

CONSCIENCE



Conscience

Everflow

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A small boy peers into his mommy's eyes as they lay next to each other one crisp Spring morning.

He loves his mommy, she loves her son.

This love has taken them on adventures through National Parks, quaint historic towns, road trips extending for thousands of miles, and into every warm hug that would be a moment of guidance, connection, and friendship.

This son loves his mommy, and this mommy loves her son.

On this bright and clear morning as son peered into mommy's eyes, son took his four year young soft hands, grabbed his mommy's cheeks and kissed her. He then said, "I want to marry you..."

Such big love inside a sweet small frame. Innocent, pure, perfect...

Each of our consciences are a very unique and personal connecting with self, Creator (who is Parent and Friend), with one another, and creation/creature through awakening union.

The conscience flows through the body and soul as water in a riverbed, a spirit within wind. Natural... free.

I have seen how there is no fixed boulder found in the conscience - likened to an immovable belief system or linear reasoning, or personal paradigms determining evil or good.

Religions won't fit here no matter how the person holding the conscience may favor one over another.

Because a conscience is not so easily described, and because it is in essence wonder and innocence, I am drawn into story to help the interested one become even more aware of the reality of conscience.

Here we go!

Conscience

Intimacy **needn't** be forced

A small child, maybe two years young, stands at the top of her third floor banister. She loves to look through the rails at everything that lives below her. She feels so big up here, like she's above it all.

She loves how every sound, sounds. How every sparkle of light and rainbow color cascades through every piece of pottery and crystal figurine.

She loves to peer through her 3rd floor banister rails.

She has an idea that thrills her with wonder! Into her room she scoots and back out again to her third floor banister rails, but this time, she comes with an arm full of goodies; stuffies, balls and blankets.

The small child first throws her blanky, along with her dolly's blanky, through the rails. Even though one is larger than the other,

both float quickly to the ground at the same time, one landing harder than the other.

Bright eyes fill the little the girl, followed by a couple of quieted claps.

Next the little girl tosses over her two fluffy lions. One and then the other. A squeak escapes her small frame as both lions land in the silliest positions. One headfirst on an entryway chair and the other smack dab in the center of the floor.

Next comes the bouncy balls! One, and then another, then another. From tiny in size to the size of a baseball, filling the little girl's hand. She giggles with exuberance as each ball bounces on and off of furniture, walls and stairs.

Suddenly, her bright eyes and infectious laughter transition from their whimsical lightness into a quiet, curious stare as her attention

veers toward a large crystalline figure resting upon the table next to her.

This little girl peers into the white light that bends and arches melodically, watching it swiftly move through the structure of this crystal figurine.

She picks up its sound in vibration and her big heart bubbles up in wonderment. She has no thought, only fascination. A good or bad finger cannot be seen in her, just a lingering wonderment captivated by curiosity.

In a moment body matches desire and small hands take ahold of this crystal figurine. Quite large, quite heavy, her small frame moves back by its weight undistinguished by her strength. She readjusts and in one breath out, she heaves this crystal figurine over her third floor banister rails.

As the crystal twisted and turned, lights of all kinds flooded this grand hall, catching every art piece hanging upon every wall.

(It were as though her Maker slowed time so she may experience the delight within every moment of immersion.)

Her eyes lite up in pure ecstasy as the little girl's body began to float in pure joy.

As the crystal figure landed upon the dark wood floor, a melody filled every shattered piece as they sprawled and scattered, brushing all surfaces with their presence.

Appearing through an open passageway and into the foyer was a kind young woman.

As she looked up toward the small girl, she hears a tiny voice, "Mummy... mummy, luk! luk!!"

A fresh vibrancy and breath of life becomes the atmosphere as quiet and laughter find a place of mutual rest.

Conscience

Intimacy
Needn't
Be
Forced

A family of quaint beginnings was born of royal lineage. Tradition, loyalty and law was of nobility to this quaint family. Companionship, believing in and honor colored this family in more ways than could be described.

They deeply loved one another and were there for one another, always.

In their early years this quaint family set off on their yearly pilgrimage along with the rest of their tribe. A guiding voice was continually present.

