

The Final Version

By The Illusionary self of James Kozlik

This is a combined work of fiction and personal wisdom of experiences distilled from knowledge.

Names, characters, places, and incidents either are that of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously. However, the context of The Final Version are the author's present thought forms that come from a Divine Source that may be divine intelligence, thinking like God, and not denying that pure consciousness is a unified field of thought.

Any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, events, or locales is entirely coincidental.

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Cover by Author

For more information:

Email; inspiredbookwriters@yahoo.com

Books and Short Stories - <https://www.inspiredbookwriters.com>

Other ebooks and short stories by the author

A Journey of Love series

Circumstance and Consequences

The Essence of Existence

Tapas

The Sawtooth Community

The Ski Journals

The Lost City

Other musings

What The Seashore Left Behind

Purgatory

The Gorge of The Mango Tree

Up Until Now

The Phantom Sky Thief

The Silent Retreat

The Sharing

A Sequel

When They Leave

The India Journals

Ariel's Journey - Trilogy

Border Crossing

Many in Body, One in Mind

Angels of Light

Non-Fiction

WWOOF - The Spirit of Collaboration

Connections

The Quiet Scream

Building Bridges

Forward by the author

Usually I don't read the copyright page of a book. Sometimes though, I want to see the date of the first publication. Especially if it's an author that I like to read. The date to me is a measure of the author's growth and commitment to a message she or he is wanting to convey, over the years of her/his writing.

I made a decision to write just because I wanted my artistic contribution to grow in new ways. I like creating using a variety of mediums. Like painting, building houses, creating garden spaces, cooking, quilting, messing around with a piano, harmonica, kalimba or whatever I chose as a form of self expression. Ski turns in powder!!
HAHA!

Gosh, I hope this doesn't sound like I am bragging...I will admit, I'm "a Jack of all trades, a master of none." Although I like to think I have mastered something by now. And so I thought I would repeat what I already wrote in the copyright...

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What I am mastering these days, is understanding who I am, whom I am becoming, and my own personal journey, which can be confusing at times. I am amused these days just observing others. Their bodily form, expressions, the way they talk and express themselves can be very impactful, or not. There is plenty a moment when I gain insight about myself, through another's behavioral tendencies. There's other moments when I wonder what it would be like to be part of another person's life. Connection, I am getting better at connecting with people. I fear of being vulnerable, afraid that I am too different for some people. Conceivably too weird a dude for others to digest. Which is quite weird now that I think about it.

A unified field of thought is what I found myself writing about in the stories I created. So many of the characters could have been in any of the other stories. What I was creating was my inward journey through dialogue with the characters whom I wrote about. I knew them so well because they were me. The Divine did the writing. Typically, when I sat down, and started pecking at this keyboard, it wasn't me writing, I never had the flow of a refined author. Shoot, just writing a short Christmas letter was difficult for me. Not these twenty plus stories that I wrote and participated in, they came easy. I was literally journaling and having fun getting to know the characters, which were me.

And so 'The Final Version' is the truth of my self discovery as I continue on this Journey of Love. When I say the truth, I understand it to mean my personal wisdom distilled from the knowledge of others who are part of this consciousness or unified field of thought.

