was a sin committed by religion it could be the teaching that we are full of it. Sin that is. How much has that idea driven people away from God? It certainly did for me for a while.

The idea that we are sinners might have been an unholy marriage of our own existential guilt with the prevailing spiritual or religious teaching of the time. So, as in all things, it is forgivable. But somewhere along the line religion has taken up the baton of proclaiming our guilt and over zealously played its part in labelling us as original sinners. With the argument that after all, what else could explain the sense that we must have done something wrong to deserve the calamity that is individually and collectively upon us?

I would suggest that if a church or a religion is acting as a gatekeeper in the game of Heaven Monopoly, meaning you can't go to Heaven unless you pass Go, Go being a set of things that they decide you need to follow - that is a problem. The need for authorised rules of the game denies our personal ability to merge our own humanity with our own divinity. To lose our small m minds in the field of the capital M One Mind To Free Us All.

Any religion that teaches guilt knows not a jot of love, peace and joy.

The prevailing climate change dogma has become like a religion too. Have you noticed how determined they are to have us believe that humans are the guilty party? Have you spotted the anti-humanity ethos of the climate hysterics? Preaching existential guilt ,in an attempt to convince us that there is something fundamentally wrong with us, is a thing that religions of all kinds, can't seem to help themselves from doing. Declaring we are the scourge of the earth, we are ruining the planet just by being here. The idea of climate change being man's fault is an easy sell to a population ridden with suppressed guilt. Oh how guilty and sinful we all are.

Our job is to learn not to buy into it. To accept and act from our state of Essential Innocence instead.

Navigating The Landscape Of Guilt

If you can openly acknowledge that you do indeed feel guilty then the next time you experience feeling guilty let yourself take a step back.

Ask yourself:

if I wasn't feeling so guilty about this

*what would I say and to whom,
and what would I do?*

I see being willing to entertain, acknowledge and accept our fundamental innocence as the primary tool we have at our disposal. Best used liberally and often.

But more often we feel too guilty to even acknowledge feelings of guilt. We avoid them like the plague. Searching frantically to feel anything but that. That's where we need to fess up to it being hard to enter and navigate the landscape of guilt if we don't recognise it's different faces that are designed to divert us away from its gates. Do not enter here. Do anything but enter here.

Anger and fear are the main two faces I see guilt presenting to the world. They are often the ones we feel more comfortable with and are therefore more willing to admit to and show.

I look at them as two different sides of a coin where the coin itself is made of guilt. No matter how worn the two faces of the coin are, the coin will still have the same value in the marketplace. The guilt is what counts. We'll look at fear and anger more specifically in subsequent chapters. Here we will look at how they relate to the currency of guilt. Guilt, as a currency, buys us something. Any guesses as to what it is?

I think it's emotional protection money. It's a plea for leniency. *I'm sorry - poor me - don't hit me so hard - it was an honest mistake - so please be easy on me.* That's an extremely vulnerable place to be, that we would rather do anything to avoid. Hence guilt's other two faces become more attractive to us.

Another analogy that might be helpful is to look at the other emotions as the sons and daughters of guilt. If you want to further gender identify it you could look at anger as a son and fear as a daughter, the yang and the yin of guilt's extrapolations.

Anger comes from projected guilt. Projection was something I first learned about in medicine. Basically it's about not wanting to face our own issues so we'd rather see the problem out there, in someone else.

Projection is where you blame someone for what you yourself are doing. Usually that happens as a subconscious process, meaning that you aren't aware you are doing that and you see, what you can't or won't allow yourself to see in yourself, in someone else - out there. You blame them for what you are doing yourself and in so doing think that you are letting yourself off the hook. When in reality you are jamming that hook further into yourself. One day you wake up but not without the pain of finding the hook deep down in your throat.

Next time you find yourself blaming someone or something, try an n=1 experiment. Stop, take a breath, a moment to reflect and ask yourself an appropriate question. Like:

How do I do the same as what I want to blame _____ for?

Is this really about me?

Am I the guilty party here?

Listen deeply for the answer. You can figure out where to go from there.

N.B.: Projection is different to manipulation where someone is knowingly engaging in a behaviour that they are blaming someone else for. The recent political point scoring, of the 2020 US elections, would seem to me to be a good case in point.

Anger always makes someone else guilty.

Fear and depression always make you yourself guilty.

We know we are starting to get a handle on the tendency to project guilt when we find ourselves beginning to back off anger and allow ourselves to feel vulnerable. What's vulnerability about? That's fear, the other side of the coin. Fear stems from a sense of impending doom, that it is all your fault and instead of externalising guilt, we are internalising it. That's where you don't just put the dagger in your own heart but you twist the point, slowly, as it goes in.

I was thinking about my daily lesson - *There is no cruelty in God and none in me*, L170, and I thought, *well I'm not cruel to others so what can I get out of this lesson?* Great question to ask by the way. And it came to me, *no you're not cruel to others but you are cruel to yourself. The amount of times you internally berate yourself for choices you made or didn't make.* This was a time when some shares I had been thinking of went up 20x and I hadn't bought the \$20K worth that I was thinking of buying.

How cruel can we be to ourselves. How cruel are you being to you? *There is no cruelty in God and none in me* suggests we stop doing that. When will we stop? The decision is ever present, waiting but for our willingness to choose it be so.

How do you get out of the self inflicted cruelty of guilt? Look at your now. The life you are leading. Whatever you see in front of you, your situation, your relationships with others, the state of your career and finances, the issues you are experiencing, are there to be resolved internally so that you can move on.

We deal with existential guilt by dealing with any and all personal guilt that we feel in our moment to moment existence and experience of life. In that way we come to appreciate our fundamental innocence.

This is not about being innocent until we are proven guilty. This is about being fundamentally innocent, period. It's about being willing to contemplate our innocence at the same time as being willing to feel guilty. Guilty feelings may have validity. Like when we are guilty of having misunderstood something. Being willing to admit when we are mistaken is one of the best ways to honour and handle guilt and bring our innocence to the forefront.

Like Babaji berating Margaret and ordering her to leave because of his 'misunderstanding', and joyfully welcoming her to stay once she bailed him up and made

sure he ‘understood’ the truth, that she had been on her way to work, not avoiding it. He didn’t go into guilt about that. He didn’t apologise or berate himself. He acknowledged the mistake and her right to be there, right in that moment. There was no delay. It was immediate and joyful.

Self flagellation is typical of the guilty. If you experience that, let it not be a reason to punish yourself further, but as a sign to acknowledge and accept your fundamental innocence.

Belonging

I have to wonder if that sense of wanting to belong, of not wanting to be cast out of ‘the group’, being sent to Coventry as the saying goes, relates all the way back to our exit or apparent expulsion from heaven? Will we do anything to avoid that feeling, including not admitting or telling the truth to ourselves and to our fellow wo/man? To be able to admit when we are wrong without the fear of retaliation of expulsion? To be able to admit the truth of our own experience without fearing being cast out ?

As in our small misunderstandings, our misunderstanding of who we are and who God, Goddess, All That Is, Love, is, and what our relationship with that is, isn’t something to feel guilty about, it’s something to forgive ourselves for and get over.

If you have done something to another because you have forgotten you are forever one with the source of Love and the other, you have been lost in need or greed or anger or fear and have done something to someone else out of those feelings and they have experienced pain and misery as a result, you owe them and yourself an apology. You are free to make amends both to accept your fundamental innocence and misperception of yourself that led you to doing what you did to them by being caught up in that turmoil.

Babaji demonstrated that he had no problem admitting his mistakes. We need to be the same. The degree to which we find it difficult to admit our mistakes is the degree to which we believe guilt is real and we need to be punished for it.

I trust I don’t need to point out that this is not a Get Out Of Jail Free card for all forms of nasty behaviour like lying, stealing, raping and killing. I’ve mentioned some big things here but there are no real orders of magnitude. All are equally destructive to our sense of Love, Peace and Joy. It’s only when we are disconnected from the Love within that we could engage in those activities. Returning to Love from those acts requires the exquisite pain of contriteness. It’s both a case of; sooner rather than later and better late than never. Front up and face the music as soon as you can. It will only get worse if you don’t.

The last point I want to make on guilt here is to have us contemplate this thought:

*Our past wouldn’t bother us so much
if we didn’t pay it so much attention when it shows up.*

I’m not talking about denial here. I’m talking about seeing the past and all our imagined mistakes arise in our minds, and making a different choice about it when it does. Again do

I choose to believe what my small m mind has to say about it? Or will I choose to accept what my large M Mind, The One Mind To Heal Us All, offers me in regard to my past?

Let us forget the purpose of the world the past has given it.

For otherwise, the future will be like the past,

and but a series of depressing dreams...

ACIM Text. Seek Not Outside Yourself p574 p7

If we can figure out how to be innocent humans and treat each other as such we might just approximate divinity and come to circle its orbit. But on the way we do have to face our fears.

Chapter 14

Dreams of Darkness

Personal & Global Nightmares

*Men, it has been said, think in herds;
it will be seen that they go mad in herds,
while they only recover their senses slowly,
and one
by
one.*

Charles MacKay

Extraordinary Popular Delusions and the Madness of Crowds - 1841

I used to have another repetitive nightmare. This one was about a house. Or rather it was about a door, within a house, and my inability to go through it. I'm not sure when it began but it continued well into my 30's and 40's. Sometimes I had to go up a stairs to get to the door, sometimes it would be right there in front of me. No way was I going to open it though, because there was a looming sense of something viciously sinister on the other side, that I was certain would destroy me if I ever opened that door.

Why that would be attractive I don't know but there was always this magnetic pull to the door and resistance to open it, given what I knew was on the other side. So I'd wait outside, knowing doom was upon me. Cowering in the semi darkness. Rooted to the spot.

Then one day I came across an article about dreams and it had a description about rooms in a house and how they relate to parts of our minds and if you were scared of something in a room you were scared about some hidden part of your mind. That felt like a thought that was worth considering, and was all that I needed to know that it would be a good idea for me to get to open that door. So I resolved next time I had that dream, that I'd see if I could.

It didn't take long to get the opportunity. Unfortunately I didn't get to open the door on the first try, after reading about that idea. Nor the second. Nor the third... but there finally came a time when I was able to open that door. I did and what jumped out at me was...

...nothing.

At least the first time. It was such a trip to be able to open the door:!) I think I got so excited I woke myself up!

The nightmare kept coming through in different forms, often the same place, but always I knew I was close to THAT room. Sometimes it wouldn't be just a room on the other side but whole apartments with long windowless corridors leading to yet other places. Often bare with no furniture like a house someone had moved out of and was waiting to be filled up. Sometimes ornate living rooms with lovely things in glass cases, other times very homely or stately with rich old furniture and tall windows with gorgeous drapes. Often a sense of deep, rooted to the spot, foreboding that something was still out there, or up on the next 'secret' floor of the house, and it could get me at any moment. I was always in danger.

I found that getting to open that door in my dreams wasn't about me building up enough courage to overcome the fear. It was about letting go of enough fear that I could simply open the door.

I think this could be what we all need to do around various fears that currently plague society. I am going to focus on some big issues in the coming pages. Why? Why not just deal with how to be a better human being? Why not just focus on how to help you handle your emotional life so you can create what you want in life?

Because when big forces take hold of society our own personal choices for our lives can simply be swept away in the ensuing tidal wave and we may very well be left with only the tattered sense of survival and the finite and limited choices we can make. By not paying attention to the change in the tide, we've hopefully all seen the tide receding abnormally quickly that gives an early warning of a coming tidal wave, we can only be swept away. But if we do pay attention to that unusual movement of the tide, hopefully we'll be able to apply the best of what we have, in terms of both our humanity and our divinity, to the situation we find ourselves in in the world.

Let's start with the climate change controversy. It is still a controversy, not a proven science, as I will go into below. Could it be that until we let go of enough fear we can't open the door, to even look at that controversy, in the light of a fearless day from a fundamentally innocent perspective?

On reflection I think the part of my mind that was scary for me was fear itself. The fear and dread that something terrible and unavoidable was on its way.

We seem to love scaring ourselves. My mum used to sit up by herself and watch scary movies at the end of the TV schedule. Dad had usually gone to bed earlier. Often I was with her at the time because they came on, late at night, on one of the 2 or 3 television channels New Zealand had at that time in the 60's. Almost as soon as the first bars of *that* music, you know the kind, came on, I'd be off to bed, head under the covers, trying to close my ears to the sounds coming through the walls.

Looking back, I remember the last scary movie I ever saw was in Whangarei, New Zealand. *The Shining*. Walking home along a little track with trees all around to our rented house in Third Avenue, in the dark, I promised myself I'd never watch another scary movie again and I've stuck to that. Although, hey, if you like scary movies, you could

argue that there are enough scary movies out there in the real world to keep you entertained forever. Who needs one on the big screen when life seems to be inundated with them? They are coming thick and fast and furious enough aren't they?

Becoming aware of our fears, learning to assess the risk, approximately well, and learning to breathe and let the fear go, so you can take action, is a necessary life skill.

Fear for the future seems one of the biggest issues at the moment but maybe it always has been? Hasn't the end of the world been on every generations mind at some point?

Sometimes, like in WWI and WWII I'm sure it felt like the end of the world had indeed come. If not before it, then at least from the time Revelations was added to the Bible, I can imagine the idea that the end of the world is nigh has been on the lips and minds of many a generation. Could it be a possibility that Revelations itself was written, by whichever John it was, out of dreams similar to mine but just more graphic and imaginative?

In November 2018, while we were visiting Tuscany, I watched the outpouring of student unrest about the environment and I began to seriously wonder if we are actively crippling our children's potential to enjoy the present by inculcating unnecessary dreams of darkness about the future of life on planet earth with a deep level of fear mongering, fanned along by the media and the political machinery?

I'd also add educational systems to that mix but my daughter reassures me that of her 2 and a half years of secondary/high school in NZ (she was primarily homeschooled) that it was only the occasional teacher who had a personal bent for 'man made climate change' that brought it to their attention. And there is always the possibility that one favourite 'caring' teacher can unravel the teaching of a multitude of others.

I used to wonder if the biggest driver would turn out to be social media and our ability to be connected. Why? Not because social media is driving it but because we are driving social media. Our fears speak louder than our love, peace and joy. Just as it is in our own minds, so it may be in social media.

But in 2020-21 I've come to think that it's not likely to be social media that is driving the fear, but main stream media. From there 'pronouncements', those that are lost in fear fan the flames of that fear into social media. Those that try to look at it in the calm light of day are immediately torched with vehemence. It seems to me that social media keeps us busy spinning our wheels, thinking we might be doing something, while the main stream media keeps us in line. The objective being the control of the bulk of the people by the main stream narrative and the distraction of the rest. The question then becomes, who controls the main stream media? I see that as the question we need to ask of ourselves and our politicians.

*On the word of a newspaper, of course, eighty or ninety percent
would swing to the opposite extreme, and believe anything.*

John Wyndham, *The Midwich Cuckoos* 1957 p89

But there is perhaps cause for hope that the mass of the population is not buying into the climate lies. Australia lost its environment based election in May 2019. People do seem to be making a stand for not being led to slaughter by the fear ring through the nose.

Although that certainly changed again and went to a whole new level, a “new ‘normal’” with the coming of Covid in early 2020. It seems so frighteningly easy for fear to gain a grip on humanity’s throat. And from there on their minds and hearts.

The Great Destruction

Dreams of darkness certainly played a part of why I left medicine. There was my personal conscious fear of hurting people but there was also a prophecy shared with me that afternoon when my old medical school friend visited me at the Lotus Yoga Centre.

In the 1970’s Babaji was saying that 2/3rds of the worlds population would be gone, wiped out in the imminent Maha Kranti/Great Destruction/Revolution, that would scour the planet, by 1990. Remember, my perception at the time was that Babaji was an all knowing being who only told the truth. I hadn’t experienced Haidakhan Theatre and Babaji in the flesh at that time, where things were said and done to initiate a response and a healing rather than being meant as an accurate representation of the truth. As we can all see, we’ve moved past 1990 now and from what I can tell the population is still growing strong. Over time I got to thinking, why would he, and others like him, make a prediction like that, if it wasn’t true?

I personally have come to wonder if it is to make that background fear, that many of us have, come out into the open for us to become conscious of it, so we can finally deal with the fear and move on? When you think about it, you cannot dive into the well of peace when there is a thick frozen crust of fear stopping us from even breaking the surface. Rather than needing to break through the ice, the warm light of truth simply melts it away allowing our easy passage into the depths of peace.

#wakeup has a different meaning to me from the one the environmental catastrophists have. Waking up I see is about shining a light into the darkness or more rather about waking up to the light and seeing the darkness dispel, as it was never really there.

Fear as a Saviour?

But darkness can hide out and like that ‘unseen horror’ in my nightmares, intrude into awareness to disturb our peace. It can then seem like the steps that fear urges us to take, will help us avert the coming disaster. So the fear becomes a friend, a guiding ‘light’ in the darkness that is set to engulf us.

This wouldn’t be too bad if we could just keep our fears to ourselves and learn to deal with them internally but I have to wonder if our natural desire to wake up others from darkness further complicates things for everyone?

The saviour in us takes a further hold and leads us to a seemingly 'higher ground'. Having not dealt with our own fears, we take it to another level entirely. We want others to 'see' what they need to be 'saved' from. So we unwittingly enlarge a monster that never really was. In this context we need to be wary of our fear driving us to control others.

*The urge to save humanity is almost always
a false front for the urge to rule.*

H. L. Mencken

The Little Generals

This is where we need to look at our propensity to be controlled by the fear messages in the media. There may very well be a few that want to rule for their own ends and use the ploy of 'saving humanity' as a tool to do that.

There are definitely many that are caught up in the fear of what might happen to the world, that has been instigated by this few. They then unwittingly become the 'little generals' that get the masses in order. It then becomes the rule of the pack when those that 'see the light' in that they have accepted the fear based narrative without question, whether that be the Climate or Covid Crisis. who then want to rule or control others by hook or by crook. All so that they don't have to feel their own fear, assess it fully in the plain light of day and deal with it.

We see this happening around the world. At all levels with all sorts of 'saviours' of all ages from Greta Thunberg to David Attenborough. From ordinary school aged kids to people running for political control like Marianne Williamson and her bid for President of the United States.

I love Marianne Williamson and her work and am right with her in her love of ACIM. And this is one point that I beg to differ on. She ran the climate part of her presidential campaign on the assumption that manmade climate change is a proven fact. As she says it is 'NOT UP FOR DEBATE'. Hardly the words of what I would consider an open minded, inclusive person.

As far as she is concerned it's a proven fact and if we don't do anything about it we will die. I have to ask how much of that is due to her letting that particular fear build and take hold of her mind over the past nearly 30 years since she wrote this?

*When I first realised what a decisive time this is, that the decisions
made on this planet in the next 20 years will determine whether or
not mankind survives much longer, I was afraid for the world.*

Marianne Williamson, A Return To Love p. 290. Published 1992

The decisions we make today, individually and collectively, will determine whether the planet goes to hell or goes to Heaven. One thing, however, is sure: we are the transitional generation. The critical choices lie in our hands. Future generations will know who we were. They will curse us, or they will bless us.

Marianne Williamson, A Return To Love p. 289

Her statements are dripping with the belief in hell and individual and collective guilt. I have to wonder why she is not open to questioning the source of her fear? Like ACIM suggests we do?

Greta is famous for saying that she wants the politicians and everyone else to really feel the fear that she does. To wake up with that terror gripping their throats so that they will feel motivated to take the 'necessary' action, for all our sakes. And she is cheered on for hauling us into her nightmare.

I don't want your hope. I don't want you to be hopeful.

I want you to panic.

I want you to feel the fear I feel every day.

And then I want you to act.

I want you to act as you would in a crisis.

I want you to act as if the house was on fire, because it is.

I ask you, when a child is lost in a nightmare isn't it the job of the parents or adults to help the child wake up and let them know it was just a dream? If you've ever been the parent of a child lost in a nightmare, you'll know the truth of that. But the challenge here is that many adults and parents are lost in the same nightmare. In this case the adults have a better potential of waking up first. But it requires they look deeper than main stream media to find the answers, as well as looking deep into their own souls and how they feel about authority, responsibility and being lied to.

People think Greta is courageous and want to side with her because of the courage they see in her, that they wish they had themselves. I see a girl who is frightened for her life and thinks changing the rest of the world is the only course available to deal with her fear.

Does it take courage to fight for your life? Yes.

But the real courage for Greta would be the courage to face her fear. To question it, instead of letting it rule her and force her to attempt to rule others. The real courage would be the willingness to admit that she could be absolutely wrong about this, to be open to discovering that possibility and to relax out of her fear, in to the truth that there is nothing to fear. That idea for her is likely the scariest thing.

As her father admits they didn't stop flying to save the planet but to save their daughter. Maybe it would have been better for all of us if they had stopped to think fully themselves

and save their daughter from an unreal fear? But then again, I believe another mascot would have been found because I do believe there are puppeteers pulling the strings from behind and above the stage.

Above all else I want Greta to have hope, to have peace and a sense of safety and I want her to act from that space. But she has no chance of doing that until she stops believing the lies that she has been told.

I'm using Greta as an example here but I'm talking to any and all who are believing and acting like Greta. Who have bought into the narrative and are demanding, like Little Generals, that all the guilty people come into line.

It seems so easy to get lost in the latest popular nightmare. Is this because many humans, perhaps all that are lost in the human bodily existence, even the more 'enlightened' of us, seem to love, as I've said before, to scare themselves silly?

Using the present imagined situation to do that is perhaps just the latest drug. Fear, like other emotions, is after all, a biochemical storm in the body-mind. Do we need to start looking at fear as an addiction, that needs to be brought to the light? Are we deeply, co-dependently attached to fear as our 'saviour'? So we glorify it instead of questioning it. And in so doing fall into the trap that Roosevelt tried to warn us of.

*We have nothing to fear
but fear itself.*

Franklin B. Roosevelt, 1933 Inaugural Address

Currently what are the most prevalent apocalyptic fears? I guess there's a few to choose from. The 'virus' obviously. Then quickly underpinning that is overpopulation. Manmade environmental catastrophe. Species extinction. Nuclear war, stimulated by the pressing global issues from fanatical religion to politics, to simple human error. GMO's. The vaccine question. The global 'conspiracy'. 5G. Name your preferred poison.

Many of those we have a sense we can't do anything about but the environment, now there is something we think we can control. At least we've been led to believe we can. Therefore the stronghold for the fear of doom, the current major dream of darkness, may indeed be being led by the environmental movement.

At least that was the way it was before Covid 19. But the environmental threat is still being used as the way out. It seems to have taken no time at all for the World Economic Forum to launch out with the Great Reset. Their stated aim being to Build Back Better with a Green New Deal.

When you stop to think about this, isn't this kinda weird? We are helpless against a virus without a vaccine but we should base our post Covid era on climate change? Have I missed something here? On one hand we're worried about overpopulation causing climate change but we will happily crash the economy of the world to stop a few people dying? Does that make any sense? At all?

If overpopulation and climate change were real, shouldn't we be thinking of a lethal virus as God's gift to the world? The act that will bring humanity into balance with the world? Or, if you don't want to think about God in this context shouldn't we be thanking our lucky stars that this could solve our problem without having to decide who lives or dies or can't be born?

I even heard John Perkins of *Confessions of an Economic Hitman* fame stating that the shamans he adores in South American are clamouring for 'the vaccine' because it will adjust our DNA to make us better for the planet. Sometimes I find myself incredulous to see how people can justify their thought processes but then I have to remind myself that they can only respond to what they believe to be true and what changes in the world will 'make' them happy in their own small minds.

My suspicion is that The Powers That Be, 'TPTB', saw that they were losing traction with the climate scam so they needed another invention to terrify us into alignment with their goals. Not ours. I personally wonder if it was the imminent possibility that the climate-atrophy narrative was about to fall apart, due to the pushback from science and the likely impending cold snap from the transition into our new solar minimum, that our attention was distracted by a new menace, the Covid-astrophy.

But let's stay focused on the climate issue for the moment. Let's see if we can resolve it so we can at least let go of enough fear in our own minds to create as much solid ground as we need, to move ahead in a creative and helpful direction. It's only in defining the real problem that we will be able to come up with the real solution.

Back in the 70's we were rallying against the nuclear threat, the Vietnam War, apartheid. Now we have all that exacerbated PLUS more. We have species extinction, overpopulation, climate change and Covid. Plus we have a financially stressed population who are struggling to get by on two people working 2 or more jobs, less of who can afford their own homes and who see dwindling opportunities ahead rather than increasing ones. Humanity is effectively being brought to its knees. To me that appears to be more by design than by anything else.

Today I watch as crowds of young people gather to express their distress over the environment. (I obviously wrote this piece pre-Covid when we could gather in crowds, although that didn't seem to apply to the Black Lives Matter mobs.) As I watch young people yelling about the climate I find myself wondering if we are terrifying our children when there may be no need to do so? Do we have a responsibility that we are abrogating as we buy into the paranoia of the masses?

Can we be environmentally responsible out of love rather than fear? I don't think scaring our kids half to death can really be that helpful. But then again it might be like Babaji saying 2/3's of the worlds population will be gone by 1990. It might just be the way to help people decide for themselves which mMind to align with and decide with, how to be more discerning and to clarify what is truly important.

Why am I suspicious that we may have 'man made climate change' wrong? That there is some warming I'm not arguing with. Climate changes. It always has and always will. That it is predominantly manmade is where the truth needs to be told. And when we see

blatant misrepresentation of facts being used to drive an agenda all the way up to the office of the President of the USA I think we should all sit up and pay attention.

The first point of order should be the 97% figure that is constantly rammed down our throats:

97% of scientists. Including, by the way, some who originally disputed the data, have now put that to rest. They've acknowledged the planet is warming and human activity is contributing to it

US President, Obama.

Notice how Obama added the piece about the ones that had originally disputed the data. As if to say, "Wow, these are real scientists that admitted they were wrong and saw the light. So you should too". With the implication that you're worse than an idiot for not believing, now that we've told you that, ad nauseam.

In order to let go of enough fear to question the narrative we should begin by solidly questioning that 97% figure. Sadly, it can easily be shown to be pure bullshit as I'll lay out below. I say sadly because it is a sad testament to how easily deceived we are and how willing we are to be overly trusting, naive and abysmally gullible.

We need to wake up to the part of us that would rather blindly believe what we are being told. We should really be asking serious questions, like I am here. Beginning with why we can't be asking those questions about the validity of the statements they are ramming, consistently and with increasing force down our throats?

That, alone, should alert us to the fact that we are being force fed lies. Why? Why else but to make a guilt ridden populace obey TBTB.

*I would rather have questions that can't be answered,
than answers that can't be questioned.*

Unknown but thought to be Richard Feynman

I can just see them spluttering now: *You're a, you're a.... DENIER. Yes that's what you are a pure evil, selfish DENIER. Liar liar pants on fire!* Let's get the Inquisition and the kind hearted lynch mob onto you. *You're obviously a deluded conspiracy theorist.*

On the receiving end it feels very much like the latest witch-hunt. There are still parts of the world where they believe witches are real. It's interesting, don't you think, that it's always a witch hunt? I've never heard it called a warlock hunt. Or maybe it's just one of those things that we've finally reached gender equality with, and the name witch has just stuck to represent both because we all know women are bad right? Tempresses that they are! That is an attempt at humour, of making light of a bad situation, not a statement about reality, if you need me to point that out.

When I was on my medical elective in New Guinea we got a call to take a look at a dead boy. Someone had been accused of witching him to death with some kind of local voodoo magic and we needed to go find out what had killed him. To use science to dispel the myth. The authorities took accusations of witchcraft very seriously so they flew us out there in a helicopter.

We were in Popondetta, north of the Kokoda Trail. The theatre of war between the Japanese and the Allied, primarily Australian, troops. War wreckage still littered the country. Tanks and airplane wreckage overgrown by jungle or standing in a village green, were a source of play for the local kids. It was one thing to see it from the road. Quite another to fly over deserted Japanese airfields still littered with war wreckage 33 years after the fact.

We set down in a field and were met by the local constabulary. Several of them. Armed with rifles and shotguns in a hotchpotch of uniforms. A tractor awaited and we piled onto it and the trailer it hauled, with the police riding shotgun on the tractor and on the trailer around us. It was a beautiful day, the blues and greens vibrant, soft white clouds hanging lazily above us. The mood sombre as the tractor and trailer crawled along the rough dirt track through the growing fields, with its brooding cargo, stopping outside a large old dilapidated wooden barn.

We all got off and the double doors were swung open. As we entered, our noses were assaulted by the smell of what our eyes were slowly adjusting to seeing in the dark interior. The frail tiny body of a dark skinned toddler, lying on a rickety wooden table in the centre of the barn in the 35°C/95°F heat. He'd been there for a few days now.

We readied ourselves and our instruments for the task ahead. If the smell was bad before, cutting open the distended abdomen unleashed a vomit inducing torrent as we opened it up and dug into its contents. Cutting up that little body didn't take much time but because of that smell it felt like the longest autopsy I'd ever been part of. The diagnosis we came to was cerebral malaria. No witch behind it.

We're ok with thinking of witchcraft as a belief held by primitive people but we're not immune in the west, no matter how bright we think we are. Modern day witch hunts and finger pointing go on everyday in our societies and in our social media.

Why is that? Is it the fear? The desire for conformity in opinion? I wonder if you've guessed what I'm talking about here? You'll know there is a modern day witch hunt going on when you hear statements like: meat is killing us, climate denier, anti-vaxer, racist, Islamophobe. Just like in days of old it's somehow wrong to have a different opinion and want to make a stand for some inherent truth. The fact that witch hunts are ongoing to destroy eminent scientists and researchers who wholeheartedly disagree with the main stream narrative should make us all stop and think.

For some reason people don't seem to connect the witch burnings of the past with the cancel culture of today. I wonder if that is because the flames of fury have been fanned for so long that we no longer care. Anger has a habit of doing that. But I'm getting ahead of myself. That's the next chapter.

We do need to watch out that we don't fall into the default position of thinking that 'because we can't trust anyone from either side, as they are all biased', then isn't it best to do what we can anyway? To do whatever 'the scientists' say? That's really just a seductive way to avoid the responsibility of making a choice of who best to trust. To indeed avoid taking a stand. Because taking a stand is scary. After all you might then become the target of the witch hunt yourself.

I imagine there were plenty of people, probably the majority in Nazi Germany who decided to wait too long before taking a stand against lies and corruption. There were only a few who could read the writing on the wall and decided early on that leaving was the best choice.

Which group do you think had it right?

And think about this, you may have been able to escape Nazi Germany if you twigged on early enough that this was not a good place to be but what is happening right now is happening in the whole world. There is no place to escape to. So it's now or never to take a stand.

Climate Change Lies

In addressing the lies I'd like to start with the biggest one. The idea that climate change is a 'settled science'. The reason to start with it being a 'settled science' is due to the weight that idea has given to the man made global warming, climate change agenda. If that 97% figure isn't true, and it doesn't look to me like it is, then I believe we need to seriously question why it's being used so vociferously to emotionally manipulate us? Don't you?

I'd encourage you to take a minute or more here to seriously contemplate that possibility. That you are being EMOTIONALLY manipulated with the latest urgent crisis. How does that feel when you look at the latest news report touting that message, from the context of it being outright manipulation? No truth at all. Purely to serve an agenda which does not have your good in mind at all. How do you feel about that?

To me 'the science is settled' looks like a giant hammer, to which everything looks like a nail that needs its head driven soundly into the wood.

As I write this NASA is being called to task to remove it from their website. The whole article is worth reading as it's the best and most complete dissection of the research that I have read. It was prepared to request that NASA remove it from their website and admit it's wrong. They had till November 2019 to respond. Without the 97%, the argument for human caused climate change falls apart and real science has a chance of prevailing. If it is listened to. Here's the conclusion to the paper:

Conclusion

Failing to account for scientists who do not have—or have not publicly stated—a position on global warming makes the statement that “Ninety-seven percent of climate scientists agree that climate-

warming trends over the past century are extremely likely due to human activities,” inaccurate, unreliable, and biased.

Presenting such an inaccurate, unreliable, and biased statement is a violation of the Information Quality Act. NASA should stop distributing that statement by removing it from the NASA website. A correction, informing the public that this prior statement did not have a proper basis in fact and should not be relied upon, would also help relieve the problems caused by its prior distribution.

Read the whole article here:

https://cei.org/sites/default/files/IQA_NASA_97_Percent_Final.pdf

As of Nov 2020 Devin, one of the signatories, has updated me: *“They have denied our initial petition, and we have submitted our appeal, but they have not responded on our appeal yet.”*

Looks like they are playing the delaying tactics card, to me.

Following are two excerpts to give you some figures to run around your own brain. See if you can see the manipulation of statistics. But first a reminder:

Three gradations of inveracity:

there were lies,

there were damned lies,

and there were statistics.

Balfour/Munro 1892

*The 97 per cent figure derives from a survey sent to **10,257** people with a self-interest in human-induced global warming who published “science” supported by taxpayer-funded research grants. Replies from **3,146 respondents were whittled down to 77 self-appointed climate “scientists”** of whom 75 were judged to agree that human-induced warming was taking place. **The 97 per cent figure derives from a tribe with only 75 members.** What were the criteria for rejecting 3069 respondents? There was*

no mention that **75 out of 3146 is 2.38 per cent**. We did not hear that 2.38 per cent of ‘climate scientists with a self-interest’ agreed that humans have played a significant role in changing climate and that they are recipients of some of the billions spent annually on climate research.

Another recent paper on the scientific consensus of human-induced climate change was a howler. Such papers can be published only in the sociology or environmental literature.

