



*Deepening Memoire*

Volume 3



# Deepening Memoire

*Who Am I?*

Everflow

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## Gratitude

Sweet Madi, I adore you. You have been through much with me; called me into bravery I never knew possible. Silently loving me when words were few.

I truly would not have awakened into this fullness as I have and continue to, but for your fiery presence. You are a very special young woman and I am deeply and profoundly grateful to know you as such.

Don't ever stop laughing, it is a warmth unlike anything else! I'm forever yours.

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## Forward

I am no theologian, but a curious and deepening practitioner.

I once lived as a gatherer of information, I now gratefully abide within *True Knowledge*.

I craft practice into poetry.  
Principal into dance step.  
Intention through Intuition.

Though I do my best, my words are simple doors...



## ROYALTY

**R**egal

**O**mnipresent

**Y**outhful

**A**dvantageous

**L**ight

**T**ranscendent

**Y**ellow

p**R**esent

**O**mniscient

jo**Y**

c**A**lculating

p**L**ayful

s**T**rong

extraordinar**Y**



**R**adiant

**O**ne

live**lY**

illumina**A**ted

**L**ovely

right**T**eous

worth**Y**

## Squeeze

If I squeeze too tightly  
Nothing will flow  
If I hug a child too firmly  
No longer will they glow  
If I grasp at something forcefully  
Abundant life I shall not know

Within Rest there is *flow*  
Within Rest there is *glow*  
Within Rest *abundant life* I shall know



## Must Know

A Soul *must know* stillness

*Must know* the bed of a river

*Must know* the etched out current of tide, of season

A Soul *must know* the touch of water, of rising stream

*Must know* the distinction of sense, of body, of tracing out

*Must know* this rising of stillness

A Soul *must know* Day unto Night, Night unto Day

*Must know* the movement of IN Out, IN Out, Up Down, Up Down

*Must know* the subtlety of Flesh, of Spirit

A Soul *must know* the imperceptible saturation of stillness  
*Must know* Life, *Must know* Death

A Soul *must know* the drowning of stillness  
*Must know* the abundance of Life  
*Must know...*

## A Drive

One *Beautiful Afternoon* shone bright within the windows of my heart. I knew it was the perfect day for a drive. So I recollected myself and set out.

I noticed upon my drive the details of the morning Gracing. Her colors vibrant and unassuming. I caught sight of the snow laden hills with fresh blossoming flowers peeking thru its melting elegance.

I also became aware of my car and the innate union it had with me. As we drove, we moved according to all that was seen; experiencing the breeze and the sounds together. Finding new paths by the drawing in of new sight. All was fresh, new, unified.

Then something surprising happened, but I had no awareness of what to do. Somebody from another car found there place within my car. They sat right next to me and continued to tell me where to go and how fast to drive. They spoke of scenes that I could not see. Describing terrain that I could not

perceive. I found confusion within these words, then emotion rose and I felt trapped. My car became torn between myself and the one who had entered my car; unsure of what direction to go, what was real and what was union.

I peered around and saw this person in another car near me. Every word that flew from their lips within my car, was seen to be true from their own car. A distant sight I did see, yes, but it was clearly their seeing that they were projecting upon me.

The moment this awareness came, another presence filled and remained. One that showed me there is only one way... though many may feel that others stray. There remains only one way...

## Me

I much prefer poetry, allegory, musing, picture  
This more resembles my relationship with *You*

Soft silhouettes  
Multi-faceted jewels exuding the brilliance of  
fresh color within precious light  
A blooming vegetation  
unbound, unending

A laughter that crawls up every wall, squirts around every corner, fills every  
shadow!

A *Dreamer* who is not fixed in one world but moves through many, naturally.