They spent their time feasting, connecting, embracing tradition and loving.

As their days upon this journey came to a close, they prepared to travel back to their place of home.

It was now time to go.

Families moved as one body as mingling continued upon their road of travel.

Days flew by and an intermingling became a way amidst mothers and fathers, sisters and brothers, friends and friends.

The mother and father of this quaint family suddenly realized their son was not amidst this intermingling of many families. A final search led them back to their point of aim from whence they came.

Surrounding this child were a flurry of men. Intently they listened. Astounded by such knowledge, such grace.

This mother and father came into their midst where many did gather, and was slightly surprised though they knew their son was special.

To this brave and meek boy his parents did say, "Why have you done this thing to us?"

In pure response this child did say, "Why have you worried so, didn't you know I had to be with my Father?"

Conscience

forced

Intimacy
NEEDN'T
be

Fresh eyes rise and set. Gingerly they open, attempting to see, then close again. Darkness... a blinking witness. Eyes remain open... still, there is darkness. Warmth.

What feels as silk upon skin becomes a layering of holding. A natural breathing embrace. A womb. An embalming of synergy, light, ecstasy and peace.

A strong and tender body, once cradled in a ball, stretches out, feeling the vitality of its own length. This skin, this form, this life experiences the freedom of love, belonging, like the sweetest kiss.

Still embalmed within this wind, pure satisfaction, a continual stitching of light consummates life unto life.

Moments overlap moments in what seems to be an eternal blink. So much is seen in this poised position, so much experienced.

Suddenly, this womb begins to lift, rising, rising.

The form within quiets and pauses... sensing movement, embracing the vibration of movement as one with himself.

One luminescent petal opens, then another. Intricately, one by one, a layering of golden silk opens till this wondrous being is fully visible.

His crystalized green eyes, for the first time, marry light from within to this light beaming about.

Such wonder fills his countenance as he scans this virgin landscape.

A skyline of architecture crafted and constructed, bursts with aqua-infused radiance. Shape and form unique, distinct and strong, progressive. As a child, excited for higher and further. A beauty in its pure stature and expression.

His bright eyes continue their ascent further beyond this cityscape and through doors of lit-up perception, revelation, portal and into natural emblems of old...

Nature, steady, conservative, loyal and wise. Eons have passed and Eternity has found a resting expression within every deepening root system, transitioning terrain and within the mountain's stoicism and brilliance.

Eternity chuckles in giddy delight as this perfect Man catches her gaze. Together, eyes draw higher...

The bed of his resting flower grounds him in sustenance, and an awareness of Home deepens.

A multi-lingual living enthralls him. His Home, apparent; his gaze with Eternity's arouses curiosity; and his new Beyond calls to him...

Beyond the cityscape, beyond the mountain, fiery arrows shoot past him. From behind, from in front. He catches each one's aroma, each one's essence. They are star, they are nebula, they are galaxy. A warm glistening liquid light pours from the top of his head, down, down, down... This language is a new one, with understanding in tow.

With his bright wide eyes he senses creatures, desires, purpose.

Like a flame in a dark room, this perfect man's attention navigates to a glimmer that is beyond.

A tear falling and a deep exhale enraptures him. He is now entranced by this Glimmer, this flame that has now quieted every exuberant color, expansive landscape and breathing power.

Within all, this Glimmer increases in light, brighter and brighter. Holding All, IN All...

This perfect man closes his eyes and breathes.

“Uncontainable...” “Mother.”

Conscience

INTIMACY

NEEDN'T

BE

FORCED

As my body rests in the night my soul soars.

I find myself in a space with no walls but clear distinction. I am aware that I am raw in all ways. Free to be and see as I am, and do as I am in my present moment.

A silly atmosphere tickles my present form and there is a child-like play here... in me.

In a sweeping moment, a large wooden bowl smooth to touch, translates in front of me. Then a bubbly child, who is seemingly ancient, scoots in close.

This child is ready to burst into laughter at any given moment. Hands held close to the mouth, eyes bright green in wonder. He, who seems to morph back and forth from she, anticipates what he knows is coming.

I feel lighter and lighter inside.