The paper, https://iopscience.iop.org/article/10.1088/1748-9326/8/2/024024/pdf?fbclid=IwARoecYy12w3fTOKCnUA_dCBDynP4-kaS8B-itXZcq4YHsbuftj5lTECql_o, claimed that published scientific papers showed there was a 97.1 per cent consensus that man had caused at least half of the 0.7C global warming since 1950. How was this 97.1 per cent figure determined?

Table 3. Abstract ratings for each level of endorsement, shown as percentage and total number of papers.

Position	% of all abstracts	% among abstracts with AGW position (%)	% of all authors	% among authors with AGW position (%)
Endorse AGW	32.6% (3896)	97.1	34.8% (10 188)	98.4
No AGW position	66.4% (7930)	—	64.6% (18 930)	—
Reject AGW	0.7% (78)	1.9	0.4% (124)	1.2
Uncertain on AGW	0.3% (40)	1.0	0.2% (44)	0.4

By “inspection” of 11,944 published papers. Inspection is not rigorous scholarship. There was no critical reading and understanding derived from reading 11,944 papers. This was not possible as the study started in March 2012 and was published in mid-2013, hence only a cursory inspection was possible. What was inspected? By whom?

The methodology section of the publication gives the game away. “This letter was conceived as a ‘citizen science’ project by volunteers contributing to the Skeptical Science website (www.skepticalscience.com). In March 2012, we searched the Institute for Scientific Information Web of Science for papers

published from 1991-2011 using topic searches for ‘global warming’ or ‘global climate change’.”

This translates as: This study was a biased compilation of opinions from non-scientific, politically motivated volunteer activists who used a search engine for key words in 11,944 scientific papers, were unable to understand the scientific context of the use of “global warming” and “global climate change”, who rebadged themselves as “citizen scientists” to hide their activism and ignorance, who did not read the complete papers and were unable to evaluate critically the diversity of science published therein.

The conclusions were predictable because the methodology was not dispassionate and involved decisions by those who were not independent.

*As part of a scathing critical analysis of this paper by real scientists, the original 11,944 papers were read and the readers came to a diametrically opposite conclusion. Of the 11,944 papers, only 41 explicitly stated that humans caused most of the warming since 1950 (0.3 per cent). **Of the 11,944 climate “science” papers, 99.7 per cent did not say that carbon dioxide caused most of the global warming since 1950. It was less than 1 per cent and not one paper endorsed a man-made global warming catastrophe.***

Political policy and environmental activism rely on this fraudulent 97 per cent consensus paid for by the taxpayer to rob the taxpayer further with subsidies for bird-and-bat-chomping wind turbines, polluting solar panels and handouts to those with sticky fingers in the international climate industry. It’s this alleged 97 per cent consensus that has changed our electricity from cheap and reliable to expensive and unreliable.

28 minute to 30 min 30 sec mark on this video:

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=mtHreJbr2WM&index=11&list=PLkQD4C4WofZqflYvrM4b1i2UYW3ddJpRU>

The bolding is mine.

I hope you can now appreciate that the *97% of scientists are in agreement*, statement, that is shouted from the rooftops and used to suppress dissenting positions, is a complete and utter fabrication. And I would hope that would alert you to the need to be very aware of being one of the unaware masses.

Be careful when you follow the masses.

Sometimes the M is silent.

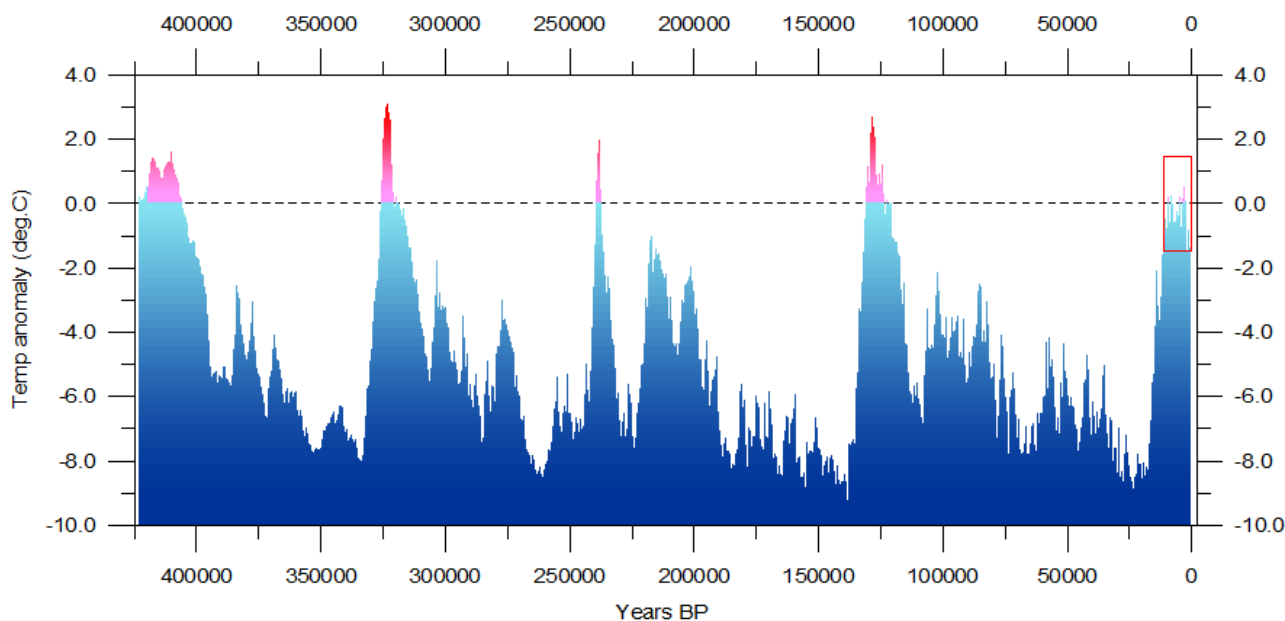
Unknown

For a more complete deconstruction of the consensus argument have a read of:
<https://www.heartland.org/template-assets/documents/Books/Why%20Scientists%20Disagree%20Second%20Edition%20with%20covers.pdf>

I hope from this point on you will now be able to spot people that you now know don't know what they are talking about. One of the statements coming out of their mouths that will alert you to that fact is that the 'science is settled'. As soon as they say that you hopefully now know that they are talking gibberish and can't and shouldn't be trusted.

Two Graphs To Free Our small m minds From Fear

For me the fear of human caused global warming should take a good dive into an ice bath with these two graphs. Source: <http://www.climate4you.com/GlobalTemperatures.htm#An%20overview%20to%20get%20things%20into%20perspecti>
[ve](#)



Take a good look at this one. The dotted line at 0.0 is where we are today. As you can see, from the blue readings, it is astoundingly obvious that the world has been colder for most of its lifetime than it is today. And therefore would be expected to continue to be so.

Being as warm as it is today is an obviously rare occurrence. One we should treasure instead of being afraid of. Those pink areas are all periods where it has been warmer than it is today. Because of the scale of the years that this graph covers, the pink periods account to tens of thousands of years of the planet's history where it has been warmer than what we are led to believe we should worry about in our near future.

Think about that in light of this statement: “Warning of ‘Catastrophic Disaster’ if Global Temperature Rise Exceeds 1.5°C, Secretary-General Stresses Need to End Coal Addiction” Think about it, it's been twice as warm as that 'worrisome' 1.5 degree increase for thousands of years. And yet life and us are still here. We're supposed to be worried about that? Why exactly?

Looking at the blow up of the red rectangle over the current interglacial period, on the graph above, in the one below, we can see that it was warmer than it is now for a period of about 300 years, a thousand years ago. The fact that the globe was warmer then, in what has been called the Medieval Warm Period, than it is now, with all the "greenhouse gasses" we've enriched the air with since the industrial age began, seems to be a thorn in the feet of the warmists. Greenland, after all, got its name from being green. The Vikings farmed there for those centuries of the Medieval Warm Period and had to stop farming it as the approaching ice of the Little Ice Age drove them out.

I trust you'll appreciate that all this happened long, long before we found oil and any gas guzzling SUV's and CO₂ emissions could be mistakenly blamed for the prior warming in the Medieval Warm Period that led to Greenland being green enough for the Vikings to farm.

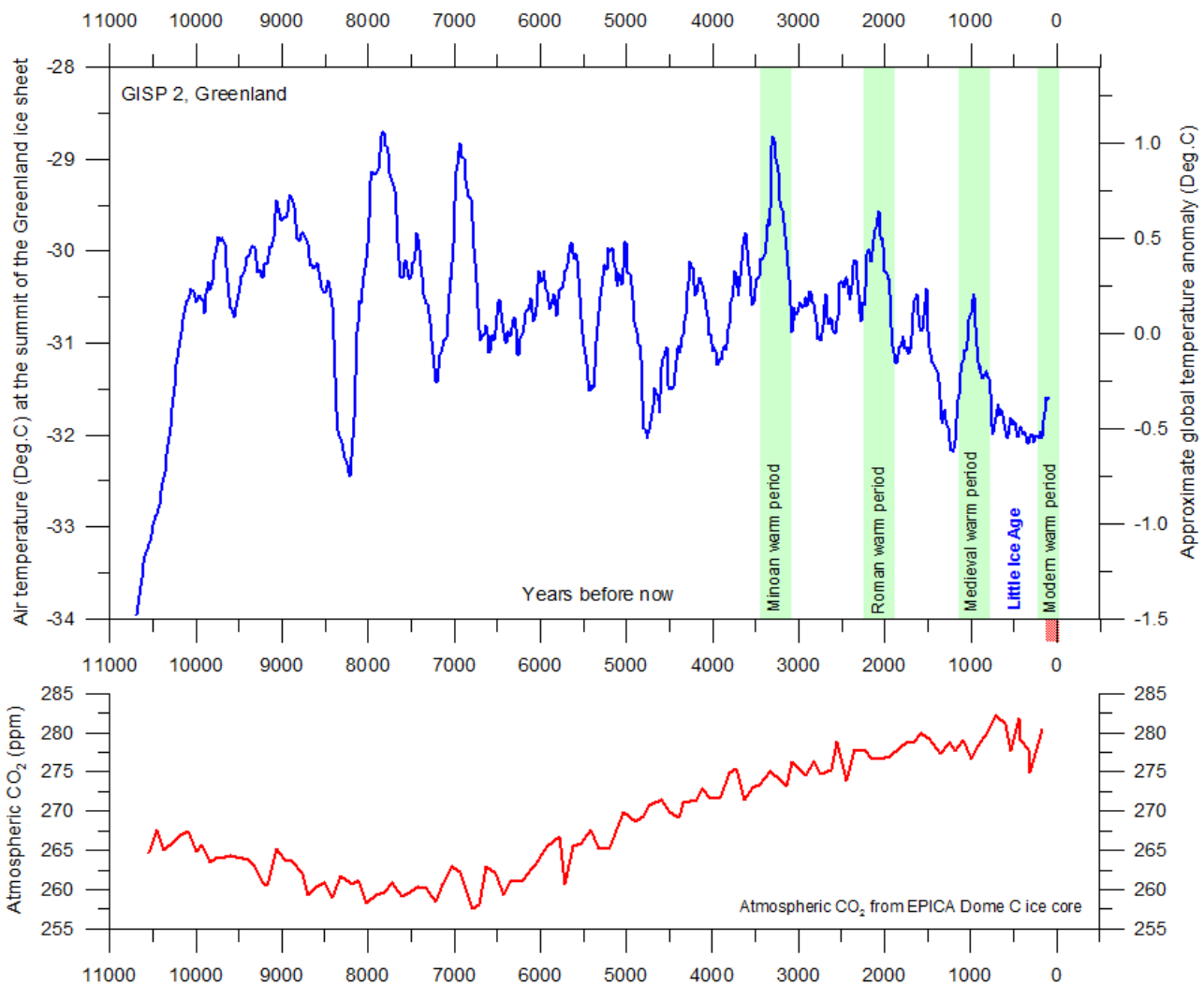
And then, it was even warmer, than the Medieval Warm Period, in the Roman Warm Period, 2000 years ago.

And still warmer again in the Minoan Warm Period 3-3,500 years ago.

The earth appears to have survived all those temperature changes, that occurred within recorded history, quite well, I would have thought, by the look of it. So, forgive me for being sceptical and cynical when I see bought scientists and political weight being set forth to further tax and enslave the 'guilty' masses for a crime they may not be committing.

In fact, the degree of warming in what is called the Modern Warm Period, i.e. the last century or two, is pretty pathetic to the Medieval, Roman and Minoan Warm Periods. Looking at those peaks in the first graph above, we can but look with hopeful longing that, if we are very, VERY lucky, the temperature might indeed progress further up and bless us with a few more degrees for a few more thousand years. But given the graph and the trend looks ominously like it's set to turn down, it could just drop off the cliff into another glacial age. Then we really would see a massive ice age climate change population migration from the northern climes of the northern hemisphere to the tropics.

The last piece of these graphs I wanted to bring to your attention is what CO₂ has been doing over this current interglacial period. You can see over the last 11,000 years the red line, that represents atmospheric CO₂ has been steadily trending upwards, even while temperatures have been varying as we've been moving through the current interglacial peak. We can see that atmospheric CO₂ was reducing early on, from 10,500 years ago to 7,500 years ago but for the last 7,500 years has been on a steady increase. It doesn't look like our industrial age has impacted that curve in the slightest. But if you had only looked at the past 1-200 years you would say that CO₂ and temperature matched. And that is exactly the sleight of hand trick the alarmists play on us. They only show periods of history that support their narrative and don't tell you the whole truth, warts and all.



Renewables?

I'm in favour of using renewables, if they make sense. Although even that is being called into question at the moment, by long term climate activists, as being another myth

perpetrated by crony opportunistic capitalists. I'd suggest watching Michael Moore's Planet of the Humans and reading Michael Schellenberg's Apocalypse Never. Just don't get caught up in the pessimism in Planet of the Humans that is based on CO2 being a problem child.

*Fear of CO2 is an interesting one when you think about our own
breath.*

*What do you think being afraid of CO2 would do when you apply it
to yourself as the little CO2 factory that you are?*

*In your own way you are adding to the CO2 problem with every
exhale.*

Does that then make you not want to breathe out?

To hold everything in?

To stop living?

Yes, we need to be respectful and continuously working to help the environment regenerate itself. I doubt that the recent phase of mild global warming has anything to do with us and more to do with the cycles of the planet and the sun. When you think about it, thinking we caused it or can affect such a thing may just be another of mankind's sordid delusions of grandeur. I say recent phase of mild global warming but according to some, the recent spate of warming finished in 1998.

Are We Coming Into Another Mini Ice Age?

The temperature at Herakhan will become like Badrinath.*

*Snow will cover the mountains, valleys and the banks of the
Gautama Ganga. You can't imagine how cold it will become at
Herakhan.*

*Below Bareilly, people will die from the storms and floods. The
atmosphere will change completely. There will be so much cold that
people will die.*

*Those who repeat OM NAMAHA SHIVAYA, who are righteous, and
those who are God-loving, will be protected.*

Babaji

*Badrinath is a sacred pilgrimage temple in the high Himalayas.

Was Babaji warning of a coming ice age here? Can we trust that warning given his failed 90% reduction of the population by 1990 prediction? Or this time was he telling it as it would be? Only time will tell and thankfully we won't have that long to wait.

As much as TPTB suggest otherwise, there is a widely accepted idea that as we move into the present solar minimum that the world will get colder rather than warmer. A solar minimum is when sunspot activity reduces maximally. With the solar minimum period we have just entered, the expectation is that we are moving into a colder climate. Not a warmer one.

John L Casey did his best to share this idea with us before he had a stroke. He recommended we all take ourselves through a three step process to get to grips with it. I'll share it here as it reflects what I've been alluding to.

Step 1: The first step in that preparation is understanding the truth about what the primary cause of climate change is: namely the Sun, not humans.

Step 2: Is the really tough part. We must accept that in this age of advanced communications, we - you and I, and the rest of the world - have been misled and deceived on a global scale, for many years.

Step 3: Comes in the form of a question. The question I pose to you is straightforward. Now that you have this knowledge, this truth, will you fear it and do nothing, or, like Thomas Jefferson might recommend, will you help me in telling it, "to the whole world"?

John Casey's book [Dark Winter - How The Sun Is Causing A 30 Year Cold Spell](#) predicts this cold spell to peak around 2031. He also has an [online video series](#) that is still available.

Have the recent 2020 cold records around the world been a harbinger of this change? given it's proximity, wouldn't it be prudent to see how this prediction pans out before we let Bill Gates loose on loading up our atmosphere up with chemicals to block the sun? The [first experiment](#) is pegged for June 2021 in Sweden. Funded by Bill Gates. Although I've heard recently Sweden has [pulled the plug on this approval](#).

Isn't there a certain level of madness to even be thinking about doing that, at any time, let alone at a time when we could be going into a big cold period anyway? Would't that add fuel to the fire, so to speak? Or more rather, power up the freezer? And maybe even precipitate the end of the current interglacial? The end of those magical warm periods the earth experiences, which just happens to have included most of our recorded history?

You could say there is a rational argument to not wreck our economies with the Green New Deals at least until that 2031 point. After all 2030 is the year China have committed to BEGIN reducing the rates of their increases in carbon emissions. Note that is not reducing their carbon emissions but reducing the rate of the increase of their emissions. Nothing to write home about, but at least it's something, right?

Of course it is a challenge when our 'trusted scientists' have different opinions. Fortunately we may not have long to see which scientists are correct. Even the record breaking cold is being used by both sides to 'prove their points' https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=OxY_5w3b1XE. But isn't this a challenge we should rise to, rather than slink away from?

CO₂ - As An Essential Food For Plants Is The Green Gas

I could go on to CO₂ being a non issue. Far from being a toxin it's actually an essential food for plants. We are just coming out of a historical planetary low for CO₂, a veritable CO₂ famine or drought as Prof William Happer, from Princeton University, has called it. During this period we were coming close to the minimum amount of CO₂, of around 175 ppm, needed for plant growth. It bottomed out around 250-260 ppm as you can see in the red line in the graphs I showed earlier. If it had dropped much further plants would have struggled to survive. And if plants died, thereafter animals and humans would have indeed faced extinction. The recent increase in CO₂ has helped to green the earth by a significant amount, rather than scorch it. NASA at least is honest about the level of greening the planet has experienced in the past decades.

The fact that CO₂ is force fed to greenhouse crops should confirm that, shouldn't it?

For the majority of greenhouse crops, net photosynthesis increases as CO₂ levels increase from 340–1,000 ppm (parts per million). Most crops show that for any given level of photosynthetically active radiation (PAR), increasing the CO₂ level to 1,000 ppm will increase the photosynthesis by about 50% over ambient CO₂ levels.

<http://www.omafra.gov.on.ca/english/crops/facts/00-077.htm>

Does that help you get clearer now that CO₂, rather than being a problematic greenhouse gas, is really the best green gas we have on our planet?

Other scientists report how CO₂ follows global warming by 800 years, due to the sustained outgassing of CO₂ from the surface, and from the deep oceans, as they warm.

How one of life's most important gasses became the tool of the devil that we should all be terrified of, and pay taxes for producing, is an exercise in how scientists and science can be manipulated. By whom should be the question on all our lips. That question deserves both answers and accountability.

Taking a step back to get more of a global picture I wonder, has this “climate emergency” arisen from our collective dreams of darkness? To help us purge ourselves of fear and welcome in a safer and saved world? In which case the only way to wake up is to do that individually. Our own fear is our own responsibility. And as enough of us wake up, that will hopefully help the wake up process to expand more rapidly across the globe. That would be a hopeful scenario. A world coming to terms with inner fears could lead to a much more relaxed, conscious and love based populace.

But I have to wonder if the truth is more malevolent. Has it been fostered by purposeful lies to promote personal control based agenda’s of power hungry megalomaniac’s who have convinced themselves that they alone are Evolution’s gift to the world? I’m purposefully saying Evolution’s gift as they don’t believe in God. So then they can’t be God’s gift to the world, can they? If this is the case, then we need to not only wake up out of our fear ridden bed but we also need to undertake the very painful journey of acknowledging we have been lied to by people we thought we could and should trust. We have been naive and gullible enough to have bought the narrative, hook, line and sinker.

As John Casey points out in his Step 2, that this: ***is the really tough part***. *We must accept that in this age of advanced communications, we - you and I, and the rest of the world - have been misled and deceived on a global scale, for many years.*

It is time to seriously address this.

Naiveté and Gullibility

In favour of it being a duplicitous agenda, I pose the case that if little ol’ me can uncover unflattering truths about this that are so obvious it’s like cold water being thrown in our faces, then why didn’t the former US President Obama, with all the might and power he had at his disposal, do the same? Why not our own illustrious leader Jacinda Ardern? After all, even though we beat the Aussies into submission in the final 36-0 game for the 2019 Bledisloe Cup, it does seem like the Aussies have their eyes focused on the right ball, as a lot more of their political figures and news networks are actually fighting back at those crying climate change wolf on both the world and national stages. Our national news agencies seem fully committed to the climate change rhetoric and do not represent open debate. Just this year Jacinda Ardern has put the UN Climate Emergency Agenda’s into force.

One of my biggest personal failings is being naive and gullible. As I’ve said I’ve lost serious enough chunks of my family’s inheritance to have given myself testicular cancer over that. Of course the cancer could have been something else, cellphone on my left belt side, long term vegetarian vegan diet, a hydrocele (water on the testicles) as a baby, unfortunate genes, but my bet is on the emotional distress I went through due to those very real and impactful financial losses.

Ryke Geerd Hamer, the founder of German New Medicine had a similar experience. He pinned down testicular cancer to a ‘sudden catastrophic loss’. His was worse than mine. He lost his son in a car accident. But I could certainly relate to that feeling of ‘catastrophic loss’, that he associated testicular cancer with, with my own cancer.

I've also heard that doctor's are terrible business people and investors because they so often automatically believe that people are acting in the best interests of others. Why? Because it's generally their own M.O., so it's hard to imagine anyone being different. Making them easily led by people who don't have that same level of commitment to the well being of their fellow humans. We want to believe the best of people but that's not where all people are at. Especially those that seek power over others and care not of others except how they can profit from the interaction.

It's a bitter pill to swallow, to acknowledge that we have been lied to and deceived. Whether with good intentions (the road to hell is paved with good intentions) or malevolent ones, the effect is the same. We are the ones that will have to deal with being lied to and betrayed. And we will have to live with the real life consequences of that, as I have had to. I imagine it will be one of those things that I will take to my grave.

The bottom line is that it hurts like fuck to acknowledge that we're being or have been played. As it should. We need to feel the pain and acknowledge the truth about it so we can spot and protect ourselves against future assaults. It also takes a certain emotional maturity to admit to having been played. It's about taking responsibility for our part in the drama. So we can make different choices next time we are confronted with similar circumstances.

Part of the vulnerability piece, that stems from being naive and gullible, for me was wanting a father-mother figure to take care of me. I inherited money from my mum and dad and looked to the advice of our accountant as a father figure to help me manage an unknown situation of having to take care of money and help it grow. It also put me in the sights of people I thought were friends who outright lied to me about their safe investments that turned out to be controlled by crooks or that were a straight Ponzi scheme created by said friend. It took that kind and level of trauma to help me grow up and learn to take better care of myself and my family, than I was.

I'm sure I'm not alone in that sense of wanting someone, who knows something I don't, to take care of me. We are all at the effect of that as I write this on the last day of Covid Alert level 4 in NZ. A major chunk of our population totally believe the government has our backs. Yeah, right.

What's the attraction of being naive and gullible? What leads us down that road? We all need to search our hearts for the specifics of that for ourselves. Is it that we don't like feeling the fear that stems from the vulnerability of not knowing, so that we hitch our wagon to any shred of certainty that we can find? That someone out there must know what they're doing and I'd rather follow them than go through the uncertainty of not knowing for perhaps a long time before the truth of the situation can be ascertained?

Many people think we are driven by fear like herds. You will have heard of us referred to as sheep. Going along with the crowd. I imagine there is an element of that. But I think we go into more of a pack mentality.

The Pack

*When we lose touch with our divinity
our humanity comes under threat.*

It comes under threat because when we lose touch with a higher essence we revert to the authority of the pack.

We were never ruminants, lazily grazing, gathered in herds, safety in numbers, protecting us from the predators that would lunge and pick off the old, the young and the infirm.

We may have started as scavengers. Picking off the bones left behind by predators more effective than us. Until we learnt to develop tools. We didn't need powerful jaws and long teeth, we didn't need to be able to run the fastest. We seemed to be able to think of different ways to kill and trap and look after our selves. We evolved. But we were always, throughout it all, a pack. Not a herd.

And as a pack we learned to work together to take down some of the mightiest of beasts. To live on and spread around the planet. As in other packs there was only ever one leader. One dominator. We all know how he got to be in that position. And for most, yes, it was a male.

The rest learnt to work around that. Society evolved. Warriors, crafts people, farmers and fisher folk, scientists, healers, wise men and women,

We learned our place in the pack. And to put faith in the leader. At least until s/he showed their weakness and then, usually another aspirant would take them down.

The Trouble With Fear Is It's Too Scary

When I look out and see so many caught up in the hysterical fear based agendas, I find myself seriously wondering, why is it so hard to wake up and see we are being duped?

Is it because fear seems to lock down our thinking-feeling-action capacity. Like a possum caught in the headlights, it seems impossible to think at all. We can't see that we had better get up and move out of harms way.

Is it because we don't like feeling naive and gullible? Not liking to admit that those feelings about our vulnerabilities could be accurate, we avoid feeling them altogether? In so doing we fall further into the trap. Our trained or self inflicted sense of helplessness leading us to believe the unbelievable and trust the truly un-trustable. I've unfortunately felt those deeply with various situations in my life.

Trust me it's better to accept the truth, even though it hurts, as soon as we can. Rather than deny it and dig ourselves deeper into the hole.

Is it because we all have fear blinders on? You know, the kinds they put on horses to stop them seeing the whole picture so they don't panic and bolt and create damage. Has humanity got fear blinders on and is being guided down the path of least resistance by people that think they know better than the unwashed masses?

I have a sense that the main interface in the relationship between fear and gullibility is where we don't want to face our fears because they are simply too scary. So rather than face our fear directly, we go into denial of both the fear and everything that leads to those fears increasing in our awareness.

I have friends who say they can't read what I post because if they believed them to be true they would be so incensed and upset that they wouldn't be able to concentrate on anything else and function as they need to in the world, to earn an income and keep themselves afloat. So, instead of looking seriously, they go into denial.

From there we go into a state of disbelief. We shut out all evidence that would suggest there is a real reason to be afraid. We look to authority figures, the leaders of the pack, to reassure us that everything will be ok and they're doing everything they can to handle the situation. Because of that we become unable to see what is in front of us because to do so would lead us back to the fear. And that's what we do not want to feel, at any cost.

Our fear of our fear then keeps us looking for how to avoid the thing we fear. When reports suggest that there is reason to fear, our fear discounts those reports. We 'know' it must be untrue or irrelevant as we've let our fear of our fear decide what is true and what is not.

It also directs us to deal with a lesser fear rather than confront a greater one. It's easier for us to be afraid of a virus rather than face the deeper fear that there may be people using and perhaps even creating this situation to weaken us, so that they can step in and take more control over us or benefit more from our miserable situation.

In all those ways the small m mind will want us to hide from fear. To deny its existence. To keep us 'safe'.

Yet feel it we must. It's the only way past, or through, it.

The big M Mind knows that ultimately there is nothing to fear. That we are safe, no matter what happens to us here. As scary as fear is, contemplating our existential invulnerability is what makes fear safe to explore. The feeling of fear is not to be hidden away from or to be denied altogether, but to be brought to the light of our invulnerable spirit, beyond body and beyond mind to see what it's trying to tell us, to actually warn us of, or alert us to.

We are better to remove those fear blinders so we can see, with 360 vision, the threats that are bearing down upon us. In that sense while our fear is being used, as a weapon against us, we are not accessing the propensity to feel fear to its full conscious advantage. In seeing more clearly we may enter into actually being more truly afraid, by allowing ourselves to feel the deeper fears that are under the surface of our disbelief. The disbelief and denial that attempt to keep the fear out of our awareness, to keep us 'safe' from the fear, need to be seen for the false 'protectors' they are. Instead of protecting us they keep

us locked up, imprison us in helplessness. Like that possum frozen in the middle of the road, with the headlights thundering towards them.

As scary as feeling our fear is, it's only in knowing and being clear on any real threat that we can take the most appropriate action. Rather than being caught in the headlights or stuck head down, blinkered, running around and around a track, chasing each other's tails, we can see where we need to go and we can be encouraged to jump the fence and head to more pleasant pastures, side by side.

Who Doesn't Hate Being Lied To?

What is it about being lied to that makes us not want to admit and accept the truth that we are indeed, being lied to? Is it because we just don't want to see it? Because it's too hurtful? Because we want, or have a deep need, to trust? Particularly those in authority? Parents, scientists, governors, Prime Ministers, Presidents, preachers, God?

In accepting and believing lies and in denying we are being lied to, we end up lying to ourselves. We deny the rumblings of truth trying to break through the surface of our minds. Our Inner Voice gently but persistently knocking at the door of our consciousness, while we so fervently refuse to listen to it and frantically shutter the doors and windows of our minds so that it cannot be heard.

What does it take to own up to the fact that we are being lied to? It takes some deep soul searching, coming to terms with the ugliness of it all and it takes a willingness to see the truth, warts and all. Allowing our fears to be felt and explored is a big part of the journey to find the truth of many situation we may find ourselves in.

There was a time in my first marriage that I was afraid that my wife was having an affair. For a year or more, rather than confront it directly I skirted around the issue. Until, like dealing with that door in my nightmares, it was only by letting go of enough fear of the issue that I was able to talk about it directly with her and we were both able to move on.

*When we decide to stop being afraid of our fears,
to instead face our fears,
the truth finally has a chance to surface.*

I can't answer those questions I've posed above, in any meaningful way for anyone but myself. It's up to each of us to ask them and clarify which mMind we are listening to. And to decide which one would be best to listen to?

*People hate the truth.
Luckily, the truth does not care.
Larry Winget*

Learning To Trust Trust

For me it boils down to being brutally honest about who I can trust and who I can trust that I cannot trust. In a way it's about revisiting my relationship with trust to get to the point where I can trust what I trust. Meaning I'm willing to be open to not trusting someone and to trust that feeling. As well as being willing to trust someone else and to trust that feeling too.

The need for that for me, has come by learning that there are some I can't trust. I've had to learn that trust needs to be earned. In the past I've erred on trusting everyone and everything. Which has meant I have been terribly naive and gullible. I've lost family inheritance money, that I won't be able to pass on to my girls, because I believed in the wrong people. Sometimes those people meant well but simply didn't tell me the whole truth. They only told me pieces of it. The bits that supported their own agendas. Who knows, maybe they weren't telling the truth to themselves, either. Sometimes they were just telling outright porkies.

Through having that extremely bitter experience I woke up to my own tendency to be helplessly and hopelessly naive and gullible and to the unfelt fears underwriting those feelings. Like the fear that comes with feeling like I didn't know enough about how to handle money, that I leant on who I thought did. My father and mother figures that I looked to for advice, over time coming to be seen, in the dawning light of grim reality, as either simply inept or downright crooked.

The same applies today to those leaning on politicians and their Covid and climate responses. We assume they know better but in reality they simply may not know anything at all. It becomes the blind leading the blind. It would be nicer and easier to handle if it really was just simple, laughable but atrocious errors in judgement. More difficult to handle if there is a sinister element in play, where there is someone or a group of someones, who knows exactly what is going on, and they are leading the blind politicians who then lead a blind populace. That malevolence shows itself when the truth coming out from an awake populace is ignored, cast aside or actively shut down. But rather than skirt around the issue we need to learn face and handle that darkness directly.

The bottom line on trust is we need to learn what Trust really feels like, when it is deserved and when it isn't. It's another instance of deciphering which vVoice I am listening to. Learning to put our trust in the big M Voice and not in the small m voice.

It seems we are so gullible that we can't spot subterfuge when it's in play and thus sink further into the murky reality that lies create. We desperately need to face our unwillingness to feel the fear that lies under the surface and deal with it once and for all. When we face that fear we soon learn who we can trust to guide us through and who we can trust not to.

The trust of the innocent is the liars most useful tool.

Stephen King

Can you relate this to times when you've been overly trusting, naive and gullible and been lied to. Can you relate to what I'm saying here? Is there anything you think needs adding for you? Have I asked all the questions or are there additional ones you'd like to bring to the forefront?

Trust on a Grand Scale

There are personal learnings of trust with those we are in direct relationship with. Whether that be an intimate relationship or someone we are buying a car from. And there are those that we are not in personal relationship with that can yet affect our lives even more than those close to us.

When I look out at the world's situation I feel I need to do whatever I can to wake up the masses and lend strength and support to like minded people that are coming to terms with what is happening. My hope is that we can make visible to the world the deception that is being played and bring to account the megalomaniacs who have 'master' minded it.

I pray that we do. Otherwise the world and humanity look set for a major change as the World Economic Forum leads its rough technocratic charge over both humanity and divinity, believing in neither but only in their vision of trans-humanism that reminds me ominously of The Borg and its Hive Mind of Star Trek fame, completely lost to the humanity and divinity of the Big M Mind.

Is it that our sense of incredulity, that state of being unwilling or unable to believe that plans are afoot against us, that we cannot see it? We wander about in the dark, afraid and dependent on 'those that say they know better than us'?