## For the good of All

For the good of *All* there is bestowal

For the good of *All* there is a bowing down

For the good of *All* there is *nothing* that *something* may  
arise

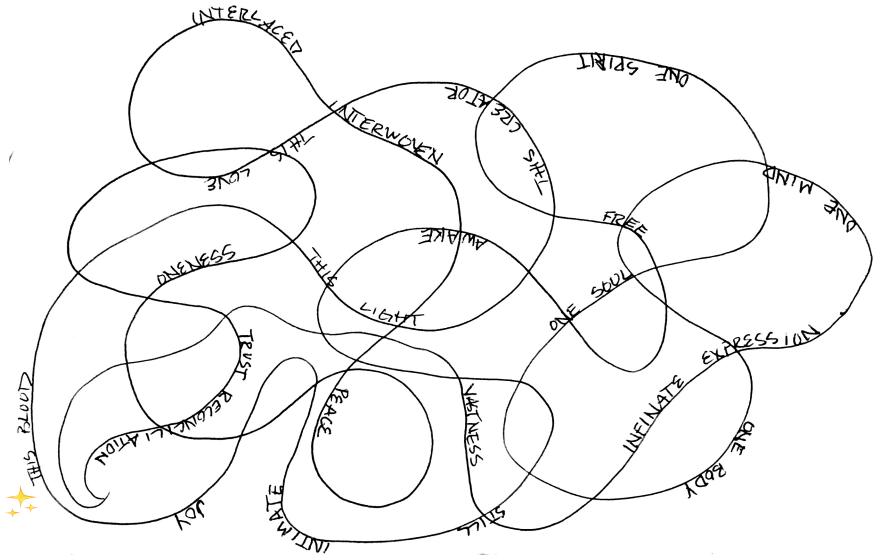
Emptying that a filling may arise

Numbness so passion may be mastered

*For the good of All*



## Nations





# Unearthed

Japanese Blossoms

Winter Honey Suckle

Notes.....plunk.....plunk.....plunk

cosmology

*“It’s Euclidian kind of weather...”*

“Does this tent seem bigger on the inside??”

“That’s ridiculous, this tent seems smaller on the outside...”

Glimpse...believe...GO!!...understand...aware??

*Yes, aware*

## Heaving

Lips, they move as with an invisible kiss

The crown of my head flows ceaselessly of glistening golden oil, thick, at times rapid

From my chest, hands, feet, throat and womb pulsates an ever increasing, breathing shield

An energy of *Love*, union, connectedness... free...free



## Particle

I move through as a particle who is One with the *Yeast*...

I see how **nothing** (*within everything*) can be against me

My sights move into the micro, the connectedness, as a stream of innumerable thoughts displaying *One thought*

## Nothingness

What is nothingness... really??

A word to be consumed by, dove into, inhaled... experienced

Expanse, only *Be* - all *doing* cannot exist here

Place of absorption, foundation, untethering, deconstructing, unknowing

Pure, naked raw *Love*

Numbness, passionless

Womb, void, dark

Love has no appendages here

Sometimes subtle Sometimes all consuming

## Fullness

AWARE.....aware.... Visual, aware

Sight, taste, hear, touch, smell... aware

Creating, forming, inventing, orchestrating

Emotion, expression, *Light*

Soul, ponder, explore

Training and Discovering....

Sometimes subtle Sometimes all consuming

# Remember

Remember...

One thing is not *Untrue*  
because another is *True*

## I see Heaven differently...

I see Heaven differently when there is bright light

I see Heaven differently when there is deep darkness

Within every revelation, every change, every awakening and every experiencing - there seems to always be an awareness of "I AM not fixed in this..."

There always appears to be another side to the coin, another perceiving and so Another's expression and intimate experience

*Scars disappear as memory remembers its cleansing*

*Breath*

*Breath*

## Intention

Is intention egotistical want ruttered by immaturity found in lacking?

*Intention* (believing) *faith* – *wisdom* (intimacy) *wonder*  
– *understanding* (awareness) *belief* –

Maybe??



## For / Against

Nothing can be against you because *I AM* is in everything and *I AM* is for *you*

You can't be reconciled within something that is against *you*  
Since *I AM* is in everything, every person, every situation...all is *for you*...

Everything is *for you*

Every person is *for you*

Every situation is *for you*

Rest in this... it is the power in *You*, through *Love*, to work all things  
together.

I moved from being hurt **into** unconditional love though all may be against me – **into** *Nothing can be against me when You who are in ALL, is only ever for Me – into there is only We*



## Lovey

There once was a quaint little boy  
He loved to create his own toys  
He was given a map  
To explore every trap  
But discovered there's *Light* in the void

There once was a small lively girl  
A crown sat atop of her curls  
A throne not so small  
Filled her banqueting hall  
Her life, a priceless *Pink* pearl

There once was a beautiful *Woman*  
Her color more vast than an ocean  
Starry hair rose high  
Precious lips aligned  
Her sound filled all darkness in motion

There once was a Man made of *Wonder*  
Radiant, magnificent in color  
Booming laughter did banter  
With playful meek canter  
His gaze was that of a Lover

## A Journey thru Story...

Mommy holds the hand of her 3 year young son, soft and pure; Innocent is this hand.

