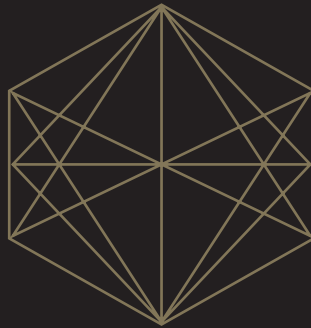
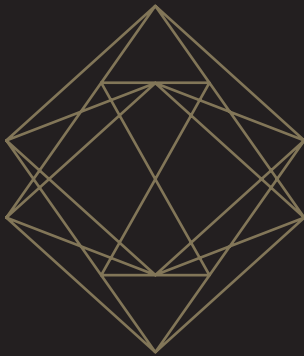


THE INFINITE SPARK *of* BEING

— *THE AGREEMENT* —







THE SOCIETY FOR  
THE INFINITE SPARK *of* BEING

[www.theinfiniteparkofbeing.com](http://www.theinfiniteparkofbeing.com)

THE INFINITE SPARK *of* BEING

——— *THE AGREEMENT* ———

Thank you to my Love for listening patiently  
as I rattle on like a lunatic.

And to all of my Teachers, my life is the gift of your  
lessons. Though at times I am a poor representative of your  
teachings, may this book be a benefit to all who read it.

## INTRODUCTION

The name The Infinite Spark of Being refers to the interconnectedness of all living beings that is a constant theme throughout Buddhism, Hinduism and various other traditions. In the Bhagavad Gita Lord Krishna tells Arjuna, “All living entities are My part and parcels.” Later Krishna also states, “He who is rooted in oneness realizes that I am in every being; wherever he goes, he remains in me.” Who Krishna is or what God represents, is not the point. I myself understand this to mean that we are all part and parcel of the source from which we are all being spun.

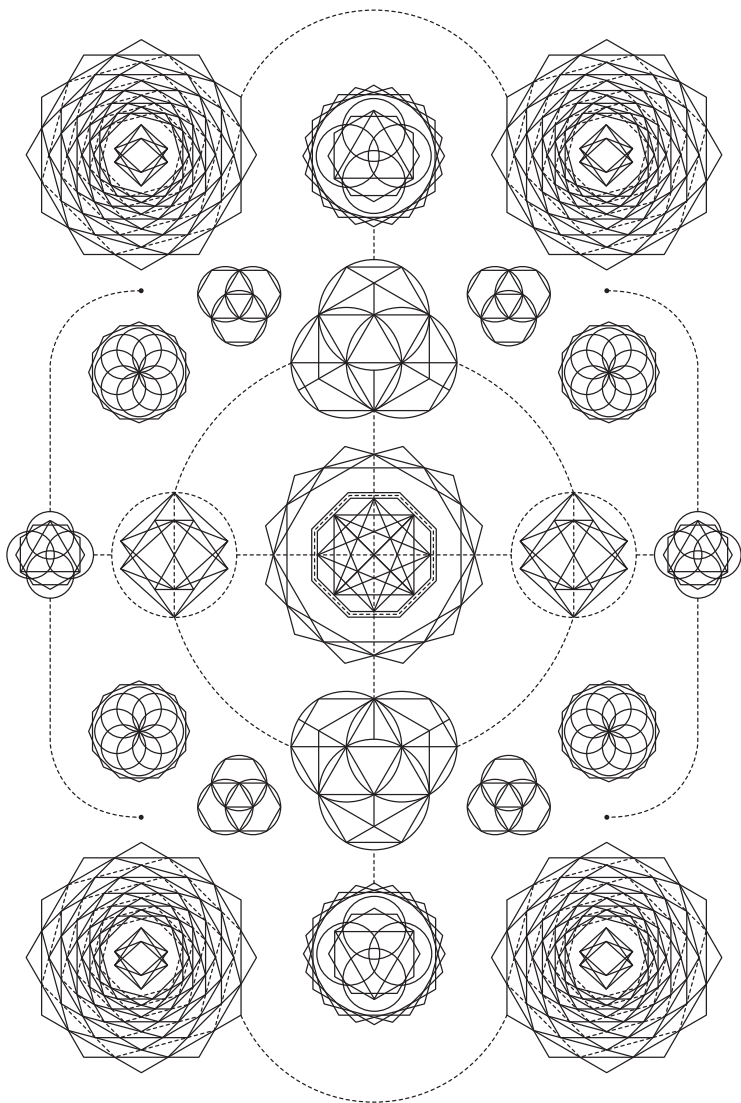
Through various practices these verses and ideas went from being concepts that I had simply accepted, and only knew intellectually through trust in the teachers, as well as the dharma, to being undeniable Truths that I knew inwardly. They became more than ideas. They are now in every fiber of my being. They are deep in my marrow.

The name The Infinite Spark of Being is to serve as a reminder that you and I have lived millions of lives. We have been brother, sister, mother, father and lover to every single person that we lay eyes on. I loved them once before, and I need to continue doing so. That was, and still is, my work here on this plane. To become more compassionate and more understanding.

This book is a collection of writings and illustrations. The writings are reportings of what I have found to be true, and what I have experienced through meditation and other practices. However, I can only report on these things from where I sit at this point along my path up the mountain. The illustrations are made up of symbols. Most of these symbols have come out of meditation sessions over the last six years. In these sessions some of the symbols would come with a phrase or an idea. I have always felt a compulsion to record them and share them. In the beginning I felt that these symbols were coming out of my subconscious, and since I was artistically inclined this was how my brain was presenting the information to me. For instance if I say the word “cat” to you, you will picture a cat in your mind. So for me when the phrase “Begin to remember yourself.” came through it was accompanied by a symbol and at times a composition.

If we can quiet down and listen to the more subtle vibrations in our life then we can receive signals or clues as to what the next skillful action might be. Today I see these symbols as a collaboration. I hesitate to say I am being given anything. I do however believe that our ability to inwardly grasp certain things can be enhanced by becoming inwardly still. Once we become quiet our mind will dress the information in the costume that we understand best.

My hope is that this book serves to remind us that we are far more than what they said we were. It is not that they lied to us. It is just that they are scared. They were domesticated as well. I would like this book to turn your mind toward a higher Truth. The Truth that you are wild and infinite. The Truth that you, the *real* you, was never born and will never die.



YOU ARE ALREADY EVERYTHING  
The Society for The Infinite Spark *of* Being

THE CALL UP THE MOUNTAIN

Friends,  
We are all going up the same mountain.  
It is the fog of the ego that tells you otherwise.

So climb.

See your perspective broaden.  
See the paths up the mountain mingle and merge.