Yet we must wake up from our torturous naive slumber to the dark, dangerous times ahead. To not fall from one nightmare to another, we need to demand the truth, and settle for nothing less than the truth, accepting it as it is, warts and all. Otherwise we will remain caught in the web of illusion.

The silver lining, if it is one, is that we won't have long to wait to prove or disprove this idea. The thundercloud surrounding it could be all consuming and effectively drown humanity out unless divinity shows its hand. But we need to remember that divinity doesn't necessarily show its hand outside of us. It shows its hand through us and our willingness to listen to the One Mind that is guiding each of us to speak and act.

Our Children As Pawns In Someone Else's Game

Our fear and concern for our children too, has been used against us. From the pages of history our kids stand out as having been used and abused in the service of malevolent agenda's. The innocent girl in pigtails used by the Nazi's, the first political party to favour wind power, way before the Greta of today. The Hitler Youth, Lenin & Stalin's Youth League, and Mao's 'Little Generals' all designed to invidiously manipulate the impressionable minds of our children to their own political ends and agenda's.

Does that term ‘Little Generals’ make your skin crawl, like it does mine? Visions of George Orwell’s Animal Farm? Hopefully you’ve read that book. It used to be in the school curriculum. We need to take heed of this, given the socialists and the communists have killed more of their own people than any other political system.

I’d say the same applies today in the west with the way our children have been ‘educated’ on the need to address the man-made Climate Change agenda that will lead them to support a huge waste of resources that will ultimately back fire on them. The Texans just experienced that first hand in the winter of 2020-2021 when their power went down.

*Give us a child till the age of seven
And we will have her/him for life.*

Unknown

It’s a known and effective strategy that one way to force an agenda is to get you to believe it was your idea in the first place. And what better way to do that than to use our kid’s future for added leverage? After all, it is their future we are supposed to be stealing, right?

And of course advertisers for all sorts have been betting on our kids opening their parents wallets whenever they can get away with it.

We need to not let our children at their most vulnerable be victimised by agenda driven beliefs. It should concern us to think that they are being lied to. It’s a frightening thing to wake up to that.

Because we avoid facing fear we have an inherent tendency to avoid the pain that comes with accepting how, when and by whom we are being lied to. We’d rather look in the other direction, than face the cold hard miserable fact that we are being lied to. Doesn’t it make you question what agenda might be behind those lies? I hope it does. Because I believe it should.

If you tell a lie big enough and keep repeating it, people will eventually come to believe it. The lie can be maintained only for such time as the state can shield the people from the political, economic, and/or military consequences of the lie. It thus becomes vitally important for the state to use all of its powers to repress dissent, for the truth is the mortal enemy of the lie, and thus by extension, the truth is the greatest enemy of the state.

Joseph Goebbels

That quote should ring some alarm bells with how the truth is being treated in New Zealand at the moment and around the whole world.

The Reichstag in Germany that we now understand was a false flag event that let Hitler take more control. The Twin Towers in New York that initiated the Homeland Security Act. It's a scary thing to go down the rabbit hole of the destruction of the Twin Towers and building Seven. As it is to go down through the muck and mire of the creation of the worldwide Covid response. It's not Covid we need to be scared of, as much as our controlled media would have us think that. It's the Covid response that will take the world economy out with untold devastation. And all for what, by whom? If there is a cabal of people orchestrating world control and domination my prayer is that they wake up, see the folly of their small minds and find the Love, Joy & Peace of the One Mind. Then we might truly have a chance to create peace & plenty on earth. Otherwise it can seem a dim hope.

Excuse my cynicism. But I am getting to be an old fogey who's lived enough life to smell a rat before I see it. I have seen enough of the misinformed science in the health and climate fields to make me pretty certain that similar forces are at work here.

Hopefully sooner rather than later, it will come to pass that the current apocalyptic environmental mania that is sweeping the globe and has everyone by the short and curly's, will be seen and acknowledged to be nothing more than our rampant minds extrapolating something that we have nothing to do with and serving only the needs of those few that would use our fear to terrify us into compliance and bully us into submission for their own ends.

I think we need to be aware of the climate change and the Covid crisis narratives like left and right punches to the head to keep us reeling, not knowing which way is up or down, to then let TPTB slip past our defences to deliver the knock out punch. The Great Reset.

I'm voting for and working towards The Great Awakening myself.

The Great Reset - The Result of Not Listening To Spirit

The Great Awakening - The Result of Listening To Spirit

The choice, as always, is ours.

It's interesting that in a deep emotional way, you could say that we are on similar wavelengths, or similarly traumatised, no matter which side of the argument we are taking.

Have you felt traumatised or victimised by the news about the current popular dreams of darkness?

If you currently agree with the idea of man made global warming and the desperate need to take better care of the planet, how do you respond to news of the latest episode of dire circumstances that we are in? Don't you feel angry, despondent, fearful? Wanting everyone else to wake up and do whatever needs doing along with you, to avert the impending climate disaster?

Or, if you are on the other side of the fence, if you believe it's inaccurate, unscientific, biased reporting, how do you respond? Don't you also feel again angry, despondent,

fearful? This time not for the planet but for what your fellow misguided human beings could inadvertently set into motion through their fear?

Either way it seems to bring up the fear of what others are doing or might do to us. So often we have knee jerk reactions that really don't serve us. Instead they cloud our minds as the biochemical storm that is our emotions runs riot around our senses. It becomes difficult to think clearly in such a situation.

That could in fact be the intended strategy. To terrify us, to give us confusing information and render us into our baby state of learned helplessness.

It's in learning not to be traumatised by news about dreams of darkness, whichever end of the spectrum we find ourselves on, that we can avoid lobbing grenades at each other from behind our sandbags and respond from a different place. Do not give the elites the satisfaction of seeing us fight amongst each other. Let's turn the spotlight on them, together.

Pay attention when you are next caught up in your own personal dreams of darkness over the climate, the future of planet earth, the Covid question and the misguidedness of the others. Take a breath and allow yourself to think once again. This time can you let yourself relax through your fear into a Mind that knows you are safe and always will be? From this vantage point is it easier for you to source information and ways of being, that helps you clarify the situation further for yourself and respond more productively with others?

Here are two thoughts from ACIM that I believe can help us to learn to deal with the feelings we experience in response to watching or reading the news:

I am not the victim of the world I see.

ACIM L.31.

Fear is not justified in any form.

ACIM L.240.

My interpretation of fear not being justified in any form is not about denying fear whenever we experience it but in not using our experience of fear to justify inhuman activity on our parts.

Sometimes fear, or a sense of something not sitting quite right, can be like a canary in a coal mine, a warning to pay more attention. In that way fear can be a very good thing. It can warn us of something we need to pay attention to. But for those of us who have difficulty feeling vulnerable, our effervescent bravado can inhibit us from feeling that fear and make us run head long to our doom. Men seem particularly prone to that.

I fully admit to suffering from that problem myself. I've needed to learn to accept and be ok with feeling vulnerable and see if that feeling is encouraging me to see that there is something I need to pay attention to when I'm experiencing fear. Rather than do what I

used to, which was to deny it. *Na, she'll be right, nothing to fear here, she'll be right.* That attitude has led to enough drama in my life that I now stop and remind myself of another of our famous kiwi sayings - *Yeah right* - to help me stop and pay attention. To listen closely and carefully to my sense of vulnerability, when I'm feeling it, so I can determine whether I need to really listen up to what's happening in the moment. I've learnt to ask questions like these:

*Is this fear being generated by my small m mind,
that I'd be best not listen to?*

*Or is it the feeling of the voice of consciousness
expressing some dis-ease with the path I am thinking of taking,
and it's my big M Mind trying to warn me
against something that I do need to listen to?*

When good people misinterpret their experience of fear as coming from the Big M Mind when it is really coming from the small m mind they are misled by their fear or should I say their fear of their fear, they then can be swayed by a personal and/or group paranoia that can lead to the very event they hoped to avoid. Or to something much worse. In my opinion with Covid and climate, concerned citizens of all ages are currently lost in the con job of the millennium.

As I've said, I've been taken in a few times in my lifetime and it's affected me and my family financially in a disastrous way. I'm deeply concerned that the world en masse is suffering from the same plight and if we don't pull ourselves up, get our heads out of our asses, or the sand if you want to be more polite, enough to look plainly and clearly into the face of the facts that there is no scientific consensus on everything from diet to climate and Covid, that scientists who truly understand the issue are having their opinions kept at bay and hid from public view, that they will be trampled under the juggernaut that has humanity and the globe in a death grip, in the name of saving us all.

I have to wonder what on earth are we thinking when I hear some of the scientist's plans to 'fix the problem'? From plans to shoot seawater into the air to encourage the poles to ice over, to plans to dump iron filings into the ocean to promote algal growth to absorb CO₂? Or as in Bill Gates' case, let's just fill the atmosphere up with chemicals so we can block the sun. If doesn't set you to scratching your head in wonder, we may be in trouble.

*Approaches that are currently thought beyond the pale now have to
be considered and, if possible, made to work.*

Prof Callum Roberts of York University

[https://www.bbc.com/news/science-environment-48069663?
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Beyond the pale? ...if possible, made to work??? Oh, the calamity, the arrogance of man. I can just see it now. The mad scientist at work on his delusional drama that finally ends the world. For real this time. Probably as in no other endeavour we absolutely need to know the truth here. The light of truth should not only set us free but show us a path to walk on into that freedom.

In relation to global warming, if we are thinking of putting chemicals in the atmosphere to block the sun at the exact point in time when we might actually be headed into a period of global cooling, isn't that likely to be problematic at best and lethal at worst?

There is so much these days that is under wraps, cloaked and daggered. How on earth can we decide on anything with that much confusion? We have more clarity on diet available to us today than ever before, yet the 2020 nutritional guidelines council in the US look again set to ignore them.

As I write there is a story in the local paper, Hibiscus Matters May 8, 2019, that shares how properties that were bought over 20 years ago to widen the road on the peninsula we live on, must now be sold because the road widening is no longer needed. Whoever wrote that doesn't live on the peninsula or hasn't experienced the extra 40 minute commute to the city over the past 5 years. And the research to prove they aren't needed anymore?

Well the council, who are being asked to sign off on the property sales, can't see that research because it's *confidential*. I had to take a double take on that. Ummm. You're asking our representatives to confirm a decision without knowing the background as to why that was decided as the best decision? Looks very much like the diet-astrophy, the climate-astrophy and the Covid-astrophy to me.

Why can't people smell a rat when it's right under their noses? Is it because their Inner Senses have been taken over by their outer fears and they cannot perceive their own best interests as a result?

I do not perceive my own best interests.

ACIM WB, L 24

Without true honesty we are largely lost in the dark with only our fears to guide us. If we don't know how to assess those fears and fall into the trap of our small m mind fears being seen as a 'saviour' then we can only suffer from being misguided them.

Do you remember what we were taught when crossing the road?

Stop

Look right-left-right (or left-right-left, depending on where you are.)

Listen for oncoming vehicles.

Cross if it's safe to.

That may have worked fine when all vehicles were internal combustion engines. They made enough noise to warn you of their approach. But today that speeding vehicle, out of

sight around the bend, that's about to take your life away, might just be one of those electric motors that you just can't hear. The Green Revolution of Agenda 21 and 2030 and how it is being used to abuse us seems like a very similar threat sneaking up on a humanity unable to hear its swift approach.

We Need To Speak UP

I had an interesting conversation on Facebook with one of my FB friends. I forwarded a post about the Amazon fires and how it was being overplayed and she replied:

FRIEND: I agree with you. But I don't often point it out to my friends who post them because then I am the bad guy . Thanks for sharing this. I also researched and found the same thing.

ME: Thanks. I wonder if that's part of the problem we are facing today? The alarmists can be so vehement that more people don't share their thoughts, or the truth, or the other side of the story with them, out of fear of their fury and retaliation. But they do vote in silence so it's often a surprise for people that thought the whole world must think like them. Given that they don't get pushback on a daily basis and the media seems to agree with them (along with that inaccurate 97% consensus) they really aren't given the opportunity to see the other side of the story often enough to hopefully get them to stop and think. Added - Because we are too afraid to rock the boat. They, unfortunately, are not only aiming to rock our boat but sink it.

Our fear of speaking up is ever present. We encapsulate it now in the term - Cancel Culture. We shudder at the thought of being chastised and ostracised by people like those vegan activists that have no problem treating humanity like animals, in the worst sense of the word - animal, while at the same time treating animals like humans in the best sense of the word - human.

One remedy for the fear of speaking up is to clear the mist in our minds about what is real and what is not. Until we know what's true and what isn't, we are all caught in the darkest dream we have perhaps faced. Hopefully I've helped to start or further that process of clarification for you.

Apart from our collective nightmares we each need to wake up to our individual dreams of darkness. In your private thoughts, when you go to sleep at night or when you wake up. What are you afraid will happen to you, in your day ahead or in your coming year? Is it time to start to question those fears so that you can put them to bed and take a deeper breath?

I've had a lot of worries in my life.

Most of which, never happened.

Mark Twain

I think the main thing is for more of us to wake up to our propensity for fear. To question it when we see it as a saviour, to make sure we are really awake and not just lost in another nightmare.

To become more aware of how we relate to fear we can start by asking ourselves:

When in our lives have we found we needed to listen to it?

When did we not need to listen to it?

When did we need to not listen to it but we did?

When did we need to listen to it but we didn't?

Asking those questions and listening to the answers, will help us become aware of our relationship to fear and help us decide which mMind is trying to get through to us. As always the small m mind will tend to speak the loudest. Like little dogs they seem to want to bark the most. Clamouring for our attention. And the large M Mind will be, as more often seems the way, quietly guiding us in the right direction. Because of that we need to quiet our minds enough to be able to listen to it.

It's about learning to say yes to fear, when it's appropriate and on the flip side learning to say no to being used by it, when it's not appropriate. It's another of those N=1 explorations that we need to commit to and invite others up to the plate with.

Fear of Death & Dying

We are seemingly plagued by fears and now, in a Covid 'infested' world we are afraid of 'the viral plague' too. The fear of living right, of acting right, of eating right and what the consequences are if we don't. Last but not least, and maybe even our linchpin fear, is our fear of death & dying.

Our fear of death can strangle our relationship to life and to the life arising within us. Our body seen as another *Precious* to be protected at all costs, along with our *Precious* beliefs and our *Precious* small m mind.

Babaji showed by example that he didn't suffer from the fear of dying. Of course his perspective on life and death could have been quite different to ours. There were, after all, stories of him taking on a devotee's disease and dying so the devotee could live. Followed by Babaji returning in physical form, at a different spot, after the devotee had cremated Babaji's body. Nice, mind boggling and inspiring story but until you experience that personally, seeing it up close and personal, in the flesh so to speak, always suspect to the doubt of being too incredulous to be real.

But what wasn't in doubt was how he left this time around. For years he had a protruding belly. There was the thought going around that it was ascites caused by kidney problems. Along with that there was a questioning of what world karma could it be he was taking on, in order to lessen its impact on us, that could be manifesting in that big belly?

Either way it would appear to have been his undoing and while he prepared to leave his body, as much as his devotees exhorted him to accept Western medical intervention, he would not accept it. Relenting to only allow yantra's to be placed on his body before he passed over on Valentines Day in 1984. To be willing to go while still apparently young must surely be a sign that he did not put that much *precious* energy into his physical body.

Is there a lesson in there for all of us? How much does our fear of death affect our everyday choices? We may not think about it much in general but it certainly seems to be catching us in full force with the Covid scaremongering. The visions of bodies wrapped in sheets on Wuhan streets and the apparent mass grave sites in Italy and New York certainly did their job of terrifying a large swathe of the population. The fear of death taking control of the reptilian part of our brains, shutting the other more thoughtful parts out. The ACIM premise that *there is nothing to fear* is predicated on us not being attached to our physical body. That is a tall order for most people.

My own fear of death rolls more around the thoughts of missing those that I love than anything else. It's those attachments to my family that feel the biggest things for me to lose. Wanting to be with them, to protect, nurture and enjoy, being my biggest reason to stay.

Having seen enough people die, I'm not concerned with dying itself. Or whether there is an afterlife or not. As much as I believe that there is a conscious ongoingness, my take on it is; if there is an afterlife then it will be a great adventure and a graceful confirmation of what I've believed. If there is nothing then I won't be there to be concerned about it. So either way death is nothing to be concerned over.

I love Vincent Ward's film, *What Dreams May Come*. It speaks to the idea that the heaven or hell we might experience after we die depend on the beliefs we hold about them. People have a NDE and come back full of thoughts about what it is but as certain as they seem to be, did they only find a reflection of their beliefs out there? If consciousness outside of the body is real then time and experience, likely many experiences of the cycles of being born, living, dying will tell. If not, then we don't need to worry about it. We will then simply live on in the minds and hearts of those we have touched in this life. Hopefully we have lived well and we will be remembered dearly for one perhaps two generations. It's one thing to have our words live on, if we have written some down. It's another to be in the full lived experiential memories of those we have loved and who have

loved us, living on in them to flavour their moments and touch those they come in contact with.

The fear of death is born with man, though this is the only thing that he knows is certain to happen to him.

Attachment to material things makes man cling to life.

When you chant the Name of the Divine, when you are one with the divine, you accept death.

While you are attached to life and afraid of death, you die with that fear and that weight clinging to you.

If you have attained liberation you are free from death (you accept the inevitable). You die without fear and by remembering the Name of God, your soul leaves the body free of that fear and attachment.

If you are reborn, your soul is still free from that fear.

If you die in "unity", you are free from rebirth, unless you will it.

Haidakhan Babaji, 1 December 1982

Source: <https://quotepark.com/authors/haidakhan-babaji/?page=2>

Baba's choice of a yantra, I imagine to ease his passage or to ease the need of his devotees to do something helpful, stands in stark contrast to our attachment to life. Where we are willing to lose everything we own and suffer enormously in the fight to keep a hold of the shreds of life at all costs. On the financial side I've heard most medical expenses and bankruptcies in the US happen over this journey. On the suffering side I nursed my mum in the last 3 months of her life as she succumbed to lung cancer at home where she wanted to die. Her oncologist had recommended chemotherapy. She had taken him up on it. She woke up the day after her first and only dose to the images of the Twin Towers coming down on the hospital TV screens. Yes, it was that morning that we in New Zealand woke up to those images. It felt like a prophetic moment for my mum. She never recovered from that one dose. Instead she felt as sick as a dog for the next month or two. Her stretched pointed tongue going blue every time she wretched her heart out for multiple times a day, for weeks after that one dose.

It was sadly during that period where she had some palliative radiotherapy to ease the pain from the softball sized lump that had eaten through the ribs on her back that we saw the fury that the radiotherapy doc held for the oncologist. As far as he was concerned a woman of my mum's age and condition should only have had palliative radiotherapy and not chemotherapy. Mum's experience confirmed his feelings. One of the challenges with medicine in New Zealand is that you don't get to see the radiologist and his/her opinions till after you see the oncologist. So there is no truly fully informed consent. Would mum have made a different decision and those last few months could have been different for

her? We'll never know. But I was witness to her immense level of suffering brought on by her grasping at straws to hold onto the life she had.

In contrast, there is a certain grace that happens with the acceptance of death, and of acknowledging the body's place, or lack of it, in our ongoing journey. However we individually deal with it, coming to terms with our thoughts and fears about death will help us relax into and live our lives in the deepest possible way.

And Then - Along Came Covid

The 'virus' stopped me in my tracks with this book. Not because I got it but that I couldn't see why others weren't 'getting it'. As far as I could see, we had the climate warm mongers and now we had the Covid Crazyies. From that first day of announcing lockdown in New Zealand when we were scurrying about like ants getting everything necessary to batten down the hatches and wait it out, I couldn't believe what I was seeing and hearing. But I also didn't know if my doubt was warranted. Was this really something to be concerned about? I had to wait and listen, while bemoaning Sally's panicked exhortations to wash everything that came out of the supermarket

The biggest part of me did not buy into it but I was prepared to give it the benefit of the doubt, just in case it was real and there really was a deadly virus lapping at our shores. As the reports coming in brought clarity to the picture, it was heartening for me when I saw people whose research and commentary I had come to trust in, both from the climate and the diet fields, shift the spotlight of their attention to Covid and declare themselves in alignment with my own conclusions. Giving the evidence to support their conclusions.

Instead of the virus I became plagued by a question: why aren't more people awake to what seems blindingly obvious to me?

Is it because we have fallen victim to the fear of the herd? All running in one spooked direction, unaware we might be being driven over the cliff edge as one of the favourite strategies of the Indians were with the buffalo?

Or is it because we are caught in the fearful subservience to the leaders of the pack? After all, they can and do punish us for being disobedient to their demands. So we become acquiescent to the power of the God of Government to keep us intact. We surrender our wills in subservience to the authority of government and of the media.

At times we do seem to run in herds, fear rippling through the herd having the potential to drive us all off the cliff. At other times we behave like a pack. The leader has beaten his opponents into submission. S/he has the power to make demands. The pack following along. Whether we act like a herd or a pack, either way we are controlled by fear. The fear of attack and imminent death runs the individual ruminant in the herd. The fear of being cast out of the pack and a slow lonely death haunting the individual members of the pack. Neither a pleasant thought. Unless we can learn to face fear and live beyond it.

I've followed Covid with a keen, almost obsessive interest. What is most astounding to me is how the government only shows one side of the research. Just as in the 'consensus' climate science, dissenting voices are not allowed. As our illustrious Prime Minister said:

We will share with you the most up-to-date information daily.

You can trust us as a source of that information.

Remember that unless you hear it from us it is not the truth.

Dismiss everything else.

How is it that most people seem perfectly happy to go along with that?

Since they've not shared the most up to date information, and in fact have either denied it or belittled it, how can we trust them? This is not science, kindness and transparency. It is criminal behaviour and I hope the class action suits, that are underway, will eventually hold people to account.

Neil Ferguson, the 'modeller' who predicted 500,000 deaths in the UK and 2.2 million in the US, has been wrong on four counts in the past and was severely wrong again with his Covid death prediction. I wish we had had a 3 strikes and you're out rule for him. Then we wouldn't have had a 5th. So, would we listen to him and not to our own epidemiologists like Dr Simon Thornley and the Covid Plan B group?

Fauci got the CFR mixed up with the IFR. No wonder Scott Atlas disagrees with him. Although why Trump took so long to wake up to having a traitor in his midst only time will tell.

And we have followed along with everyone else, using positive PCR tests to inaccurately describe cases, which we have been using to terrify people and to justify lockdowns. In fact the whole premise of lockdowns and asymptomatic spread has been justified with this, which is why it is being confronted in court.

Then there is inflating Covid deaths by requiring a Covid death be registered on a death certificate for anyone who dies within 28 days of being deemed a positive case with this useless PCR test but anyone who dies within 28 days of being 'vaccinated' we're told to remember that people die of all sorts of things and just because it happened in temporal proximity to the 'vaccine' doesn't mean a thing, just a coincidence. I really can't understand why the masses can't see the manipulation in that.

Or that lockdowns and social distancing of the healthy will not be our saviour but will help precipitate our society's destruction?

I am absolutely appalled with the errors in judgement and complicit governments. There are a growing body of professionals calling for it to stop. I've listed some of the English speaking ones here: <https://www.daragrennie.com/covid/doctors-questioning-our-covid-response/>

I also don't believe we are being honest about the serious conflicts of interest from the likes of Bill Gates, his foundations and affiliations.

When will we get it that we are being manipulated? And that our fear of death and dying is being used against us?

*Fear of death
has been the greatest ally of tyranny
past and present.
Sidney Hook*

The Problem With Our Propensity For Fear

Our propensity for fear makes us controllable. We've known and practiced this for a long time. The psychology behind it has been well researched. We can see it for ourselves if we take an honest look at the past we can see that the people that used to control populations by fear, were the priests. With their proclamations that you will go to hell if you don't obey and sacrifice. That, you have to be a certain way or you will be damned for eternity. For the people that believed in heaven and hell and existential guilt the fear of being punished eternally in the fires of Lucifer was enough to keep them behaving well.

Then there were the brutal warlords. At least they were clear about their my way or the high way stance. The fear of death always at the tip of a spear, axe or gun. That's another way to control a population and keep them in line.

And then along came science. Religion lost its hold on the population. Now it's 'following the science' that is the current flavour of the era that is used to magnify the propensity for fear in people and control them. Now all a demagogue needs do is control the science and suppress all dissenting science to control people's hearts and to do the same with the media to ensure the message is pummelled relentlessly into our brains and any discussion is binned. Here's a two minute clip. Have a look at the authoritarian stance this 'scientist' takes and wonder at how he can justify that given the ensuing facts? <https://youtu.be/fffzkwMIkI> Two Minutes to Understand Spin Vs Actual Data, in this Viral Issue. Ivor Cummins

From fear of the devil to following the science. From the pulpit to the TV. Same game, different props. People who would believe themselves powerful have always used whatever tools they have to their advantage and to your disadvantage. Including science and the media.

There's something really good about being human. Something trans humanists simply can't understand and don't get. They are so enamoured at the idea of embellishing their human characteristics with computers and robotic whatever, thinking they can create life through technology while having completely forgot or simply never having thought of the concept that there is no match for being human with access to the divinity that is behind all of life

It's Time To Come Out.

At this moment in time we can feel the tremors beginning to roll in a society that has been locked up for too long. The lies and manipulation becoming more and more obvious to an increasing percentage of the population. Yet a greater number choose to remain oblivious. To trust what they are hearing on the main stream media rather than trust their own Inner Voices.

As we all move in and out of various levels of home detention, more are starting to question WHY? Others, still lost in fear, hanging onto the belief that we did the right thing, would rather we didn't ask that question. Their plaintive plea *We did the right thing. Didn't we? It would have been much worse if we didn't. Wouldn't it?*

In a way I feel like I'm coming out in the sense of coming out as we hear it described in the gay community. That time where you come out in the open and expose your vulnerability to the wrath of who knows what is out there.

Yet where gay folk, at least in the West, can be supported in their process, people shifting from the left to the right of the political spectrum can be seriously torched as Dave Rubin attests to in his book *Don't Burn This Book - Thinking For Yourself In This Age Of Unreason*.

Part of my not wanting to come out is simply me just not wanting to believe that what I have come to believe, is true. I would certainly rather wish it wasn't. But as the evidence mounts it becomes impossible to hide away from it any further, even from myself.

It was 20 years ago, in 2000, when I first came across the idea that there were ultra wealthy people, "bankers", shaping and controlling world events. The way they did this was by controlling the flow of the life blood of the world economy. Money. The creation and availability of the supply of money being their primary means of control. That it was in the conscious and premeditated expansion and contraction of the money supply that wars had been fought and won or lost, the victor having agreed, as part of the debt for war loans, to rebuild the loser's destroyed cities, rails and roads. Even though the loser may have started it.

According to several sources this goes all the way back before the American Revolution where the issue was really not about taxes to the Crown but about who got to be in charge of the creation of the American money supply.

Are We Beyond Reason?

We can argue about philosophy and its importance endlessly but when push comes to shove our emotional reality, and how we deal with it, likely has more relevance and import to life on planet earth.

I used to think that people were intelligent and used their minds but I've been proven wrong on that. The old sales adage seems more correct. People buy emotionally not mentally. They buy into beliefs and ideas just like they buy the latest car or device. It's an emotional decision. Not a mental one. Likely because mental decisions take more work in terms of thought power and you need to put your emotions to the side for a while till you gather facts.

Very true about climate warm mongers. Their fear has them by the short and curly's and they can't seem to see it. The fear of death could be what Extinction Rebellion is afraid of facing down or fessing up to. Their [NZ website](#) sums it up succinctly:

We are the local group of an international movement attempting to halt mass extinction and minimise the risk of social collapse.

By falling in line with what the technocratic globalists are saying instead of halting mass extinction and minimising the risk of social collapse they look like they are inadvertently hastening the very process that they fear. I've heard people doing that being referred to as useful idiots. Not knowing that they are part of a larger agenda they unwittingly hasten its acceptance.

Above all, fear seems the greatest way to control populations. I haven't been able to verify it but this story about Hermann Goering at the Nuremberg trials seems to make sense. He was asked how he got the German people to go along with the NAZI ideology. His answer was simple. Fear. Get them to be afraid of something and you hold them in the palm of your hand. *"The only thing that a government needs, to make people into slaves, is fear. And if you can figure out something to make them scared, you can get them to do anything that you want."*

My oh my, how Covid fits perfectly into that idea. One of my favourite researchers put that this way:

Fear turns our brains into blancmange.

Ivor Cummins

On the back of Covid, Klaus Schwab and the WEF have come out with the Great Reset. As shown in the Nov 2, 2020 Time Cover. Does Klaus not see that he comes across like the classic villain? Does he care? Probably not. After all, he thinks he has it all figured out. Computed. And cannot see that his plan could ever fail or that others should disagree. After all, I imagine he can't see that his "superior intellect" might wash up against the shores of human decency and not wipe them out but instead might itself disappear with the tide. Another shift in the human sands of time. Gone for the time being.

I have to wonder if that is the reason that most people cannot see the mounting attack on humanity that others do? We either cannot or don't want to believe that a plot like that would be in action in today's world and that it has gone on for so long. It's perplexing how many can't or won't see the obvious. It's so obvious, it's painful. Maybe that's why they don't want to see it? To see it is too much to handle.

I wonder if people are too scared of being scared shitless. It's just too hard to acknowledge that there are powers that be that want to lord it all over us, that have the power to drive us into the dirt before lunch.

With the advent of nuclear weapons the old strategy of war and peace became too precarious. After all it was suddenly possible to annihilate the huge swathes of humanity and render large parts, perhaps all of the globe, uninhabitable. Hardly something that cowardly back room technocrats would contemplate. So they needed another plan.

I wonder if the globalists, the technocrats, the philanthro-imperialists, the narcissistic opportunists, really believe in global warming? Or are they consciously using the fabricated climate fear to distract our attention so that they can drive us to the brink of economic ruin and waltz in with their Great Reset? Like a magician who monopolises and misdirects our focus to allow him to set up the rest of his trick unnoticed. From what I've read of the Club of Rome and the need to create a common enemy so that we can waste our resources fighting rather than inadvertently wrecking the planet with WWII, I'm thinking the latter, that they don't believe in catastrophic global warming but are using the fear of that as a strategy to weaken us, is more likely. Plus the fact that they are using lies and suppressing the truth to get us to agree to their plan, should tell us all that we need to know that they do not really have our good, our best interests, in mind.

With Bill Gates's obvious play for world domination and his family connection to the bankers including having a grandfather on the board of the Federal Reserve, I'd say some scrutiny and accountability needs to be laid at his doorstep. Edward Andrus, an executive with IBM who was directed to help Bill Gates on account of Bill's mother having a word with the IBM owner, sees Bill as plainly an opportunist. A trait he seems to have played out with glee when he spoke of vaccines being his best investment ever. 20X return was his gleeful boast. 10 Billion to 200 Billion. So forgive me for thinking that 2020, which just so happens to be the culmination of what Bill called his Decade of Vaccines that started in 2010, and our response to SARS-CoV-2, might just be playing into his hands a tad too neatly. Vaccinating nearly 8 Billion people, multiplied many times over because at the very most the vaccines are being pitched to hopefully just reduce symptoms, certainly not to stop the spread of infection, serious injury or death. Making multiple vaccinations necessary. What would be the profit on that? Does his 200 Billion now turn into 200 Trillion? If there ever was a case of following the money, that looks a pretty good bet to me.

I wonder what he meant and knew with his smirking comment - *that will get their attention this time?* Is there another lethal virus on the way or was he thinking the idea of rising "cases" aka positive PCR tests, driven by the media, was what would get our attention. I hope it wasn't the former because deadly bugs are deadly bugs and we don't want those running rampant through humanity. I doubt if it was the idea that chronic fear suppresses our immune system making us more vulnerable to colds and flu's. He might have meant what has been called the 'casedemic'. A casedemic is an epidemic of cases as compared with an epidemic of real disease. We are currently being put into various stages of lock down because of the amount of 'cases' in the community. But a positive PCR case has little meaning and all the meaning the 'approved' scientists of the day say it has, on main stream media. If that is really what Bill thought would *get our attention* then he's either dumber than we can collectively imagine or smarter and more devious because it shows he believes in the power of main stream media, the spun narrative and humanity's

naiveté and gullibility to pin their trust in it. That in itself should speak volumes. I think it's more likely the latter because I think it shows his cowardice. I don't imagine he would want a real fatal contagion released on the world because then there is always the possibility that it might get him and his family as well.

Then again, we now see in May 2021 the rising numbers of "Covid deaths" coming in populations after people are 'vaccinated' or rather injected with an experimental genetic therapy. The VAERS, Vaccine Adverse Events Reporting System, data of death and disease post 'vaccine' has already shot way past the level the vaccines have been taken down in the past. Could this be what Bill was thinking of with that gleeful smile of his?

Contemplating mass death and disease as a result of a 'vaccine' that is being forced on us like no other medical product even has been, is a hideously ugly thought. I'm already hearing of more friend and relatives of friends that have died or been injured with the 'vaccine' than I ever heard of being killed or injured by Covid.

But as ugly as that thought is, the 'coup de gras' of the elites may be the cyber attack that Klaus Schwab warns us will make Covid seem like a picnic - "a small disturbance in comparison". Just as Event 201 laid down the template for the Covid responses around the world, just so the WEF are rolling out the carpet for said 'cyber attack' or should that be renamed 'planned planetary take down'? Their byline is "committed to improving the state of the world". The question is according to whom, by and for whom?