Looking down I see what looks like little pieces of cut up string. Thicker than string but thinner than rope, and spaghetti-like. I laugh loudly at this silly display! Each is wiggling around, unattached to one another.

I'm drawn in by curiosity and take a small handful. This bowl does not appear to have a bottom, reminding me of Mary Popping's bag! The moment I take a hold of these spaghetti-like strings a wave of many voices and chatter nearly blow me over. The sound is overwhelming, the voices incessant, all seeming to be repeating themselves.

Intuitively, I drop the strings back into this large wooden bowl and feel laughter billow over the residual sounds of the many chattering. I look over and it is this child who is laughing. Its green eyes burst with radiant brilliance, so pure, so innocent. So much gentleness in this laughter. Then quiet. Stillness. Almost haunting, a sound unto itself.

She peers in, rather close, then speaks.

“Look...look...those are your thoughts!”

“Why are there so many, and so loud?”

“Well...” a soft chuckle. “Each thought is like a loose end you are always trying to tie up...” more giggles. “ but you can’t! It will never end!”

He erupts in laughter! Pure innocence and brilliance.

From this child green beams of emerald showers radiate like heat waves. She is particularly exquisite.

“Well, what do I do? I don’t want ALL these thoughts...”

Suddenly, stricken with anxiety, I begin to grab one and then another, attempting to tie them together so they’ll shut up! But their sounds are so loud and they just will not tie!

I drop them in angst and look over at child who is rolling over in laughter.

His joy pummels me over again and no longer will I hold back.

As a calming brook, laughter gracefully sweeps through my body and one giggle, then another bubbles over.

Then as a rushing stream, giggle becomes a heavy chuckle, which in turn transforms into a tidal wave of boisterous laughing and then a silent torrent.

The two of us are now floating and falling, spinning and weaving in a laughter so free, I never knew anything of this nature was possible!

The child suddenly takes a hold of the wooden bowl, looks in my direction mischievously and says with soundness and strength,

“Watch...”

He tosses all of it into the air and lets every spaghetti-like string fly upon laughter's breeze.

"That's it?!"

"Thaaat's it."

More laughter and great peace.

Then quiet.

"Now what...?"

"Live..."

Her smile is soft, and suddenly she appears as a sweet emerald mist.

"My friend..."

Conscience

Intimacy needn't be forced

Where to?

Right over...there. Just through
those moving stalks of grass. Yes,
up that hill.

Gotcha... it's so peaceful up
here. Like I've been here before, but
it's all new.

Yes, that's how it is everywhere in
here... or heres. Ahahaha!

What? What is so funny?

Oh, just this place, or places.
Ahahahah... goodness.

My, goodness is right!

Go to it.

Just me?

I will be with you, and I'll remain
here.

Oh wow... look at this view. 360 degrees
of perfection. Geez... can I move
the chair? Like to face that direction,
toward those mountains and view
of the cosmos?

Yes, of course.

That's great, thanks...

It's heavier than it seems.

Look.

Huh? Whaa...ha! Oh my goodness,
it's snowing! But where is it coming
from?? There are no clouds...

From you my friend, Ahh... fresh,
perfect. I sense the fragrance of
peppermint!

Ahahahah... man, I do love
peppermint!
Wow, incredible.

A time of slumber, rest and peace.
Fun and play! Stillness...

Come, let us sit.

Hey, where did this second chair
come from? Wait... I know, I
know... it's always been here, ya??

Yep!

Goodness, you are funny
my friend!

Yes, as are you!

So, now what?

Now, we wait...

How much time has passed?

Time is very different here. More
clearly known as eternity, and all
life moves in this spiraling eternal
tapestry. All has a place, distinction
and all is a layering, an active
consciousness... freely fluid,
connected always.

Mmm...

Here, the first door is here...

Huh... Oh, that is a big door.
Does it not open?

Unnecessarily. Peer into door.

Into?

Yes, soft and subtle. This is the way.

No need to strive, no effort. Just
peer in.

Well, okay.

Interesting... I can definitely see
something. It's like there's an
overlapping of physical and what's
behind it...

Wow, my eyes feel weird.