This ridge, though it seems high, is not the peak.  
It is your ego that tells you that you have summited.

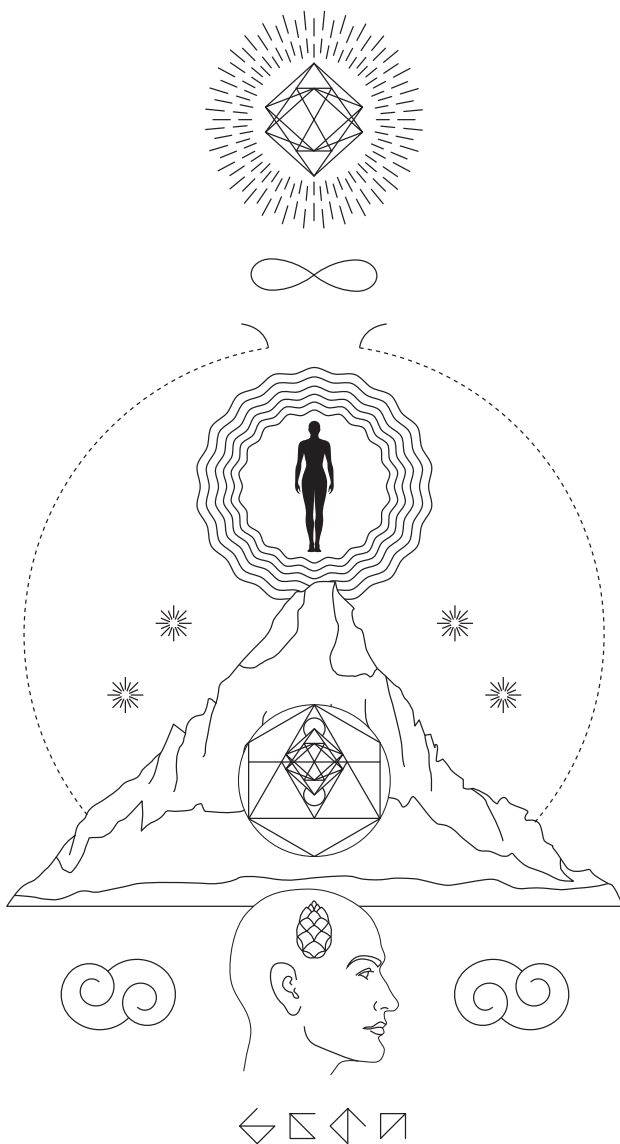
Look up friends.  
There's more.

As you ascend this long winding road enjoy.  
These harsh inclines are purposeful.  
These uneven paths are purposeful.  
Your pain is purposeful.  
You are purposeful.

I've slid down at times and forgotten the view.  
Taken different paths to get back to  
those vistas once savored.

It's all part of this journey we're on.  
We all go up the mountain eventually.  
Even those adverse to heights and wilderness  
will have to climb one day.

Sure you can hide down in the town for a while,  
but eventually the mountain calls you,  
and you will answer.



WE'RE ALL GOING UP THE SAME MOUNTAIN  
The Society for The Infinite Spark *of* Being

## THESE DAYS

These days it is apparent to me that we do not belong in their city.  
We belong under blue skies and the wise hammocks of the oldest oak trees.  
We belong together on the open road with the radio so loud that the speakers buzz.

We should go seek that ribbon of highway that Woody talked about.  
I'll bet it's beautiful.

I've never seen the Northern Lights.  
I've never been to Yellowstone,  
and I've never climbed the Grand Canyon.  
However, I have seen you sleep,  
and I have kissed your face a million times,  
and I will kiss your face a million more.

We live in interesting times you and I.  
I do not feel attached to it anymore.

So let them tear it down.  
You and I will stay in bed with the Truth  
and find Its warm feet beneath the covers.



## THE AGREEMENT

They stood out there on the edge of everything looking down.

“Are you ready?” She asked with a soft smile her hand holding his. Their fingers loosely intertwined.

“Yeah.” He sighed. “You know I hate this.”

“I know you do but it’s how it works. Ya know?” She reminded him sweetly. She knows this always hurts him more than it hurts her.

“It just takes so long.” He said his voice was nearly a whisper. He stood there nostrils flared as he alternated between chewing he cheek and biting his bottom lip. Nervous, eyes squinting deep in thought.

“But you always find me don’t you?” She mustered a reassuring smile giving his fingers a small tug. Their hands hanging there together. Their fingers bent and twisted holding one another.

“I do.” He muttered as he continued to abuse his bottom lip staring out at the white glare of nothing. “God it takes so fucking long.” He added as his fingers twisting tighter around her’s.

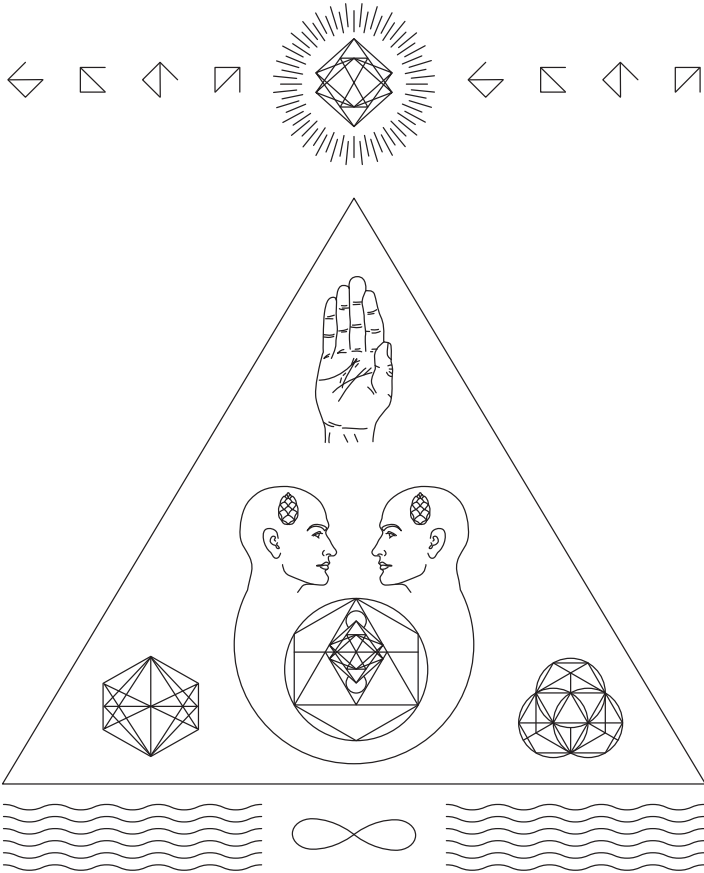
“Yeah. Sometimes it does. Then other times it doesn’t. What about that one time?” She reminded him excitedly.