I imagine the Globalists, have learnt from history. They are not going to be put in a position that will see them toppled like the French or Russian Royalty or Hitler. They are terrified of eruptions directed at them. They've made sure to stay in the shadows. Governing from afar, the walls of the UN set up as a defensive moat. But they are increasingly showing the touch of their hand quite openly. I wonder, is that because they can see the end in sight and believe they have the upper hand? I hope so. Because humanity needs to call them out and the clearer it is for us, the easier it is to do that. Like Winston Churchill said in his famous speech:

We shall go on to the end, we shall fight in France, we shall fight on the seas and oceans, we shall fight with growing confidence and growing strength in the air, we shall defend our Island, whatever the cost may be, we shall fight on the beaches, we shall fight on the landing grounds, we shall fight in the fields and in the streets, we shall fight in the hills; we shall never surrender.

And even if, which I do not for a moment believe, this Island or a large part of it were subjugated and starving, then our Empire beyond the seas, armed and guarded by the British Fleet, would carry on the struggle, until, in God's good time, the New World, with all its power and might, steps forth to the rescue and the liberation of the old.

I'm hoping there will come a time when we can hold all the perpetrators accountable, despite the 'safeguards of immunity' they have laid around themselves and their organisations, and use that accountability to transfer ALL their wealth back to the people so that they can never do this again.

My Christmas 2020 wish was for contrition to find a home, to descend on the hearts of the Ebenezer Scrooges of the world. To give the beating heart of humanity a chance to ascend into Love, Joy and Peace, together.

But that may be a long shot and it may be that we have to get comfortable with feeling angry to find out which steps we should personally take rather than relying on sustained repetitive doses of internal hopium. When we begin to wake up from our naive and gullible slumber and come to see, in the clear light of day, who the real enemy is and that they have indeed been playing us for fools, don't be surprised to see that anger does indeed rise. We need to learn how to handle it so we don't go into rampant destruction mode. That would likely play right into their hands and martial law would not be far away.

Let everything happen to you

Beauty and terror

Just keep going

No feeling is final.

Rainer Maria Rilke

Chapter 15

Fire & Brimstone

Boiling Over With Anger

The Roaring 20's.

The 2020's.

*Have you noticed we are becoming
more like
hungry lions roaring at each other,
than human beings?*

I think anger is the emotion that outwardly creates the most obvious problems for us. Rage fomented violence in all its levels leading to every imaginable form of abuse and destruction. So, in line with that, we think we need to control this emotion the most. We seem to be particularly good at that in the west. Although I have to wonder if it's just the stiff upper lip of the English that we are all learning to get over? Of course, you have to remember that I'm a Scot, so there could be a wee bit of a dig there.

Anger is definitely the emotion we are the most likely to launch out with, the one we are most openly willing to use on anyone, and everyone, who gets in the way with us getting what we think we want.

You could say we have a love hate relationship with anger. Scared of its impacts but happy to abuse people with it, at the drop of a hat.

It's pretty obvious that anger is the emotion with the most destructive potential that we have. Misinterpreting it and overusing it, is indeed murderous. Denying it in ourselves leads to us to being murdered, slowly, from the inside at first, as we find we are no longer willing to take a stand for ourselves, the things we love, for life and love itself.

It's a pretty easy one to manipulate us into. And if we have not personally experienced it we can still all imagine how whipping up an angry mob or populace can have catastrophic consequences.

It's also the emotion which is more internally malleable. Guilt, fear and grief root us to the spot. Like a possum caught in a spotlight we await our fate, riveted in place, unable to

run till it's too late. Whereas with anger we are at least in some form of movement already. So it can be an easier one to learn to apply helpful guiding principles to, to affect the direction of that movement.

A workable analogy for me is a yacht under sail. When the sail is not controlled it will flap wildly and ineffectively in the wind of a storm. Without control in our sail we are at the mercy of where the waves and the tide take us. With no control in the sail, in an onshore wind, getting dashed on the rocks is only a function of time. But when we take control of the sail we can go where we want to go, escape the danger of the shore, ride the storm out or head into calmer waters in the lee of the land.

Just so, uncontrolled anger can send not just individuals onto the rocks but whole populations and societies. Whereas truly felt and appropriately expressed anger can get us as individuals and whole societies to wonderful places that we hardly dare to imagine.

That's one reason I believe Abraham's ladder of emotion lists anger close to the top of the emotional rungs, where we find more power to act.

The more you find yourself on either extreme - always being angry or never being angry, in the sense of continually feeding anger or continually avoiding it, it's fair to say we have a challenge with anger.

The final bit I'd like to highlight about anger is that it's the emotion where we can more easily spot whether that anger arises from the small m mind or from the big M Mind.

A key to being able to witness that is being willing to see our defensiveness in action. That underneath our willingness to lash out in anger through thought, word or deed, is a feeling of needing to defend ourselves.

*If I defend myself I am attacked.
Who would defend themselves
unless they thought they were attacked,
that the attack were real,
and that their own defense could save themselves?
And herein lies the folly of defense;
it gives illusions full reality,
and then attempts to handle them as real.
It adds illusions to illusions,
thus making correction doubly difficult.
And it is this you do
when you attempt to plan the future,
activate the past,
or organize the present as you wish.*

The latter part of that quote is an in your face confrontation to all our fixations on future planning, resurrecting the past in our own minds as being anything meaningful about us, or in trying to manipulate people, situations and things in the present to get what you believe you want. I'd recommend we learn to contemplate this deeply in any and every present moment situation we find ourselves being angry about and starting to make defensive and attack plans around.

But the main piece I wanted to bring your attention to is the connection between feeling defensive and wanting to attack. This is a big key in learning to identify anger arising from the small m mind. In our intimate relationships we will get to deal with it a lot. Feeling defensive and lashing out can happen with monotonous regularity until we awake to our inner games. Once we can see it though, we are back in the real game. The game of forever coming back to choosing to align with the One Mind and break our allegiance with our small m mind. To take a breath and settle into an inner sense of innocent invulnerability that doesn't need defending and therefore the need for retaliatory attack dissipates, or simply is not there. When that happens we can more clearly see the situation as it is and address it from that broader point of view.

That's where becoming aware of our own sense of defensiveness becomes a serious tool in coming to accept and work with our anger and the way we experience and express it.

In the heat of anger, when I recognise I am being defensive to some *precious* sense of myself or some belief I hold *precious*, that moment of recognition gives me the breathing space to be open to see the bigger picture and drop off the ladder of emotion into the Love, Joy & Peace behind the curtain. That way I can see the attack I am about to launch and choose to take my finger off of the button.

If the missile is already on its way, meaning I am in mid sentence, I can back off, change the direction of the missile and disarm it.

If it's already landed, before I wake up, I can hopefully go in and fully engage with the repair and reconciliation process. Admitting I was wrong, letting them know what is going on inside me, when I can, and being vulnerable to the other person's choice to forgive me or not. Plus being willing to embrace the Love, Joy & Peace inside me no matter what they do, or don't do, in response to my attack.

If you're like me though, I have some words of warning.

Learning to handle feeling angry

Anger is a challenge for me, as I believe it is for the majority of westerners. Through childhood and young adulthood I'd learnt to sublimate it as much as I could. Not to the point of not feeling it, as some seem able to do. For those who say they have never felt anger, my experience is that anger can be buried deep under a mountain of fear, guilt and humiliation. Annoyance, mild irritation - is anger in my book. Some people would like to

kid themselves that it's different but it's not. As ACIM teaches there are no gradations, they are all equally disturbing to our peace of mind.

To learn to allow ourselves to feel all our feelings, and to learn how to express them in ways that serve to wake up both ourselves and others, I believe is a huge and important part of our personal journeys of merging our humanity with our divinity.

I've felt anger easily and clearly enough but being lost in it to the point of having launched a physical attack where I have hit or slapped people has only happened with three people in my lifetime and I remember each of them. Acutely. To this day, they weigh on my conscience, which helps me make different decisions today, when I feel attacked and defensive and am tempted to launch a counter attack.

Counter attacks I think we can all appreciate can be mental, emotional or physical. Hurtful barbed comments, emotional withdrawal or direct physical force are all examples of a defensive counter attack. It's important to recognise the attack in all of these and how you succumb to it.

My general tendency with anger has been to withdraw from conflict. Pacifism has always seemed second nature to me. I imagine Jordan Peterson would place me firmly in the overly developed streak towards agreeableness camp.

The first time it showed up in a major way was in a playground conflict when I was 5 or 6. We were in the middle of a battle between the cowboys and the Indians out on the grass in front of the school on a fine summers day. It was great fun until one of the boys in my class thrust a home made wooden dagger into my eye. Luckily it missed my eye but pierced the skin of my eyelid as it slid underneath my eyeball while travelling into the orbital cavity. I was not impressed. Play fight's weren't meant to be that real! You weren't supposed to bring real weapons along. And use them!

A trip to the hospital confirmed there was nothing to worry about in terms of the eye and vision but a day or two later two of my friends decided to form a posse and take justice into their own hands. After some confrontation they each took an arm of the offender and stretched him out, exhorting me to punch him. As much as I was annoyed at him for wounding me there was no way I was going to punch him. I could see how traumatised he was by my friends holding him out for me to wallop. He was screaming and yelling like a distraught animal caught in a trap. I felt deeply for him and got my two friends to stand down and let him go.

Some time later I was walking along a lane past his place. I hadn't known where he lived but there he was on an upstairs balcony at the back of a courtyard, with an axe. When he saw me he launched himself to the edge of the railing and with a mighty scream, heaved that axe in my direction. Luckily I was out of range. Whatever was going on for him, or me, or us, it was something I never found out.

The real choice for pacifism though came when I was in second year medical school. 1974. We were invited to be part of the NZ Army Medical Corps. Some of my classmates got very enthusiastic about it. After all you were immediately at the rank of Lieutenant and you didn't even have to cut your hair. Hey, what could be better than that;)? Along with

that you got to fly in helicopters during training and learn how to fire a gun. Fun, fun, fun.

The choice of whether I would join or not felt like a deep decision making process for me to be part of the war machine or not. So much so that I even remember the exact physical spot I was in, I was on my way home from Med School, I'd turned from Union St into Clyde street and was walking behind Unicol, where I'd spent my first year, towards our flat at 134 St David St, when I decided not to be part of that process. For me it felt like a defining moment. A world without aggression and the corresponding need for defence seems like an idealistic pipe dream but it's one I'd love to see come about. The amount of money and resources that would make available for helping humanity would be staggering.

For me, anger has never been a generalised background emotional theme in my life like it seems to be for some. Love, joy and peace has tended to be the predominant currents in my life even before making it a conscious focus.

Although, that doesn't mean to say that anger at times wasn't controlling me from within. It took me a long while to admit my angry feelings to others. I hated the feeling of being so wound up inside that I couldn't think straight. So I'd tend to move away, go for a walk, try to sort my feelings out, so that I could come back with a more level head. Not being good with confrontation and anger meant I had to deal with it internally. Useful in some circumstances but certainly not in every one.

I consciously began my journey of learning how to handle and express anger in safe, appropriate ways in my twenties and thirties when I was participating in, organising and leading events in the self realisation movement.

To facilitate this I've tried yelling into pillows, yelling out loud, hitting something in a way it wouldn't damage me or the thing I was hitting. Sometimes I'd break things. It didn't take too many times of breaking things to realise I needed to break things that I didn't mind breaking, in fact would be very happy to break, and in a way that the clean up was easy. Breaking something you loved or having to clean up the mess, is after all a good way to remind yourself that it was wrong to feel angry and express it like that in the first place and just proves how guilty a schmuck you are. Doing things that make you feel ashamed of an angry outburst can be another way to direct the anger inwards. Instead of accepting the truth of what the anger was trying to teach you.

It felt like it took me longer than it needed to learn that the best thing I could do when I was angry was simply to feel it, let myself acknowledge the feeling, accept all of it, the rage and the false sense of invincibility through to the painful vulnerability and the defensiveness, so that I could share what I was feeling with another and learn what I needed to from it.

A pivotal part of the process for me was when Sally and I experienced conflict and I would take myself off to sort my feelings out, thinking that was the best way to deal with things. This might have worked with some partners but with Sally this only ended in her becoming more upset. It was in seeing that my shutting down or moving away, cut deeper and hurt her more acutely than staying and sharing what was going on for me, that encouraged me to stay and open up with what was going on inside of me. Acknowledging

I was feeling angry to someone I loved, about something that was happening between us, was a very scary thing for me. Above all else I didn't want to do anything that would tear us apart. I imagine that fear of being cast out into the cold keeps many of us away from the heat of our own fury in relationship.

As I've said before, it was while reading How To Talk So Kids Will Listen And How To Listen So Kids Will Talk by Adele Faber and Elaine Mazlish, that I learnt I could catch myself before I either shut the feeling down, stormed off, exploded, or vomited blame at someone else and simply say:

I'm feeling angry.

What a revelation that was.

It's a staggeringly simple process that doesn't need to take people a lifetime, or multiple lifetimes, to learn. Like all feelings though, feeling and expressing them appropriately is not a one stop shop and is still very much a work in progress for me.

The question for all of us is; can we allow the violence of our feelings to surface and learn to simply feel that without doing anything with the feeling other than learning to accept them, feel them and the deep powerful undercurrents that are driving them, and to express them appropriately, without allowing that violence to spill over into our behaviour? Or will we allow our fear of those feelings, or the guilt of feeling that way, to hold us at bay, never allowing ourselves to speak up and out?

In that sense fear and anger are never the problem.

It's our relationship to fear and anger that cause us problems.

We each have an individual journey with this that will be uniquely nuanced with each feeling and situation we find ourselves in. All I can deal with here are general principles to help you get on a different path if you have an internally or externally destructive relationship with anger.

So, how are you with anger? On a continuum of hiding away from it, to revelling in it, where do you tend to sit? Is it easy for you to know when you're feeling angry or do you feel all sorts of 'funny feelings' that you just can't quite put a name to? Do you even want to put a name to it? Specifically 'that' name? You might be seriously reluctant to admit that you are feeling angry, like I was. If you admitted to feeling angry what would that mean for you? If your general M.O. sides with the two previous emotions, guilt and fear, you might have a real hard time acknowledging and accepting that you're feeling angry. But if we are to move on and to learn what the feeling of anger is trying to make us aware of and to grow along with it, accept it we must.

Try it out yourself, do it as an N=1 exploration. Next time you're feeling angry or feeling like you feel when you feel angry, catch yourself before you do what you usually do, whether it be to run to fear and guilt to be safe, or to launch into full attack mode, and acknowledge, at least to yourself, that you're simply feeling angry. Practice letting it be ok to feel the level of anger that you feel without getting caught up in the current that wants you to run away from it or to fight the assumed cause of it.

You might need to hold yourself to some kind of internal agreement that you will share how you feel in 'I' statements and catch yourself when you are tempted to shift into blame, which is easily spotted because you will want to start with 'you' statements, like; 'You said this,..... You did this....You didn't do.... You always.... You never....'.

The task is to simply stand with the feelings present and share with someone - "*I'm feeling angry*". Follow it with "*What I want is.....*". If you go straight to blame, admit it: "*I want to blame you but I'm not going to let myself fall for that because I want to learn to take responsibility for this feeling. What I really want in this situation is.....*" Keep going through the layers, taking ownership for the feeling at each level, until you find that much needed clarity, peace and direction that you are really looking for. When it arrives it will be unmistakable.

Hopefully you are blessed with the presence of a close other that you can do this with. Sharing the depth of our feelings involves a level of intimacy that is not always present at work or in casual acquaintance. But you have to start wherever you are and the principles are the same whether it's a family member or someone you are just meeting. Even someone online.

Leveraging Social Media To Improve Your Emotional Life

In the apparent absence of a critical national and international press, social media can be a useful source of real information as well as some horrendously unreal information. And it can so easily be misused as a form of non sexual sadomasochism if you allow it. Who wouldn't say that the world seems to be getting pretty crazy? Hungry lions roaring at each other is ever present in social media.

However, social media can also be looked on as a 'protected' bubble which can allow us to see the undercurrents of our minds and how our emotional tides can be turned.

I'm not sure why people should feel similarly able to express their rage online as they do in a car. We know we have a Jekyll and Hyde personality problem when we wouldn't say boo to a goose outside of a car but within one, we turn into a raving maniacal monster out to right the worlds wrongs and floridly berate and wildly gesticulate at any other driver we deem to be errant in their behaviour.

Our Jekyll & Hyde problem also shows up online in the peculiar virtual reality of the internet that exists today. People say things to strangers and friends that they generally wouldn't dare say to them in person. It's almost as if they feel they have license to say whatever comes to the top of their heads.

Why is that?

Is it because, if they are typing to people they don't know personally, that a level of impersonalisation enables them to launch a vicious keyboard attack?

Is it because time is short and they can't be bothered taking the time to think before they type?

Is it because we feel so overwhelmed with life that we are willing to shoot from the keyboard more readily than the hip or the lip?

Is it because there isn't the imminent danger of having that smile wiped off their face with a vicious physical response?

Is it because they have fallen victim to what I call the CCT ideology? CCT meaning Cancel Culture Terrorism. CCT aficionados seem to have forgotten that human beings have feelings

Did you learn the sticks and stones may break my bones but names will never hurt me rhyme as a child? I was taught that as a kid. We all used to yell it at each other and our youthful aggressors to remind the nasty folk that words wouldn't hurt me. As strongly as we yelled it out, or spoke it fervently to ourselves, we knew it was just crap. Those words really stung. A friend of mine wrote a poem about that:

*Sticks and stones
Did break my bones
But they healed up
Quite neatly*

*But words did break
My mind and heart
And hurt me
Far more deeply.*

David Colister

If we are to grow past that hurt though we need to realise it's our responsibility. We'll never be able to eliminate it from society nor should we ever think of legislating that people can't speak their minds. But we can learn to recognise which mind they are speaking from, find comfort in the One Mind to Free Us All and learn to call others out who are still lost in their own small minds.

Primarily I posit that cancel culture and yelling at each other through the keyboard are good indicators that we really don't know how to deal with emotion. When we are triggered by people we are talking with and they are physically present most people bite their lip and zip their mouths so nothing untoward happens. Or at least seriously tame down their verbal banter so they can walk away safely. i.e. we are either afraid of being physically beaten or emotionally cut off.

Unless, of course, you're a politician in parliament. Listening to them go at each other is a sure indication that the bullies of our kindergarten sandpits are still alive and well and

have finally found each other so they can continue the battle for their turf. I know that is a rank generalisation but if you've ever listened to parliament, the abuse and catcalling is sickening. And these are our so called leaders? If that's leading by example then, no thanks. If ever there was a need for a group of people to model good communication behaviour parliament, those that are voted to govern, would be a good place to start.

But because of that inability to deal with our feelings, when we are emotionally triggered by people's posts and comments online, the gloves are suddenly off. Without the fear of being smacked in the face or whacked around the ears and told to grow up, we suddenly lose perspective and our small m minds run riot with the keyboard.

When it's looked at from that perspective, social media can be used as a tool to help us all get more conscious of our thoughts and feelings and how best to communicate them. You could view it as an infinitely forever available, almost instant feedback device to let us know how we are going in relationship with our emotions and what we want to see happen in the world.

Like the process of writing down our thoughts on a blank piece of paper to become more conscious of WTF we are actually thinking, we can think of reading what we are writing, as we are about to comment, as one step to getting it out in the open so we can see our small m mind in action and learn to witness it and to think instead with a different M Mind.

It's an opportunity to learn to take a breath when we are triggered. Take some time to be with yourself, your thoughts and feelings before responding. Type your response in Notes or another application if you find you are tempted to blurt and hit Send far too soon.

Before typing or sending take as much time as you need to get clear about what you want to see, and who you want to be, in the world and how open you are to learning deeper truths about yourself, others and life. You may even need to sleep on it before you clarify how you would like to respond.

It's about asking ourselves, in any online interaction we find ourselves in, do we need to be vulnerable and learn something through this conversation? Or do we need to be strong and make a stand to a bullying onslaught, without turning into a bully ourselves? Essentially it comes down to which mMind am I dealing with right now and which one do I choose to represent?

In offline relationships, if we don't see eye to eye with someone we simply tend to choose to not see them or minimise our involvement with them. For some reason, online relationships are stickier. Your 'friends' may seem to think it is their duty to 'correct' you over every thing you say, that they have a different opinion about. More often than not, they are not willing to enter a real discussion but they just seem to take pleasure in having another opportunity to berate someone. Or maybe someone else has said 'it' first and now they get to join the gang of rabid dogs out for the kill.

I found when I was getting sucked into a tit for tat mentality that, if I continued to be tempted to comment on people's posts who in the past showed we are on different ends of the spectrum and they have responded with insults and abuse, that it was best to simply hide their posts from my feed and keep them as a friend.

For me, that move was about taking responsibility for what triggered me and helping myself choose not to engage. Particularly useful if someone was fixed on their own point of view, where there was shown to be no openness to discussion. When that was clear to me, it was also clear that there was no need for me to jump in as 'saviour'. They are entitled to their own opinion as am I. I just don't have to see their opinion if I don't choose to. And not seeing their every post helps me to keep me out of my own saviour complex.

Wanting to 'save the world' is a common human emotion. Sometimes it can be difficult to admit that what the world needs saving from, is ourselves and our blind willingness to follow the promptings of our small minds whether those are initiated by ourselves or by those that would only seek to divide and conquer us by setting us at each others throats, like Pavlovian attack dogs.

This doesn't stop me from happily posting my views on my own pages though. I see it as my duty to pass on what I believe I know to be true. To help enlighten others is something we all want to do. The challenge is in truly knowing what we are talking about and part of that journey is the willingness to admit it when we are wrong. Being 'right' seems to be a common addiction. Anger can so easily take that flavour. Instead we need to get comfortable with the possibility that we may indeed be wrong. One part of that is allowing ourselves to feel the vulnerability that comes from being wrong. In the process of learning this, it's good to remember that:

*Until we can admit we are wrong
we will never
get it
right.*

I said before that anger as a feeling is more malleable than fear or guilt. Because of that I see anger not only as one that can be easy to spot and to work with to get to a better resolution with, but I also see it as an easy emotion to manipulate us into. Along with the manipulation that is driving a good percentage of our population into fear about things like the climate and covid, we are experiencing a storm of rage being whipped up towards the climate deniers, covid deniers, anti-vaxxers, racists, Islamophobes, and the gender phobes.

To whip up an angry crowd doesn't take much and even if we haven't experienced it personally, from all the movies we've watched and history we're read, we all at least have a sense of the furore an angry mob can kick up. Today we can see the insanity of witch hunts and the punishments of dunking women till they drown or burn them at the stake for thinking something different to what some one else thought was right, but sadly witch hunts are still there, they have just morphed into whatever has become currently popular to be afraid of and enraged at.

Whipping up our fear of a virus and directing our fury at all those “anti-vaxxers”, that are making life “more dangerous for everyone” would seem to be child’s play to those behind the curtain. A part of our population is already clamouring to limit the pestilence filled unvaccinated’s access to all the goodies in life’s store. The arguments are already coming out in the media that if you won’t get ‘shot’ even though it’s ‘safe and effective’ then you shouldn’t be able to work or see anyone. If you can’t see that for the fear engendered manipulation that it is, may I suggest you think about it a bit more. Think about those witches burned at the stake in years gone by and take a moment to reflect on the insanity that might be prevailing today.

Another common way to get your blood boiling over is by helping you fester your grievances for all the hurts and disappointments you’ve felt in your life that you can then direct your blame at someone else for.

Separated into tribes by manufactured ideology we are good click bait for deeper agenda’s. Getting locked into tribal thinking we forget our common humanity. If there are people wanting to rule the world, and we can acknowledge that 'divide and conquer' has always been a successful strategy, then that should at least get us to pause before hitting the Send button to nuke a ‘friend’, when it may be that the real enemy is behind the scenes, pulling both our strings. We need to learn to rise above and allow ourselves to witness and to accept those feelings rather than to give into them in the heat of the moment. Use them to become more conscious, not less conscious, of which mMind you are currently dwelling in.

It takes courage to stand as we are in the public eye. To handle it well and not slink away, or turn into a jack ass ourselves. It takes an ever expanding awareness of the One Mind To Free Us All and how it wants to express through us.

In order to see eye to eye you've first got to see I-to-I. One of us needs to step into the Big M Mind I and if it's not the other that is stepping up, then it's up to us to be the one to take that step.

The key is to stay with how you are feeling. If you hear blame wanting to flow from your fingertips or out of your mouth, that is not staying with how you are feeling. That’s blaming someone else for how you are feeling. As I’ve said you’re not going to be able to take responsibility for the feeling, and what it is trying to teach you, if you are blaming someone else for it. If you can hear yourself blaming or wanting to blame someone, learn to recognise this as another pointer to relax below the blame to what you are feeling underneath.

If we find ourselves attacking someone it’s a sure sign that we have gone into defence mode. Attacking can take all forms from mild irritation and frustration, to solid rage and fury, along to complete fission reactions. And yes, blame is included in that spectrum at several levels. I support the ACIM premise that as much as there are gradations of the same feeling, they are all equally disruptive to our experience of Love, Joy & Peace, no matter how apparently minuscule that feeling might feel.

Meaning that we’d better take them all with the same level of seriousness. It’s obviously easier to deal with them while they are still at mosquito annoyance level before they escalate to a nuclear holocaust. The aim being to get a handle on our feelings of anger before they blow up in our faces and have us doing insane things like burning our family

as I read the former Warrior team member, Rowan Baxter, did while I was working on this section earlier. But sadly that is not always possible and is probably the main reason we are, more often than not, afraid to really feel our anger.

Attack is about vulnerability and blame. The person launching the attack is in the throes of blaming someone for how vulnerable they themselves are feeling. We need to learn how to feel vulnerable without the knee jerk reaction into blame. Blame being the perfect way to pin the tail on the wrong donkey and avoid taking responsibility for the feeling.

*Anger and Blame,
Smell the Same.*

Learning to spot blame in our own thoughts, feelings and communications is another useful tool to help us wake up and to identify the small m mind at play and give us an opportunity to dive deeper within ourselves. When you hear yourself blaming someone or something, or delivering an ad hominem attack, commit to take a moment and to apply an N=1 experiment to this. Whenever you catch yourself blaming someone. Stop. Take a breath....

Make way for Love, which you did not create, but which you can extend. On earth this means forgive your brothers and sisters, that the darkness may be lifted from your mind.

ACIM Text. God's Witnesses p 568

How can you feel what you're feeling when you're blaming someone else for those feelings? Well that's the point of blame.

When you are angry, is it not because someone has failed to fill the function you allotted him?

And does this not become the 'reason' your attack is justified?

ACIM Text Dream Roles p.569

Ask yourself, what is really going on with me? Remind yourself that something is important to me here otherwise you wouldn't be feeling that urge to blame. The strength of that feeling lets us know that there's something really important happening here. Ask yourself what are you missing that you're distracting yourself from by blaming this person in front of you for how you feel?

Rather than wanting to blame someone else to justify our attack, or blame ourselves which will drive us straight into our default of guilt, we need to learn to allow ourselves to acknowledge the vulnerability under the rage and blame. And that we don't have to do anything about that feeling. We won't crumble into a pile of dust, if we simply feel it. Allowing ourselves to feel our sense of vulnerability is the first step to going beyond the

anger to drop into the deeper sense of invulnerability underneath. That sense of invulnerability, that we will be ok or be able to deal with whatever the consequences are, is the best position, probably the only position, to draw a line in the sand and to take a stand from.

From that acceptance and ownership of our vulnerability and the invulnerability underneath it all, comes the ability to embrace and express our anger safely and to let go of the default of blame. As the need to defend disappears, responsibility then comes to be our default position as we use the flow of feelings to bring clarity to our minds about what it is that we really want in whatever situation we find ourselves in.

We need to apply this in reverse when blame is being directed at us. Learn to not take it personally when a friend or loved one is lost in their own angst and is feeling vulnerable about something. Acknowledge their feelings and their right to feel that way at the same time as acknowledging your deep innocence and invulnerability to yourself. Have that conversation: *Oh, you're feeling angry. I'm sorry you feel that way. What's going on?* Keep with it till you help them get to the truth of what's going on for them. If you have made a mistake or done something that truly would annoy someone, apologise and sort it out. If you haven't and it's all in their mind then hopefully you can continue that conversation so that love, peace and joy will return and deepen between you.

Blame As A Manipulation

Then there is the cold hearted use of blame where no resolution is being sought. Have you noticed that it seems a common tactic for an enemy to blame their enemy for doing things that they are doing? Like Chinese diplomats blaming Taiwanese ones for being aggressive to them when it was likely the other way around.

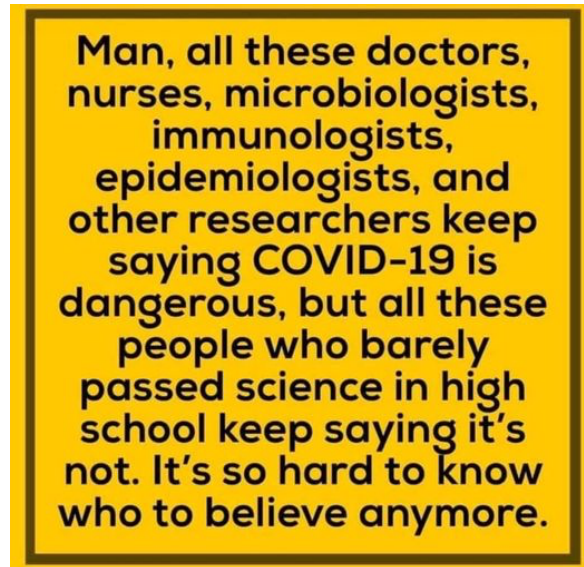
The CCP isn't the only government that does that though. Look out for how your government is beginning to blame its own citizens for things that it is doing. Like calling people anti science when they themselves aren't following the science. Or when people immersed in CRT make patently obvious racist statements. Hopefully you can also spot this when someone is blamed for being an Islamophobe by someone who hates the West. Or how about being called a climate change denier by those who are terrified that if they don't get the world and all the people in it to see that we are 'catastrophically warming' the planet that we will all be toast? Pun intended.

The most common one these days is being labelled a conspiracy theorist. That term has progressed from its initial use by the CIA to distract the public from digging too deeply into who exactly shot JFK. Now it's anyone who wants to question the current global government narrative that we are facing the greatest existential threat ever and that we all need to shut up and get 'vaccinated' or we'll all die. If you are caught up in this remember that we are all in the same boat in the sense that we are all feeling vulnerable for ourselves and our families and loved ones.

For those believing in the government narrative the fear is that the virus is deadly and vaccination is the only path ahead. A narrative that is rapidly failing as we hear that vaccination doesn't stop you getting it or transmitting it. That actually goes everything that a vaccination is supposed to do.

For those believing that the government is spinning a narrative to create fear and make people willing to accept and call for mandates for an experimental genetic therapy, their fear is that our governments aren't following the actual science but are following the corporate science which at best are on a drive to maximise profits for the drug industry and at worst are engaged in some form of genocide and population control.

We can see this playing out at the moment with snide jokes like this.



But the reality is that you can't tell The Whole Truth by only telling half the story. And the other half that isn't being told is from doctors, nurses, microbiologists, immunologists, epidemiologists and other researchers. Like in these two recent symposia and summits. <https://rumble.com/vkmpfy-doctors-for-covid-ethics-symposium-session-1-the-false-pandemic.html>
<https://americasfrontlinedoctors.org/videos/white-coat-summit-the-one-year-anniversary/>

So until we get to the bottom of this and get to the actual truth of what is happening, if you catch yourself blaming the unvaccinated, take a breath, ask some questions, get to the bottom of this. When you drop out of your sense of vulnerability to the deeper injustice that's going on, face the deeper fears, take a hold on the real reason for fury. Don't blame the unvaccinated. Point the finger where it belongs at the people that locked you down changed their minds all the time about masks, travel etc. They are not following the science. They are following the directives of their masters from beyond the WHO and the UN who are determined to collapse our economies and bring us all under one government. This is not being done to serve us but to place us in servitude to those who believe they are better than the great unwashed.

Be Patient With the Patient

That's a play on words with the verb, to be patient, and the noun, the patient. In one sense we all have some level of sickness in relation to having a healthy relationship with our emotions and are in desperate need of healing.

It takes time and practice in all sorts of emotional milieus to handle blame, both online and offline, from within you and towards you, to make that shift. In the meantime we need to be gentle with ourselves and others, You could say:

Our feelings need a lot of loving.

Matt Kahn

We so much want to change our feelings because of how uncomfortable we feel with them. As someone once said: *I don't like fear. It's scary.* or *I don't like feeling angry. It makes me mad.* When what we need to do is love and accept our feelings for what they are and what they are teaching us.

The path you take with expressing them will to a degree, be flavoured by where you currently sit on the introverted - extroverted spectrum.

In an overly simplistic but imminently practical perspective, introverts need time to clarify internally what they feel and think, and they need care and attention to help them learn to express their emotion. It can be a longer process for them to internally 'hear' what is going on for them. If you tend to introversion, give yourself the time to commune with yourself. Ask for that time before making any commitments or promises. A simple *I need time to ponder that before I can get back to you on it*, is all you need. If you're an extrovert you'll need to learn to respect that need of an introvert and give them that time.

That can be easy to do on social media. Simply hold back from responding and commenting until you work through what's going on for you and get to a position of love, joy and peace with what you are writing before you hit send.

Extroverts need to listen to how they themselves are expressing, it's as if their thinking and feeling is happening out loud. If this is you, learn to listen to your own expression from a witness state that enables you to 'see' what you're thinking and feeling and adjust midstream through that process. If you're an introvert you'll need to learn to bring an extroverts attention back to their own expression of thought and feeling. Repeating back to them what they said, as a way of clarifying you understand them, can be really helpful here. And, importantly, to not take anything they're saying as necessarily meaning they are committed to what they are saying. They are simply speaking off the top of their heads and what they're thinking in the moment might change with input from you or from them thinking about what they just said. It's helpful for an introvert to realise that an extrovert is just thinking out loud all the thoughts that an introvert will go through internally before ever attempting to utter them.