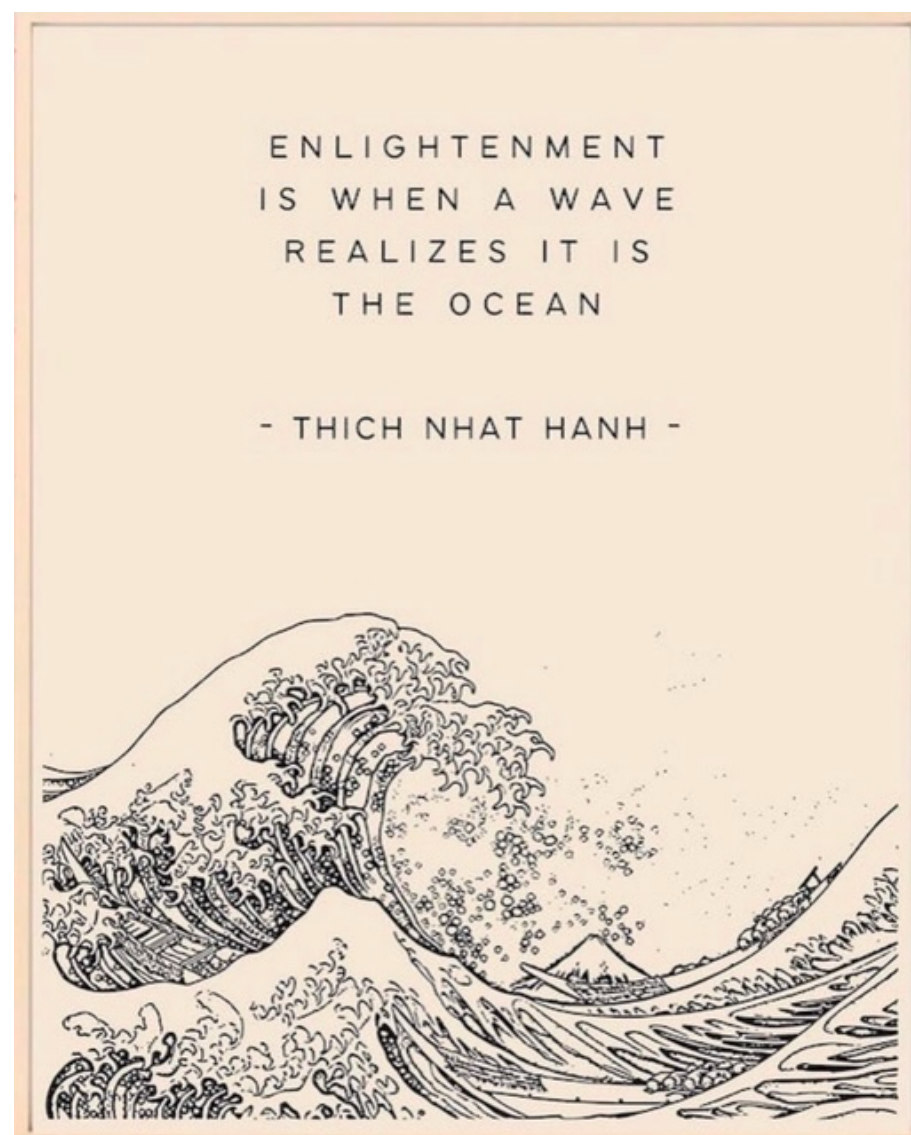
Always Love,
James Allen Kozlik

Prologe

I promised my life long soul mate lover that I would continue my writing using pen and pencil. That it was time to get off of the laptop, spending too many hours in front of the screen. So, I lap topped **“The Quiet Scream”** and then hand wrote the short story into a fancy, beautiful journal with Connection inscribed on the outside cover and in-between several empty pages of teachings and direct references that inspire the journalist to inquire about the state of being of his/her self. And what I have become, is written now, inscribed as one of my personal truths...

“My inner dialog with ego became a constant striping away of identities as male and female. My true self has no gender divisions now. I continue to evolve to become one with selfless compassion. When I observe another person I see me in them. There’s an integration of divine presence. I observe another’s state of being as a presence. I am striped of the ‘he’ and ‘she’ duality. I feel liberated enough now to be neither and both at the same time. I can be a conduit for energy to pass through me, to connect with another’s being. A hug feels different now, a touch has a special meaning for me. I still desire the physical aspect of connection, to be free to give and receive with grace.” **The Quiet Scream - JK**

“The Final Version” is now a daunting task to create context. My genuine intention is meant to be a connection with our ‘consciousness’, our ‘Oneness”!