“Yeah, the one time. And the rest? What about those?” He reminded her only turning to look at her for a moment then back out into the nothing.

He was so tired. His chest hurt to think about it how long it takes to find her. She is always so strong and so brave. She does it for him. She has to hold him up at times like this. God knows he holds her up when he finally finds her. Everything he does is for her. The books, the songs, the poetry. It’s all for her. Every birth he finds her and makes some grand statement of love to her. Sometimes it’s met with a teary eyed hug. Other times a shrug of her soft cruel shoulders.

“We have to go.” She reminded him. Her fingers slowly releasing his.

His hands hung heavy at his sides as he stared off into that familiar expanse of white light. His head shook softly in disgust for the pain he was now feeling. He knew that the only way to shut it off was to step out into the suffering with her. As she stepped out into the nothingness he followed. His eyes closed tightly. He tried to recall all of her faces he had known. Flipping through them like old photos until it became harder and harder to remember her. Until she was only an urge, a feeling. Something he forgot but knew he needed to remember.



THERE ARE OTHER PLAINS  
The Society for The Infinite Spark *of* Being

FINALLY WILD

Of course we all want to leave.

We all believed that we were  
destine for greater things.

And maybe we all still are?  
But are those “great” things measured by  
men that place their treasures where moth  
and rust doth corrupt  
as it said in the book of Matthew?

I’m not comfortable with their  
system of measurement.

My spirit requires more than they can give.

It’s not need.  
It’s a requirement that fills me.

Water is a requirement.  
Vitamins are a requirement.  
Candy is a need.

They deal in candy.  
Not in nutrient rich sustenance.

How can we be expected to  
live on their hollow calories  
of material want?

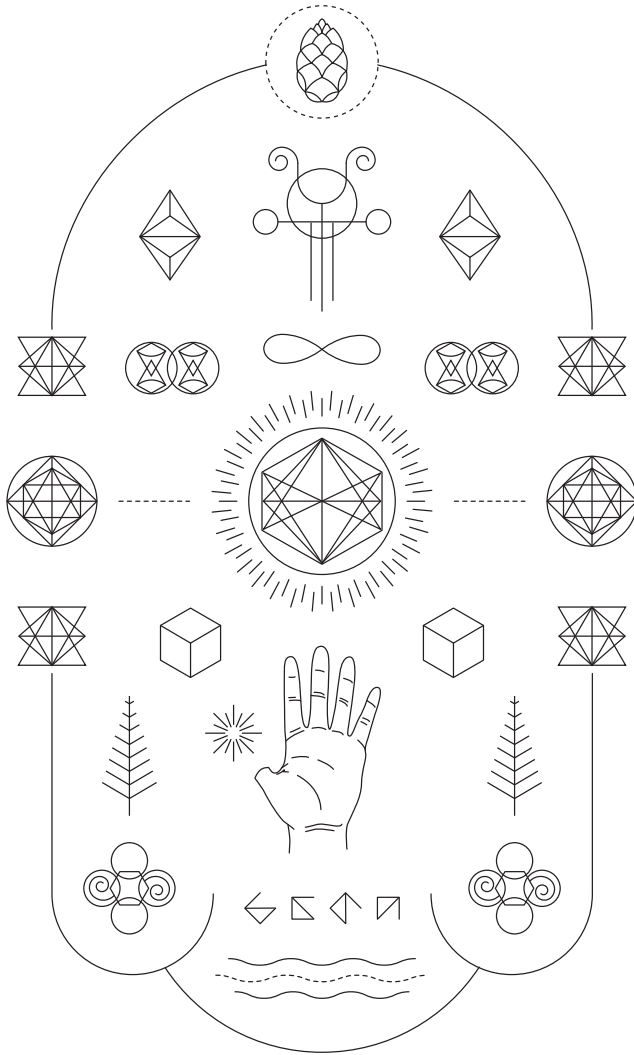
That’s fine for them,  
but you and I  
we need more.

Their cities are boring and plastic  
and these peoples’ hollow dull eyes  
lack the sincere nature that  
feeds good conversation about  
meaningful things.

Let’s leave.

Let’s get out from under their  
tolling grind.

Let’s finally run wild.



BEGIN TO REMEMBER YOUR *SELF*  
 The Society for The Infinite Spark *of* Being

A GOOD LIFE'S SLEEP

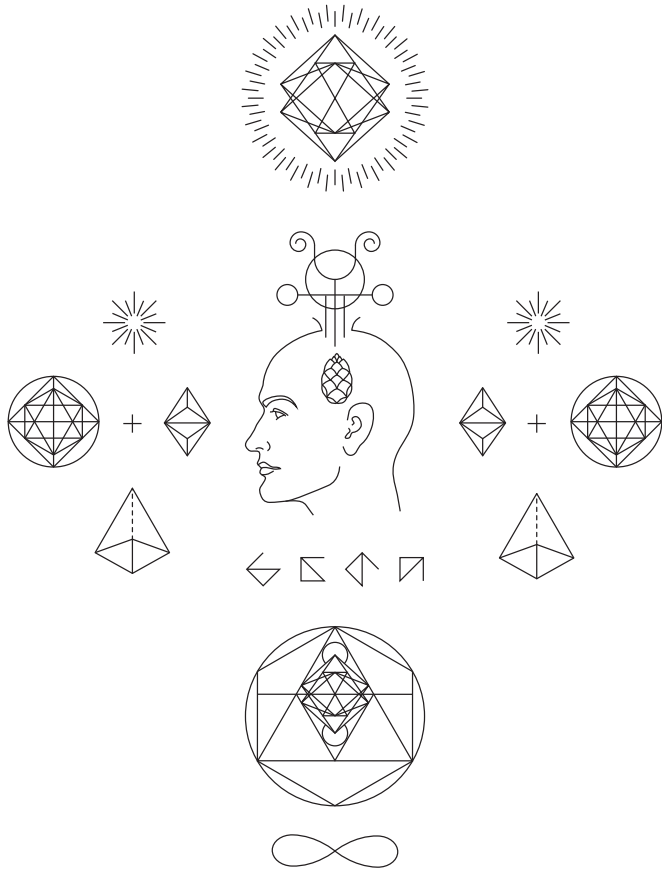
We will do this again I promise.

Don't be so afraid.

Just be here with it for now,  
and know there will be others.