Religious Flavours

Religions vary in how they encourage certain emotion and discourage others. I see that as our great religions attempts to develop structures to help us deal with the savagery often initiated from our emotions, teaching us how to deal with them or how to give them expression.

You may already have picked up that many spiritual teachings have a lot of judgement on anger.

Anger is poisoning you because you have no control over your mind.

Sadhguru

What if it's not anger that is poisoning us but our relationship with anger? What if our relationship with anger is infantile because we have not spent enough time with anger to be aware of what it is for us, it's nuances, its life supporting properties and its weaknesses? In the West children are generally stomped on when they are angry. Unless the parent or adult has learned, or is learning, to be comfortable with their own anger, teaching a child how to experience and express it, is completely beyond them. In that sense we are all to various degrees lost back at whatever point in childhood we didn't learn to express what we were feeling inside in an appropriate and safe way.

The glaring difference between the God of the Old Testament and the God of the New Testament for me is the shift from a God that seemed continuously filled with 'righteous rage' to one who welcomed the prodigal son home with the open arms of infinite forgiveness. What happened there? Did God grow up or something?

Certainly our perception of God seems to have taken a major turn. Maybe, at that point, we as humanity had reached a point where we were willing to contemplate our innocence and deservedness? To some degree the Christian church has followed that through and Western nations are more accepting of other cultures than say Middle Eastern nations. But, along with the burning of witches and the confinement of great scientists like Galileo, the people who controlled the different arms or armies of Christianity deployed their personally limited understanding of that innocence and deservedness to those who simply believed the same. As they do to this day.

Another example for me of how Christians have trouble with anger is evidenced by how many I've heard try to apologise for Jesus getting angry with the money changers in the temple. In light of what is happening today I have to wonder if this was a moment of weakness, as some Christians see it, or if he was trying to teach us all how to express honest anger and warning us about those who seek to profit from being the ones in control of the money supply? Certainly something to think about at this poignant moment in our history.

I think it should be easy to appreciate that the process of spiritual exploration itself, whether related to a religion or not, often leads people to inadvertently flattening the

emotional rollercoaster as various emotions are either judged to be unworthy or worthy of a spiritual aspirant.

It should also be obvious to us that different religions have different perspectives on this.

Christians are taught to turn the other cheek. That anger, is part of the problem. That we need to forgive. Somehow Jesus getting mad at the money changers in the temple was indeed a moment of weakness for him in that context. The goal for many being to exemplify Jesus in their own lives by becoming the martyr on the cross that presents itself to you in your own life and, by doing that, to ensure yourself a place in heaven.

Compare this to Muslims being taught that hate is good and that hatred is something that should be nursed along in our children. That hating and killing the infidel is an honourable and sacred duty. Muslims are taught that the more infidels you kill or lead into submission, the better. The goal for many being to exemplify Mohammed in their own lives by becoming a martyr through dying in a killing spree. That way you ensure a direct path to paradise, which is where you really want to be anyway. Life here is not precious at all compared to the Christian belief that all life is precious.

Islam teaches to love Allah and his prophet and to hate everyone else who does not love Allah and his prophet. If they do not convert, then kill them or if they want to live they can turn into *dimis* so now you can tax them and live off their toil rather than your own. Slavery and servitude endemic in the process.

Islam is deceptively portrayed as a religion of peace. But how can it be a religion of peace when, in their own teaching, peace is only possible when the whole world submits? The word Islam, means exactly that. Submission. Submission to Allah and his prophet Mohammed. According to Dr. Bill Warner, 51% of their teaching is about how to deal with those that do not believe as they do. Which means that while the bulk of the teaching of Christianity and Buddhism are directed at how to become a better Christian, Buddhist or human being, the bulk of the teaching of Islam is how to subjugate, manipulate, defeat, kill or convert everyone else.

I hope you can see how those two seem to dovetail perfectly together in excruciatingly painful ways. A juxtaposition that is unlikely to turn out well.

Islam and Christianity or Islam and Buddhism or Islam and Hinduism are a bit like oil and water. Whereas mixes of Christianity, Buddhism & Hinduism can get along relatively well, as religions go, because the essential elements they are built on are more like each other. Oils mix as do waters. But not so with Islam which is determined to be the only one left standing and they will apparently use every means at their disposal as their taught, perceived and believed sacred duty. Even lying. Christians would rather die than lie and naively can't understand that others would see that differently.

Can the world survive the burgeoning power of an Old Testament religion like Islam racing like a tidal wave over the New Testament countries that are already experiencing a slackening power and a questioning of any basis of faith, power or righteousness?

I hope you can see there are major reasons that these two cultures, like oil and water, are unlikely to work well together unless there is major change. It would seem the fury of the

Muslims are perfectly matched by the self deprecating guilt of the Christians. The people of the 'Christian' nations of today have largely forgotten that the Crusades were in response to territorial invasion by Islam. Not the other way around, which is what is being extolled. The Crusades are being promoted as an invasion. Not a recovery process. And yes, I appreciate, you could go back even further to the Roman-Persian wars beginning in 54 BC, before Rome became officially Christian in 323AD. And you could also look at how Islam took over a whole bunch of tribes and territory as it grew originally.

There is a point where we need to accept that atrocities have been perpetrated by people against people since the proverbial lethal relationship between those two brothers, Cain and Able. These innumerable atrocities are not something to crumble into guilt about nor are they something to justify relentless rage over. We need to grow up about this before we use past hatreds and guilts to tear humanity apart.

What has been called Political Islam has been on the war path since Mohammed was thrown out of Mecca and went to Medina. There, in 622 AD, Mohammed thundered on the scene with his first successful beheading spree. That's when he learned how decapitation creates fear. Surprise, surprise, who would have thought? He took that back to Mecca and it was exported from there. Leading to 1300 years of actual jihad, of violent Muslim expansionism.

I remember reading in Raymond Ibrahim's *The Sword and The Scimitar* that at one point the Muslims were performing a massive pincer movement to wipe out the Christians in Europe. A manoeuvre that the Nazi Panzer Divisions used with devastating effect in the early days of WWII. The Muslims had just 1,500 kilometres, from Tours in France to Vienna in Austria, to complete the process and collapse Christianity. If they had been successful we all know what the world would look like today. Thankfully they weren't successful but even so, it still took 700 years, that's seven hundred long years, seven centuries, for the Spaniards, with help from its allies to finally drive the Muslims out of Spain and Europe. Over that time they even went as far as attacking Iceland, Eire and the UK. The first international war of the US, before it even elected its first President, was with Islam. It lasted 32 years and was initiated by Barbary pirates attacking US ships for the same reason all attack against infidels were initiated. It was a duty. The US had done nothing and were perplexed as to why the attack happened because they couldn't appreciate the fundamental premises of Political Islam.

In my mind Hitler and Mohammed seem to have about as much in common with each other as Jesus and the Buddha do. Both Hitler and Mohammed became involved in eliminating all but the pure race. Is it sadly funny or ironic that jihad and Mein Kampf essentially mean the same thing? The Struggle or My Struggle. The struggle against inner and outer enemies. The better option for both of them, and the rest of us, would have been to simply focus on their own inner struggles instead of involving everyone else in their outer ones.

You could easily say that for the last 1400 years Political Islam has been relentless. It's only buried its head since the Russian's took out the last caliphate in between the two world wars in the 20th Century. We recently saw the Taliban's attempt at resurrecting the caliphate and we know what that looked like. Who knows what we will see now that Afghanistan is back in Taliban hands? So the west has only had 100 years of relative peace with Islam in the past 1400 years. For the Jews in Israel there has been no let up. They

didn't get the relative peace of the last 100 years. The Israeli's have unfortunately been dealing with the head on brunt of it. I ask you, what does that suggest about 'the religion of peace'?

It should speak for itself and make us sit up and pay attention. No wonder we're afraid. Indeed we should be. But we should also be angry at the relentless intolerance and deceit. At least angry enough to call a spade a spade and not feel guilty about it.

We've recently had a Christchurch, NZ rugby club called The Crusaders, stop its traditional horseback mounted entry onto the rugby field because of the murderous mosque event there. I have to wonder how much of the populace really is ignorant of the fact that the Crusades was a response to the Muslim invasion of Christian lands? How easily can history be forgotten and the lessons it holds lost in the mist of a rising tide of anti white hatred where any questioning of the bringing of Political Islamic principles and Sharia Law into the west is countered by claims of Islamophobia.

Let's remind ourselves that a 'phobia' is an *irrational fear of something that is unlikely to cause us harm*. Is it not?

I see a fear of Political Islam as an entirely different thing. If someone threatens to kill you because you insult their religion or their prophet and think nothing is wrong with wanting to kill you, in fact they instead believe that it is their highest duty to kill you, could it be called a phobia if you were afraid of people that held that belief? After all they have shown that they are determined to make good on their threats. Many times over. From Medina in 622 AD to Amsterdam in 2004 with the killing of Vincent van Gogh's descendent Theo Van Gogh for his support of Ayaan Hirsi Ali, to Paris in 2015 with the killing of Charlie Hebdo followed by others, to the London Bridge killings in 2017.

We've seen enough proof that they mean what they say. They have shown that they are only too happy to take your life from you. That they indeed have no concern for life as we in the West know it. They glory in the thought of giving their life to the jihad and gaining their rewards in heaven. To be afraid of someone like that sounds like a pretty rational fear to me. Not a phobia at all. But, because of the current maligning of that fear, our relationship with free speech and expression has suffered drastically. And that's enough in itself to make any sane person angry.

The use of the word phobia in the context of Islamophobia is brought up time and time again to supposedly highlight the minority victims they say they are and the white supremacists that we are said to be. In such a way blame and anger are used against us and we are asked to grovel in contrite white guilt. If there ever was a case of the pot calling the kettle black I think this would qualify.

We'd be completely naive and gullible if we thought that the underlying intention of making the world one great Uma in praise of Allah with Mohammed as his one and only prophet, peace and blessings be upon him, was still not in the small mind of the Muslims that are steeped in Political Islam.

*When Muslims are in the minority,
they are very concerned with minority rights.*

*But when they are in the majority,
suddenly there are no minority rights.*

Unknown

Meanwhile their culture slowly infiltrates our own while we adapt ours to include theirs.

If you watch the interviews with staunch Muslims immersed in Political Islam wishing to not just be accepted in the West but to change the whole face of the West itself so that their version of peace and submission can spread over the whole globe, you can readily see that we have a problem.

Perhaps Belgium will be the tipping point in Europe? As their Muslim population nears 10% of the total population they are starting to make moves to use democracy against itself to usher in the great peace of complete world submission.

Here are some other links to elaborate the point:

<https://youtu.be/9Ly-T1BNQbw>

https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Islam_in_Belgium

https://www.europarl.europa.eu/doceo/document/E-7-2013-006746_EN.html?redirect

Just like it was in Hitler's vision that he and the National Socialists would usher in the thousand years of Third Reich peace. Or the Green Parties promoting non fossil fuel based economies on various versions of the Green New Deal, which purport that we will have peace on the planet if we cripple our economy and struggle to survive on wind and solar. Kind of curious isn't it that the NAZI party was the original alternative energy party?

Then we have Xi Jinping and the CCP with their version of peace through world domination. Or Klaus Schwab and the World Economic Forum and their Great Reset where everyone will "own nothing and be happy". Conveniently forgetting to mention the select few that will own everything, including you and me if we live to tell the tale, and be ecstatic.

But the thought of a panacea for the world's ills is not limited to socialists.

The capitalist notion that we all just need to get back to free markets to solve all our problems might work, if we could actually get back to a true free market world. But most capitalists fail to address a crucial matter. If private interests hold the control of the money supply of the world, literally the life blood of our economy, in their hands, then there are no true free markets. Until that is addressed free markets cannot claim to be free and we can never find if a true free market economy would work to create peace and prosperity or not.

My point is that all small m mind versions of universal peace are infected with one or more fatal flaws. But the One Mind To Free Us All is ever present throughout all this. Peace is available unconditionally to everyone at any moment they choose. It may not be a situation we like but still, Love, Joy and Peace are forever there waiting but our acceptance. Our task to simply do that. And if we can go on to create systems that help us

spread that Big M Love, Joy & Peace, to the whole world then Heaven on Earth may indeed be possible. This world and being human in it, is a beautiful thing. It's just the megalomaniacs that can seriously fuck it up. Particularly if too many of the masses become asses and fall under their spell. And yet our saving grace will always be that even in the midst of whatever misery has been, is, or will be, Love, Peace and Joy is always available if you choose it and the next step in your journey is always readily available if you relax into that Presence and let it share that next step with you.

It should be obvious but I'll point it out in case you haven't understood it. I am not against Islam or any Islamic teachings that focus on people become better people and finding their true relationship with their God. At the forefront of my mind are the words and poems of Rumi. Particularly this one:

*Your task is not to seek for love,
but merely to seek and find all the barriers
within yourself that you have built against it,
and embrace them.*

When we sort the wheat from the chaff of any religion we'll find the gems that help humanity merge with the Divinity within each of us.

Embracing all the guilts, fears, angers and any other feelings that we have walled ourselves up with, against Love, Peace & Joy, is what this book is about. And through that embrace to dissolve them as our own creation that never had any real impact on reality but only on our perception of it.

In that way the teachings of all great religions that help us to discover the true nature of Self are all unified. We must lay down this mistaken pronouncement that "God/Allah is on MY side" and respect that God/Allah, if there is One Supreme Being, is on ALL sides. And, if we are to preserve the best of all those teachings we may need to learn to draw the line before Political Islam overwhelms our societies through the very vehicle that we have thought to be one the best things about them. Democracy.

Interestingly it brings up the key issue with democracy that Socrates tried in vain to point out:

In the dialogues of Plato, the founding father of Greek Philosophy – Socrates – is portrayed as hugely pessimistic about the whole business of democracy. In Book Six of The Republic, Plato describes Socrates falling into conversation with a character called Adeimantus and trying to get him to see the flaws of democracy by comparing a society to a ship. If you were heading out on a journey by sea, asks Socrates, who would you ideally want deciding who was in charge of the vessel? Just anyone or people educated in the rules and demands of seafaring? The latter of course, says

Adeimantus, so why then, responds Socrates, do we keep thinking that any old person should be fit to judge who should be a ruler of a country? Socrates's point is that voting in an election is a skill, not a random intuition. And like any skill, it needs to be taught systematically to people. Letting the citizenry vote without an education is as irresponsible as putting them in charge of a trireme sailing to Samos in a storm.

Socrates was to have first hand, catastrophic experience of the foolishness of voters. In 399 BC, the philosopher was put on trial on trumped up charges of corrupting the youth of Athens. A jury of 500 Athenians was invited to weigh up the case and decided by a narrow margin that the philosopher was guilty. He was put to death by hemlock in a process which is, for thinking people, every bit as tragic as Jesus's condemnation has been for Christians.

*Crucially, Socrates was not elitist in the normal sense. He didn't believe that a narrow few should only ever vote. He did, however, insist that **only those who had thought about issues rationally and deeply should be let near a vote.** We have forgotten this distinction between an intellectual democracy and a democracy by birthright (or immigration - my addition). We have given the vote to all without connecting it to that of wisdom. And Socrates knew exactly where that would lead: to a system the Greeks feared above all, demagoguery.*

We see this playing out in front of us right now as the populace votes to eviscerate their societies. Whether it be in support of errant Covid and climate science, or through the development of religious, racial and indigenous grievances. It's sadly ironic that in each and every case **only those who had thought about issues rationally and deeply** are being kept out of the public media. Our 4th estate has instead become *for the state* and only trumpets 'news' that agrees with what appears to be a deeply premeditated agenda. True rational and deep thinkers are shunned and banned to the sidelines, never to be heard from nor listened to again.

Democracy is the worst form of government.

Except for all the others.

Winston Churchill - Buckminster Fuller - Unknown

I'd like to think that Islam could change. But, like all change, it needs to happen from the inside. Like it is in each of us in our own lives, no real change happens from the outside. The outside might give us a nudge or a serious push but the change has to happen internally to be in any way meaningful. We have seen immense change happen with Christianity over the centuries. I can't say the same for Islam. But then again, I am not inside it. So there will likely have been some. But it certainly doesn't appear from the outside that it has been as profound as the changes in Christianity that we have seen in the West. The flames of Isis and the wave of beheadings and public executions that we saw in recent years would give credence to that thought. But there is room for hope.

If you haven't read about his journey, I'd recommend Majid Nawaz and his book *Radical*. Which is about his journey out of Islamic extremism after his release from an Egyptian prison for his involvement with a terrorist group. You can get a sense of where he is coming from with these quotes:

My soul warring with God. My ideas finding peace with man.

No, I needed to go further. I needed to question the very basis of the ideology itself. The idea that an interpretation of Islam must be imposed as state law now seemed to me unIslamic, counter-productive and anathema to what was fundamentally just.

This stifling, totalitarian victimhood ideology had taken the responsibility for reform away from our people, by simply finding satisfaction in blaming everyone else for our ills. My political grievances were still there, but I saw now that we no longer required Islamism in order to campaign against them. Islamism had in fact become one of the grievances that needed challenging. As I began to formulate this idea, the sheer scale of what we needed to do hit me. By now, Western governments, Muslim-majority governments, media, and hundreds of thousands of Muslim youth globally had all come to assume that Islamism was Islam. Leaving Islamism was one thing, but outrightly challenging it was another. But who better to do it than someone who knew the ideology inside out.

That's just the way I am. It's the way God built me, and despite being built for this particular disposition, I have come to believe that it is my curse, for it has caused me unimaginable misery. Perhaps only time will tell what, if anything, my vanity will produce.

...by my time the truly radical idea for the Middle East, straddling dictatorships and extremism, had become grassroots democratic activism.

Another I really enjoy is the Apostate Prophet. If you want to explore more I'd recommend his [YouTube Channel](#).

And no, I'm not against immigration or multi-cultural societies but I would suggest we take the same approach to immigrants that Babaji took for visitors to his ashram:

*If you come suspicious,
I'll give you every reason to be suspicious.
But if you come seeking love,
I'll show you more love than you've ever known.*

If people come to our shores with suspicion about our culture, with the desire to mould it into their likeness then we should have no qualms about asking them to leave, even as they arrive as I witnessed Babaji do. But if they come seeking love then we should show them more than they've ever known. Of course this presupposes that we are coming from that space and recognising and honouring it's value.

Bottomline it would seem that unless Islam changes, from the inside, it will likely continue on its seemingly relentless course aimed at creating the great peace by conquering the world and bringing us all to submission.

But I believe there are even bigger forces tugging at the fabric of society, whose tentacles have other ideas.

The Racial Divide

In New Zealand one of the biggest threats to what feels like our crumbling democracy at the moment, is the one of burgeoning indigenous sovereignty fanned on by UNDRIP, the United Nations Declaration on the Rights of Indigenous People. We recently discovered that our government has been implementing a seemingly secret agenda called He Puapua, or 'The Break'. I read that the aim was to roll it out slowly because the public are not ready for the full enchilada right now. After reading the [shortened version](#) of it, I can see why.

According to He Puapua, we are to give 50% of everything to the 15% or less of our population that is part Maori. Even ownership of the rain that falls from the sky. I find myself asking if the idea is that only tribal blood is worth recognising and the rest of their ancestry is up for denial, then why not simply give those that want to separate, 15% of the land in New Zealand to look after but take away all the benefits that the West has brought? Like anything to do with wheels, steel and animals? Given the way the tribes were treating each other, if they had been left alone on the islands of New Zealand there would probably

have only been one dominant tribe left. All the others would likely have been slaughtered, enslaved or eaten and New Zealand would look more like North Sentinal Island if Western culture hadn't arrived when it did. We deny the benefits of the 'great big melting pot' that we have been in for the past two centuries at our mutual peril.

There was an interesting juxtaposition that was highlighted in Oct and November 2019 when Beethoven's 250th birthday followed the 250th anniversary of Captain Cook's arrival on Nieuw Zeeland's shores (it had already been named that by the Dutch explorer Abel Tasman nearly a century earlier). It's plain to see that on one hand there was much delight and celebration in the combining of Maori and Pakeha culture expressed in Beethoven's Ode To Joy being performed in Te Reo Maori but there was also much resistance to wanting to celebrate the arrival of Captain Cook's Endeavour. We lose the ability to honour both cultures when we don't recognise that without his landing we wouldn't have had the opportunity to enjoy the combination of both of them. Surely we can be grown up enough to celebrate that union?

There's an interesting documentary series put together by Gabi Plumm. In there it looks at the historical evidence of earlier settlements to the various canoes that came over and merged into what are now called Maori. Even the word 'maori', I understand just meant ordinary people, as opposed to Chiefly or Royal. So, early on, the word 'maori' referred to ordinary maori and pakeha alike. In Gabi's series she elaborated, amongst other things, on the what looks like Celtic stone findings around New Zealand and the moratorium that was placed on these findings that run into the 2060's. Swept *Under The Carpet* as her title says. I have to wonder why put a moratorium on that? Could it possibly be that, if it was proven to be true, it would veto the existing claim of those who currently claim they are the tangata whenua, or original inhabitants? So then, the ones that are deceiving the public about the meaning of the Treaty Of Waitangi would have even less of a foothold on that narrative? Could my ancestors actually be earlier tangata whenua and the "Maori" got rid of them? That would be an interesting twist wouldn't it? It would be ironic if the inhabitants that were here before the early tribal craft came were indeed Celtic ancestors of mine.

Grievances

Give a man a grudge and you've given him a friend for life.

Unknown

The grievance industry has been growing in the past decades. We need to look squarely at why? And to consider who is behind it? To understand if race hate is being fuelled from TPTB? And to ultimately ask if it is likely to strengthen the bonds of humanity and togetherness or instead tear down the structures we have created, and build more walls between us?

Like the devil that revels in the idea of burning in hell forever, the grievance industry's job seems to be to fester a wound rather than heal it. And, from what I can see, that creates

more division as well as perpetuates and further expands grievances rather than heals them.

We need to deeply think about grievances in light of what they do to separate us from our source and from each other.

My grievances hide the light of the world in me.

ACIM Wb. L.69

In our schools children are being taught to hate being white. We seem to have forgotten that it was the whites that abolished slavery at the cost to the British people of 40% of the total annual expenditure of the UK Government of the time, in 1835. It wasn't until 2015, 180 years later that the debt was paid off. And then there were all those whites who fought and died in the American Civil War to free the black slaves. Is anyone remembering them? Did their sacrifice mean nothing?

No one is exempt from past cruelty but we need to acknowledge the steps we have taken to end it and on a global scale, let's not forget that has been a white movement. The Great White Shark is now a protected species but the Great White Human? Well that subspecies seems to be the object of a targeted genocide. It seems as sickeningly obvious as it is incredulous that people are falling for it. But such is the result of festered grievances.

Our children are also being taught to hate being human because of what we are doing to the planet. So that they can be further enrolled in the climate change delusion. And to even hate the sex they were born as. Don't you think we seriously need to question what our children are being taught and who is driving that mis-education?

Democrats will start treating the public like the Nazi's did the Jews because all humans are the cause of our current and potential future misery according to them.

Unknown

In one sense, if we look specifically at the bankers exposed in The Money Masters Series, you could say it is a white problem, as the bankers do seem to be predominantly white. But I rather see it as being an individual problem. It's not someone's race that makes them decide that other people need to be controlled, lied to and deceived into believing that they are the problem. That's an egotistical maniac's perspective. And they come in all colours and creeds.

It seems to me that it's just another tool in the divide and conquer toolbox of the global elites. Set up a war between two people's, slip in under cover of the furore and take over both.

We all need to watch out for how our tendencies to feel victimised and hold a grievance can be used to control us to become the patsy for another's agenda.

Hatred, revenge, what in Te Reo, the Maori language, is called 'utu', has existed in clans, tribes and races, seemingly forever. I wonder if it was part of the reason that the Scots and

the Maori got on so well in the early days in NZ? On a deep level there was a shared understanding of the process of clans or tribes and their fight against the sassenach or the pakeha and of course, each other. The victors and the victims all having their stories.

The people of Baileyville were descended from Celts, from Scots and Irish families, who could hold on to resentment until it was dried out like beef jerky, and bearing no resemblance to its original self.

Jojo Moyes - The Giver of Stars

My mum and her dad were Stuart's. So the distrust of the Campbell's and what they did to the MacDonald's, who were Stuart supporters, at Glencoe was still bitterly felt 400 years later. I certainly remember it growing up in Scotland in the 50's and 60's. Enmity goes a long way back and as much as it is often laughed off as a joke nowadays, there is a certain hard core of emotional reality that is plucked when push really comes to shove.

The truth is that shit has happened between clans, tribes, nations, peoples, political parties, religions and races. Good shit and bad shit. If we are to move on though, we do need to get over the bad and accept the good. Humanity has been blamed for being the most destructive species on the planet, the white ones especially at the moment. But humanity is also the most cooperative and creative species on the planet. We need to watch out that we don't once again fall into this trap:

*The only thing that we learn from history
is
that we learn nothing from history.*

Georg Hegel

The grievance industry feeds the monster of hate and like the misguided climate, diet and Covid 'sciences' seems to be one more tool to further decimate the economy so that the 'colonisers behind the curtains' can walk in and take over without having to get their hands dirty, or come under the threat of their own imminent annihilation when the peasants find out the truth and revolt.

This is all culminating in the Hate Speech Laws that are rolling out across the world. I made my submission to the proposals here the other day. The problem with hate speech laws, where someone can be criminalised and heavily fined or imprisoned for upsetting people is that we limit speech altogether. Everyone becomes afraid of saying anything. In fact one of the people promoting the hate speech laws in NZ said the other day that if you are afraid you might be saying the wrong thing then you better not say it. When that happens we become like the joke I just heard was made by a Russian Diplomat:

You know why we do our tonsillectomies trans rectally in Russia?

Because we are all afraid to open our mouths;).

As funny as that it, it's also dripping with pathos. A society that is that afraid to speak misses out on one of the main tools of enlightenment. Hearing what you are saying, getting a response and learning from both.

We need to take note of what happens when someone is offended by what another person says. We become upset or offended by what people say just like we become guilty, fearful or angry. It's something that happens internally. It's a response not to the words or the things that are happening 'out there' but by how we personally interpret those words and things through the filter of our own perceptions, experiences and beliefs about those things. It's us that upsets ourselves and we need to learn that, rather than making the other person responsible, we need to take responsibility for our own feelings.

When did it become a thing not to upset people or to not be upset? Was it a step in that direction when we wouldn't allow kids to feel the impact of being a 'winner' or a 'loser' and we gave them all credit for 'participation'? Some things in this world are simply upsetting. Some things you can do something about and some you can't. But we can always take responsibility for how we feel and decide what feelings are worth acting on and which are best dealt with internally. Without that upset we would never grow. When those things that are upsetting are other people expressing their opinions and we criminalise those opinions because someone feels upset by them then we run head on into the abyss of being at the effect of those people who use their upset to control others. Rather than deal with their own internal stressors they force other people to be and act differently so they won't be upset. How can that be healthy for anyone?

There's also always the danger of people that allow themselves more freedom to express anger having power over those that don't allow themselves that same freedom. Especially if there is no move to express the anger consciously and learn what is going on underneath the surface in our own psyche and to heal the situation. If anger is only expressed unconsciously, with no attempt to learn from the feeling, if there is no pushback, no questioning or calling to account then that person simply learns to become a bigger and bigger bully over time. The grievance industry, fomented by the UN, exacerbates this issue. This video about Matthew Tukaki, who has represented the UN from our own shores spells, that out for me in a nutshell and highlights the duplicity where on one hand his words are all about respect for others but his meaning is anything but.

We need to wake up to how we have been encouraged to hate and how that has evolved into the cancel culture that we see today that believes it has the right to erase what they believe is hateful.

How often have we seen tattoos on people's hands LOVE on one and HATE on the other. As if those were the only two ultimate realities in life that meant anything.

Mostly it's read as two separate words but maybe we would get more perspective when we read them as a sentence. There are two possibilities for that sentence. LOVE HATE. Or HATE LOVE.

LOVE HATE is about loving to dwell in hate. There is a certain sense of “power” when we hate something that can motivate action and help us drive ourselves and others to eliminate the source of our hate. But as so often happens, when one object of hate is eliminated the next one will pop up. Almost immediately. That process can continue, ad infinitum.

The other way to read it is to HATE LOVE. Why would someone hate love? Could it have something to do with the vulnerability that we can feel in its presence? The fear of being let down once again? Of being hurt once more?

Whether the sentence reads LOVE HATE or HATE LOVE, hate is the predominant force. Love and hate really cannot coexist in the same moment within ourselves. It’s up to us to decide which one is Real and which one is not. Hate blows away with the wind if you stop stoking the fire. Which reminds me of the Cherokee story about the wolves:

An old Cherokee is teaching his grandson about life.

“A fight is going on inside me,” he said to the boy.

“It is a terrible fight and it is between two wolves.

One is evil – he is anger, envy, sorrow, regret, greed, arrogance, self-pity, guilt, resentment, inferiority, lies, false pride, superiority, and ego.”

He continued, “The other is good – he is joy, peace, love, hope, serenity, humility, kindness, benevolence, empathy, generosity, truth, compassion, and faith. The same fight is going on inside you – and inside every other person, too.”

The grandson thought about it for a minute and then asked his grandfather, “Which wolf will win?”

The old Cherokee simply replied, “The one you feed.”

Many of us tremble in the presence of someone else’s anger to the point that we just can’t think clearly and just want to get the hell out of there, so we can get the space to think. It could be that some people feel too guilty and too afraid to feel angry. In that way we become vulnerable to those that are ok with feeling angry and have even become addicted to their anger as they’ve seen it gives them power over others and they lose themselves in that feeling. Or those we have given permission to feel angry and blame others with the world owes me mentality which comes from the angry victim.

I have said before that, in general, the West has been warned against anger and its expression. We could look at that as us having the fight taken out of us. Unlike Maori and Muslim where practices like the haka and the jihad are celebrated. In a sense you could

say they have had the fight bred in. Mein Kampf could very well represent the long struggle of the Political Islamists and Maori Sovereignty groups. You could also say the same applies to the rivalry between the Scots and the English/sassenachs

We need to learn to bury the hatchet. To let go of making a religion out of victimisation. To grow up into the Land of the Love, Peace and Joy rather than the Land of the Long White Apology. Kiwis will understand that joke.

For those overseas you may need to know that we're called kiwis from our national bird, not from the fruit. One person we met in Tuscany asked us if we minded being called kiwis? We asked why would we mind? Her reply clarified her concern: *Well I wondered if you'd mind being named after a fruit?* The penny dropped! Funny that the Kiwi Fruit was originally called the Chinese Gooseberry. So, like the land we live and breathe on how much does our ancestry really matter in the journey of learning to merge our various humanities with our common divinity?

The Long White Apology is a tragicomic take on the white man's or pakeha's romanticised maori name for New Zealand or at least for the North Island - Aotearoa - meaning Land of the Long White Cloud. It's ironic that the bulk of the population believe that Aotearoa was the original Maori name for New Zealand when it was actually created by a pakeha coloniser, as some of our ancestors are labelled. For those who haven't heard it - pakeha is what a white person is called in the Maori vernacular. Hey there was even a popular song when I was growing up about making us into a Puha and Pakeha Soup. Puha is a green leafy weed that still grows here. I'm sure I'm not the only pakeha who has been threatened to be made into one of these soups.

The bottomline is that we need to learn to not allow ourselves to be encouraged in our grievances or to have the flames fanned higher by an elite group that is set to reap the most from the harvest of our fury. Otherwise we face the very real prospect of cementing racial division not healing it. As this comment speaks to in referring to the Springbok Tour protests of the 70's that many of us were part of:

We marched and protested against the apartheid in South Africa, boycotted rugby and cricket. Patted ourselves on the back for standing up for each person to be equal. And yet here we have apartheid in the starting block, ready to stuff this glorious country up and turn it into a Zimbabwe and another South Africa.

Ab Mes FB NZCPR post

Instead of fighting each other we need to learn to stand up to those 'leaders' that would promote these policies and call them out for their perpetration of racial division. And I do mean 'leaders' in inverted commas as no true leader would allow themselves to fall for this.

White, Yellow, Brown and Black Supremacists, I for one am tired of the attempts to blame me and hold me responsible by the grab on public funds for the past actions of unrelated people. Assuming reincarnation is real I could have been a Maori myself in those times. The race card needs to stop. If you are holding grievances start thinking about who is pulling your strings and whose hands you are likely playing into. Take a stand for

humanity and learn to spot how we are being manipulated by the global elites trans humanism that would have us forget who we are.

Let me be very clear. This is not about all people with Maori ancestry. I have Maori friends that are as perplexed, annoyed and aggrieved about this as I am. This is about a few that want to capitalise on a grudge they hold in their hearts that haven't learnt to deal with and would rather make everyone pay for it. I haven't researched it but I wonder if they are primarily from the dominating tribes themselves?

Either way it is past time to look at our grievances in the light of Love, Joy & Peace

*My grievances hide the light of the world from me.
My salvation comes from me
ACIM Wb, L. 85*

When I read this lesson today the thought came into mind of having two options to weigh up. Like choosing whether to stay home for the weekend or go somewhere. But in this case, in one hand we have grievances, in the other hand we have salvation, the personal experience of Love, Joy & Peace.

It's up to us to choose between them and the choice is ours to make. No one else but us can make this choice.