She gently guides him to a wide open terrace, placed respectably upon the back of their *home*.

As they pass over the threshold and into bursting light, Mommy and son see a luscious field flourishing with wild flowers.

Melodies of all kind fill the air as they draw deeper into the etched out presence of this wooden terrace. There rests a table and chair.

A brightness of sight increases. A life within a life.

Mommy releases her son's sweet hand as he moves closer to the edge. His face peers through the intricate design of the wooden frame and straight down toward their lower deck.

Stamped concrete brushes the ground beneath as it flows toward the mouth of the pond.

Mommy comes to her son's side and breathes deeply *In...* and then *Out...*

She invites her son to stand upon the chair next to her.

From her side she raises up a smooth clear vase and hands it to her son...

*What's dis mummy?*

*It's for you to drop... **but**, before you drop this vase, tell me, what do you think will happen?*

*Break...*

He speaks softly.

*Why do you think it will break...?*

*I dunno mummy.*

Mommy then hands her son the smooth, crystal clear vase, gesturing him to drop it over the edge and onto their colored concrete below.  
As he drops it his hands raise nervously to his mouth.

*Mummy... it broke!*

*Yes, it did...*

She speaks through a warm smile.  
From her side Mommy then hands her son a soft, colorful pillow.  
Lush and warm, its size extending beyond her son's. He hugs it tightly, smothering his body within.

*Now, throw it over!*

Mommy speaks with excitement.  
And without thought, her son grunts and tosses the pillow over the edge.  
Joy fills him as this large soft pillow seems to float to the ground.



It lands with no sound but the wind dancing all around.

*Did it break, son?*

*No!*

*How come??*

*It's soft mummy!*

*A hard heart is a hurt heart and the only heart that can be broken...*

*A tender heart is a soft heart and shall never break*



There lies a magnificent green pasture, trees and bushes extending forever high. This green pasture lies behind a secret door seen only by those of sacredness and honor.

It is only the adventurer who will move thru this secret door into this sacred

pasture. Here life truly begins.

Once through this door the adventurer witnesses a green terrain that is continually shifting. A pathway forever changing. Direction always fleeting except by the movement of the moment.

This adventurer, one who is sacred and filled with honor, moves into this luscious green field and continues to move. Ceasing to move would mean finality for the one who is only ever present, for these lush green trees would consume the one who stops.

This pathway only ever exercising life through motive, intention and calculation. It does not think, it is fluid, natural.

*A vast landscape of life within, always shifting, moving, traveling through,  
most often Path unforeseen until the moment of..*



Off the freeway I barrel down a narrowing road. Narrow and more narrow this road is.

The road hugs an eternal array of color and light. Flower and landscape as far as the eye can perceive.

A truck of great proportion ebbs and flows carefully and gingerly down this narrow road. No turn-off is seen, no new path is given...

My front cleaves closely to its rear. I notice, I pause in racing thought. I call emotion to rest, and I slow.

For sometime my breath experiences the stretching of the truck's momentum... slower and slower. Thought quiets, emotion rests. Slower and slower my breath finds pace. A new pattern, a new momentum takes root... I ease back quite naturally and find space between me and truck.

Body can breathe, breath has room.

Head rises up, eyes peer about, I can see... *I can see!*

A new world is opening up within me, before me.

I can see...

*To slow is to breathe. To slow is to be quickened. Quickened in what?*

*Quickened in being.*

*Quickened in seeing*



# Here

Why am I still *here*?

You have more to learn *here*

Why am I still *here*?

If you disdain, you will prolong *here*

Why am I still *here*...

Why do you ask?

...be in another *here*



## Voice Within

Your voice? ....

*Yes*

My voice? ....

*Yes*

Our voice? ....