Circumstance and Consequences

“A memoir of ...” that’s what I started out to do. Actually it was not just “a memoir of my life, it was a memoir of thoughts...” it became much more than that. A delayed journal of what my existence has finally become, self exploration. When I decided to delve head first into writing (becoming a writer?) the ego part of it all... was the biggest challenge. Especially when I read suggestions of how to become a writer and a glaring no-no is to never use your name or those you know, when writing fiction. I was half way through the first writing and decided the hell with it...I will suffer the consequences of using my name. Then I thought why suffer about sharing my thoughts, my life, and my being which is all part of the ocean of consciousness...the collective consciousness. Isn’t that how we are influenced, from the collective?

I was reading an old interview with Jared Seide (The Sun - June 2020) about how he holds ‘council’ a method that honors sharing amongst people. The process as Kight Witham, the interviewer describes, “is to show up empty-handed, with no preconceptions, as uncomfortable as that is.” Jared added, “And to cultivate in oneself a practice of being comfortable with silence, with listening and being present. Being able to sit with discomfort ...”

And that is how I approach my story telling, knowing that I am the character’s thoughts and actions. It’s as if the characters of the story are giving council to me, from the source of my Divine, from the mind of God which I have come to realize I can not deny anymore. And so we start with the story Circumstance and Consequences, where story was created from a multitude of experiences that took a longtime to process, understand, and determine how they shaped the being I am.

In the Journal - Connect I start with a short story “The Quiet Scream” which is my way of journaling a past experience when the finger of God touched Marian, my mate for a lifetime and me...in an old Baja chapel. In the journal Krishnaji and Preethaji have a quote “You experience love when there is a revolution in the entirety of your thinking and being. When love enters your being, life will never again be the same - nor will you.”

That time, in the Loretto chapel, way back in the nineteen seventies, actually happened. We looked at each other and felt the energy of Divine guidance. I looked at her and said something like, “I think we are meant for each other, do you feel the same?” And Marian smiled and answered, “I do.” That’s probably not the exact way it played out, you’d have to ask her. She might remember. It did happen though, I consider that experience as the place of origin for our relationship.

The second time I felt the finger of God was at a Life Stream event. At that time I was free wheeling with all sorts of desire of a carnal nature. In Circumstance and Consequences there is mention of this time. The characters Joni and Jim recall the final celebration, when they joined their other two roommates during the event, Jared and Cindy...how they were all hugging and kissing each other. And Julian walked into the room and it was as if time stopped and the Red Sea parted as they made their way towards each other and everybody knew that they were meant for each other.

Throughout our relationship/marriage, NOW I'll call it a soulship [sic], we've had several times when our connection seemed to fall apart. There were times of definite disconnect between us. What I have discovered was the insecurities I had were based on the illusions I created. How I had to work through the grieving, thinking I was losing her to someone else. We knew that might happen and our wedding song stated such..."the road might be muddy and rough, we will get there, we know that we will get there" (Art Garfunkel).

In *Circumstance and Consequences* we visit some of those times, through way of story. When I wrote the scenes I felt them different than I did previously. The real incidents happened so long ago, that to write them now my perception of what I actually went through emotionally are different. However, when I wrote the story, I had recall of the pain and suffering I lived with back then. Back then I would blame the external circumstances and not look at my inner state of consciousness.

I found myself, during that time that I reference in the story, a time of clinging onto relationship with women and confused about the physical aspect of love not the compassionate aspect of love. The story opens with the main character's heavy grief and shame of failing to meet his soul partner's needs.

When I look back and my mind gets entangled in the distant past, what comes to me is that I was in a state of procuring love. The end result being the physical touch and lovemaking as confirmation that she loved me. How foolish when I look back at that thought it opened a Pandora's box of misguided, thinking towards women and the desire of connecting with a soul partner.

Then one day, it was down in New Mexico during what I'll call my personally inflicted rehabilitation, I read a book on tantric love. It's impact left the lasting impression that honored a woman. Rebounding from years of 'peer pleasure' I came to the realization that love was way more than a physical ending. That was then, yet even now much discretion must be acknowledged when carnal thoughts arise from the subconscious.