Holding onto grievances will mean our happiness will always be up to something out there, outside of ourselves. Something or someone will have to change out there in the world for us to be happy.

Salvation however is simply up to us to choose or rather salvation is a given if we give up our grievances. It doesn't depend on anything outside ourselves as it's already complete and waiting, inside us.

Now let's see, a painfully hot baked potato in one hand or a warm fuzzy in the other? Which do I let go of and which do I keep?

Tough choice:~)!

But some people just love to argue for their pain.

We all know how we feel when we let go of a hot potato that's attempting to fry our hands. Just so we can all know the Love, Joy & Peace that comes from letting go of a deep seated grievance that we have been harbouring and fostering, or festering, for only you know how long. Once you experience the Love, Joy & Peace of the One Mind To Free Us All you'll hopefully want more. There will come times when you are tempted to hold onto a grievance. How long you hold on to it but waits for your willingness to let it go.

Hopefully you can see that holding grievances and attacking those you hold those grievances against is not going to bring any peace of mind.

Of course the reason we attack is because we're knee jerking out of a fear reaction by initiating a stimulus to defend ourselves. And our defensiveness comes from a sense of being victimised.

Victimhood

*Progressivism has traded a love of individual rights
for paternalistic, insincere concern for the collective.
It judges people based upon their skin colour, gender and sexuality,
thus imagining them as competitors in an Oppression Olympics
in which victimhood is virtue.*

Dave Rubin

Don't Burn This Book

Thinking for Yourself in an Age of Unreason

Grievances are incurred where there is a strong sense of victimhood and this is not limited to the colour of our skin.

When you think about it, could the ultimate victimhood arise from the thought that God put us here? Cast us out from His/Her embrace in the Garden of Eden into the wicked universe where we have to scrape and scabble for survival with no certainty of rest in sight. If we all feel like an existential victim, it's no wonder so many are running away from the thought of God and so willing to take on, or run towards, the role of victim in our lives.

Victimhood is being heralded as the new saviour of mankind. Using a sense of 'righteous blame' to give vent to our inner fury Whether it's on the surface about race, religion, environment, animal rights, whatever excuse you need to be angry, it's all there on the smorgasbord of life to choose now. Go for it. And don't think about being responsible for that anger and what you do with it. Just get it out there, the world will be better for it. Yeah no, I don't think so. But that's what I see is happening with this.

We actually need to grow up and take responsibility for how we perceive and respond to the words of another so we do not fall into the perpetual victim trap.

Victimhood has become the popular umbrella for sympathy. But is it sympathy that truly isn't deserved? And do we need to appreciate that we may be lost in our saviour complex?

*Victimhood is rigor mortis of the mind. It's stuck in the past, stuck in
the pain, and stuck on the losses and deficits:*

what I can't do and don't have.

Edith Eger *The Gift* p12

*Every behaviour satisfies a need. Many of us choose to stay victims
because it gives us license to do zero on our own behalf.*

Freedom comes with a price.

*We're called to be accountable for our own behaviour -
and to take responsibility
even in situations we didn't cause or choose.*

A sense of victimisation and entitlement can be used to manipulate us. None so clear for me as calls of Islamophobia.

It was this kind of thing that I believe Babaji was calling us out to not misuse ahimsa/non-violence over.

Violence doesn't necessarily have to mean physical violence against someone. To allow the violence of our own feelings to be honestly felt by us, so that we can make a stand, draw a line in the sand, over which, lies, treachery, betrayal and abuse shall not pass, can be an internally violent moment without ever coming close to passing over into outward force against another.

It can take anger to stand up, so if our default position is guilt or fear we will have a problem with allowing those feelings inside us and in taking that stand. Part of what enables me to stand up for myself, and for others, is appreciating that it isn't about violence toward another, it's about love and respect for Self, the Self that exists in all of us. And standing up for our deeper Self is never about holding a grievance or thinking we are a victim.

Gentles - A Word For Men

It should come as no surprise to us that men are more likely to be direct and physical with their anger than women.

Babaji had a wonderful name for men. He called us Gentles. As was heard regularly in his soft, sweet natured reminder when it was time to go to work;

All ladies and gentles, go to work now.

I have to wonder if it was his play on words? Aimed at softening our hard and crusty edges. Awakening our gentle hearts and imploring us to wear them on our sleeves. Too easily men respond to threat and perceived threat with an urge to do battle, to acts of violence against friend and foe alike. Their first response to their own feeling of

vulnerability, being to lash out at whoever they believe is 'making' them feel that vulnerable.

For both sexes though, more often than not, the desire to control others is all about not liking the way we feel and wanting others to behave differently so we can feel better. We need to learn that our feelings are our responsibility, not anyone else's fault.

I believe religions show their true colours by how they treat women. They, like many other institutions, have been male dominated for centuries. You could say that, in Christianity, women have not had an easy time since Eve got the blame for handing Adam that apple. Why is it never considered that Adam could actually have said *No, Eve. I don't think that's a good idea!*

Particularly men seem to think it's their right to lord it over women. Even in Aboriginal custom, their 'law' allows men to beat women and girls. I wonder if it's a combination of things? Men are generally stronger than women. They do most of the killing in primitive and modern cultures so they are used to beating and killing, as a way to get what they want. Lay on top of that, women, as nurturers and feeling aware beings, can make men feel very vulnerable. A feeling men have learnt to override and will lash out at others in order to not feel. That's where the connection between anger and vulnerability - attack and defence - becomes crystal clear. Attack and defense are really two sides of the same coin.

I see it in my own desire to lash out, to verbally snap, at Sally when she feels something that triggers a feeling in me - something I think I have to deal with but don't think I can, something I'm supposed to know how to handle but don't. It's in acknowledging that sense of vulnerability and not judging it, or myself, for feeling that way and making it ok to not know what to do, that I can settle in to being with her and how she's feeling. More often than not that is all she is asking of me.

Forgiveness

The N=1 with anger is to step back in your mind when you see it happen. Become aware of what is behind it, how vulnerable you are feeling, how much you are jumping to defend yourself by attacking back. When you see that you are tied up in knots by your small mind anger, the only solution is forgiveness.

Without forgiveness I will still be blind.

ACIM Wb. L. 247

You cannot wake yourself.

Yet you can let yourself be awakened.

Gods Witnesses p568 ACIM Text.

You cannot forgive yourself and wake up from your small m mind dream of anger. To be awakened from that you just need to forgive yourself enough to forgive your brother/sister more and through the image of his/her forgiveness, in your own mind, to find yourself awakening. It's not dependent on him/her accepting your forgiveness it's dependent on you extending what is forever being held out, given, to you by the One Mind to Heal Us All.

It's where we stop railing at our brothers and sisters, stop blaming them, stop making them responsible for how we feel or how we don't feel that we would rather feel, stop holding them to account and allow ourselves to let love in rather than hold judgement over all our heads.

If there is one tool that ACIM promotes as a panacea, it's forgiveness. Here are some quotes to bring that, and your self, home.

*All that I do I do unto myself. If I attack, I suffer.
But if I forgive, salvation will be given me.*

ACIM Wb, L.216

*Anger comes from judgement.
Judgment is the weapon I would use against myself,
to keep the miracle away from me.*

Love/Father, I want what goes against my will, and do not want what is my will to have. Straighten my mind, my Love/Father. It is sick. But You have offered freedom, and I choose to claim Your gift today. And so I give all judgment to the One You gave to me to judge for me. Love/He sees what I behold, and yet Love/He knows the truth. Love/He looks on pain, and yet Love/His understands it is not real, and in Love's/God's understanding it is healed. Love/He gives the miracles my dreams would hide from my awareness. Let Love/Him judge today. I do not know my will, but Love/He is sure it is Your Own. And Love/He will speak for me, and call Your miracles to come to me.

Listen today. Be very still, and hear the gentle Voice for Love/God assuring you that Love/He has judged you as the Child/Son Love/God loves.

ACIM Wb. L 347

Sometimes replacing the word God/Father/He/His with the word Love kinda grates. So I've included both above.

Jesus' last words on the Cross epitomised this. *Father, forgive them for they know not what they do.*

So, if you are lost in small m mind anger, which will be most of the anger that we feel, extending and accepting forgiveness in the true sense of the word, is what will return us to the One Mind To Heal Us All.

In the One Mind Anger is felt quite differently.

The Misuse Of Non-Violence

Apart from Jesus one public figure that brought non-violence, as a principle to work with to effect change, to light was Gandhi. Although some believe he was a tool of the elite and India has been worse of since, in general Gandhi has been seen across the west as a saint. I still remember the impact of reading his autobiography while I spent 9 days solo walking the Nelson Lakes tracks between my stint in New Guinea and going back to my Cardio-Renal run in Wellington hospital.

As with any principle how we treat it makes all the difference.

Babaji had a counterpoint to his Ladies and Gentles requests in his exhortations about the misuse of ahimsa or non-violence. Let's start with some quotes of his. Some of these are in the third person because they were relayed to us through Shastriji interpreting Babaji's comments into English. The ones from April 1982 were made while I was with him.

*I do not want non violence to be misused
The theory of non-violence has spoiled
the mind and courage of people today.
I am for fighting;
fighting against the evil and crime everywhere,
which should no longer be tolerated.*

<https://shiva.redzambala.com/babaji-speaks/haidakhan-babaji-quotes.html>

*I want to make everybody brave.
Man's blood has become like water*.*
* relates to a story from the Hindu Scriptures

*Prabhu's mood now opposes non-violence.
Non-violence is now contaminating the world.
Non-violence of itself should be removed from the world.
Culprits must be punished.
For security we must employ strength.
Babaji wants some violent people so that others may grow in
wisdom and discrimination and learn to make decisions.*

April 4, 1982

*I want to make the people who have come here true citizens.
I don't want this non-violence.
The people preach non-violence,
but instead they make water out of their blood.
I want to wake up the sense of true humanity.
With great difficulty you get this human body.
I want brave and courageous people.
A man must have great courage.
So many atrocities are done,
and people let them happen in the name of non-violence.
Non-violence is not for this.
I do not want people to be blind
when they have two eyes in their heads.*

April 6, 1982

*Humanity is making a grave mistake by misusing non-violence.
Time and again I have said this to you.
Work which I want to accomplish is to remove the misuse of non-
violence.
People have become lifeless and their blood has become like water.
You should be brave and courageous - afraid of nothing.
You should not be afraid of being burned by fire or drowned by
water.
If you are brave and courageous, nothing will harm you, not even
the atomic bomb.
You must be fearless for yourself and for all humanity.*

June 21, 1982

I want to see the misuse of non-violence eliminated.

*Man's powers of discrimination and his very blood have become thin
from pursuing false doctrines.*

*Those who would misuse appeasement defeat the purpose of life and
become like mindless donkeys carrying loads on their backs.*

Aug. 17, 1982

I am against non-violence that makes a human being a coward.

Fight for truth!

To face life, you must have great courage every day.

Jan. 16, 1983

<http://babajisamaj.us/index.php/teachings-of-babaji/>

Pretty powerful statements. Ones I have thought of often as I've reflected on Babaji's intently personal emotional expression and play with people, and as I've watched nefarious lies raising up in the world spreading through the populace as if Sauron and his evil eye were alive and well and inciting hatred and destruction not just through Middle Earth but through the whole world. Setting humanity against itself in an attempt to control us all.

As Babaji saw it we are using non-violence against ourselves and we need to jump to the task of standing up for what is right. But making sure we are in the right fight must be a priority in this task as it can be so, so tempting to mistake small m mind anger for Big M Mind Anger.

One thing to watch out for is that it's pretty well understood that we generally all jump to defend the under dog. There are some things to be aware of here.

1. Have we understood what is right and what is wrong in the situation? In other words, what is truth and what is lies? To identify truly we need to be able to see falsehood, lest we jump to defend or fight for the wrong cause out of our desire to be a saviour. If we fall for the lies we'll end up crucifying the innocent.
2. We need to keep a watchful eye in case we ourselves unthinkingly enter the realm of small m mind victimisation, grievances, blame and cancel culture.
3. It's important to realise that calling a spade a spade is different from judging it for being a spade.

To openly stand up for what we believe is right must go hand in hand with being willing to stand down when we are wrong. Too often the latter does not happen. We become entrenched in our defensive position. We 'dig in' so to speak rather than face the vulnerability of coming out, unarmed, into no man's land, to face the music. The music of forgiveness. By both sides being willing to work through this process consciously, truth will hopefully also come out to join both, in the end.

*Out beyond ideas
of wrong doing
and right doing,
there is a field.
I'll meet you there.*

Rumi

That will work in interpersonal relationships based on love. And it's totally inappropriate when there is absolutely no balance of power.

We need to be aware to not fall into the trap of being manipulated into the fanning of the fire of fury that is so readily lit within us as we fall for the lie that we are being righteous in our rage. Something we are seeing in our societies right now as people are willingly allowing themselves to be encouraged to do in their neighbours for any and all breaking of the Covid rules. We need to be aware of how we can be manipulated to be angry, without realising it, by those that would seek to divide and conquer, to rule us all.

What I believe Babaji was trying to get through to us is the process of learning to discriminate between unholy 'righteous' rage, which wants to punish and destroy, and Divine Fury, that wants to wake up, to burn off the dross, to bring out the best and to enlighten. You could say, as Babaji alluded to, that this is the challenge of the age we live in. In terms of our personal relationships, until we get a long way down the track of experience with knowing the difference, it's probably safer for all of us to handle all our irritation, frustration, rage and fury as a fabrication of our small m minds and deal with it accordingly.

There is however a defining difference or two that you can look out for that will give you a clue to which one you are dealing with so that you can step into the acceptance of the need to not let your blood turn into water and be willing to make a stand and fight for what you hold dear.

In general if you want to blame, hurt, kill or destroy then that's your small m mind deluding you about something.

In contrast, if you want to stand up for something as Gandalf did in his courageous act on the bridge of stone when faced with a 50M fiery Balrog, with his famous line *You shall not*

pass, that preceded his transformation from Gandalf the Grey to Gandalf the White, then we all must allow ourselves to let go of the abuse of unholy 'righteous' rage or other forms of small m anger and to allow the clarity and rise of the Divine Fury needed to call out the external monsters while simultaneously laying to rest the internal ones. The right use of Big M Mind Rage seems to me to be the appropriate response to Babaji's request to not use ahimsa to water down our blood.

*The true soldier fights not because he hates what is in front of him,
but because he loves what is behind him.*

G.K. Chesterton

<https://isi.org/intercollegiate-review/dont-fight-for-liberty/>

I have come to see the rise of Political Islam, the Greens, the Vegans, the Climate Catastrophists, the Chinese, Maori Sovereignty and more importantly and above all, the Global Elites and their malevolent eye that seeks to conquer us all, as representing what Babaji meant when he said he *wants some violent people so that others may grow in wisdom and discrimination and learn to make decisions.*

He wanted something that would make it obvious to us that we need to take a stand. To do that they would need to push us to the limit so we would root out subservience to inhumanity. So we can learn not to misuse non - violence and instead to use violence appropriately. To learn to accept our honest to goodness rage when we are witness to injustice and criminal behaviour.

We need to see through how we have been taught to not be angry about things that we need to be angry about and how we have been manipulated to be angry about things we do not need to be angry about. We need to be willing to take that stand and not allow the fight for the right things to being educated, spiritualised and politicised out of us.

It's interesting to note the only times India was conquered was when it was under vegetarian rulers. Is that what is happening to us as more and more are encouraged to focus on plant based living, supposedly for the good of both humans and the planet? Is the fight being bred out of us at all levels? The misuse of the concept of ahimsa/non-violence and the misguided climate science being brought together, not to elevate the human spirit but to conquer it?

One thing that should get us angry is being lied to through the elites manipulation of science and the media. We have been taught to follow the science when the scientists themselves aren't following the science. They are following or being led by the money. If there is no money for research or if research money is controlled by people with an agenda, then what choice does someone who has decided science is their ticket to earning money and freedom, have?

Can you imagine what would life be like if Galileo, Copernicus, Newton and Edison had decided to follow the science of the day? If they'd succumbed to the peer reviews of their time we'd still be in the dark ages, figuratively and literally.

Science is being shown up to be manipulated but if you have been dumbed down to "trust the science" then as most people seem to be doing, you would do exactly that. You would

trust what you are being told. Oblivious to the fact and the import of the main stream media being owned by the same people that own 'science'. And you'd follow through with being naive and gullible enough to believe you can't figure out diddly squat. So much so that you'd find you are not even willing to question or to distrust enough to question anything you are being told. You'd be frantically searching for 'experts' to shoot down the experts that are calling the settled science out as false. You'd be lost, because companies can make 'the science' look pretty convincing. Because they know how to use bare faced statistics to push their point.

Just look at how big pharma pulls the wool over our eyes by portraying the science through relative risk rather than absolute risk, It sounds great when they say that a drug improves symptoms by 100%. Wouldn't that be great. But then you read the small print, they meant that was relative risk. If you didn't know what relative risk meant you'd accept it at face value. But then someone tells you about absolute risk and points out the oh so important difference between the two.

This is best understood in an example. Let's say, for a study that showed 100% improvement in symptoms, that the sample size was 1000 people. What relative risk means is that; before taking the new drug the old drug only improved symptoms in 1 in 1000 people but the new drug improves symptoms in 2 in 1000 people. Suddenly that relative risk reduction of 100% looks a bit different when you now say that you have an absolute risk reduction of 2 in 1000 chance of getting less symptoms than you would have with the old drug of 1 in 1000. Big deal right? Hopefully you'll now check out what a drug company means when they try to sell you a new drug. If it looks good on paper with their advertising best to check out what it really means.

In this sleight of hand trick we see Pfizer promoting Lipitor as having a 36% reduction in cardiac events in place of the absolute risk reduction of 1% and labelling its Covid 'vaccine' 95% effective in reducing symptoms when in absolute terms it's only 0.7% effective in doing that.

Plus they can and do manipulate the design of their studies until they get the result they want so that they can spread "the science", which is essentially disinformation, to deceive us into believing something is good when it really isn't. For a fuller understanding I'd recommend reading *Deadly Medicines and Organised Crime: How Big Pharma Has Corrupted Healthcare* by [Peter Gotzsche](#)

That really should piss us off in a Big M Mind Way.

What we do with that anger determines whether we are a civilised society or a barbarian one. It shows whether we are learning to integrate our humanity with our divinity or whether we are vainly trying to keep them apart.

Signs that we are in our small m minds around anger.

When we think about which mMind an emotion we are feeling is originating from there is a tendency to label the ones we think of as 'negative' to the small m mind and the ones we think of as 'positive' as coming from the Big M Mind. But I wonder if that's another attempt to throw the baby out with the bathwater? Just as we've seen that guilt and fear

can be helpful or harmful, so it is with anger. We each need to internally sort out the confusion between righteous, or the right use of anger and vengeful anger. Babaji showed me that there is a time and place for anger that supports life and this needs to be expressed. While anger that comes out of grievances and vengeance simply needs forgiveness.

Once we have released the hold we have on anger we don't really feel it a lot. Except to stand up for something. Whereas, when we try to hold on to anger, or to suppress it, we feel it often, grumbling; huddling and bubbling just under the surface, like a pot eternally and infernally on simmer it doesn't take too much to make it boil over.

We tend to have a black and white view of emotion and separate them into bad piles and good piles. But what if it wasn't an issue with the emotion itself but in the way we experience and deal with or express, them? Rather than control through denial or minimisation what about surrender through acceptance and conscious expression?

It's easy to slip into the idea that 'negative' feelings are coming from the small 'm' mind and 'positive' feelings coming from the big 'M' Mind. But I'd like to take a different tack. There is value in all feelings and in learning to experience and express them from a different Mind. In that way it's more about merging the human with the divine. Humanity and divinity together have a chance. It's not about us being afraid of every feeling that comes over our internal horizon but learning to move with the flow and have it return you to where you know you ought to be. Can we learn to simply have an emotion without having a melt down or a hissy fit about it? I think we can and we must.

Becoming more conscious of this becomes a process of tumultuous awakening which will be accompanied by emotions being more easily triggered. It's as if what we were afraid of all along, why we kept our feelings bottled up, has come upon us, but take heart. After the deluge the sun will come out. The more we connect with the internal, eternal and invincible Self the easier it will all become.

We need to learn to forgive emotion expressing from our small m minds and move towards healing through acceptance and forgiveness. At the same time we need to learn to act on emotion coming from the Big M Mind in support of the resolution that is seeking to be brought to the world through us. Big M Mind Anger brings with it the needed strength to stand up to the unrighteous abuse of Self and the Self of others. It's a useful response to discovering you have been lied to as you gird your loins for a different path ahead to what you had been expecting.

Like I experience with Babaji, Anger expressed from the Big M Mind doesn't hang around and fester in your every moment. It doesn't hold you to grievances from the past, lock and load you, ready for the next opportunity to erupt. It will be there as long as it is needed and will drive you to take whatever actions are appropriate for you to take. And as I witnessed with Babaji turning on a dime with emotion it will be gone when the storm, or the deep need, passes and the sun shines once again.

*As Love created you, you must remain unchangeable, with
transitory states by definition false.*

*And that **includes all shifts in feeling**, alterations in conditions
of the body and the mind; in all awareness and in all response.*

*This is the all-inclusiveness which sets the truth apart from
falsehood, and the false kept separate from the truth, as what it is.*

ACIM Wb, L.152, p.5.

Deciding whether an emotion is either true or false is another way to clarify which mMind an eEmotion is coming from. There's automatically less judgement involved in that languaging compared to positive and negative, light and dark, good and bad.

Emotions; we think we have to control them but the truth is we have to learn to be with them in a manner so that they don't control us but that they in effect help to liberate both ourselves and those around us through giving expression to the True Emotions wanting to burst forth and lead us on the path to Heaven and accepting and forgiving the false emotions that would keep us in hell forever.

My hope is to help you clear a path in your mind of the small m mind emotions so you can make yourself open to the flow of the Big M Mind emotions.

Babaji not only spoke about the misuse of ahimsa/non-violence but, as I've shared in the chapter dedicated to him, he himself showed multiple times a day his willingness to express the violence of his apparent rage. What was different with his rage was that it didn't taint the next moment. It would literally disappear in the twinkling of an eye as the Love, Peace and Joy emerged as the proverbial sun is always present behind the clouds.

I have another story about Babaji to share here. One day, when I was there, a westerner accused a local Indian of stealing his watch. The westerner had taken his watch, that he cherished, off so it wouldn't be damaged by working with the rocks. And they were the only two people working in that area. So, he was pretty certain the villager had stolen it. The Indian gentleman denied it. So the westerner took the issue to Babaji.

Babaji asked the villager if he had it and to give it back if he had. He gave the man plenty of opportunity to remedy the situation. But he continued to deny that he had stolen it.

What did Babaji do with that? This being that supposedly knew all and could see into everyone's hearts? Babaji's next step was to have the police called in. They came from the nearest town, Haldwani, all the way up the river. After being introduced to the accused and hearing the story the first thing they did was beat him up. Yes, you read that right. No more questions. They just beat him. After that, the man gave back the watch.

The point of the story? There are a couple.

One: The sad thing is some people only understand violence. It may be how we have to treat the elites. Their terror may indeed await them as they attempt to hide and hold onto

their untenable position. Let's see through their game this time, otherwise it will not end here but come back to bite us in the bum. Like the story of the scorpion and the frog.

Two: When someone won't admit to a crime when you call them out on it, and continue to deny it despite being given a chance to come clean, then these are times when you need to resort to the law. When that someone are the elites or even our own governments, since the governments generally have all the guns, it is being seen by many as the path to direct the violence of our feelings, over the current atrocities and trampling of our human rights, down.

Lawfare

Lawfare is the last non-violent resort we have.

Topher Field

Lawfare, if you need it pointed out, is a word play on warfare. It's the idea that hopefully we can identify and hold to account, those who are responsible for the deception that has been planned to bring humanity to its knees.

As Topher says above it is the last non-violent resort we have.

When we think of violence and calling people to account, in general we have resorted to brute force. Whether that is by open rebellion and the guillotine in France's case or by guns and canon in America's War of Independence. Hopefully we, as humanity, have grown beyond that level of violence and can indeed wake up in enough of a mass to have all the nations of the world draw the curtains back and point their laws and their guns at the real villains behind those curtains.

Through lawyers like Anna De Buisseret we are waking up to our rights and to the powers that we have rather than melting into a puddle of servile insignificance and helplessness.

Through lawyers like Reiner Fuellmich we can pull the wool away from our eyes about all that we've been told and be shown a path out of the madness that will also see the appropriate people held to account. In short and in full.

Perhaps the best challenge to date is the one happening in South Africa where the case reaches all the way into the Central Banking sector.

And there is also the Indian case against the WHO.

While we wait for these cases to build, gather steam and eventually topple the powers that be, strip them of their assets and create a new bunch of janitors to clean the toilets, there are things we can each personally be involved in to channel the violence of our feelings into non-violent activity to bring light to the world.

It's through lawyers like Alessandro Fusillo that we can get an idea of what actions we can personally take. The motto of his law firm gives voice to his suggested path of Civil Disobedience:

*When law becomes injustice,
Resistance becomes a duty.*

Thomas Jefferson

Topher Field from Melbourne repeats this suggestion for civil disobedience in ways that lead to no physical violence to yourself or others.

And an investment banker adding his experience of organised civil disobedience in Denmark.

The Russians recently put that solidly into practice recently:

How Russian Citizens Crushed Moscow's Dumb Vaccine Passports in Just 3 Weeks

Excerpt:

Here's how they crushed Mayor Sobyenin's vaccine passport – and it was pretty simple. Moscow residents simply stopped frequenting any business that required a vaccine passport.

The really beautiful thing about this was that the vaccinated people stood in solidarity with the unvaccinated. Business trickled to near zero at all establishments where the vaccine passport was required.

Moscow residents let their hair grow out, skipped going to bars and restaurants, didn't go to the movies, didn't stay in hotels or do anything else that required a vaccine passport.

Business owners from all over the city were suddenly calling Mayor Sobyenin's office to chew his ear off about the vaccine passports. They were going broke, and they were mad as hell about it.

Marina Zemskova, the head of a regional hotel and restaurant association in Russia, said the vaccine passport turned out to be worse for business than a full lockdown. At least if there was another lockdown, she notes, businesses "could count on some kind of government support measures."

There's no government support coming under a vaccine passport system. What the not-very-elite elites failed to anticipate about Moscow residents was they would simply not participate in the scam at all.

The business owners were so infuriated with the mayor that Sobyenin made a sudden, surprise announcement on July 19th that nobody needs to use a vaccine passport anymore. He made up a hilarious excuse, claiming that COVID case rates were all better suddenly, as the reason for lifting the QR code passports.

But everyone knew the truth. Moscow residents decided that their medical privacy and their right to travel is more important than whatever the people in charge were telling them.

It was a massive case of civil disobedience – and they didn't even have to go outside and set things on fire in a big protest. All they did was say, "Any business that wants to see a vaccine passport from me is not getting any of my money."

That's how you do it.

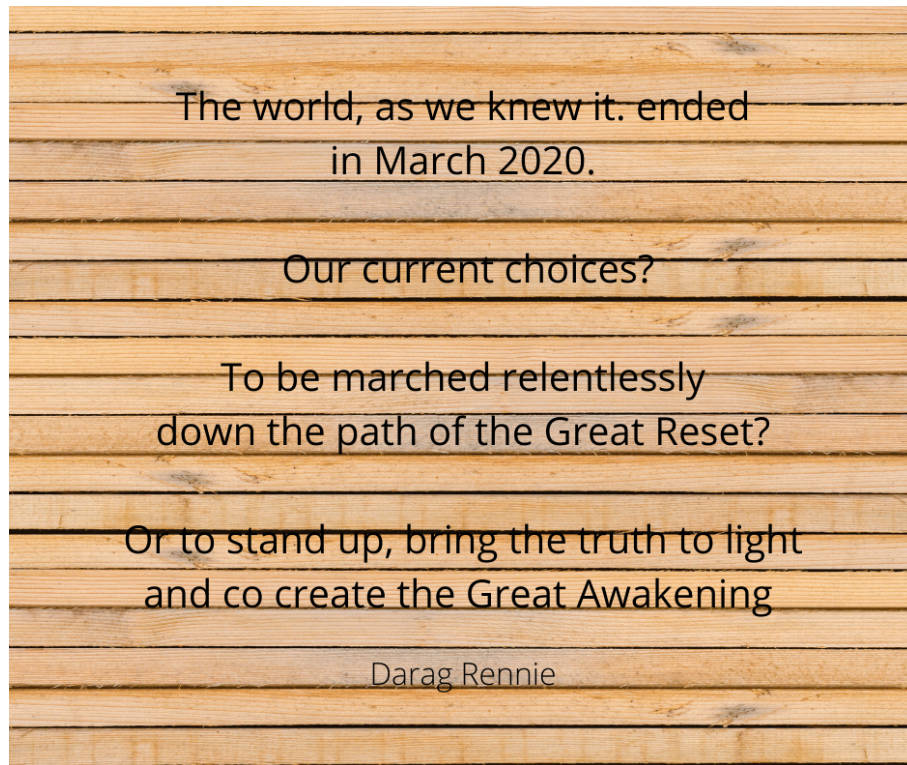
One thing the Russians have over the people of the West is that they have lived with an overbearing government for generations. In the West so many are still lost in the delusion that our governments are working for the people and find it hard to wake up to the betrayal to the people that their government is colluding with.

We all need to wake up to our rights and learn to pick and choose the fights and acts of civil disobedience that make sense to us. We have been cannon fodder in too many wars. Bring our Divine Intelligence to bear on what actions are right for us in the human realm and which are best avoided.

There are cases being heard all around the world as lawyers are circling their wagons around a unified field of questioning. The legitimacy of the PCR test being at the core. When this crumbles the justification of a casademic justified lockdown disappears. Along with the suppression of effective early treatments that wrecks the arguments for an experimental injection masquerading as a 'vaccine'.

The hope is to bring the weight of law onto the side of truth. But as Reiner Fuellmich shared, the courts are corrupt, and even uncorrupted judges are being threatened in public. Sue Grey in New Zealand won in court against the government, only to have the government change the law the very next day. So, as much as lawfare is cause for hope there is also the possibility that these cases are simply more doses of hopium to placate the folk that would otherwise take some other action. Only time will tell which it is, cause for hope, or hopium. But given that the weight of the armaments are in the the governments hands I still see it as the primary vehicle to bring the violence of our feelings about the injustices to bear on those responsible with the minimum amount of bloodshed. But we need to hurry. People are dying every day after unneeded and unnecessary injections.

The roaring 2020's do indeed seem to be filled with the roars of hungry lions attacking each other: Islam vs Christianity, Buddhism and Hinduism, Black vs White, Colonisers vs Colonised, Climate Warmists vs Climate Deniers, Vegans vs Carnivores, Democrat vs



Republican, Labour vs National, Vaccinated vs Unvaccinated, China vs The World. But I believe these are all sideshows to distract us from the main event.

*If you think this is about a virus,
you're missing out on
the greatest show on earth.*

That main event is the move for control of humanity by people that may believe they know what they are doing on the surface but indeed have no clue of what they are doing at any level of depth of spirit and heart, only the depth of depravity.

If the UN and its puppet masters are indeed bleeding us dry we need to call them all to account.

In 1933 you could leave Germany if you interpreted the upcoming Nazi party correctly and had the funds to leave, when you saw the writing on the wall. Unfortunately now there is no place to run to. We either wake up to the sleight of hand encroaching on all 'free' and 'unfree' nations or we succumb to whatever agenda the puppet master's patsies like Klaus Schwab and his Great Reset have planned.

It may sound melodramatic but I truly believe that here, in this time, humanity takes a stand or it dies. The time has come to choose between the trans humanist agenda of The Great Reset, The Fourth Industrial Revolution, what could be called The Fourth Reich OR The Great Awakening. The Great Awakening being the waking up of the masses to the crimes that have been perpetrated on them through the ages by those that believe they are

better. It is time to awaken to the powers that be that have perpetuated the servitude of the masses to their own bidding and wake up to the true brotherhood and sisterhood of humanity as we take those steps to creating heaven on earth, together. As Reiner Fuellmich says it's about humanity's final triumph over inhumanity. An awakening of the *sense of true humanity* that Babaji said he was working to create.

That is another reason that lawfare would be the best way to win this fight. If we fall into murderous rage we are no better than those we hope to hold to account. We do need to be thorough. To only get the patsies, the fall guys and girls, we leave ourselves open to history repeating itself. We will then be forever behind the eight ball. But if we find the real culprits and hold all levels accountable we can transfer all the wealth in the world that has been stolen from humanity and return it to benefit humanity. With no one stirring up wars between nations we can dismantle the military and put all those funds into furthering world peace. For real this time.

But first we must face the truth and we must learn to accept and respect a feeling that none of us like. One that can be devastatingly difficult to admit to.

Chapter 16

Betrayal

The Bitterest Of Sorrows

Betrayal is a delicate emotion. A bitter pill to swallow. But if we are to accept reality and move on, swallow it we must. If we can't accept that feeling and respect it, for what it is teaching us, we become dumb and yet dumber.