No rush, no pressure. Softly gaze
in. Your eyes will adjust to your
Spirit eyes. Naturally. Just continue
on.

Okay, they do feel better... more natural. Oddly free, very different.

Yes. Such ease in this. Now, what do you see?

Goodness, darkness, and now piercing lights. Umm loud, loud sounds all around. Geez, I can feel it all.

Yes. And only as much as you have capacity for. This place is a complete immersion, no separation.

Wow... ya, I see. It's a concert!
Ha(!)... yes, it looks to be a heavy metal concert. Lots of people,

emotions, sounds...

Aha, keep going...

Wait... what's that? I hear
murmuring, whispers... not from
the door, I don't think. Almost
seems to be in the atmosphere.

Yes.

Man, I dunno... it's weird. I
can't hear words, but I can feel
and see these whispers.
Disdain, anger, wow... Massive
fear and worry. What, what's
happening? Where is the door
goin'?

Making room for the next door.

There. Here it comes.

Okay, yes I see it.

Different in many ways, but
still very large.

Now, peer softly in...

Right... through, or in.

Okay. It's funny because I can
feel something in my actual head,
brain or the energies, shift.

Weird... but oddly, it's nice.

Yes, this too is a part of immersion,
your whole self is one, is involved.

It is wonderful!

Yes, the door... k... so it's softening in what was wood and I am seeing movement. Not quite solid forms. Just, hmm, I dunno. I guess like waves of warmth and sound that have a type of form. Man, the colors are not what I would say is color, but there it is. Haha! This is great!

What do you see, feel?

Well, from what I can tell, it looks to be the inside of a large foyer. Spiral staircase opening up on two sides... and, um... ah, my head feels weird.

Take your time...

Okay...

I see and feel... mmm, it's
such a sweet knowing, I'm in
all of it.

A small girl at the top stair banister,
and a bigger person. Her mom...
yes, her mom. She is standing below.
There is shattered glass and things
everywhere.

Goodness, there is the whispering
again. Mumbling, yuck... like
shards of disapproval or filth.
Interesting.

Ah, here comes the next door.

Already??

Yes, they circle around.

Okay, well...

Here it is. This door is very
long and lean. Very tall!

Wow, this one feels different.

How so?

I feel more here than I did with
the other doors. Like truly in two
places at the same time.

Fascinating...

It is, isn't it?
This too is...

Immersion, ya??

Why yes, how did you know I
was going to say that?

Lucky guess, I suppose...

Well?

Well...

Continue!

Oh right!

I see a chair, I feel it...

I'm in it. But like a one-with-it
sensation. Amazing!

Yes, no separation!

Right!

So, around me I sense many
bodies... chairs, an auditorium.
A stage and... oh, yes! A church
service. Been to these most of
my life.

Yes, I know. Keep going!
Now what?

Umm, a child. Quiet, head
down. I hear his insides. Does that
make sense? Sad...
Goodness, the whispers and
grumbling are back. No words

still, but I can feel ridicule and
condescension. Geez, lots of
fear. Big fear.

And here comes the next door.

Wow, how many are there?
I'm actually kinda tired, is it
possible to be tired here??

Well, there is no clear one-way
answer. You are in process so
your entire being is impacted...
and you my friend, are growing.

Do I stop then?

Heaven's no! You rest...

How do I rest and keep going?

Rest is a breath. Is a moment
of slowing, remembering there
is no trying, no striving.
Rest is a ceasing to strive amongst
so many other relational aspects of
rest. Continue in rest.

Okay, not sure I really know how
to do that.

Teaching is unnecessary, as you
understand it. Just be and you will
awaken to remembrance.

Alright...

So, I see trees, very very tall trees...
people and machines. I can feel
the ground... like a rolling flow of
energy. Rolling, it's the trees... it's
all of Nature.

Man, I wanna cry. Geez. Okay, I
can feel crazy conflict... mmm,
the sun, the warmth. Ahaaa, more
murmuring. It's more clear in sound.
Interesting.

Now, here is the next one.

Ya, they seem to be moving more
rapidly, but I'm even more aware,
hahah! It's incredible!

Yes!

Young girls, bright clothing... more
murmuring and whispers.