One evening you will wake up into the  
daylight of your next dream.

The relief of a good life's sleep.



BUILDING UPON OUR CURRENT UNDERSTANDING  
The Society for The Infinite Spark *of* Being

THERE IS A VALLEY

There is a windy valley of tall grass that is lit by the moon.  
There is a soft white light that washes over everything.

I run smiling.  
I am alone, but there is someone else here.  
I can not see them, but I know that they are with me.

“Is that you? Is that you, the name that was given to me by the woman?  
She said that your name was Edgar.”

There is an ocean in the distance,  
also lit by the soft white light of a full moon.

There are tall structures that I feel house souls.  
Though I cannot see the details, I know that they are there.  
They have windows that glow with yellow light, like candles.

I run wildly through the field at the bottom of this valley.

“Is this were you live?”

I am wearing a heavy sweater, though I don't wear sweaters.  
My hair is shaggy and long. It is blond from the sun.

I am a teenager.  
Though my face isn't clear, I know that it is me.  
The feeling of my adolescents radiates from me.

I am the one running and I am the one watching.

The sound of wind and rustling grass.  
The sound of the ocean.  
My feet crunching the ground beneath me.  
I wear heavy brown pants and brown leather shoes.

The air is filled with laughter,  
but not the *sound* of laughter.  
It is the *feeling* of laughter.

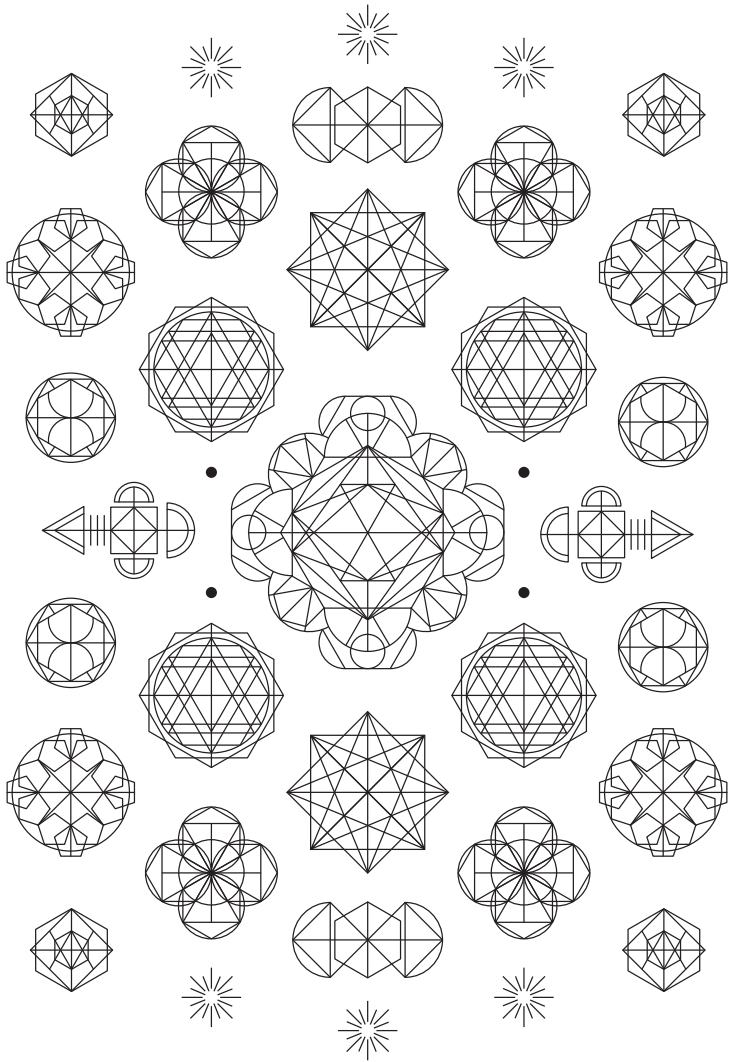
“Edgar, we need to talk. This place is beautiful.  
Why didn't you show me sooner?”

When the wheels of the body turn the doors will open.



IT'S HARD TO SAY

The brilliance.  
How they came.  
Disguised as imagination.



**GATEWAY MESSENGERS**  
The Society for The Infinite Spark *of* Being

GOD AND CONSCIOUSNESS

The Soul is part and parcel of "God".  
God is consciousness.

Consciousness is in a constant state of creation  
and always becoming.

God in constant play.  
Creating Itself over and over again.  
Discovering Itself since time immemorial.

God evolving amongst Itself.  
Consciousness evolving through beings.  
Beings, the result of Consciousness.

Life, a result of conscious creation

Ego is the result of evolution.  
Competition creates ego.

The ego needs defense.

Ego is primal. Ego is God losing Itself.

God is never lost.  
God never forgets.  
God is playing the game with Itself.

Everything is conscious.  
Nothing is unconscious.

All particles are consciously creating.  
Multiplying.

Form is the result of Consciousness.

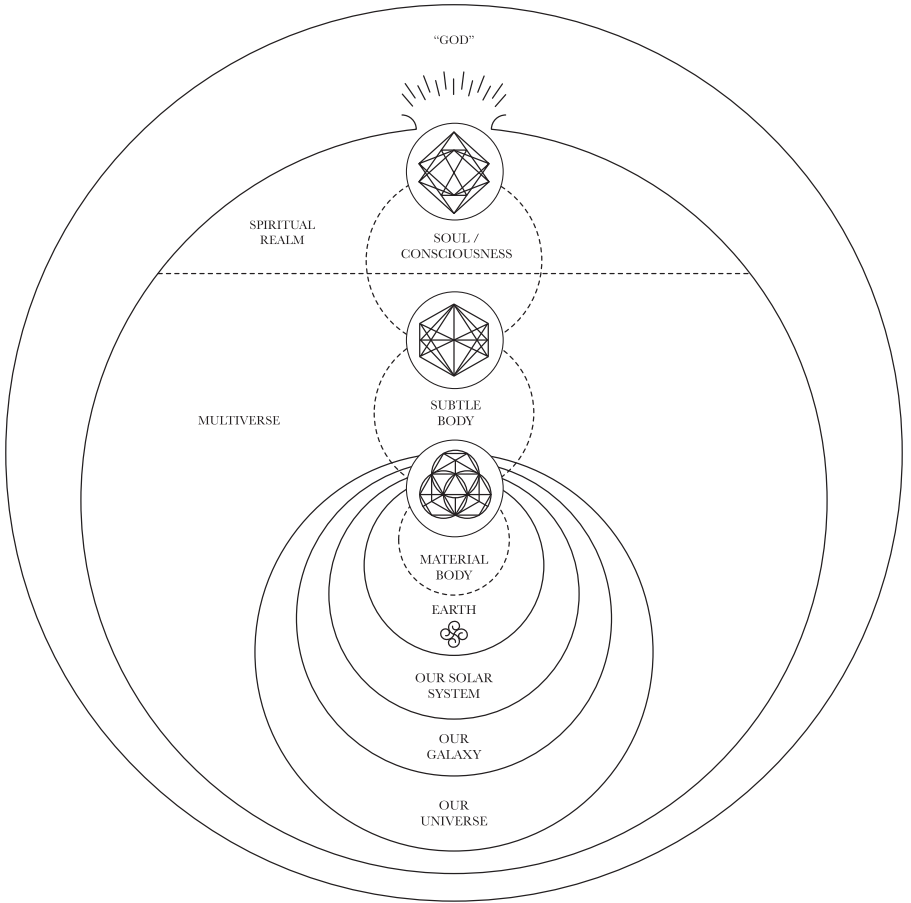
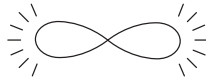
Compassion is the realization of the Truth of this plane.  
The realization that It is Itself.  
The realization that It is looking at Itself.