A favourite album of mine in the early 70's when I was in Med School in Dunedin, was Steeleye Spans, Parcel of Rogues. It wasn't till 2021 when I was writing this that I found out that the title track was a rendition of Robbie Burns poem Such A Parcel Of Rogues In A Nation. In case you'd like to sing a long, here are the words:

*Fareweel to a' our Scottish fame,
Fareweel our ancient glory;
Fareweel ev'n to the Scottish name,
Sae fam'd in martial story.
Now Sark rins over Solway sands,
An' Tweed rins to the ocean,
To mark where England's province stands-
Such a parcel of rogues in a nation!*

*What force or guile could not subdue,
Thro' many warlike ages,
Is wrought now by a coward few,
For hireling traitor's wages.
The English stell we could disdain,
Secure in valour's station;
But English gold has been our bane-
Such a parcel of rogues in a nation!*

*O would, or I had seen the day
That Treason thus could sell us,
My auld grey head had lien in clay,
Wi' Bruce and loyal Wallace!*

*But pith and power, till my last hour,
I'll mak this declaration;
We're bought and sold for English gold-
Such a parcel of rogues in a nation!*

Robbie Burns

Written in 1791, 230 years ago, it would seem that nothing much has changed. Our politicians seem to major in selling their populations out. When we look at the last 50 years of financial 'settlements' based on false interpretations of the Treaty Of Waitangi it would appear that we in New Zealand are currently suffering the same fate as the Scots were back then. As indeed are all the populations in all the countries that have signed up to the UN and its agreements based on false and manipulated science.

You can hear that same sense of betrayal echoing through Scotland today with Neil Oliver calling out what he sees as the current betrayal.

Whether it's the betrayal from a lover, a friend, or our government and media we need to look it square in the face. That the obvious cannot be seen has been an expanding source of daily incredulity for me over the past 18 months.

First and foremost we need to not betray our Self. That part of us that knows what is true, right and good. The One Mind To Free Us All. Inherent in that Mind is the freedom to think, to question and to come to an honest conclusion with respect to the evidence in front of us. As Law Professor Amy Benjamin points out it is up to the lay person to decide on which experts are right and which need to go home.

Instead of the world being an open court where top experts from both sides present their evidence and the common man/woman jury get to decide who is innocent and who is guilty, the freedom to think has come under concerted attack over the past few decades. That attack cuts to the core of what it is to live free as human beings.

The second thesis is that intellectual freedom is essential to human society.

Freedom to obtain and distribute information.

Freedom for open minded and un-fearing debate.

And freedom from pressure by officialdom and prejudices.

Such a trinity of freedom of thought is the only guarantee against an infection of people by mass myths which, in the hands of treacherous hypocrites and demagogues, can be transformed into bloody dictatorship.

Andrei Sakharov

Reflections on Progress, Peaceful Coexistence and Intellectual
Freedom

In todays biased news media, in social media, within academic journals, on college/
university campuses, in government agencies and ivory towers we are losing the freedom
to obtain and distribute information. In their current form all those organisations and
institutions are betraying us.

Which leads us to deal with yet another emotion.

Chapter 17

Helplessness

One Step Away From Heaven

*For me, there is no more difficult feeling than
fear mixed with powerlessness.*

Edith Eger, *The Gift* p 23.

When the magnitude of the imminent reality of global trans humanist totalitarian take over dawns on our minds it is the most natural thing in the world to experience some level of helplessness over it. After all it seems like all the money and control is there to do with us what they want. And our governments relentlessly follow their instructions. Our own human rights that we thought of as God given rights are not even useful as a bargaining chip as they are simply being thrown in the bin. For all our good of course. Like an ant 1 foot away from the middle a 15 foot wide steamroller hurtling towards us, any action seems futile. Apart from praying.

One possible reaction to helplessness is to attempt not to feel it by running around like a chicken with its head cut off. Flailing about madly in an attempt to do anything but feel the helplessness.

At the other extreme why not just give up? After all it is hopeless. They have all the guns, they're currently in the process of changing the law to do anything to us anytime, anywhere for however long they want to do it. Even if we win in court they will change the laws. They control the media, so sadly most of our friends and relatives believe what they've been told and are also on our case for us to get jabbed. Withholding their love and company as a perverse way to get us to do what they think is right and what they've been told to think by the media and the government. In the face of the masked marauding masses what hope is there?

Yet we must find the heart to live above the helplessness that could be so easy to give in to. Helplessness is but another emotion to be accepted. Like all the others. To fly above it we must first learn to swim with it. To realise there is nothing wrong with feeling helpless.

This song comes to mind in the moments I dwell in helplessness as we all face the fire that is raging. I'm not sure if it will work for you but it helps me accept the journey we have ahead. No matter what end it leads to.

A felt sense of helplessness is in fact a mark of humility and a recognition that we do not truly know what is in our best interests.



I do not perceive my own best interests.

ACIM Wb. L. 24

In that sense it marks a relinquishment of even the hope of control of our lives. It's a courageous heart that dives in to that pool and allows a greater presence than ours to have its way with us. To give over the power of our lives, of our life or death, to the One Mind That Frees Us All. And while we may not see the whole plan divulged we can be certain of our part to play.

Perhaps we are here and conscious of what is happening simply to witness it and forgive both those perpetrating the crime and those falling for it, as in a last tango they dance to the great destruction of humanity. Each playing their part as we learn to let go of our small m minds and act more fully from our Big M Minds and in so doing, witness the union of our divinity and humanity as our societies rise, like the proverbial phoenix, from the ashes that are yet to be.

Chapter 18

Good Grief

Rivers Of Grief Replenish The Soil Of Our Souls

Grief has many flavours and intensities

The Scots are good at the lament. Songs like *The Skye Boat Song*, *My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean*, my dad's favourite *The Northern Lights Of Auld Aberdeen* and my personal favourite *The Bonnie Banks Of Loch Lomond*, or songs of that ilk, I'm sure feature in many people's minds as they wander through the periods of life where we feel we have lost some one or some thing that is important to us.

For many years the lament was often present as a background thrum in my life. It took me a while to own up to the part of me that wanted to live in the thought that there was something missing and to let my attachment to that feeling go. To thank it for being there as the soothing presence it had been but now it was time to let go of it so that I could open my inner vision and focus on the ever present Joy that had always been holding it's hands out to me as I hobbled along in some degree of misery or another.

In that way the addictive nature of lamenting can turn life into a proverbial swamp that can be hard to get out of. I found it was only in seeing that I could make another choice, and that it was a good thing to make that choice, that my feet finally could find solid ground again.

Intense grief, as in when someone close to me dies, I seem to have a relatively easy time with. For some reason it's been a natural thing for me to dive into deep grief. In a way grief is a relief

People say they saw Baba crying. I never did. I don't know if that means anything. Whether it shows that I have an issue with grief or that I don't? I remember I was a late stopper, in terms of crying, for a boy. It would have been when I was 10 or 11 at Brooklyn Primary School, in Wellington, and was being taunted mercilessly to tears, jeered at as a cry baby, when I decided that was it. Me and crying were over.

It took a decade or two to recover my ability to cry when I needed to. The deaths of my dad and mum being two momentous occasions where tidal waves of tears thundered down on my internal shores in ways that I have not experienced with anything else so far.

It's easy to let go to the torrent of grief that washes over our souls when we have the dead body of a loved one in front of us. In that way grief becomes a relief for all the things that happened or didn't happen in the past, as there is no longer any possibility to resolve anything with anyone external.

In my experience no matter what you imagine the death of a parent, or a child or a loved one might be like, there will be no comparison with imagination and reality when reality

finally hits. In that way there is no way to prepare, other than to learn to be with you and all your feelings. To allow them to flow so that when the dam breaks you can travel the journey through the rocky canyons and peaceful rivers to the ocean.

Grief is certainly nothing to deny or be afraid of. Like all emotion it requires our acceptance if we are to come out the other end all the better for the journey.

Not all grief is that obvious. In as many ways as there are people, we are all experiencing a form of grief at the moment. Whether we admit it to ourselves or not, we all have the sense, somewhere in our psyche, that the world, as we knew it, ended in March 2020.

There's the grief for the life that was. From the simple act of hugging someone dear to you who isn't in your designated few that you are allowed to hug, to the now seemingly flamboyant act of wilfully choosing to hop on a plane and land in the middle of a different culture. To celebrate life and have fun in the process.

Then there's the grief of realising you have been lied to, the victim of control and abuse. Those you thought had been on your side turn out to not care about you much at all.

And let's not forget the grief of losing a dear friend into the abyss that is ripping our societies apart. One expressed so well in [Letter To My Vaccinated Friend](#).

How do you deal with that? The best way is to feel your way through. It will come in waves. Such is the way of grief. Letting the waves run without trying to stop them or hold them back is the key.

Constantly trying to change your feelings is an act of abandonment toward your current emotional state. No matter the reasons projected upon them, your emotions exist as part of a greater evolutionary process you are in. It's a process where your feelings will change on their own as you make your way through each stage; making difficult emotions less about you or anything you believe you have done or are currently doing wrong.

When difficult emotions arise, it is an opportunity to be fully present with how you feel without comparing it to more preferable emotions or looking for ways to numb the intensity. It may even feel as if a part of you is dying, as if all hope has been lost, or even frantically looking for someone or something to distract or rescue you from this plight.

All the while, such feelings exist as signposts of crucial and necessary stages of rebirth that can be ushered in more directly when there is no other way to be, other than, how you feel right now. No matter how often painful feelings ping-pong you back and forth between emotional highs and lows, it is all a part of a bigger journey, where a release of control establishes a deeper space of connection —

once all forms of negotiation come to an end.

Matt Kahn

*You do not heal 'from' trauma.
You simply come to know yourself as Life Itself.
And you turn towards the wounded place.
And you flush it with attention,
which is love.
And maybe the wound will always be with you.
Maybe you will always walk with the hurt.
But now, you hold it. It doesn't hold you.
You are the container, not the contained.
It doesn't control you any longer, the wound.
Because it is drenched in awareness now.
Drenched in You.
Loved by You.
Even celebrated by You.
You do not heal 'from' trauma.
You find healing 'in' the trauma.
You find yourself at trauma's sacred core.
The One who is always present.
The One who can bear even the most intense feeling states.
And survive.
The Indestructible One.
The Infinite One.
The Powerful One.
You.*

Jeff Foster

Sooner or later we do arrive at the farther shore where all that is left is to tackle the big one.

Chapter 19

Our Greatest Fear

Is Our Fear Of Love

*If love is our true nature
then to be afraid of love is
to be truly afraid
of the deepest part of ourselves.*

It was January 1988. I was in New York on a course for several weeks. Sally called. We'd been together a few months before I'd left for the States shortly after New Year. I can't remember the exact words she said but when she said she was coming over and wanted to be with me because she was carrying our baby, the words she said, the tone in which she said it and the emotion that came with it completely melted my heart. Of all the ways that could have been shared with me, that moment felt like perfection itself.

And then my heart froze over. I could feel it happening. A heavy impenetrable internal iron curtain rolled inexorably down and clicked into place, closing the door on the love that was patently happening between two people. Love opened, I closed. And I said *I couldn't do this. I didn't want the baby so I should say no to the relationship too.*

Sally was devastated. She had felt becoming pregnant was a sign that we were meant to be together and now she had not only lost me but had to face the decision of whether to go it alone or choose to lose the baby as well by having an abortion. Which she did.

There was a backstory for me. It had been a tumultuous year. I had left a marriage of 7 years after Margaret had fallen in love with another man. In the next few months my heart fell all over the place. There were four women in particular. Two of whom I did become lovers with. Both became pregnant. The first time it happened we talked about it and, for both of us, having that baby with each other at that time was not something either of us wanted, so she had an abortion and was happy that she could. We stayed friends.

The other was Sally.

I was to find out the next month, after I'd travelled from New York to Seattle, when I called by dad in February to wish him a happy birthday, that around the time Sally had called me with her good news, that had ended so disastrously, that my dad was dying in Wellington Hospital. I imagine to the extent that we are all connected, part of me felt that. Mum hadn't wanted me to face the decision to come back from the course so she had gone through it all by herself too.

As much as there is always a back story to everyone's story that makes their choices more understandable, it is never an excuse. I came home to face the music. Sally's fury. My vulnerability. There was a moment we both remember. Me on the ground in a car park, after an assistants meeting, at night. Sally screaming at me about how she wanted rip my arms off and beat me over the head with the wet ends. It was a journey into the depths for both of us. We did eventually get through it and get back together, getting married 3 years later. And the rest, as they say, is history.

There was a moment that we both remember. It's funny that we each have different memories of where we were at the time but the feeling sense of the moment has never left either of us. If you've ever written a list of your ideal partner and laid out some physical characteristics, I'd suggest throwing that part of the list in the bin. Neither of us looked like each others ideal image of the partner we had in our minds and on our lists. What we both came down to in the end was how we felt in the other persons presence. We made our commitment to each other based on the overriding sense that how we felt with each other was how we wanted to feel in a relationship.

The essence was, and still is, of simply being loved and a sense of being able to trust that love. It was about recognising and accepting that feeling and not shying away from it. Of putting our hearts in its hands no matter what vulnerabilities may lie ahead.

When we allow Love to be the ascendent in our lives, the moment to moment process of life becomes one of a continuous surrender to that Love. That happens by the constant questioning of anything that obscures from our experience the Light of that Love in our everyday moments. Once we have felt that Love, nothing else compares. That also makes the loss of it, all the more obvious to us. And it's in becoming aware of and examining that loss in our moment to moment existence and listening to what is needed to return us there, that we find the path ahead that we need to travel on, to return to it. That process is the bedrock of our individual spiritual journey.

That's a journey that seems to freak the globalists out:

*They fear love
because it creates
a world they can't control.*

George Orwell

The Need For Love

We each need to recognise that returning to Love is our greatest need. We lose touch with that need in the pressures of life in this world and the apparently more pressing needs for the things of this world, be it money, fame, recognition, or security. In doing that we forget what is and who we are. We deny our Selves and our true eternal nature. This will continue ad infinitum until we once again recognise our need for Love. It's in that recognition that we awaken to the fact that we are that Love. That Life never gave us a

need without also giving us its fulfilment. A fulfilment found by extending to others what has already been given to us.

Father, I will but to remember You.

What can I seek for, Father, but Your Love?

Perhaps I think I seek for something else;

a something I have called by many names.

Yet is Your Love the only thing I seek, or ever sought.

For there is nothing else that I could ever really want to find.

Let me remember You.

What else could I desire but the truth about myself?

ACIM Wb, L.231

Loving Love Is Loving God

I will not be afraid of love today.

ACIM Wb, L. 282

I've talked about the problems with the word God and made the suggestion to trade it in for the word, Love. Here I want to bring this back full circle.

Being afraid of love is being afraid of God.

So let's rewrite:

I will not be afraid of love today.

into:

I will not be afraid of God today.

How often have we heard religious teaching that promotes the fear of God? Exhorting us to be afraid of God. Because if we don't, we'll do terrible things and God will surely punish us severely for those. Well what if God was simply waiting patiently for us to figure out that is not so?

You've probably heard of the saying *I love you to the moon and back*. I remember it from Big Bear saying it to Little Bear in a book entitled *I Love You To The Moon And Back* by Tim Warnes that we read to our girls when they were little. You may have said it to your own kids.

There was a moment with one of our girls where she was feeling devastated and embarrassed and wondering what we'd think of her and in coming up with a reply to try to explain how much we loved her and that we'd never see her in the light she had imagined, I wrote *we love you to the moon and back* in the message. Then I stopped and thought *in this situation that doesn't really cut it*. So I changed it up to *we love you to the edge of the universe and back and that's not gonna change*.

It was meant to reassure her that we didn't need her to feel mortified on our behalf. She could if she wanted to but please not to do that for us. As I wrote that and reread it I found myself thinking that's likely how God relates to us. We've all heard the story of the prodigal son returning home to welcoming arms when he was expecting admonishment of some sort. It's a great story but for some reason it sunk home deeper for me once I witnessed myself messaging that to my daughter.

It's both a great example of *all that I give, I give to myself*, (ACIM) in that in the outflowing of unconditional love to our daughter I also experienced an inflowing of that Love and a better understanding of God's Love for us and for me.

If you'll think back to the experiences of the teachers I mentioned, Eckhart Tolle, Byron Katie, Mooji and Anita Moorjani, can you see that they all ended up falling in love with the experience of the Love that broke upon their inner shores.

Falling in love with Love is a journey. It comes in waves. At times it may seem like a distant memory. At others it feels so fundamental that I wonder how I could ever forget? But in all moments the potential to remember and express, to bring Love into being, is intimately present. Over time becoming ever more resolute and confident.

Love goes with me wherever I go.

It is quite possible to reach Love.

In fact it is very easy,

because it is the most natural thing in the world.

You might even say it is the only natural thing in the world.

There will be only one long practice period today.

*In the morning, as soon as you get up if possible,
sit quietly for some three to five minutes, with your eyes closed.*

At the beginning of the practice period,

repeat today's idea very slowly.

Love goes with me wherever I go.

Then make no effort to think of anything.

*Try, instead, to get a sense of turning inward,
past all the idle thoughts of the world.*

*Try to enter very deeply into your own mind,
keeping it clear of any thoughts that might divert your attention.*

ACIM Wb, L. 41.

I'd encourage you to do that tomorrow morning but I'd also ask that you take those 3-5 minutes now, and rest into Love before reading on. Hopefully these next few minutes spent with Love will encourage you to remember in your future moments, when you need it most and when it's simply to extend your own delight, that Love goes with you wherever you go.

Chapter 20

Learning From Pain Or From Joy

The Choice Is Ours

It's not up to us what we learn.

We need to learn the ultimate lesson that separation was never real.

But whether we learn that through pain or joy is our choice.

And once we learn it is a choice

and guilt no longer has a wicked hold,

then choosing to learn through joy turns life

more into the experience of heaven than hell.

One thing we do have freedom in is how we want to learn what we need to learn here.

You can see from the stories I shared earlier how Eckhart Tolle talked about the pain getting to the point where he couldn't stand it anymore. Whereas Mooji, spoke primarily of the pleasures that were in his life simply expanding. Neither way is right or wrong. They both worked. From those two it certainly does look as it has been said that *All roads, lead to Rome*.

Remember that when you find yourself caught up in pain and judging yourself for it and deeming yourself lacking because of it. Then you simply have one more thing that you get to forgive yourself for.

Bringing this learning from pain or pleasure from a spiritual to a physical level. If you have ever struggled with weight and tried to lose weight, you very likely have been able to do that but with a lot of pain and suffering. The result likely didn't last long and you found yourself rebounding in size, waiting with bated breath for the next time you found you had enough strength or experienced enough pain to take the challenge one more time. If you ever watched The Biggest Loser, life for those folk looked so much like a living hell that you may have wondered if torture would have been preferable?

In stark contrast, the experience of losing weight while being aware of and working within your carbohydrate tolerance level is much more pleasurable. More akin to heaven in the process. And you'll generally experience greater results that are also more sustainable over the years. I'm sure you'll understand that better once you read the Body/Evolving Food Pyramids section.

Tony Robbins is famous for expounding on how we are either motivated to avoid pain or to seek pleasure. And that, for most of us, avoiding pain is a much more powerful motivator for action than seeking pleasure. Can you recognise this thought? That we will in general do anything to avoid pain until it gets too painful to avoid it any longer? Whether it's studying for and passing exams or talking to a friend or a loved one about an important issue how many of us have held off because the thought of taking action was painful enough to stop us until it got too painful not to act?

It's a deep learning to contemplate what our mind's find pain and pleasure in and witnessing how that drives our choices. From there we can learn to decipher which mMind we are listening to and get to make some different choices. You could say that:

Learning through pleasure is Love's way.

Learning through pain is ours.

Guilt As A Driver Of Painful Learning

I have a sense that if you feel existentially guilty the only choice for learning is pain. The corollary would be that the more you deeply release that guilt the more you can free yourself up to, then, learn from joy.

It appears to me that 'spiritual' people are consciously more aware of feeling guilty than folks that would classify themselves as 'non-spiritual'. Vegetarians and vegans epitomise this idea for me. In that their guilt at eating any sentient being drives them in their choices of food. I certainly remember that being part of the reason I made those choices in the past.

It's sad ironic when I think of what could actually happen if the militant vegans, who demand that we stop eating meat for our own spiritual wellbeing as well as for the 'health of the planet', got their way. Contrary to what they are thinking they would inadvertently become the supreme predators that they are desperately trying to avoid being, as they progress to wipe out all grass grazing animals to save the planet from all that toxic methane because they believed in the misinformation they are being fed by the 'experts'. Apparently unable to consider the amount of natural fertiliser the topsoil would lose without all that ruminant poo and wee. What happens when the topsoil finally goes, once we wipe out the animals that are replenishing it? The Extinction Rebellion's death wish could indeed cometh upon them. And all of us.

It's so easy, even seductive, to become wrapped up in the existential guilt of simply being human. A view that has been fostered by the Globalists for a long time.

The Earth has cancer and the cancer is Man.

Club of Rome, Mankind at the Turning Point, 1974

Humanity is seen, by them, as the 'scourge of the earth', forever immersed in hurting other people, animals and the planet in our incessant lust and greed. It's time we considered who is actually trying to convince us of that and for what nefarious ends? And to wake up to how they've been 'enrolling' the guilt ridden to push their guilt on the rest of humanity. To make us all bend to their will.

If we forget about our fundamental innocence and divinity we may very well fall for the transhumanist idea that we need to be genetically altered to be a more 'acceptable' part of life on earth. But there is another way of viewing humanity as I'm sure you are now aware of, if you weren't before.

Humanity has done some terrible things. That's for sure. But it has done many more awesome things as well. We need only look at the burgeoning of our societies for the proof of that.

We just need one small step to bring humanity to complete fruition. And it's not one that comes from technology that was exemplified in that one small step for man, one giant leap for mankind, kinda step. It's the acknowledgement that it truly is only a small step for each of us to step into the Love that gives expression to our divinity here. Small in the sense that it is the easiest and most natural thing for any of us to do, like we put one foot in front of the other.

It's in doing that, that we find there is another way the way to contribute to the flow of the universe, where we give the power of our choice over to a higher power, that knows our good, by extending our invitation for it to do so. Trusting in Love to guide us in the right direction. It's in the relinquishment of the attachment, the preciousness, of our individual and collective small m minds and the acceptance of and devotion to the Big M Mind, the One Mind To Free Us All, that we can all create a world that is as near to heaven that we could reach out and touch it.

Chapter 21

Freedom To Choose

When will you?

*Everything can be taken from a man but one thing:
the last of the human freedoms—
to choose one's attitude in any given set of circumstances,
to choose one's own way.*

Viktor Frankl

Viktor Frankl highlights in his book *Man's Search For Meaning* about how the last bastion of freedom is the right and ability to choose your own thoughts. In the hell of the concentration camp he determined that what his survival depended upon was knowing that above all else, he, and he alone, had the freedom to choose what his mind dwelt on.

What I've been elaborating on in this book is that it's not just the thoughts you choose to dwell on, although they are a start, but it's more importantly the mMind you choose to pay attention to, to devote yourself to and to follow.

When will you make that choice? Will it be now, reading this book?

If not, when?

Maybe you already have realised that freedom?

Much of the first few weeks of ACIM, A Course In Miracles, is dedicated to clarifying that we have no neutral thoughts, we have no neutral feelings generated from those thoughts and we see no neutral things because we have no neutral thoughts about those things. We either choose from our small m minds what things mean to us, or we allow our Big M Mind to choose their meaning, for us.

How do we make that shift in inner thought and outer perception? At some point we need to pay attention to how we are feeling inside and make some decisions about that. To ask ourselves about what we are feeling and the way we are being and decide whether we want to feel and be that way? To ask if there a better way? Then waiting. Rather than deciding what that something means, we instead make the choice to give over what meaning will be written there for us, to our Big M Minds. This brings about a deep rest. It's not all our responsibility. We don't have to figure it out. We only have to be open to a greater Mind and be alert to where our mind steps in the way.

Often we'll only come to this point when we have been brought to your knees. Like ET or Mooji. In our struggle to find Love we need to accept that we cannot create it. Love simply is and can simply be accepted and extended by living and being it.

We can however go through the process of identifying our feelings and seeing how we bring them about. In the realisation that they are not caused by the outside and that we are the one bringing them about, we get to sit face to face with the ultimate choice in life. Shall I continue this way? Shall I live into this moment with this way of being? Or is it time to let it go? To let go of my way of being and instead to allow My Way of Being to express through me?

What a Gift to be given and to be able to Give.

The byline/subtitle of this book is Simplifying Life's Lessons So You Can Liberate Yourself. That is our work to do and the point of this book is to clarify how to walk in that direction. It is a duty and an honour and it's also a celebration and a delight. ACIM talks about preparing yourself for Grace to come to lift you up that final way. It's not that Grace is waiting till we've been a good boy or girl. It's because Grace can't get in if we are keeping her out. The Freedom to Choose, that we have, and that must be exercised, is the simple freedom to be Love and that is all that Grace is waiting for.

Choosing Love is about choosing love as what some call a Substantive Quality of being. Something that is a fundamental quality of what we call life. Love is such a Quality, along with Joy and Peace. There was that moment after that conversation with the Sunday School teacher, where I made up my mind that if God isn't Light and Love, like in my early dreams of the Light, then I wasn't interested. It was in finding the ability and freedom to choose what I experienced to be true for myself, that I was able to find my way back.

We all need to choose what life is about for us, and what it is't. And we all need whatever experience we need to help us continue to make that choice in our future moments. It's not a one stop shop but an ongoingness.

In that way we find that:

There is no saint without a past.

And no sinner without a future.

Oscar Wilde

When I first remembered seeing that quote, someone had attributed it to Babaji as originally saying it. Others have thought it was St Augustine or Pope Francise. But no. It seems it was Oscar Wilde.

The small difference between a sinner and a saint is that small step we all can take. That most natural of steps of choosing to be led by the One Mind To Free Us All that will gladly lead us on our individual paths.

Live life in Truth, Simplicity, and Love
Keep your mind always concentrated on God's name
Do selfless work and service to God
Love and serve all humanity
Let the Lord's grace set you free

Haidakhan Babaji

How do you know how you are going in your journey?

Everyday in every moment we all have the choice to express who we are or who we are not. If you pay attention to how you feel about how you are expressing or have just expressed, you'll start to experience guidance on whether your choice is the best one or not.

It's not that we need to focus on creating Love, Joy and Peace, as much as welcome them into our awareness. They sit and wait but for our removal of the blocks to the sight and experience of them

Chapter 22

Forgiveness

The Path Home

Condemn and you are made a prisoner.

Forgive and you are freed.

Such is the law that rules perception.

Illusion makes illusion.

Except one.

Forgiveness is illusion that is answer to the rest.

ACIM Wb, L 198.

I'd like to say some more about forgiveness because, when push comes to shove this is where the rubber meets the spiritual road. There is no traction to life on earth without forgiveness. Without it we are simply spinning our wheels.

But forgiveness has a place for everything and everyone, even for those spinning their wheels too. For when our spiritual wheels finally get traction, we are off to the races. And like a car, it can be wildly out of control at first and that just could be where the learning comes from pain. Learning comes from joy when we've learnt to go to forgiveness as we wake up, all through our day and as we go to sleep at night.

Forgiveness from an ACIM context isn't about *you were wrong but I forgive you*. It's about the event not having happened in the reality that is Spirit. Our Love, Joy and Peace was never disturbed. We just thought it was.

This doesn't mean that you forgive everybody for everything and become guilty yourself for everything. No, no, no, no, no, no, no. A lot of people when they are learning to practice forgiveness often make this mistake. Just like Babaji holding the watch thief accountable, it's ok to call a spade a spade. It's not wrong or right for being a spade, It's simply a spade. And a spade needs to be treated accordingly. It doesn't need to be berated for being a spade. It simply needs to be seen for what it is and what it can do and what it can't do and how it needs to be treated in the moment that you are dealing with it. We can trip up on the idea of judgement and thinking we shouldn't judge people. Which can in turn, mistakenly get us into thinking we can't hold them accountable. Holding someone accountable is about shining a light on their behaviour. It's not about condemning them to hell because of it.

Rather than rain judgement down on our heads in those moments that we find ourselves ravaged by guilt, fear, anger, betrayal, grief, helplessness and afraid of love, we need to forgive ourselves and accept ourselves and whatever our moments hold.

But the main way we get to forgive ourselves is through extending forgiveness to others. One way ACIM suggests doing that is to:

Let me forget my brother's past today.

ACIM Wb, L. 288

This is not just a statement about the way back past of our childhood and early relations but also of the moments that have just past, that moment when our sister or brother said or didn't say something, did something or didn't do something that sent us into a tailspin. In those moments when we are determined to make someone else guilty, we need to forgive ourselves for doing that as well as forgive them for what you want to blame them for.

The first step for me to say *I am angry* or *I am feeling angry* is for me to experience myself having that feeling, and wanting to blame someone for it, and to forgive myself for feeling that way. In that way, learning to communicate our feelings, whichever they are, is a lesson in learning to forgive yourself your own feelings and from there the people you are responding to.

The more we have trouble with a particular feeling the more we will want to blame other people for creating them in us. We'll hear this coming out of our mouths in statements like: *You made me _____!* or *You made me feel _____!* It's an important step in taking responsibility for our feelings, and learning to communicate them, to come to the realisation that no one make us feel anything. That's all our own doing according to our perceptions.

There's a quote I always remember and aim to deploy, when faced with a confronting situation, from Joy's Way, a pithy 3 liner that one of Brugh's Teachers shared with him and asked him to take on. I think it defines some steps in the forgiveness process.

Make no judgements,

Make no comparisons,

Delete the need to understand.

Brugh Joy

We've talked enough about judgement. Comparisons are self explanatory. Making no comparisons is about becoming aware of the process of thinking someone does something better or worse than you, or thinking they have more or less than you and calling a halt to that.

Deleting the need to understand does not mean to delete understanding but to delete the 'need' for it. It's like catching a tiny feather or dandelion tuft in the air. The more you try to grab it, the more we push it away. Instead when we turn our palm up and follow it's path we can allow it to come to rest in our hand.

Chapter 23

Doubt

The double edged sword

I had left medicine and was still living in the Lotus Yoga Centre in Aro St, Wellington. It was a dark night and I was coming to the end of Richard Bach's *Illusions - The Adventures of a Reluctant Messiah*. I'd loved *Jonathon Livingston Seagull* and I was enjoying *Illusions*. That is, until the last sentence.

The last words in the reluctant messiah's handbook hit me hard:

*Everything
in this book
may be
wrong.*

WHAT!!!! I'd left medicine. Set my life on a new path. And you're telling me it could be wrong? I reread it in vain, just in case I'd been mistaken the first time. I hadn't. And I certainly hoped that was not the case.

As much as I carried on with my journey there have been times where I have doubted the path. The pain I felt I created encouraging me to be wary of other decisions that needed to be made as life went along. Doubt can indeed be a crippling conundrum making any movement impossible. That's not fun at all.

Another way of talking about doubt is through another word. Uncertainty. And its opposite, certainty. Some people hate feeling uncertain and they will hang on to certainty at all costs. Even life itself. Even if that 'certainty' was just in their own small mind and had nothing to do with reality at all.

Over time I've learned to take the point of view that all feelings have value and meaning. Doubt and uncertainty aren't necessarily a sign of weakness or failure. They can be a sign from the Big M Mind not to act, to take a breath, pause, let the moment pass, do some more investigation, feel into it more, align your heart and brain before making any decisions.

So, where do you sit on that spectrum of comfort? Are you stifled and crippled with doubt and uncertainty? Or do you hate feeling uncertain and HAVE to feel certain about everything, to metaphorically batten the mental hatches to ride out the doubt storms that may be approaching? Heaven forbid that you might be wrong and that their might be a better way.

Hopefully you get the sense that neither of those situations is tenable for a flexible fun experience of living.

You could say that if you have been excelling in Nazi levels of certainty, it may be well past time to seriously start doubting yourself and to instead allow yourself to open up to a different Mind.

On the other hand, if you have been excelling at doubting yourself to the point where you feel like a cripple, then you may need to hold your doubt at arms length. To get some breathing space from it, so that you can begin to explore and to learn which mMind to trust and which to trust not to trust.

Darwin was quite open with his doubt in his theory of evolution by natural selection. It was just those that came after that wanted to immortalise it in concrete. He had never meant that to happen. It was simply an idea he felt worthy of discussion.

Doubt in that sense is a high state. It involves the openness to admit that you might be wrong, that you may not know what is true and best in this situation, that you are willing to receive deeper clarity about reality.

*You see, one thing is, I can live with doubt,
and uncertainty, and not knowing.
I think it's much more interesting to live,
not knowing,
than to have answers
which might be wrong.*

Richard Feynman Nobel Laureate Physics

And it's OK to be certain, when life and experience brings home to you that you are standing on solid ground.

Doubt As A Weapon

Doubt has also been weaponised against us. An abuser will aim to have their victim doubt themselves. Currently the greatest abusers are governments in the grip of globalist dictates, and the controlled media, that use biased, but professed as consensus 'science', rhetoric to convince us of the paths they think we need to take. The aim being to make us doubt ourselves, and our common sense, so that their bullying will prevail.

We don't need to be an expert to figure something out and we definitely don't need to just listen to the 'experts' that are trotted out to us as being the ones to believe in. The more the experts who have another point of view are censored, the more we need to doubt those

that are being upheld as Gods. If we don't, we fall prey to them using our doubt as a weapon that we shoot ourselves in the foot with.

Don't let them. You're smarter than you think you are.

Then there are those that teach that whatever you think will come upon you. So whenever you suffer from a 'negative' thought about the globalists being ultimately in control we should let that thought go. Look at what you want to create instead. And by so doing help to bring that reality into being.

Could this be happening from the mind that is afraid of feeling? For which fear is too scary, and should be avoided at all costs? That would rather believe that the White Hats are in control, that NESARA and GESARA are real and about to break out in the MSM?