Oh, I could have written about having sex all night long in the darkness of a carnival truck. And later when I visited Robin, she in a T just long enough to almost cover her lower extremities, announcing "I'm a screamer," as she opened the door to her apartment. By then I knew who I was meant to be with, the finger of God was guiding me even though I wasn't aware of such a presence at the time.

In "**Building Bridges**" Harry became aware of his projections as he scanned the landscape of relationships. In *Circumstances* I knew that I needed some sort of guidance to navigate through the illusions I created. Did I say I? Oh yeah, that's why an author shan't use his/her name when writing fiction. I meant the character Jim. So when the character Jim is told by some unknown messenger that "you're not done yet" he sensed there was more to his life than the physical sensations of having a blissful mind.

What came to me recently is that these days when I observe people, their bodily and communicative expressions, what they transmit is a part of me too! All of the external influences start within. It's a constant flow of emotions, energy and consciousness. What I recognize in the main character Jim is that he's more of an

observer of life. He observed and witnessed the frequency of the events that were occurring and how they resonated. He learned to allow time to process rather than react, which was usually his first inclination.

Julian and Jim were in constant contact with the ego mind and divine intelligence. The divine intelligence came in many forms as the Spirit shed light on circumstance and nudged them to a most benevolent outcome of consequences. They made an effort to reconcile their differences not only in their relationship also their individual relationship with others.

The Essence of Existence

Stillness and peace within can become a positive obsession as part of who we are. I remind myself many times to harness the observance of nature with that of mind to be still to be silent and use it with my everyday connections. I strive to develop the art to pause. I find it to be an asset and yet I can be so quick to react in an emotional way, which might not serve a relationship that wants the compassion it deserves.

'Humankind', is an act of a 'God like mind'. That is somewhere in my meta programming, an auto response. An essential aspect to incorporate into my thinking.

In Essence of Existence we observe Julian and Jim nurture themselves with self love. Self love becomes a powerful antidote in developing a more compassionate mindset. Whom do we exist for if not for all of our brothers and sisters.

(8/6/26) This was sent to me while writing The Final Version; .

"Why you keep living in the past and future" – Sri Preethaji

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=BMJrDu-folk&t=14s>

".... It is only when you are present in this moment ...that ...you connect to the divine more powerfully. there is an incredible connection that happens with the vaster intelligence of the universe.

.... in the present moment, there is joy, ...peace, ...bliss, ...ability to connect, ...respond to life, ...heal, ...nurture relationships...

.... But ...why is it that you're getting back to your past mind?

.... If you begin to observe, you'll be able to see that this past mind is nothing but stories. you turn every key memory in your life ...into stories. And with each repetition of these stories in your head, in unawareness, you make that story into you.

.... But ...you're not the positive stories, nor are you the negative stories. You are not your past. You're not these memories.

.... You are pure consciousness.

.... When you have this awareness that you are not the stories and you are pure consciousness, you go beyond the mind, and ...in that awareness you simply see life. You respond to life from the present moment, ...from presence, not from the past.

.... You're not bringing your past pain and coloring your present. You're fully alive, ...awake to the present, and you respond to the present.

If you look at the nature of the future mind, ...it is ...constantly ...engaged in the automatic process of projection, of imagination. And when you are not aware of this future mind, you're lost in involuntary, compulsive planning or you're lost in ...vague daydreaming...

.... it is not engaged planning, ...you're just planning compulsively..... Even when you want to sleep, ...it goes on and on and on. It is driving your excitement, or it is driving your anxiety, or you're sucked into ...daymares. You're sucked into your anxiety. It is a constant projection after projection.

Now, what is the solution to all this?

.... there is only one solution and that ...is to bring an extraordinary quality of awareness. It is to bring great presence to the mind.”

MEDITATION: Soul Sync - holding an intention in your heart to go beyond the past and future mind with extraordinary awareness and be present to life.