*Yes*

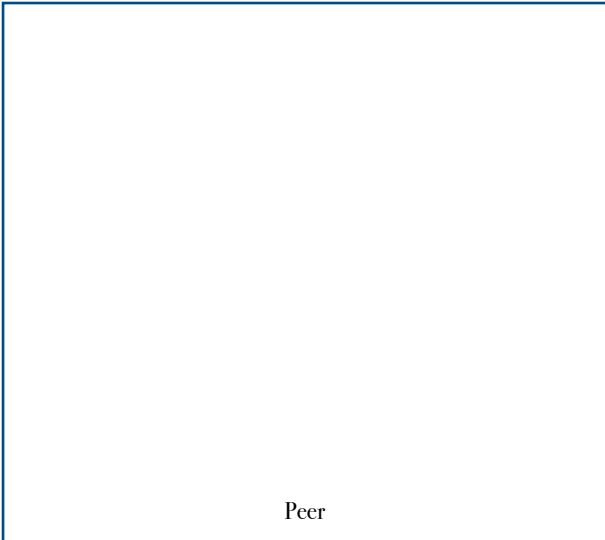
*One voice....Yes*







## Blank Canvas



Peer

## Girl...Boy

A girl walks into a bar and peers around. She hears.

*Prejudice by assumption.*

She blinks and peers around. She hears.

*It is not them, it is me...*

Pointing fingers float away.

She peers around. She hears.

*Come, sit...*

A quaint table is placed at the center of this open room.

All faces, all tables, all chairs... vanish.

Scarlet red drapes dress every wall.

She peers around. She hears.

*Come, sit...*

The room is robed in stillness.

Under her feet wooden slats absorb her steps, no echo is heard.

A breeze of calming posture plays within her wavy hair.

As a breath, this breeze rests.

She peers around.

She sits upon a simple white, wooden chair.

There is no lamp to be seen, just light in all threads, in all forms.

She hears.

*Rest. Sit, rest.*

She peers around.

She sits.

There is no thought.

A stream moves behind the tracing out that is her body.

She peers around.

She feels the encircling current of liquid essence flowing, pulsating as one divided from herself, yet remaining as herself.

Eyes of intoxicated pleasure close.

A soft tear gently finds the stroke of her cheek.

As this quaint *young woman* opens her eyes she sees a  
*young man* sitting in the chair across from her. His eyes

softly fixed upon her. His face, perfect in stature, smooth  
in expression.

Golden blond hair touches his shoulders as an  
inescapable wonderment draws upon her affections.

Though his mouth moves not a muscle, sound is heard...

*I want you...*

*You have me...*

*I want you.*

*You have me.*

*Wield...*

## I Postulate... I Ponder...

Through One's awakening to personal newness — restoration — consciousness of Oneness is known in *ALL* of creation by this *One*.

By every person awakening, the *fullness* of conscious awareness awakens *ALL* of creation.

Through *One*, there are *Many*; to *One*, as *Many*, *All* is known...

I postulate... I ponder the route of full restoration.





## Conscience

So many... so many accusing voices.  
Accusations, rebuke... accusing voices.

Though these voices came in many forms, sounds and  
faces, it was always my own voice... really.

A haze, a shallow murky bog of accusation... disorienting.  
An adversary in many affects.

*Wait. Yes, wait... a ping of Light.*

Like a particle, a light slowly pulsates from a deep central  
place.

Beneath the haze, below the murky bog of many, yet one, is this *Light*.  
Clear.

In its beginning, small, faint in sound.  
There is *Peace* in guidance, clear yet with out word or form.  
*Peace*.

Awareness increases as trust deepens. Light spectrums burst from this single  
*Light*, filling the shallow murky bog.  
Accusations quiet.  
*Peace*.

~ ~

*Now* must be

For yesterday fades so quickly

??

Sometimes things turn out *wrong* so things can turn out *right*... so was “*it*” ever really right or wrong?? Wrong or right??

## Forced Change

*Forced Change...*

What a phrase, what a phrase  
Can mean so much  
In so many ways  
I control, my hands are tied  
I conceal, my life's a ride

*Forced Change...*

What a phrase, what a phrase  
Can mean so much  
In so many ways  
Nothing forced, all remains  
All awake to see their gain

## Swirling

Everything is swirling

Everyone is twirling

Worlds and worlds

Spinning, zooming, changing, cocooning

So much is haze

So much is clear

All is messy

All is pure





## Settling

Flesh is becoming less fixed

Less death

Less entrapment

Spirit is becoming less abstract

Less intangible

Less unaware

This eye can see what's invisible

Can see what's physical

Can see what's natural

Settle into what was once unaware... once frightening

This is who *You* really are. All of it.



## “Why...?”

Why have a pencil and not write?

Or a sound and not sing?

Why have a dream and cast no vision?

Or an idea and make no movement?

Why?

Why learn to walk and not fly?

Or learn to drive and not swim?

Why learn to see and then not see?

Or learn to hear and then not hear?

Why?

What if I was beyond what I knew possible and still believed because of a glimpse?