The Soul springs from the One Consciousness.

The Soul is in love and when It sees Itself for the first time  
It is not lost.

There is only One Consciousness  
and it wanders far from itself.  
It will eventually come home to God meeting God.

A return to God.  
Coming home to the Divine Mind  
and leaving once again.



**SOURCE DIAGRAM**  
The Society for The Infinite Spark *of* Being

EVEN THE GUY IN THE HAT

I imagined that they were all rays  
of the supreme conscious raining down.

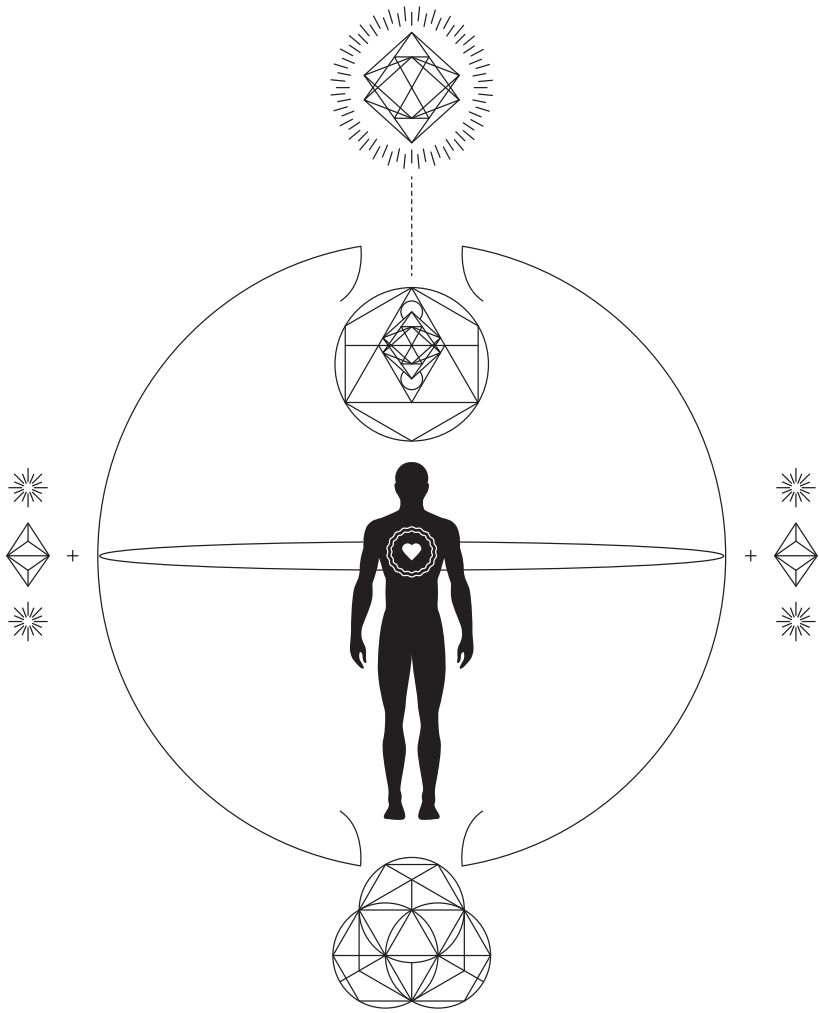
“Even that guy in the hat?”

Some times that thought comes to me and it hurts.  
It makes me sad, and I don't even know why.

But last night it was the funniest thing I had ever heard of.  
Watching us all wonder lost through a grocery store  
pretending we didn't know one another.

Acting like we weren't all divine beings of light

Sometimes that separation is needed and  
becomes the path back to You.



**HEART FIELD**  
The Society for The Infinite Spark *of* Being

CAPTAINS BOUND TO ONE ANOTHER

There was never an exact moment that  
our souls met,  
and there will never be an exact moment that  
they are separated.

We are bound to one another  
through the divine consciousness that  
is constantly in creation.

Creatively at play with itself.

God constantly finding itself,  
losing itself, and the entire time  
falling in love with this dance  
over and over again.

We have to learn to watch our lives unfold.  
To see the perfection of the past  
and not obsess over it.

“The wake does not steer the ship”  
Allan Watts once said.

You can see where you’ve been  
but don’t try to navigate your course  
by using your past.

Leave it there  
where it belongs.



## THE LAST CLINGING

There are moments that I feel an ecstatic bliss towards the idea  
of one day shedding this body and moving on.

Then I think of you.

I think of your eyes,  
your smile.

Then I feel fear.

I feel that clinging and grasping to life.

I've tried to figure out what I would need  
in order to give up the ghost quietly.

I would need you to promise me that you will come and find me again.  
To promise me that we would do this again only sooner in the next life.

We waited so long this time.

I know our incarnations weren't ready,  
but god damn it, it felt like a lifetime.

It was always so hard with the others.  
But you, you make it so easy.  
You love me just the way I am.  
Where I am.

You demand nothing from me but  
an honest and open heart.