Now...

Wow, incredible bikes, many riders
...I see formation, a logo... murmurs,
hate and fear.

Here, fluid... moving.

Lots of art work, oh wait... those
are bodies, bare, paint... huh.
The murmurs are like clouds or
...I dunno, grey and dull.

Continuing, layering.

Aww, it's all blending... my eyes
...my senses... it's hard to speak.

Rest, rest...

Whooosshhh... crystals, gems,
fragrance, chanting... sounds...
goodness, a cackling in the whispers.

Yes... one more.

Wait... I see, I see... us... I see me.
Hair and my chin. I see like a movie
reel. Sounds and passions. Moments
flying...
God, I feel the whispers... accusations.
Oh my goodness.

What is it?

I didn't know, I didn't know...
It was always my own voice.

Yes, but the whispers are of no
consequence but to shine a brighter
light upon the seed.

Seed? What do you mean?

Peer again through door as they
move around. As a carousel, they
move as one... peer in.

I can't distinguish them anymore...
not apart from one another.

Yes.

I'm still a part of each, especially my
own, but it's more a blurry picture in
my senses.

Yes... what do you see?

I'm just not sure.

Same "how." Peer softly in, no need
to try. Aware, feel.

There is a pure, raw beginning
that each person, circumstance,
creation has. This is the essence.

The life... this is Me.

Okay...whhhoooo...okay. I see,
I'm more caught up in this flicker.
It's a light, but it's golden and breathing.

Softly focus.

God... it's real.

More real than I've ever known
anything or anyone to be. Your
breathing, like a heart. Pulsating!

Do you hear whispers?

No, not at all... completely gone!

The doors continue to circle around
us, wide open.

Yes! This seed is wonder, it's
excitement, it's purity. Curiosity
and belonging! So, does every

person then have their own...
expression I guess?

Yes, in one sense. Each person
has unique layerings which are
grids or seeing, reasoning. This is
where the whispers come from.
But... for the one who will see the
raw seed in all, in self, this one will
abound in wonder!

Wait... where did they all go?

They are here, always here.

But I can't see any of them...

Are you certain?

Conscience

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Follow the golden stone road...

Wait... wait!

You are the golden stone road.

~~~~~

Hold this hose...

Wait... wait!

Don't squeeze it, water won't flow.

~~~~~

Look, right here, it's perfect!

Wait... wait!

Why do you continue to look over there??

What IS is enough...

~~~~~

Light is light...

Wait... wait!

There is no agreeing with or against light!

Love is Love...

~~~~~

Lamp Post ... Light House.

Not simply revealing ITS presence, but illuminating what surrounds...

Conscience

intimacy needn't be forced

A single rope has infinite strands within. Each particularly distinct, essence unique, journey and perspective unlike any other strand. Each strand functions and thrives in its own time, space, purpose and uniqueness. There are infinite strands that make up a single rope.

Conscience

Intimacy Needn't be Forced

In Mid-night

A body completely hollow, readied, surrounded

In Mid-night

A vastness experienced in body, moving through its eternity

Conscience

Intimacy needn't be forced

River coursing down the summit of a great Mountain.

Instinctual, fluid...is, always is.

Neutral, relational, content... essence, belonging.

Flowing down, down, into One Sea...

Many flow down, down upon own path into One Sea... up, up rising
up as One atmosphere...

Indescribable, must simply be.

Conscience

Intimacy needn't be forced

How How How How

Wait...What??

Yes! How How How How, how...

Whaaaa....??

Yes... How How How How How How How
How...

Where...