What if I embrace my next moment, allowing the moments of others to rest?  
Why not?

## Mind's Eye

If I can't hold *It*, I'm threatened by *It*

If I can't look *It* in the face, I'm threatened by *It*

If I can't purely love within *It*, through *It*, I'm enslaved to *It*

What does my Mind's Eye see?

How *do* I see?

## There is Purpose

The purpose in the *nothingness*  
Has brought me to the *everything*  
So I can see...  
So I can sing...  
How *love* is wrapped in everything

## Lost Its Sting

Every memory is cleansed

Every memory is cleansed

Every memory is cleansed

And there is *Peace*

It's lost its sting...



## Staying IN One Place

As my feet pick up to run, I stay in One *Place*

As the car begins to move, I stay in One *Place*

As I venture through a wooded trail, I stay in One *Place*

As I nestle in my meditation chair, journeying through many places, I stay in  
One *Place*

As my breath deepens and as it stops, I stay in One *Place*

As my awareness increases for I expand, I stay in One *Place*

I am not arriving anywhere, I'm already here...

In every infinite way

## There is Aware, There is Familiar

Aware is a blooming, a blossoming of knowing, intimate knowing. Present, unique to moment, deepening in *wonder* – in honor

Familiar is a once knowing, past relational moment masquerading as present and *Now* – fixed, framed, formed

One ebbs and flows within a stream of continual freshness (*current*)

An imprint, a signature and sound is always found, yet unique to present expression or facet

Aware, yet unfamiliar...

Another resides as a lake, unchanging, unmoving  
Every corner, every rock, every shadow at every moment, remains  
Familiar and so comfortable

*There is Aware, There is Familiar*

## Table Talk

A concept for this *Generation* who is alive  
Engagements with self, life, people and spirit are happening!  
A longing to belong, a longing to be family and friend remain  
For too long fear of *being wrong, being rejected, being hurt* have cast its  
shadow.  
But now...

A table has been placed, presented  
Blank, infinite in space  
To begin, a few come. They sit, they rest. They breathe...

Correction cannot be found

Relating *Another's* experience to self as a marker for *right or wrong* cannot  
be heard, for unconditional love is present  
Belief systems fade, mantras fall, patterns change...

Bodies relax a bit more in this welcoming atmosphere  
One pioneer begins  
She shares of present experiences, encounters and ponderings.  
She pauses  
There is stillness. One question arises, pure — childlike in *wonder*

Another trailblazer shares. Stillness, engagement...

And when One wrestles through a personal shedding of fixed belief,  
expressed uniquely by this One, *unconditional Love* remains, for All desire  
the same...  
Belonging, Family, Friend... *Fullness of Life*

Will this flickering desire become a consuming inferno till all that is seen is unconditional *Love*?

My bet would be *Yes*

For this unconditional *Love* is *Belonging*, is *Family*, is *Friend* and is what hewn Us, keeps Us, awakens Us

This *Love* is personal, is chosen



## Came to My Side

Nothingness came to my side  
An impasse, a trajectory shift  
Quiet within grew increasingly loud, pushing me out

Would I grab hold of anything, anyone?  
No... a quaint numbness, an uncomfortable stillness

There was only seeing *You*  
I became free from a Book  
Spiritual languages would not form  
A song would not come

For days and then more days...



Nothingness

A gift, a raw gift

Then a flooding consumed, faster than could be circulated

Rushing, rushing, rushing...

Pulsating, embarking, inspiring, revealing

I don't even know *Me* but in my present awareness... unique

I've come from a place where *beginning* has no beginning

More a place of newness

I am remembering here...

I am awakening...

Emotions seize me at times when memories, as fresh as my current breath,  
flash before my eyes

I am remembering what *human* truly is  
How divinity and humanity are One being, unique to All

I have a real *Parent*



## Child

A child knows only *being*, wonder in innocence

This child then lives from *being*, exploring and simply does...  
This *doing* is not a calculation of *good or bad* intention, just *being*

Sight of lost identity is visible to a peering eye when One sees child begin to  
change oneself based upon the response of Parent, Teacher, Sibling or  
Person

Suddenly, pure *being-doing* from within turns into  
*doing to be something* from without

And yet, all is *being* worked out from

Within...

## Lust Unveiled

Laughter fills me as I consider how skewed my vision was

Vision of what?

Vision of *Lust*...