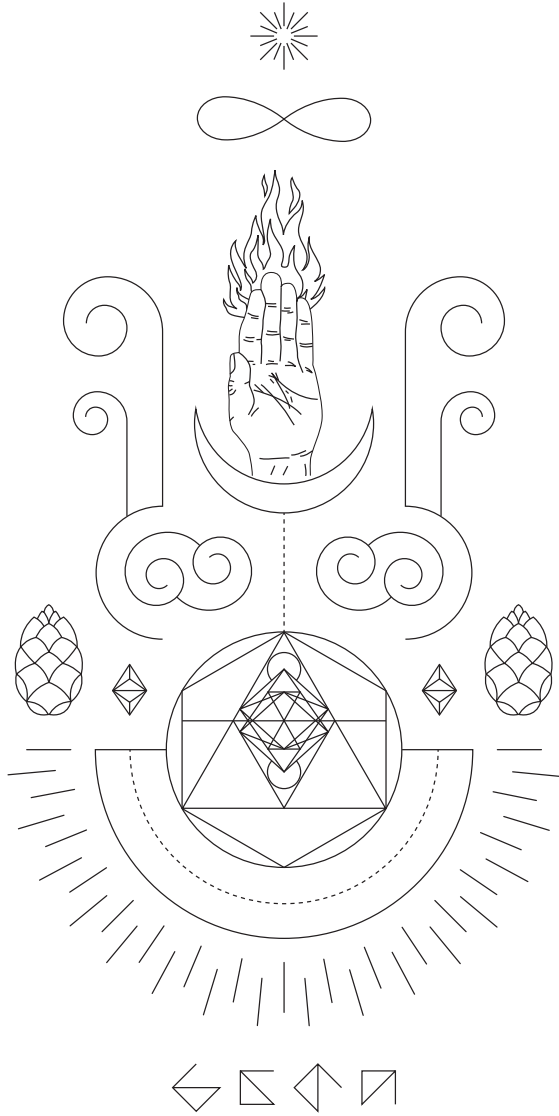
Watching these thoughts I see the patterns.  
I see that I am clinging to these feelings of love.

I try to quiet myself and remember that  
this grasping is only happening on this plane.  
Once broken free, my consciousness will purify  
and I will realize that we cannot be separated.

If I could only stay quiet.

It's so depressing.  
All of this spiritual practice and  
I'm still attached to you and your love.

Your flawless  
and unconditional  
love.



AND SO WE BECOME FEARLESS  
The Society for The Infinite Spark *of* Being

IT ALL GOES ON WITHOUT YOU

What if death was the gift?  
The goal.  
What if we were meant to die?

Of course we die our bodily death.  
So in a way we *are* meant to die,  
but what if we *understood* that we were  
meant to die?

Could we then shed the anxiety  
of leaving behind the ones we love?  
Would the knowing that this life carries  
on without us become easier to welcome?

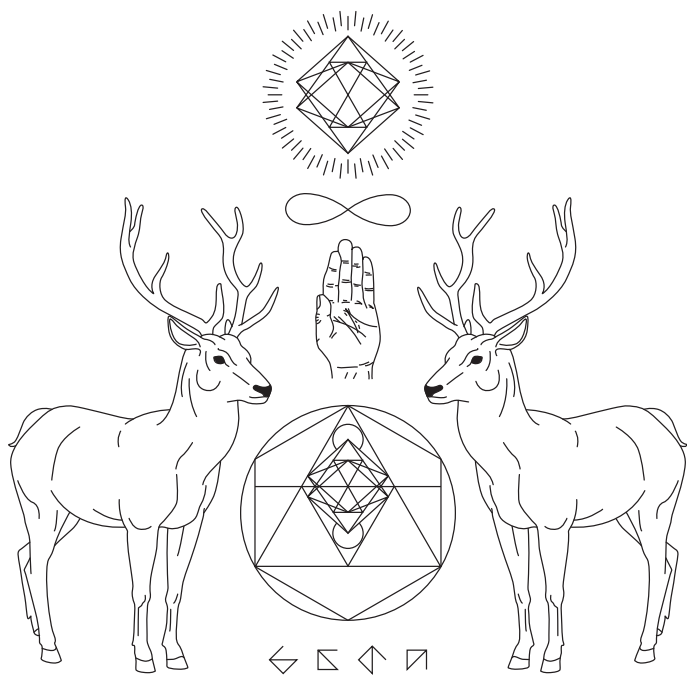
I know I will die.

Lately I feel an urgency to things.  
I sense the past.

My ego begins to speak to  
time being wasted.

Quickly,  
I reign the ego  
and remember the infinite moment.  
I remember that this is the mind.

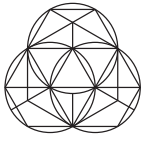
This experience *is* the mind.



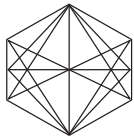
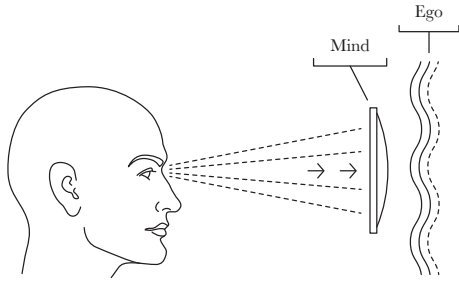
YOU WERE NEVER BORN  
AND YOU WILL NEVER DIE  
The Society for The Infinite Spark *of* Being

THE BREATH OF THE EGO

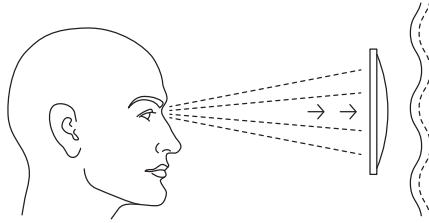
The mind is the lens through which we interpret the world.  
The ego is the hot breath of fear that fogs the glass.



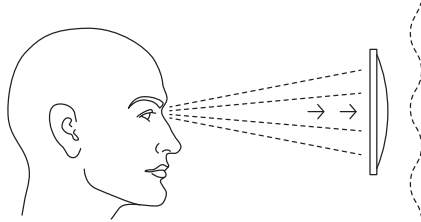
The material world  
manifested through  
consciousness



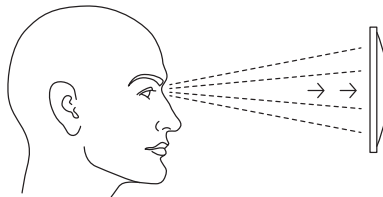
Begin to Remember  
Your Self



Awakening through  
spiritual practice



The Purification  
of consciousness



**EGO AND MIND**  
The Society for The Infinite Spark of Being

I LET GO LIGHTLY

I felt so open.

It was probably a combination of a few things.  
But when I walked down the street every person I saw  
was a person that I knew. Someone that I had loved.  
Maybe not in this life but probably in the past.

It felt like my chest was a giant hole.  
It was filling with love for everyone and everything.  
It was like I couldn't hold all of it but I wanted to try.