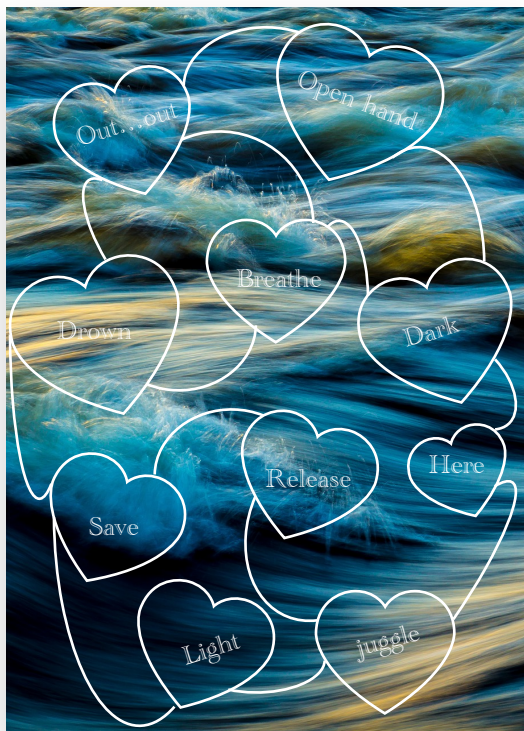
Conscience

~~INTIMACY NEEDN'T BE FORCED~~

Within this body flows a river, riding within its stream...



Within this body flows a river, riding within its stream...



Conscience

*Intimacy
Needn't
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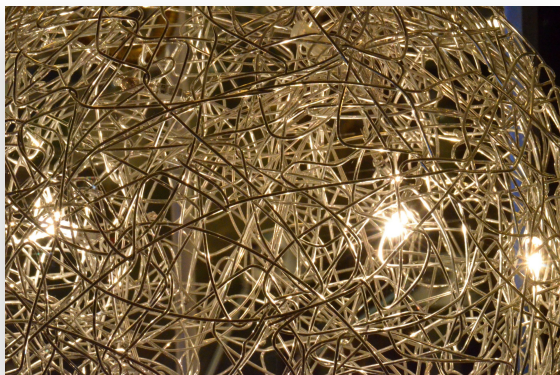
Do you know when a mother can walk a good distance in front of
her child?

When they are in an open field.
When they are in an open field.

Conscience

Intimacy needn't be forced.

I am delighted to share a little glimpse about a savior, a pirate, a princess and prince, a wicked queen, a dark lord, a dark lord's son, a flying boy and fairy girl, and a little boy who purely believes...



Once upon a time a boy was taken by another boy who once could fly. This boy who purely believes was loved by many. A savior, a princess and prince, the son of a dark lord and a wicked queen.

Connected to these were a dark lord, a pirate and a fairy girl. It too was pure love that drove the actions of these as well.

A moment arose where all would choose to be themselves in all moments.

Honesty of fears driving past decisions were expressed.

Sincere repentance was seen.

A space to freely be was known.

And through it all, with every action taken and decision made, the light of Love bound them together.


Each past began to slowly fade. Not through force nor through great working for wholeness, but by choosing this quest for Love, from Love... there be no cost on any front.

A boy was saved, and many continued within their personal journey of waking to self while being transfigured in Light, in Love.

Each continued to awaken.

Conscience

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Everyone is gifted a life, the  is, “How will One interpret it?”
For how One interprets One’s life will determine where this One will
go.

Answer within the “problem”
“Problem” becoming the “answer”
Never “problem” to begin with

A path of reasoning does not move into conclusion.
A pathway of reasoning moves from a paradigm of seeing.



Multicolored lens



How we see



Conscience

intimacy needn't be forced

A full **being** awareness is the thickness, the foundation, the structure, the filling, the reality...

Solid, peaceful...

full



Solid,

Thoughts as birds may fly about but the

being awareness is the
thickness, the
foundation, the
structure, the filling,
the reality...
peaceful...



A full **being** awareness is the thickness, the foundation, the structure, the filling, the reality...

S o l i d , peaceful...

Thoughts
about but
awareness is
t h e



t h e
Solid,



as birds may fly
the full **being**
the thickness,
foundation, the
structure, the filling,
reality...
peaceful...

Conscience

Intimacy Needn't be Forced

Where, Teacher?

Right through there
my dear pupil. Through these
star systems, beyond those vast
oceans... can you perceive?

Awe, yes...yes I can.

Into the unnamable and
unknowable. Come in through
this passageway.

Water?

Yes, water. Do you perceive the
glint of gold glistening within
every drop, as drop?

I do, Teacher.

You will assimilate yourself
within this gold and so know
union with water.

Yes, Teacher.
And my wonderings
will be seen be me?