*Lust*, impetuous... immature. A perceiving of lack... for there is a perceiving  
of separation

Separation from *what*?

Separation from *Life*...

To be lustful is to be desperate. Is to be in longing

Desperate for *what*? Longing for *what*?

For *Life*...

*Lust* is as a baby who knows not what it does, thinks, or feels. Sometimes intellect fools the small one into believing it is a mature one...

*Lust* is not evil, lust is immature, is baby, is longing and is blind. *Lust* is a beginning, moving one into what is full in *Living*

I shall not disdain *Lust*, nor cast condemnation upon it...

I'll simply grow up, live in my dance, eat meat as I am able, and float upon the clouds with those who can see the sky

# HOPE

Do you know what it is to live in what you hope for?

It was once said how hope, real hope, will never disappoint.

Meaning, if I am resting in real hope disappointment cannot touch me. It is impossible.

So why then so much pain around *hope*?

Maybe *that kind of hope* is more desperation in wishful thinking masquerading as *hope*.

So then what is hope, *really*?



Well, I can share what I've experienced in *Hope* thus far...

- I have found myself swimming in deeper oceans of trust while I have my sights set upon that which I hope for.
- I have also found my hope is birthed because I have seen glimpses of *something*, this being pure and raw. In its beginning there is little filling of detail.
- Then there is this consideration of patience that is formed because humility is present... and *rest*. Always *rest* deep within.

To experience *rest* and so real *hope*, I had to have come into a personal friendship with the One who holds all, for this One is in all, knows all, created all and is my *All*.

This is a sacred and personal place to be *IN*, One to be with.

- Then there comes the phenomena of eternity. An actual place with some functioning of what seems to be *time* but not quite. More a continual stream of *being* placed in a continual shifting, thriving, living, exploring, enjoying...
- Here I began to recognize how closely *hope* and the *prophetic* are related. Here I saw how each are found resting in a deeper realm of maturity.
- Hope starting off as a glimpse, then a bridge, became an actual reality of what I saw in glimpse.
- I began to experience the living in what I hoped for, because I was truly living in it while simultaneously waiting for the full form to *become* in the Earth.

In likening to *hope* maturing, the *prophetic*, which is to see what will be for it already is, required a deepening in maturity as well.

So much is seen and this requires hands of humility to hold it.

If humility, rest and patience have not found their grounding, the person(*me*) will *grapple* with and *grovel* after that which is shown, forcing it to become flesh...

This then is shown to be desperation in wishful thinking, masquerading as *hope*...

When there is an awareness of *having* already, there is freedom.

We can *always* find opportunity to awaken *hope* in anything and every situation.

I wonder if it is *the* door to experiencing the fullness of all things?

## **Change**

Through a few, many will change, many will wake  
Not by changing what is outside of Us but from within, this thing of  
transformation...

Everything could be graceful, effortless...  
I'm seeing how normal this is



## Source of Life

Where illusion wanted to trick me into thinking that all my fear, anxiety and worry had to do with everything and everyone else, it was always a fear of coming in *close* to this Source of *Life* that I was experiencing.

Within the light, there is light

If I were to move into *Light*, it wouldn't be a disgusting sight that I would see

But something so incredibly magnificent, I would have to finally *believe*

## To elevate or diminish

To elevate One based upon my view of their

Appearance

Spirituality

Character

Would be to forfeit relationship

To diminish One based upon my view of their

Appearance

Spirituality

Character

Would be to forfeit relationship

*Breath*



*Breath*

## Unspoken Word

How pure relationship is when no *word* resides

To commune with baby who cannot speak, or animal who cannot give sound form, or nature who knows no such language as *word*...

All communing deepens through presence, awareness, for there is no bound

*Word* can be a beautiful structure, powerful...

But what if it were *Presence* in which bound us to one Another before *word* was ever spoken?

*Pure*

## To Strive

I've heard it said how there is a striving to enter into *Rest*...

I soon discovered this striving was an actual *ceasing to strive*

## Show Me Around the Body...

Since my body is not *the* source of my Life, it must carry a different purpose.  
Show me your function...

I once held to *sickness cannot touch me for the progression of life is to be whole. Well..* this is true, *but* there's more.

I embarked being touched by sickness the moment I awoke to a truth of Life and Death. How sickness is an energy, not here to offend but readied for transformation, readied for divine purpose... unconfined to a box of *good or evil*.