In the **Borderline trilogy**, we observe the art of forgiveness through compassion. A transformation takes place and gratitude opens up the heart and brings more love.



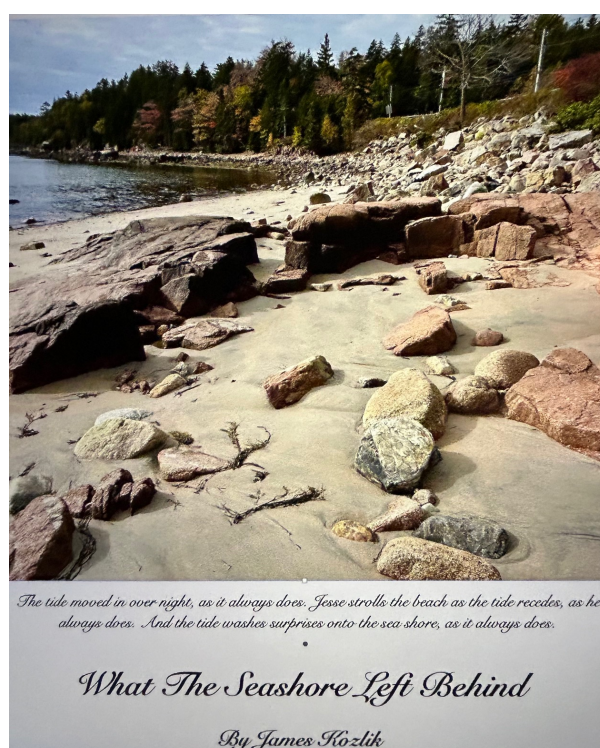
As quoted above, “When you have this awareness that you are not the stories and you are pure consciousness, you go beyond the mind, and ...in that awareness you simply see life.” What these stories unconsciously became was a magnitude of personal insight. I had mentioned earlier I was not and am not the writer...the novelist, nor the storyteller. Nay, I was guided by source and writing became a means to become aware of my being. In **Purgatory - Prisoners of the Mind** the executioners are the victim’s survivors. The three men to be executed are asked...

The man in white speaks, “Surrender your ego. Let your ego become ignorant of all that you know about yourself.”

As the final instruction by Preethaji, “Now, what is the solution to all this? ... there is only one solution and that ...is to bring an extraordinary quality of awareness. It is to bring great presence to the mind.”

The three death row inmates are sharing in this scene...

Asaad speaks, “I feel that I can call you a brother now. We three are brothers searching for our final truth. And yet we don’t have the knowing that you speak of. What is the mystical connection we seek. We regret our past. That which we can not change. We know our future but even that is unknown. What happens beyond our sure death? And now all we can do is share our insights.”



There was a time, at the Satva campus of Ekam in India, when several of us Sanghamitras' (Sanskrit for "friend of the community") were gathered and had an audience with Krishnaji (our beloved Guru). After much discussion of the work we were involved with...doing service for the community, he asked what we'd like help with, what was our aspiration and I said, "to talk to pure consciousness." I have no idea why I said that at the time. Other people received a blessing, what I received was his comment, "then talk to pure consciousness." He dismissively looked away, briefly, then Krishnaji proceeded to make a comment about my desire. I do not recall at this time what it was he said, I do recall it was profound to me. Prior to be a Snaghamitra one had to complete **Tapas** (the third leg of A Journey of Love series) and Maha Tapas. Those journeys were all about overcoming (at least understanding) how our ego, mind, craving, duality, and illusion impacted our being. Unbeknownst to me at the time, in Hinduism pure consciousness is formless, the brain is not involved, it is void of reaction to thoughts. Right now on this day, (8/7/26) I realized the meaning of Sat-chit-Anada. The Atman, our individual soul, and the Brahman, the ultimate cosmic reality are connected as consciousness.