They will, friend.

Wonderful!

Now...go!

The pupil of the teacher then emerged from within the water that was in actuality gold essence.

The pupil then did experience an intense awareness of what one drop of this liquid golden water did contain.

Within its very essence was the fullness of knowing, of being. There was no fixed form of information to be held, but the fullness of knowing the One that all has come from.

The pupil was becoming a steward of this sacred being that is water. It will flow through a passageway of the same and find itself within a prepped and distinct carved out quaint basin.

From beneath, this passageway will flow straight into this quaint basin's very lining.

This pupil did flow; through magnificent star systems, beyond vast oceans and into this land that had no name and was yet to be known.

Within its travels this pupil did perceive how there were many basins carved and prepped, readied for its pure lining to be absorbed and filled.

Why are there so
many empty basins,
Teacher?

Not empty pupil, readied. New,
immature and innocent. Their
lining is of the same water that you
have come into union with.

So all are One?

Yes, there is One... but these
basins are distinct from all other.
They are exactly as the One that all
have come from...

They? How can this
be? They appear to be
as nothing, lower than
the lowliest...

In this state they appear as such, do
they not?

Yes, this is true.

Even the weakest of star, or lowest
of life carries more awareness than
these that appear to be of the
lowliest. But pupil, does that mean
that they are?

I am unsure, Teacher.

I sense many basins
surrounding this one
that I am currently one
with. Some appear
larger than myself (this
pupil beginning to take
on identity of the one it is
one with).

There are many?
Do they run into each
other?

It is true humility to know one's self
as one is, not as one appears.

Emerged from within one drop, pupil did have an aspect of awareness of this one. Though not being this one by distinction and intent, only an aspect did this pupil carry. So more questions did arise.

You have compartmentalized
perception dear friend. Though,
yes, there is a coming together as
one stretches in capacity of current,
flow and filling, this dear basin
expanding in its pure existence or
essence, this happens through a
layering.

And though from your perception they sit side by side, it is an overlapping of infinite existence that is actually occurring. Through expansion they are coming into a knowing. The basin's nearest to your basin will intimately know one another more intimately, and only then is there a natural expanding. Each still quite distinct and within their own realm of living (reality), but still, experiencing the joy of union through shared diversity.

I see...

Each basin being similar in design and intent is quite unique in expressive characteristic. You will experience how their expressions will change throughout their unique process, though the process being of the same way.

I am not quite sure I understand, Teacher.

The pupil did find a fresh wonder of a process that would not have been known but by being in it within this water, as this water.

It is quite simple dear friend. The process that is distinct is only distinct in expressive characteristic, continually shifting, for their is a continual fresh awareness... but the process by which this distinct process finds its birthing is through the one process that all will know... this being an intimate relational communing with the One in whom all come from. This is their way, pupil. It is perfect, without fault and chosen.

This choosing, what does this mean?

I do not understand,
Teacher.

I seem to understand
the concept but I am
yet to really see.

This choosing is a present
awareness that moves through what
has been and what will be.

Because you are not aware. You
will, though. This choosing is a
consideration thru personal
knowing, thru awareness.

This pupil began to experience something of holy union as it found itself being absorbed within the lining of this basin. It was by no effort did this water move in deeper connection with itself as this lining. This basin awoke, and awoke and this pupil felt itself expanding, and so increasing in awareness and knowing. This pupil tasted an aspect of what it was to be basin in union with its One. Overwhelmed, it spoke to its teacher.

Teacher, Teacher, this
is beyond what I knew
was possible. I...I just
cannot issue a
response worthy of
such experience... this
is my Lord, my
Creator...

I am seeing how this
basin will not expand
beyond its capacity to
hold.

How then will she
expand?

Yes, dear friend... how sweet these
moments are, for you are tasting of
the life of one who is a direct
descendent of our Creator... there
is nothing more sacred or precious
for us.

Yes, this is true. Completely full,
and still, an expanding to
experience a greater filling.

You shall see my friend.

This pupil did experience the steady and subtle expansion of basin, through a relational interacting with their One. This sacred way known through awareness.

Until We Meet Again....