Well it's happening again.

And like before it's probably a combination of a few things.  
Like they say a leaf falling at the right moment could wake you.

I don't try to hold onto it anymore or try to re-create it when it fades.  
I just let it pass through me.

I try to let it all pass through me.

I see where I cling. I remember where I stick and I let it all go.

"Let go lightly" I heard him say.

It's a powerful dream, this life. It hurts.  
But for those moments where it all falls into place,  
we go on.

Love. Family.  
The way it feels to laugh.  
The freedom of a good cry.

For me even a funeral  
has a comfortable softness to it.

But don't chase these mystical experiences  
or feelings of light.  
They are meant to be rungs on a ladder.  
And like most things they will change.  
They will disappear.

They aren't meant to stay.  
They are meant to be teachers.  
They show us what is possible,  
and give us hope that  
we can find our way home.



THOUGH ROUGH AND WORN

You have always out grown things handed down to you. Haven't you?  
It is a wardrobe of clothes that never quite fit.  
Their bad taste and crooked seams were never quite what you wanted.

The sleeves are always too short.  
Your shoulders are always too broad.  
The yoke of their shirts aren't made for someone like you.  
You can carry the world on your shoulders.  
Don't they understand?

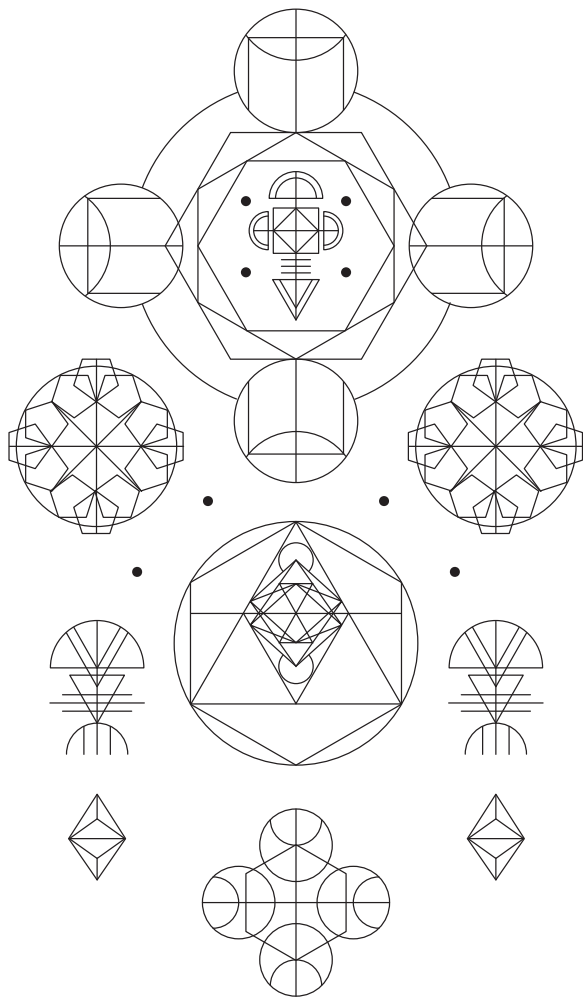
Their clothes are confining,  
and these thin soft threads won't ever hold you in place.  
Your mind is too wild to be fulfilled by ideas that aren't your's.

Let your heart run wild.  
Let it run naked through this plane.  
Purify your mind till nothing can hold it.

See clearly.  
Your eyes are not blind folded with their cheap ideas.  
Your's is a free life. A loving life.

Over time you found things that fit you.  
Sometimes a patch work of ideas.  
A non-linear way of being in this world that works for you.  
You were never going to fit in their shoes anyway.  
Why start now?

Your feet, though rough and worn,  
they are your own.



PASSING THROUGH THE GATELESS GATE  
The Society for The Infinite Spark *of* Being

## A PLACE I'VE COME TO FORGET

I drove south, hard along a highway, deep in the woods. At the time I was telepathically communicating with my deceased father. I was telling him that there had to be a place between West Palm Beach, Florida and Miami, Florida that he would like.

“There is a place. It has marshlands and hills.” I told him through telepathic vibration. My hands at 10 and 2 on the wheel. The thought of this place came into my mind very clearly though I did not know where it was or how to find it. It was more of a sudden thought form than a direction. At the same time I could see my father’s image clearly in my mind. He was smiling at me over his shoulder in a white T shirt. I had set off alone leaving my girlfriend, in some sort of market place to waste time while I searched. For what I do not know. I did know that we could not go back because there was no “back” to go to.

As I drove I saw a river to my right. I wouldn’t call it a raging rapid but it was certainly a swift moving river. Some rivers barely move. Their current is slow. Those rivers, to me, seem dirty and stagnant. The kind of water that if you were to swim in it, it would make your skin feel slippery and itch. This river I saw was not like that at all. It was clear and deep.

Behind the river were hills. Tall for hills but certainly not mountains. All topped with tall pines. They weren’t Florida pines. They were Northern Pines in assemblages varying in sizes. Though a strange sight to see in this part of the country, I was given to the feeling that it was more of a special place than an anomaly.

I pulled off the road in awe and walked with amazement down a slope. There were people wandering around the area. All older than I. They felt quiet and meditative. I noticed that some were emerging from a wooded area that resembled a trail head. I assumed that it was a trail head because of the official signage posted at the parting of trees. Completely overtaken by the beauty I did not read a single sign. Looking around I began to wander about the area and down the path against the flow of people headed in the opposite direction.

This place was beautiful. The grass was lush and green. The trees were tall in their clusters. Thick green branches hung heavy from trunks whose bark had a red hue.

Meandering down the wide path, my head on a swivel, I came upon a wooden building. It was tall with stairs leading in and out. It resembled an enormous tree fort. As I approached I was given the sensation that this was a communal living area.

I entered curiously. There were stairs along the wall. I ascended a set to the right leading to walkways that lined the inside of the building spiraling upward. Along these walkways were open doors leading to the rooms where healers lived. There was nothing indicating that these people were healers other than a vibratory sense of their purpose. This was their home. I hesitate to say they couldn’t leave, but they couldn’t. However, it was more out of purpose than anything sinister.

They were all similar in appearance. Grey hair, male, glasses, white linen shorts and no shirt. I walked along peeking, from the corner of my eye, into each room until the wall curved giving me a better view into one room at the end of a long track of open doors.

There was a healer sitting in a tall wooden chair. Tall in that it sat higher than the average seat. The healer, a man, had chin length grey hair that was slightly wavy. He wore small round glasses.