In **Building Bridges** we start by making friends with the ego. "The ego is quick to influence. Letting go of judgements immediately diminishes suffering. When I observe the voice of ego and do an inquiry of self I can create a new pattern of thought. If I choose rather than create I am still in the shadow of ego. Choice is a split mind."

Synchronistic as it is, a small book appeared on the kitchen table where I am typing these messages. In the book 'The Faithful Gardener' by Clarissa Pinkola Estes, Ph. D. is a short story that I happened to just open to."That Which Can Never Die". It is about a young fir tree that wishes to be taken, someday, for a Christmas Tree. As the forest is cut down every winter during the Christmas season, it hopes to grow to the right height to be taken. Eventually it is cut down, taken with great care and becomes the integral part of the family celebration. Until one day it is stripped of it's decorations and unceremoniously dragged upstairs and stored in a dark, cold attic. It yearns to be useful again, and be part of the family. One day, it is taken outdoors, and is elated to feel the snow again. Suddenly it feels the pain as it's limbs and trunk are severed. Then all it's pieces are stored inside near the hearth. And it relishes the warmth it feels of the older couple sitting by the fire. It feels the burning as it felt the pain of the axe, yet it feels good to be useful. And when it's ashes are gently shoved out of the fire place and stored into a bag, at that moment it was grateful for what it's life has been. In the spring the ashes were mixed into the garden soil where roots and shoots started to rise out of the earth. The fir tree is witness to all of this, and it feels fortunate to have been of service. "Ah," sighed the fir tree, "of all that rises and falls again, it is love of new life, and love of that alone, that lasts and lasts. I am everywhere now. See how far my reach?"

So how did this portion of what I wrote come about? Amazing now that I am conscious of what Krishnaji was explaining to the group as a whole, concerning pure consciousness. After all, he had taken all of us through the process of our inner work. In the story '**Tapas**' (the third part of **A Journey of Love series**) all of the people of the community that was forming are impacted by Megan and Jim's Tapa journey at Ekam.

“...feeling the skies carve as I followed the narrow path of packed snow, the only route after the recent wind scoured the rest of the slope. When I stopped after my final turn I was right back where I started. A rush of adrenaline flowed through me, like the wind. It was a sensation of doing something that required no thought. Just being present, very present was the only requirement.”

“What is life? It is the flash of a fire fly in the night. It is the breath of a buffalo in the winter time. It is the little Shadow which runs across the grass and loses itself in the Sunset.”

Crowfoot, Blackfoot Elder

In the short story **“What The Seashore Left Behind”** Jesse is just minding his own business, being observant of the seashore in a small harbor town of Maine. He is satisfied with just being observant of the life around him until an estranged daughter shows up and he becomes more than an observer. The life we are immersed in seems to have that quality of disrupting the flow of the energy field we think we’re in. I can go from blissful nothingness to thought in nano seconds. Life around me beckons and then I must engage. Is that true, I ask myself...and you see, I just became entangled in what ever is before me. Jesse picks the trash that the high tide brings to shore, just being Buddha like about his task. “Chopping wood, Carrying water” until something in the distance takes his focus off of his normal routine.

And we are continually asked by the Guru’s or teachers, or whatever source draws our attention to an age old question of spiritual seekers ...what is enlightenment?

Krishnaji and Preethaji

In **The Sawtooth Community** (the forth in A Journey of Love series) the participants of the established community, which includes the Absaroka Crow (who once inhabited the ranch land) make their final commitment to each other.

“ Without community service, we would not have a strong quality of life. It’s important to the person who serves as well as the recipient. It’s a way in which we ourselves grow and develop.” Dorothy Height

“We shouldn’t measure everything in terms GDP figures or economics. There is something called quality of life.” Nigel Farage

By then a “sustainable cooperative culture” (Together Resilient by Ma’Ikwe Ludwig) evolved. With guidance and complete honesty, the group practiced acceptance and all



of the positive qualities that contribute to one's personal growth, away from old patterns to a reprogramming of the mind. In their punchy book **"The Spirit of Collaboration"** by Marian and James Kozlik, the authors have done just that, reprogrammed whatever it is in their thinking that might prevent connection with another.