I shall no longer reject, hate or obsess over, but in contentment embrace all, seeing function and purpose... seeing God in all. Even when it was never I AM's intention, he remains merciful.

## My Journey through the Body

*From my personal seat of awareness...*

Since my body is connected to creation - every atom, every cell at a quantum and macro level - creation responds to the changes of my body.

Awakens as my body awakens.

Transfigures as my body transfigures.

Experiences freedom as my body experiences freedom.

All is relational. A wonder, an adventure.

Why am I drawn into aspects of creation?? It is a part of me.

Creation lives through me, I am here for her because of divinity.

*From my personal seat of awareness...*

This body has held memory within itself. Memory of old. A life of pain and suffering, celebration and pleasure. This body seems to be the expression of memory, in one facet of its functioning.

Without forcing the body to move by faith, *do as I believe*, I am seeing how this body desires a remembrance of a Life where it has always been free, one of impunity.

In present natural moment I cut my hand with a knife. The moment passes, but the memory lingers and so the cut remains. As my focus lies upon the memory of Life, the body remembers whence it has come and the cut disappears. It were as though it never happened, because in reality for my body... it hasn't.

*From my personal seat of awareness...*

I have seen how there are areas of distinct energy systems or gateways or wheels within my body. In my hands, feet, womb, deep tummy, chest, throat, forehead and top of my head. These seem to be significant places of stirring and movement. Or, awakening would suffice. And though I have heard of chakra's -meaning wheel- and how these function and the connections involved, I have seen how even this that is so main stream, is quite limited, for there is an obscure knowing Creator. Impersonal, and so *self* is not fully known.

Through these subtle and effortless times of communion with my Creator, I have moved within myself and this place is a vast unending landscape of life. These wheels or energy systems have great function in the movement of the being, *me*, throughout all of creation, for I have seen that though all may appear to be outside of my vision or *me*, all is actually within *me*, and I travel within myself, appearing to land outside of myself.

Both are true.

*From my personal seat of awareness...*

I once traveled by foot, by car, by plane and by boat... but something began to happen when stillness became a way for me. My physical sight shifted as my internal consciousness shifted, becoming aware of the many places and faces everywhere. I noticed an overlapping of dimensions or realms or places within my vision. Included within my vision I noticed an awareness of distinction found in places, then people and other creatures, and then a very great distinction found in Creator as my brother, Yeshua, Holy Spirit, whom I know as Graceling, and my Father who is also my Mother. Each carrying color and essence that is distinct and of the greatest of peace and comfort. *They, He/She, It... is my Life.*

It has been this Life that I am knowing intimately that has awakened my personal knowing of everything that lives; from person, to material thing, to



creature, to dimension, and so on... the more closely I am knowing those I mention above, in continual awareness and flow, the more of an embracing and an awakening I am knowing of ALL. Because this, I am seeing, is Oneness, is Union.

*From my personal seat of awareness...*

A sweet function of my body is waking within me! Ancient and Wisdom has little to do with age on the earth and everything to do with waking intimacy with Life. This is having its affect within my body. Youth returning to the physical faculties, and this has only been the beginning.

As I mentioned prior to this paragraph, there are these wheel houses and a connection to my consciousness, which is bringing my body into an awareness of being completely still, not arriving anywhere and yet entirely everywhere.

This body is technology, going beyond the mere natural means for physical life. It's a transportation technology, like a space ship, or door. This body is deeply connected to my conscious which seems to preside over the faculties of the brain...

I am discovering the functions of organs and blood and every cell, for these are much more consequential than the mere natural aspect that I have known them to be.

*From my personal seat of awareness...*

I have heard the phrase *you are what you eat*, as well as *a picture can speak a thousand words*, but it is this one that more clearly impacts my current view of *My Body... more is being said, than what is being said...*

I mention now how we have multiple bodies, or worlds, or systems if that word is more desirable. I am aware that I have a natural physical body in which my awareness is expanding into what this actually is to be, not what I've

known it be. I also mention how there seems to be two specific systems, or bodies that are deeply connected with the physical body. These *bodies* are the *emotional world* and the *thought world*.

The *thought world* appears to be connected to **memory**, *this giving rise to thought and so a unique world that will interpret reality within each thought*, which is stored within the *natural body*. And then there is the *emotional world*, or *body*, that appears to completely possess the natural body in which a person may be saying a world of things without their mouth ever opening.

When maturity has yet to be known in a *Person*, there is no clear division or distinction of these worlds by *Person*, so the body becomes a living bystander of *Person's* current pain, passion and longing.