While that might happen, it may not. The USSR lasted for 69 years and the CCP for 100 years and still counting. We may need to be careful not to rationalise or spiritualise away any tendency to action or we may face some major regrets:

And how we burned in the camps later, thinking:

What would things have been like if every Security operative, when he went out at night to make an arrest, had been uncertain whether he would return alive and had to say good-bye to his family? Or if, during periods of mass arrests, as for example in Leningrad, when they arrested a quarter of the entire city, people had not simply sat there in their lairs, paling with terror at every bang of the downstairs door and at every step on the staircase, but had understood they had nothing left to lose and had boldly set up in the downstairs hall an ambush of half a dozen people with axes, hammers, pokers, or whatever else was at hand?...

The Organs would very quickly have suffered a shortage of officers and transport and, notwithstanding all of Stalin's thirst, the cursed machine would have ground to a halt! If...if...

We didn't love freedom enough. And even more – we had no awareness of the real situation.... We purely and simply deserved everything that happened afterward.

– Aleksandr I. Solzhenitsyn , The Gulag Archipelago 1918–1956

Faith

If doubt had or needed an opposite, it could very well be faith. Faith in the experiences that come from practice and application. From your own N=1 exploration into life and its origins. Of finding who we can trust and who we can trust not to trust.

Unlike the ending of *Illusions* where everything is called into doubt I'd like to remind us that God-Goddess-All That Is-Love goes with us wherever we go. We need to feel into that whenever we need to. There's a lot more talk about Presence these days. For me it began with Ram Das's *Be Here Now* in the 70's and extended into Eckhart Tolle's *The Power Of Now* in the 2000's. It's the same presence just a different languaging but always the same time, this moment. Now.

Remember who you are through that process and life, believe in that process but more importantly live through it and life will tend to sort itself out.

We don't have to go in search of our mission or purpose.

The more we search for it, the more it will elude us.

*We just have to be ourselves and find our joy in the present moment
or do what calls us in the present moment*

and our mission will unfold.

Anita Moorjani

Chapter 24

Feelings to Cultivate

The Emotional Interface

In the future I might expand this chapter but in the meantime I'll focus on this one.

Patience

3 months is not an eternity

3 months is all I had to do to complete my house surgeon year. One week in overnight A&E and 3 months in a surgery unit. At the time it seemed like a life sentence. Right now we are house sitting in Finland for 3 months and contemplating similar lengths of time for house sits in France and Italy. 3 months now look like nothing.

One of the commonest acknowledgements I get from people is that *you are so patient*. I have to wonder if it is because I was so impatient when I was younger and it caused so much drama in my life and for those around me that I realised through bitter experience the value of patience.

Whatever the reason I love being able to be patient. When all there is is now, patience is a natural extension of relaxing into the moment. Of not wanting something to be gone or to be freed of the ache of wanting something to come.

As we close this section, I know that patience is something that you will need in your journey. Life at times will not come fast enough for you. But take it easy. Life is coming whether you like it the way it is or not. Impatience may only keep your good/peace away. Longer than you care to admit.

We needlessly bring impatience into our spiritual journey. Once we've had a 'peak experience' we are impatient for the next. It can feel like we are bouncing from bliss to hell till we end up on the 'middle path'. During which it's easily forgotten that, when in the midst of 'illumination', it is the pressing need for it to continue that forces it out of our awareness. Spiritual greed needs to be handled like any other greed, physical or emotional, by accepting that we are ok whether we have the thing we are greedy for, or not.

So be patient with yourself as you go through life. Before rushing off to another self help book, chill a little. Reflect on what you've learned in these pages with me. Recognise and acknowledge what you need to take to heart.

Babaji used to refer to women and men, ladies and gentlemen, as ladies and gentles. I wonder if being patient and gentle with yourself is needed more by men than women. Women have already mastered that to a certain level. They practise the gentle arts more. Men are more likely to be afraid of gentleness, being more used to waging war. Yet waging war with life as you see it, and your self in particular is likely not the best option. As a human race (pun intended) our race could be towards oblivion. Life cannot be reached if that is the goal, which for many it is. There's a certain glee to be had in contemplating the end of the world. But the end of the world is really just the end of the world as we know it. And in a way that happens anyway when we relax into being patient with our selves and learn to become our Selves to find we have already arrived where we never truly left. That's an end of the world scenario that has no downsides.

My home awaits me. I will hasten there.

If I so choose, I can depart this world entirely.

It is not death which makes this possible,

but it is change of mind about the purpose of the world.

If I believe it has a value as I see it now, so will it still remain for me.

But if I see no value in the world as I behold it,

nothing that I want to keep as mine or search for as a goal,

it will depart from me.

For I have not sought for illusions to replace the truth.

ACIM Wb, L. 226

Chapter 25

Breath

The Bridge Between Mind and Body, Over Which Spirit Travels.

*There is nothing of greater advantage to you
—or that links you more powerfully
with the Source from which you have come—
than that of your breathing.*

Abraham

It would be remiss of me after 12 years of working with the breath, not to mention it.

I believe that to reconnect with the light, which we are, is our ultimate journey here. I also believe that is best done not by forsaking the world but by entering into it with greater and greater awareness. To bring this light into our everyday action is therefore our primary responsibility.

I see the breath as an exquisitely beautiful bridge between spirit and body that can help us both touch that light and allow it to manifest in our daily activities, i.e. our thoughts, feelings and actions. Your breath is both a way to connect to who you truly are as well as a reflection of how easy or difficult that connection is for you. Freeing your breath is tantamount to freeing your connection to who you are and your relationship to your life at a fundamental level.

From 1979 - 1992 I worked with a conscious connected breathing process called Rebirthing. Then I took a long break, which has given me what I believe are some important perspectives. I have come to look at the breath not so much as a vehicle to become reborn but as a path to ReJoyn. Meaning to reconnect with the capital J Joy that is forever present.

For me the word ReJoyning more accurately describes both the process and the result of consciously breathing. While the term rebirthing can subtly redirect our focus to primal pain & struggle, the term Rejoyning hopefully lifts awareness to reconnecting with the ever-present experience of Joy & Ease.

I have also shifted the focus from breath-work, which obviously insinuates work and implies that we have to work to get or achieve something, to breath-play, suggesting the opposite. We have already arrived, we simply need to recognise and enJOY that. To play along with breath rather than to try to control it to make it do whatever we are demanding of it.

I see it as a way to stop being caught up in the spiritual greed exemplified by trying to work with the breath to produce a spiritual high. Instead breathing becomes a process of surrendering to what is and the 'high' that already exists in the acceptance of our present moment and everything it holds.

It's ironic that most of what is looked at as spiritual growth work originates from our perceived experiential lack of it. To put it another way, if you continually focus on what's wrong with you or what is lacking in you, how will you ever find what's right with you and experience what fills you?

Learning to love you, as well as everything and everyone around you, is both an art and a science. I don't believe that we can transform ourselves but instead I believe that we can recognise who we truly are. That recognition is transforming in and of itself.

For me there is no better time to be engaged in this process than to witness my breath as I move from sleep to waking. Rather than relaxing ourselves to sleep, this is about relaxing ourselves into awakening.

Our breath is often thought of as unique because it's something that happens both through conscious and unconscious processes. Our breath is fundamentally about relaxing. Allowing life, in the form of air, to enter and suffuse our bodies and allowing our bodies to give back what we do not need. It's delightfully paradoxical when we think of relaxing into our in breath and letting our belly's expand along with it, that our diaphragm is actually contracting to make that happen.

I was reminded during a story in *The Choice* by Edith Eger in the chapter of the *Girl With No Hands* about the power of breath to help people handle trauma. Specifically hyperventilation during panic attacks. The idea being not to breathe harder or faster but to allow yourself to let go, to let the breath go, to relax and let your body inhale and exhale without holding or trying to control it, so you can eventually breathe easily and fully once again.

If you suffer from hyperventilation and have ever been presented with a paper bag and told to breathe into it, allowing yourself to pay attention to your breathing before you end up back in ER, is worth exploring. The key thing to be aware of is how you are not relaxing into your exhale and how you are instead forcing your exhale and grabbing at the air before you have fully exhaled.

To relax into our breath we need to experience how we are holding onto tension in our diaphragm, chest and throat right throughout the in breath and the out breath. Learning to consciously relax in all areas of tension that we feel, is a key to a full breath. As I'm waking I pay attention to my breath and whatever tension I find there. Ideally I keep relaxing into my breath as I am waking until I experience an exquisite oneness with my breath and being.

This can be done at any moment during the day that you'd like to reconnect with yourself. Right up till next you fall asleep. I also recommend it while eating and any time you feel any stress.

Body

I Am Sustained By Love

I imagine you know by now that I am quite comfortable with the 3 letter word beginning with G and ending with d. I've had only a short period in my life when that word would bring a dubious frown to my brow. But for some THAT word is still too close to the bone.

So let's leave the word out of the equation for now and instead focus on the essence of the word. No other word exemplifies that essence better for me than the word Love. We are about to go into talking about the body and what sustains it best but no matter what we discuss there, the thing to remember that above all is that we are sustained by Love.

Evolving Food Pyramids was the original Body section of *Light, Love, Laws and Lies*, but I decided to publish it separately, so that information could be out there helping people, while I dug into the Covid drama that has enveloped us. In the future I may reincorporate it into *Light, Love, Laws & Lies*.

You can read ***Evolving Food Pyramids***, available as a separate download here:
<https://www.daragrennie.com/health/evolving-food-pyramids/>

You are welcome to go there now if you want to read that first and come back to finish the rest of *Light, Love, Laws & Lies*.

Or you can simply read on...

For now I'd like to add a couple of thoughts.

There are people like Anita Moorjani for whom her trip through cancer hell and death, led her back to heaven and back to life.

And there are others who find a simple change in diet turns the totality of their health and their life around. from a living hell to a forever heaven.

The truth of what you need, for whatever faces you, includes the whole spectrum of possibility that is available. We each need to be responsible for coming to terms with what is true for us and accepting the path we see ahead that makes the most sense.

To give us an idea of what our body should feel like when we find that path here is another insight, that I found valuable, from ACIM.

Sickness Is Defense Against The Truth

ACIM WB, L.136

*Perhaps you do not realise that this removes the limits you had
placed upon the body by the purposes you gave to it.*

*As these are laid aside, the strength the body has will always be
enough to serve all truly useful purposes.*

*The body's health is fully guaranteed, because it is not limited by
time, by weather or fatigue, by food and drink, or any laws you
made it serve before.*

*You need do nothing now to make it well,
for sickness has become impossible.*

*Now is the body healed,
because the source of sickness has been opened to relief.*

And you will recognise you practiced well by this:

The body should not feel at all.

*If you have been successful, there will be no sense
of feeling ill or feeling well,
of pain or pleasure.*

No response at all is in the mind to what the body does.

Its usefulness remains and nothing more.

If we can indeed turn our body into Light and come and go as we please, with the Grace and direction of God, Goddess, All That Is, Love, we could say that none of Evolving Food Pyramids matters. But, until we are there, and to help us get there, I believe it's important to look after our bodies. So that our minds can more easily and clearly choose what works for us and what doesn't, and our spirits can more easily inhabit our bodies as a vehicle for the expression of the Love that is Life Itself.

Chapter 26

You Can Think For Yourself

Despite What Others Think

Most authorities, of all varieties, think we are too dumb or just simply incapable of looking after ourselves. We can't be trusted to eat what is right for us, feel what is right for us or think what is right for us.

We can so easily become complicit in this situation.

To make our own decisions. To live our lives according to our truths is seen as a dangerous situation both by the authority and ourselves.

It is very seductive to simply go into agreement with authorities, losing ourselves in a state of helplessness that can take some determination to break out of. In one sense, as the status quo wants to dumb us down and not have us make decisions for ourselves, it becomes an act of rebellion to think differently to that status quo.

Yet, starting to think for ourselves is an essential thing. To know our own mMinds, to know what works for us, and what doesn't, is empowering information and it shouldn't need an act of rebellion to take care of ourselves.

Humanity is essentially a cooperative species or process. We are geared to get along with others. So I say it should be part of our educational process to be supported in our willingness and ability to recognise our own inner intelligence. Our inner intelligence, which is behind our ability to take care of ourselves is far superior to any external authority.

And ultimately it's not about our thoughts. It's about coming to realise which mMind we are tThinking with. Learning to distinguish mind from Mind and learning to make a choice of which one deserves our allegiance.

Chapter 27

Truth

Isn't That Hard To Find

The Truth is the only thing we can handle.

Anything else will drive us nuts.

You may have noticed how the world seems to have gone crazy. People spitting tacks at each other. Main stream media no longer a trusted source. A feeling that something is not quite right. Blatant lies flying around like a swarm of mosquitoes. We are all being driven mad by a lack of truth.

It reminds me of when my first wife and I were in the process of splitting up but hadn't admitted it to each other yet. We both had brief affairs towards the end of our seven year marriage that we both knew about. But there was one that went on for a year or two under my nose. It took a long time for me to ask a direct question in a way that she couldn't avoid it, and for her to be able to acknowledge it and admit the truth to herself and to me. Bottomline they were in love and they eventually did get together, get married and stayed together as far as I know. As traumatic as it was for both of us at the time, it was a happy ending for each of us.

Before it was out in the open, I felt like I was going crazy. The suspicion was there but no certainty about the truth of it. I was too naive and gullible and denial was much more preferable than facing the truth before I was ready to. The wimpy questions I asked were easily deflected. But there came a night when I had had enough. So I hid out in the bushes opposite our home, waiting for them to stop at the top of the driveway, when they were out together one evening. Watching them kiss each other goodnight was definitely not what I would expect from people that were just 'good friends'. Once it was out in the open the main feeling for me was a sense of relief. My distress over the past months had a reason behind it. The truth I could accept. It was the lies that were driving me to distraction.

Have you had your own experience of being lied to or the truth being withheld from you? Can you relate to the feelings of going crazy until you found out that truth? And the sense of relief once you found that truth out?

I think we're in this phase as a globe. We are being told a pretty story, i.e. that the authorities are doing everything they can for our safety. But there is something else going on under the surface. Some of us can feel it. Others are completely oblivious.

Many of my friends are lost in the mist of grievance and despair brought on by our global Covid responses, or are head down, bum up trying to make the best of whatever life is

possible in the midst of the struggle to survive. Not really able to think of much else other than how to get through this year, this month, this week, this day.

Friends who I have felt very close to over the years are suddenly on the other side of a very deep chasm. Unreachable. As unreachable as the honest truth is through a Google search for it.

Then there are other friends and many more new friends, where we feel that same sense of relief that comes from being openly able to share our sense of the truth with each other. Like two rivers rushing to meet in a lake, we relax deeply, intermingling in each others presence. The sense of relief as palpable as a warm summers day.

Until they've met others who think the same, and can talk about the truth of their feelings I've heard many say that they felt like they were all alone in the wilderness of a world gone mad and they thought they were the ones who were going crazy.

Like in any relationship, if there is another party involved, it can take a while to uncover what is truly going on. Denying our doubts and concerns is a common response. I was in denial for a long time. *No, that couldn't be happening. They wouldn't.* But they would and they were.

The question is, what if our governments have other lovers? People that do not care much for us, who just want our governments for themselves? People that have seduced our governments by all manner of means?

For those who still believe their government only has eyes for them and their well-being, I foresee a serious world of hurt in their future. Or a blind 1984 style mental obedience where there are no thoughts that disturb the blanket of fabricated peace that a universe of lies can create.

Those who are awake to being lied to by their government have been trying to alert their relatives and friends, for as long as they have been awake to that truth. Some have been listened to and their partners have seen the light. Others have found partners, family and friends, seriously defensive. Still others have thrown been thrown out of the family home, or had their friendship thrown out the window.

Because truth can be hard to hear. When it involves us being the jilted lover, when we are under the delusion that we are in a cosy relationship, the truth is the very last thing we want to hear. But it's the very thing we need to hear.

It helps that truth does have a palpable emotional tone. A sense of relief is part of it. There's a feeling of internal congruency of: *Ah yes, that's the truth.* Almost a *Eureka* like moment. And a sense of *now that I know the truth, no matter how much it may hurt, that I can now move forward with that knowledge in some kind of meaningful way.* It can be a very visceral feeling. People describe it as their *gut feelings*.

Often it will happen that the feeling comes first. It touches the inner surfaces of our consciousness from the part of us where we are all connected to a deeper reality, all part of One Mind. When it touches us we simply need to pay heed. There was that part of me, my Big M Mind, that *knew* something was going on, in my past relationship, but my

conscious mind, my small m mind, didn't want to face it. It was too scary to face and it took me a long time to get through the denial to be able to face what was true and what was coming.

It's always good to check those 'gut feelings' out though. Until you have enough meaningful experience to know what gut feelings to trust, you can get seriously lost down some rabbit holes. That's where discernment comes in. This begins when we become willing to question what we are seeing, hearing and feeling.

It's about being willing to ask the hard questions. Those ones that we may not want the answers to because it will send our whole world topsy turvy. I spotted this post on Robin Monotti and Dr Mike Yeadon's [Telegram channel](#). It's a good example of what kind of questions have led people to question our Covid response and if indeed our government really has our good and our health in mind. I'm highlighting this as it's a great sign for me of how connected we all are, that I can hear of truths spoken locally, amplified from the other side of the world.

This was posted to the New Zealand Prime Minister,
Jacinda Ardern's, page
by Jo Wright

Of all the vaccines I have taken in my life like Tetanus shots, measles, mumps, polio, meningitis, TB shots, etc...

Never have I heard so many lies and deceptions over a vaccine that says I have to wear a mask and socially distance even when fully vaccinated, and that I could still contract or spread the virus even after being fully vaccinated.

Never had to get tested when I was perfectly healthy without any symptoms whatsoever.

Never been bribed by the establishments to take the vaccine in order to win a holiday and/or cash prizes or earn frequent flyer points.

I never had to worry about cardiac issues, neurological disorders, blood clots and sadly more! Didn't even have to worry about death.

Never was I ever THREATENED by the use of FORCE by the Government, Employers, Police force, and Military for a vaccine as seen overseas.

I was never judged by my friends or relatives if I didn't take it. I was never discriminated against for travel or other regular services to a point where I could not buy or sell without it.

The vaccines I have listed above never told me I was a bad person for not taking them or for even taking them for that matter.

I have never seen a vaccine that threatened the relationship between my family members and/or close friends to a point of destroying my relationships with them ever.

Never have I seen it used for political gain.

Never seen a vaccine needing 24/7 mass media advertising and promotion on every media outlet known to man.

Then there's mixing and matching different vaccine brands and being told it's okay to do it one day and then told the next day to not do it (overseas)

I have never seen a vaccine threaten someone's livelihood, as well as wipe out their jobs.

I have never seen a vaccine that allows a 12-year-old child's consent to supersede their parent's consent (that one alone blows me away).

Finally, after all the vaccines (jabs, shots) I listed above, I have never seen a vaccine like this one that discriminates, divides, and judges a society. So much information is censored, deleted, and removed from the internet and mainstream media!

So many doctors, health care professionals, police and scientists are censored and forbidden to speak out or ask legitimate questions when what is being allowed or not allowed does not make sense!

Particularly when it comes from mainstream media. I have never known a vaccine that has made all the Pharmaceutical companies that manufacture it exempt from liability if it kills everyone to a point where no life insurance will cover it!

This is one powerful vaccine guys!
It does all these things above that I have mentioned and yet?
It does NOT do the one thing it is supposed to do which is?

Those kind of questions lead us to digest seriously conflicting information which can send our guts into serious turmoil. We need both time and experience to verify which is true and which is not. But those are both in short supply at the moment. To speed that journey along we need to get an inner sense of who we can trust and who we cannot. That's a big part of the process. Because, sadly, people and governments do lie. And we can no longer rely on words to tell us the truth. We need to learn to listen to our hearts, that deep inner spot where we are connected to and know what is true and what is not, so that we can see through the words we are being hammered with on a daily basis.

More than any other time. When we are flooded with so many lies, we no longer need to simply pay attention to the words. Like my earlier partner it's so easy to hide the truth from a naive and gullible public.

We need to listen out for the feeling of truth.

And we need to pay attention to when that feeling of truth is absent. Like when we are told "we will be your single source of truth". That's when we need to be on hyper alert.

Waking up to the lies we are being told, by people we thought we could trust; government bodies, the media and well meaning but misguided friends and relatives and professionals, is not for the faint hearted. But seeing through the lies does help us to identify the truth and find the courage to attend to it.

Can we pop out of our 'protective' peer pressure bubble to form our own opinion on what is true and what is not? To learn to trust what is trustworthy and to not trust what is not. Can we be brave enough to acknowledge the truth that the lies, by their very nature, point to?

Once the lies are uncovered, the questions shift. When we are out in the stark light of day that truth brings, can we take a stand for this truth and in turn, become the beacon of truth and light for our sphere of influence?

This is the task we will always face. No matter what epoch we are in. Although I must say, this moment in history is turning out to be a humdinger. To stand for truth is to face rejection by those we hold dear. By holding truth dear and merging our humanity with Our Divinity we live through the fire of purification and come to hold dear all of life. And in so doing find we are amongst the dearest things in All Creation.

The people, from all levels, that are instead determined to control humanity should be able to see the same as I do. Given they aren't, they are either being...

*...utterly clueless,
criminally stupid*

*or
malevolent liars*

Paul Weston

Whichever they are, we need, as Babaji suggested, to not misuse ahimsa or let our small mind anger run rampant but to let our Big M Mind with all the Love, Courage and Integrity it is made from, bring them all to justice. While not leaving one stone unturned in that process. This needs to happen throughout society. On every level. From the Trieste port and worldwide health workers to business, political, judicial, religious and financial leaders. With each of them, and whoever else arises, we need to continuously assess whether they are speaking and standing for what is really Truth or whether they are spinning more webs of lies.

Unfortunately, when there is a seemingly tiny but growing portion of humanity that sees this, it doesn't necessarily translate into results that minority would like to see in the world. Socrates himself died for this principal. He lost a vote with a small margin that sentenced him to death through the ingestion of hemlock in a kangaroo court on trumped up charges of subverting the youth. He believed the flaw in democracy was that the reign of the populist vote was emotionally driven. He argued that only people educated on an issue should be allowed to vote. Quite a sensible idea. As long as we recognise the need to identify and eliminate vested interests in that education process.

We have devolved into a pattern of learned helplessness around democracy. It seems no matter what we do, who we vote for, the powers that be will do what they will anyway. Yet we vote again and again without truly thinking about it because we are locked in orbit around our Father-Mother Sun, the government, and we can't see the wood for the trees and break out to create our own solar system.

We suffer from a deep seated need for 'all powerful' authority figures that will take care of us if we are just 'good little people'. In this way we are caught up in looking for a mum and dad to take care of us. Some have called this - infantilism.

Certainly unless the people and government is conscious about this how can we move forward with truth as a guiding light? If governments could actually respond to the desires of the people, how many people need to see the truth to allow the process of democracy to guide our path ahead?

For a brief moment in time I believe the Founding Fathers of the US Constitution did actually create their own solar system. It has been all but lost now but it is not impossible to resurrect it on a nation by nation and world wide scale. In fact I believe it is imperative.

We need to very quickly grow up and see beyond our differences to find the truth of the matter and to shine that light on humanity's common enemy. Control of the money supply is at its core. And control of the population through fear. They have made sure that the fear of CO2 and the fear of Covid-19 have us by the throats. When our science and our media are bought, the population fall as easy prey to the prevailing 'consensus'. Which, like Socrates found, bears no heed to truth.

The truth that I and many experts see is that there is enough land and resources for many billions of us to live happy lives where we focus on lifting the whole of humanity and celebrating the life that we have. There is an abundance if we treat it right. It's only the mad scientists and little self serving, opportunistic, philanthro-imperialists that are trying to convince us that we can't. We need to see through the veil they have created and get to the real concerns and real solutions and to not waste resources on man made illusions set to terrify the masses into controllable submission. Only through that can we return to Eden in more ways than one.

But people who either believe in lack, or just have a freakish need for control, are in charge, like the proverbial fox guarding the hen house. And it's not clear at the moment whether the flock will be able to fly the coop and not be trapped again.

As we step out of Plato's cave, we need to know the truth, otherwise we come out into the dark, like a blind man, not knowing which way to turn, three feet away from the edge of a cliff in a still calm night, without a breath of wind or moonlight, or the guiding hand that truth provides. Lose touch with Our Divinity, the Sense of Love, Joy & Peace, within and we lose touch with the best of our Humanity and humanity itself is in danger of falling off the cliff. For humanity's sake the truth needs to come to light. Because we can deal with the truth. Anything but this will drive humanity to that brink.

It's past time to wake up to the naked reality of our own beings by merging our humanity with the Divinity that is the One Mind To Free Us All. It's only by being willing to pay honest attention to our own experience that we will know what can be trusted as Truth that needs to be shared from the rooftops to the ghettos to give humanity the chance to step away from the brink and forge a new path. One that may indeed not have been able to have been contemplated, until now.

Chapter 28

In The Ending

Extending The Light

I am wide awake and exhilarated. Scenes quietly slip past as I glide above them. The sense of freedom inside me as complete as the apparent freedom from any and all outside force. No rushing wind against my face or body. Just a oneness with all that is, where I live and move and have my being. Unaffected by gravity or the need for propulsion I simply flow through life with movement inspired by thought that belongs to the forever present experience of joy within, that is life itself.

And no, I wasn't awake. It was another dream. One of my favourites. A flying dream. I hope you've had one or are yet to. You might have experienced a sense of it if you have ever watched The Snowman, when the boy soprano enters and lifts the soul into lofty heights as the Snowman and the boy take to the air.

What is freedom without the freedom to be, to live and move about? The freedom to feel, to express and to see those expressions blossom into the life that you see surrounding you. To see the garden that our souls are tending come alive in the tapestry we call life.

I had fully expected and planned to spend the next period of my life, what could technically be called 'my retirement' as I am now past that 65 year milestone, in helping people wake up to themselves.

I had certainly not expected to be thrown into trying to wake them up to the present creeping horror of control of governments and the forces behind them wanting to turn the world into a global totalitarian state.

Insanity in individuals is something rare.

But in groups,

parties,

nations and

epochs,

it is the rule.

Nietzsche

It seems like I am ending where I began. Although now it feels like it's not just me, but the whole world, that is falling into that dark cacophonous, shrieking abyss that consumed all light in my childhood nightmare.

Do we fall into a trans humanist cyborg nightmare where the joining of man and machine hold sway because we have been in denial of the light within? In our addiction to fear do we fall for the lies that are being perpetrated by technocratic elites that seem to have no sense of a light beyond mind, body and computers?

Or, do we get over our guilt long enough to get comfortable with our anger? Not the small m mind anger to destroy but the Big M Mind Anger to take a stand, to draw a line in the sand, to throw the Great Reset in the dustbin where it belongs and instead to co-create a Great Awakening to evoke what we wish to see in the world.

Someone posted a meme yesterday:

*In the near future
they will find a way to make it illegal to farm your own food...*

I replied:

*In the future
they won't be around to bother us anymore
and life will be beautiful,
as it should be.*

Imagine...

We have enough resources. The world is not in a climate or Covid emergency. The true emergency is that more of us are driven by the fear, guilt and hatred based narrative of those that seek to drive us into the ground, back into Plato's cave, than there are those awake to that.

I ask you to think about what would happen if we were no longer mired in defense and attack? Without the need to spend on armaments and protection, I, for one, imagine we would have more than enough to lift the whole of life into peace and plenty.

Yet beyond that we would realise that we would be in control of the supply of money. We as societies can create money out of thin air and set it to work, just like those that currently do. And I'm sure we'd do a damn better job than those that have been doing that and profiting from the blood, sweat and tears of the whole of humanity for generations.

I did say I was an idealist, didn't I?

It is time to wake up from our naive and gullible stupor of not wanting to think about the threat posed by the people behind the move to One World Government through The Great Reset. Their denial and misrepresentation of science, to control us all with fear, should alert us to the reality that they are not what they seem to be, or are saying they are.

We need to be alert to their war of words. As much as they say things that sound pretty and well meaning like:

The pandemic represents a rare but narrow window of opportunity to reflect, reimagine, and reset our world to create a healthier, more equitable, and more prosperous future.

Klaus Schwab, WEF

We should know that is just their way of waging war with us. They trick us by their words to believe what they say. We should call them out for the forked tongues they spit at us with.

The reality behind their words mean anything but. That reality they intend is epitomised by their catchphrase:

You will own nothing and be happy.

Which incidentally has disappeared from the WEF website. It seems that there is at least one idea that apparently didn't get them any brownie points, as the world reacted with vehemence and derision to it. However did they ever think it would have been taken otherwise?

The same is true for governments that say they are doing what they are doing 'for our safety'. It has nothing to do with our safety and everything to do with our subjugation. I experience a deep degree of helplessness that so few can see this. At the moment it doesn't feel like it is going to end well. The powers that would divide and conquer in order to control us, seem huge and impenetrable. Yet I, and we, cannot fall for that.

Learning to deal with hopelessness in the face of what looks like overwhelming odds is part of the journey. Hopefully the tougher the government gets the more people will wake up. I personally think we need to prepare for a longer journey than we want. We all want it to go away tomorrow. But the forces pushing this through are determined and ruthless. The more we wake up to that, the more we can get focused on engaging in actions that highlight their agenda, for all to see. The better we get at that, from all fronts, the more chance we have of turning this around. This is the fight of our lives. There is no certainty of success but if we do nothing there is a certainty of failure and therein we need to find the courage to continue to speak out and to act in whatever ways we each find appropriate. I'm sorry there are no easy and swift answers here. It's time for us to call on all the strength that we have internally and from the growing community around us that brings the possibility closer that there may be some light at the end of this tunnel.

Every emotion can and will be used against us. These are the tools of those that seek to manipulate and control. It's up to each of us to be aware of this process, to see where our small m minds are being used against us and to take a stand to honour the truth of our Big M Mind's Thoughts and Feelings and turn that into Big M Mind Action

It's time to wake up to the naked reality of our own beings by merging our humanity with the Divinity that is the One Mind To Free Us All.

Like Babaji's predictions in the 70's, that 90% of the population would be gone by the 1990's, maybe we have already diverted the catastrophe that was set to come? Or perhaps that is still more opium set to deceive? To drive us into non action? Time will tell the truth of it, but in the meantime I exhort us to use time for what it was meant to be used for. Religare - to bind oneself once again to whatever you call God, Goddess, All That Is, Love, within us. And no matter what comes, death or destruction, or the thousand years of peace, to live well in each and every moment.

To move forward in a meaningful way we do need to lighten up. Divine Humour adding wings to our hearts and our feet. We need to see beyond the veil to where it does not appear all bad. Have you heard that terrible quip - *Life's a bitch and then you die?* I think it's meant as a joke. I mean, people do snort when they hear it, as if to express agreement with the cynical fatalism behind it. But I don't buy that.

This moment is still here. If we can breathe, we can laugh. And laughter connects us to the immortal spirit that we are. In that sense, life is a delight and then we die. And if spirit is indeed real then there is even more delight waiting. Being attached to this world, this body, and all we have surrounding us, can make us want to freeze frame life. To hold a picture of it as more real than the Life it bloomed from.

Have no thought for your life or death.

Babaji

Without attachment to life we can laugh in the face of adversity. Humour connecting us with the spirit deep. It lets the other know we are aware of their deceptions and don't take them seriously. It puts us beyond the reach of their planned manipulation and has been used forever to caricaturise the perpetrator and weaken their hold on our small minds so that action can be taken.

My highest thought for the world in the grips of a globalist technocratic takeover is that those technocrats wake up, experience their own change of heart, realise their mistake and make changes to avert the catastrophe that they are bringing down upon us all.

I often wonder if the thousand years of peace will begin, when the lion or the wolf as we are foretold will lie down with the lamb, will happen when the vegan and the carnivore, or the Muslim and the Christian/Buddhist/Hindu, or the globalist manoeuvring for control and the peasant aching to survive, can sit all down for a meal together and honour each other's presence? Instead of the Last Supper it could be the First Brunch.

Whether we are headed for a utopian bliss of peace on earth or a transhumanist nightmare Armageddon, whether God, Goddess, All That Is, Love is Real or not, what else can we do but wake up to the light and share that light with others, so that all may wake up.

It's only by being willing to pay honest attention to our own experience that we will know what is right and what is wrong for ourselves.

God knows I'd love to convince you of the truth of what I have been talking about. But I'm learning to let that go. As the old adage goes - *a man convinced against his will is of the*

same opinion still. But I am hoping to at least get people thinking and questioning everything they think they believe to be true, so that the underlying Truths can be found. Unless they are found and experienced by you, nothing I say will make a jot of difference. Although it may hopefully point you down the road a little.

I hope I have given you plenty of food for thought on the process of questioning your tThinking and fFeeling and the mMind that you are paying homage to by your moment to moment aActions.

*Here's to Light, Love, Peace & Joy prevailing
as we each dive deep into our Beings,
clarify our fFeelings,
choose which mMind to live in,
and continue to Speak Out and take Action
from what we find there.*

p.s.

It's likely that I will add to this book as time and our experience move on but, as there is no time to waste, I've released this 1st Draft for now.

Keep in touch with any updates at: <https://www.daragrennie.com>

Evolving Food Pyramids, is available as a separate download here: <https://www.daragrennie.com/health/evolving-food-pyramids/>

Evolving Food Pyramids was the original Body section of this book but I decided to publish it separately so that information could be out there while I dug into the Covid drama that has enveloped us. In the future I may reincorporate it into Light, Love, Laws & Lies.

I have made my work available for free as I believe all real knowledge is free and available to everyone.

If you would like to contribute to my financial well-being, you are very welcome to. I would certainly love you to;). Here is a simple option I have for that at the moment: <https://www.buymeacoffee.com/darag>

Thank you,

Darag