"The smaller scale WWOOF farm will certainly give you the *authenticity* you crave. If you obtain a volunteer gig at these sorts of farms, you will literally be able to fully consume yourself in a culture. You will be living with a host family, and get to fully immerse yourself in their history, language, food and overall way of life, the way they see life. ***Very impactful stuff.*** I couldn't imagine a more thorough way to experience another way of life. A large amount of reviews I've read and people I've met have WWOOFed on smaller farms and much prefer the experience, as it is ***deeper and more profound.***"

Nomad nation , blog <https://nomadsnation.com/ultimate-woofing-guide/>

There is a source of enlightenment that comes when one engages with nature, not just taking a walk in the woods, rather getting one's hands in the dirt, talking to the plants, or creating an eco system of regenerating a piece of the Earth.

In the fifth story of A Journey of Love series, **"Ski Journals"**, Julian and Jim embark on a sojourn to find outlying communities. They find the one closest to The Sawtooth and their love for each other is tested like never before.

“Life is simple. Everything happens for you, not to you. Everything happens at exactly the right moment, neither too soon nor too late. You don’t have to like it... it’s just easier if you do.” Byron Katie

There’s a lot going on in this story. Once they find the remote settlement near the Buffalo Lakes there is only one state to be in, and that is to surrender to destiny. Here’s a excerpt from deep into the story.

“So Jim, your outward demeanor is nonchalant being naked with us right now. Yet your recent memory is of our nakedness. What is the emotion that surfaces right now, where do you feel it?”

“Wow, Jillian, is this litmus test to prove that baring our bodies impacts my male hormones into one train of thought?”

“Maybe your answer will have an impact on Julian’s predicament,” Samantha interjects.

“Maybe you too are ‘swingers’,” Jillian quaries.

“Okay, you gals have gone far enough. What you already told me about Scott brings up fear and I feel it between my gut and heart. That is where the energy is stuck. My desire is for Julian’s discernment of choice. My fantasy is that she might make a choice similar to what was her choice in the past. Even though it was brief, she experienced it and gained her wisdom from it. I sure don’t know what to do other than put out a thought of forgiveness. What impact that might have

on her or Scott is out of my control. I can only trust what happens for a reason. And beyond this form of human body and mind is something greater in a multi dimensional universe.”

As The Ski Journals story takes a form of a hypnotic mystery and transcends beyond any event that I have ever experienced, the message of true surrender, becomes the theme. It carries over into **The Lost City** (the final in A Journey of Love series). The Lost City takes the reader into a purely multi dimensional realm. In this story Jim “talks to pure consciousness.”

The souls of the main characters connect at a higher frequency and on a non-physical plane. Their past, present and future interconnect. In all his innocence Jim is thrust into the higher realm that he desires to know.

Building Bridges and the Quiet Scream are great shorts to consider after reading **The Lost City**, especially the Silent Scream which is a chronicle of when I personally felt and knew whom I was going have conjugal bliss with. The story then switches gears with the discovery of what it is to transcend the separation of male and female and recognize that a human being is one in the same as a masculine and feminine existence. I have never had the gumption to share this side of my being. After I wrote this short, I was surrounded by big, blue dragon flies while fishing amongst the tall reeds in Dailey Lake. When I looked up the meaning of this encounter the knowledge suggested that it had to do with the throat chakra and the desire to be heard.

Seeing a blue dragonfly symbolizes **clarity, inner peace, truth, and spiritual transformation**. Because blue is tied to the throat chakra, it often serves as a gentle reminder to speak your truth, release stress, and trust your intuition during times of change. (AI Overview)

The Lost City is about impending death of a relationship of ‘the soulmate lovers’ and **The Quiet Scream** is about the impending death of the personal separation of the inner being. What I do know is that I do not fear the death of the past of who I was nor the future of whom I am becoming. I found myself singing and humming this song days prior to and up to sharing these thoughts.