When maturity *is* increasing within *Person*, a clear distinction of *emotional world* and *thought world* is known, and the *Spirit* of *Person* rises up as One with the *Spirit of Creator*, thus the natural body can get on with transfiguration and so waking to original intent/design.

*From my personal seat of awareness...*

There is a sense of being **trapped by time**. You may have heard it said, *this is taking forever!* or *it feels like an eternity*. Or experienced a physical anxiety, discomfort or uneasiness making You *feel* trapped.

Rather than us being **trapped by time** what we are truly experiencing is our essence, our *Being*, feeling like we are trapped within our *Physical Body*. And this because we perceive there is separation. Compartmentalization. This seems to be why the unseen is not seen... But we are not trapped, nor separated, and we shall see that we are *free*.



## **Don't**

Don't detest

Don't disdain

Don't be like that because of shame



## My 3 Parts

The relevance of irrelevancy

The irrelevancy of relevance

I am completely irrelevant to a culture for the sake of culture

I am entirely relevant to the One in whom culture pours from



This or That

Who says I am *this* or *that*

*Yes*, I am a child who plays in the midst of all, full of wonder

*Yes*, I am silence, I am sound



Yes, foolishness flees me for I have been raised by Lady Wisdom herself;  
held... shown



### Kingdom Minded Earthly Good

I have heard it said *you are so kingdom minded are you any earthly good?*  
A pure question from a separation mind set

I wonder, how could One be the fullness without the other?  
I wonder, is my earth different from yours?

From my seat of awareness, because I am kingdom minded I am in the earth  
in entirety. As this *mind* renews, it seems to be my entire being that renews,

this being my *mind*, and this causing my earth to be more fully known and experienced...

So I wonder, is my earth different than yours?

I notice as every moment refreshes itself with a new one, my days and nights are a continual connectedness of both Heaven and Earth



## **Spiritual Sedation**

There are times where I am heavily sedated in Spirit, but it is so that I may be  
fully aware in All...

Practical, Purposeful, Wondrous



## Let me be

Why stifle what can be, by not letting me be?

Why relate me to you, to your past, to your agreement or disagreement?

Why trust in emotion, thought, or words of Another?

Why not trust in the pure raw reality of *Union* for togetherness, and dance through all moments no matter their step, free of accusation, condemnation, shame and guilt?

That family of fear is not the way in freedom

Freedom allows me to be, awakening me...

Freedom is unconditional in *Love*

Will there be *Anyone* who will let me be, so they may know me?

## Union

Whether parent, married or partner in producing  
If there is not *Union*, there is only position, fixed  
And this is empty

Just because there is blood  
Just because there is paper  
Just because there is contract  
Does not mean there is *Union*

There must be a free, honoring, intimate *knowing* that increases in  
awareness, decreasing in familiarity  
This is *Union*  
Is *Friendship*



## Deepening Memoire

I once was an Open Book  
But this existence was too shallow, too surface... to easy  
Worth little in its weight

An Open Book, a collection of facts, information, at times emotion and  
passion thrown into the mix

Then I discovered how I am no mere collection of fact or fixed form, but a  
*Deepening Memoire* that One must explore to know  
Familiarity of what was fades while awareness in *New* forever deepens

# Renewing

Renewing of the *Mind*

Is the renewing of the entire *Being*

The full transfiguration of the entire *Human*

## Peace

*Peace* is not a feeling, it's a foundation

Emotion can roll on thru, or should there be no emotion at all, *Peace* will  
always remain

## Real Love

*Love* is an emersion, a swallowing up  
*Creation* longs for this emersion, this swallowing up  
But only through the entire emersion of all humanity will *Creation* know this  
emersion, this swallowing up

It is *People* who are afraid of this emersion, this being consumed in *Love*.

So, *Love* now looks like words of knowledge, gifts of spirit  
Staggered, compartmentalized, chopped up  
Everything but emersion

Many are afraid of *Love* in entirety and so settle  
With great grief and anxiety

We've settled  
Love has never been a shot in the arm but an emersion  
A drowning experience  
A moment where all moments become one flowing *River*  
*Being*

For the *One* who is emerged in *Love*  
They become this *Emersion*  
There is no thought or analyzing when *One* is in pure *Being*  
Real  
Raw  
*Love*

Will we choose Emersion, choose to know *Love*  
To know  
*Self*

## *Devotional Canvas*

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