When I Die by Laura Nyro

I'm not scared of dying
And I don't really care
If it's peace you find in dying
Well, then let the time be near
If it's peace you find in dying
When dying time is here
Just bundle up my coffin
'Cause it's cold way down there
I hear that's it's cold way down there
Yeah, crazy cold way down there

And when I die
And when I'm gone
There'll be one child born
And a world to carry on, to carry on

My troubles are many
They're as deep as a well
I can swear there ain't no heaven
But I pray there ain't no hell
Swear there ain't no heaven
And pray there ain't no hell
But I'll never know by living
Only my dying will tell
Said only my dying will tell
Yeah, only my dying will tell
And when I die
And when I'm gone
There'll be one child born
And a world to carry on, to carry on

Give me my freedom
For as long as I be
All I ask of living
Is to have no chains on me
All I ask of living
Is to have no chains on me
And all I ask of dying
Is to go naturally
Only want to go naturally
Don't want to go by the devil
Don't want to go by the demon
Don't want to go by Satan
Don't want to die uneasy
Just let me go naturally

The sequel **When They Leave and India Journals** highlight interpersonal relationships between children, young adults and elders. The characters become aware how compassion can evolve when one commits to healing by acceptance. Here again we explore the true meaning of forgiveness as the characters look at how their self serving expectations neutralizes the other by taking away their power.

In the book *A Year of Forgiveness* by Tina Louise Spalding there is a lesson about radical acceptance of your life. All of these stories that came to me, thanks to Divine Source, address what is hidden in the subconscious. In *Forgiveness* we see how we encounter form and our experiences are designed to show us what is hidden by the subconscious mind.

It is all to be embraced, 'look under the microscope' as one of the Dasa's at Ekam suggested on a community call recently. Dissolving a suffering state isn't about ignoring the cause the samsara. Rather it is to break free of what causes the suffering.

As Spalding mentions in her lesson, "knowing that even if you get triggered by something "out there" it is not out there, it is within you. The reaction is within you, therefore it can be solved."

The Final Version is what it claims to be, my illusionary self. The creative mind that strokes the ego. What I relish about the simple teaching of two states by Krishnaji and Preethaji is how easy it is to connect with suffering or non suffering. The real story is the one we tell ourselves and what we believe to be true. The inquiry of "Is it absolutely true" (Byron Katie) is what I ask myself quite often. When I combine these two concepts with God Love, compassion for the self and the other, then I am grounded to this earthly plan in joyful harmony (even if I'm not smiling all of the time).

When I actually experienced dying and went to a place of bliss (Circumstance and Consequences) who knows if it was the induced coma, the drugs that cursed through my body, or perhaps just a beautiful dream state. What I do know is the thought - 'your not done yet'. So where did that come from? Pure consciousness? As David Hawkins subscribes to, in the end all that's left is consciousness. "Only my dying will tell" (Laura Nyro).

And so I end this foray into the unknown thinking that I know and asking myself 'is it absolutely true?'. And the mind has a gay old time playing one reel (pun intended) [sic] after another so what else is there other than checking what state am I in?

Acknowledgements

What is there to acknowledge other than life itself? There is so much outside of us that is to be enjoyed and loved. I acknowledge the endless capacity of the mind and my ability to reprogram the thoughts that do not serve in a positive, meaningful way. I acknowledge all whom have contributed to my existence thus far and all who continue to contribute even if they don't realize their contribution to my well being. I acknowledge all of the theorist who write about or spout about the meaning of life and how the mind manages our thoughts. I acknowledge the dreamers, the creators of words and illusion. More than anything I acknowledge the spontaneity of life itself, it amazes me how quickly the present moment passes. That is why, in my way of thinking, every moment is the present moment. That way I don't have to seek the elusiveness of being present or as some say enlightened. I just need to observe and witness my state of consciousness and talk to the pure consciousness of just being. Hummm....

The Final Version?