They were more like spectacles that sat lower on the bridge of his rather large nose. Below his nose was a thick grey mustache that hid his upper lip and a portion of his lower lip. His arms seemed long. He was thin but pot bellied. He sat shirtless in his white linen shorts over a white haired elderly woman. Her hair was short and curly. She was very grandmotherly, a bit plump wearing a navy blue shirt with little red flowers and red trim on the neck and sleeves as well as navy blue polyester slacks. I do not recall her footwear.

She sat below him with her back turned, hunched over in a smaller wooden chair. The healer was bent over her pressing his forearm against her back in a massaging circular

motion. He looked up as I approached. Lifting his forearm from the woman's back he sat up and leaned back into his large wooden chair. His eyes never left me. The woman sat up, gathered her things, and left as if I had just arrived for my appointment with this healer. I walked into the room as if it belonged to me. The healer stood up and watched me closely. He was tall. He never smiled. He never spoke and neither did I. Entering the room I looked around. It was a small space. To the left was his chair. The legs were tall and the back was broad and high. The smaller chair for those being healed sat in front. Next to his seat was a wooden desk. It also had a smaller wooden chair with it though pushed in underneath. To the right was a closet with the doors pulled shut and an alcove where his small wooden bed was pushed against the wall. The head at the far wall facing the door. Straight back, across from the doorway, was a wall with only a window. It looked out to those tall hills and Northern Pines. I walked toward it and looked out in disbelief. It didn't look like anything I had seen before. As I looked out I could feel a warmth in my chest. I felt a sense of belonging. It was like I had just come home. My mouth slightly open. I wanted to speak but all I could do was smile. I turned and looked at the healer. He was smiling warmly. Saying nothing he nodded goodbye as I left the room.

As I left I felt accompanied by something. It was an awareness. It had no body. It was just aware of me and I it. I descended a few flights of stairs and exited a different door than I had enter. It was on the left.

I walked out onto a deck of a crystal blue lake surrounded by trees and hills. It was connected somehow to the River I had seen earlier.

There were people standing around looking out at the beauty around us. Some were in small groups talking quietly amongst themselves.

"I have to show this place to someone. Someone has to see this." I thought to myself.

I walked looking for the way out. The entire time scanning for landmarks. There was a fear of not being able to get back to this place. I could see my car up by the highway as I emerged at the trail head. I kept turning around looking behind me frantic that I wouldn't remember how to find this place again. As obvious as it was to see from the road there was an impermanence to it hung over me. Each tree, each rise and fall of the earth, like a cartographer, were cataloged in my memory in hopes of using them to get back here.

At the top of the slope I stood with my hand on the door handle of my car taking one last look around. My father came to mind.

With a full heart I drove north back in the direction that I came from. I was trying to hold the experience in my mind. Trying to recall my steps so that I could return, but as I drove the memory of this place drifted farther and farther into the back of my mind. It began to dissolve slowly from my memory until it became a faint recollection of dream I once had about a beautiful place. I could feel my heart breaking. I felt a deep longing for this place. Was it like the rest? The visions of places from past lives that I still had a longing for? I felt connected to them still. Was this just like the others?

I drove with a faith. The faith that, while this place was incredible, my path was not to cross with those trees and that river just yet.

Exhaling I rested at the bottom of my breath and let the warmth wash over me. Smiling softly I let it all go.

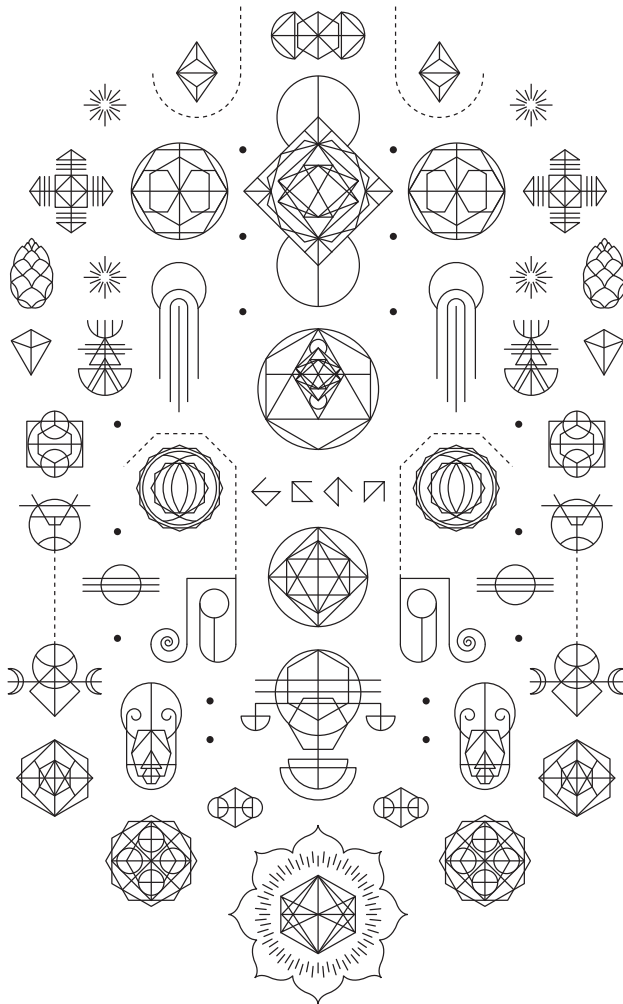
AS BEAUTY BECOMES MEANINGLESS

I can't even look at the sun now  
without thinking of you.

Every star, every cloud, every beautiful thing I see  
means nothing to me if you are not here.

What is that, that thing that makes the world  
less important without you?

Come and find me when we leave this place.  
When we wake from this dream,  
I am sure that I will still be in love with you.



THE CHURCH OF WHAT WE HAVE FOUND  
The Society for The Infinite Spark *of* Being

LET THEM STAY WITH YOU TONIGHT

Greater than the pain of love lost, or the death of a loved one,  
is the realization that everything you want is only  
the acculturated response to what they wanted you to feel.  
And what they want you to feel will always serve their interests.

Brothers and Sisters, please see clearly.  
The mind is the lens. The ego is the fog.

Don't let them scare you into buying their fears.  
Those fears are dead weight.  
Those fears are boring.

Live with an open heart.  
Assume the best in people.

Be free.  
It is the ego that separates you.

They want you to live in their cages.  
They want you controlled.  
The wind off of your wings rattles the cages that  
they have built for themselves.

These are cages of the mind.  
The cages of thought, of a storyline run wild.  
These bars are made of ego and are meant  
to defend the fragile sense of self, of identity.

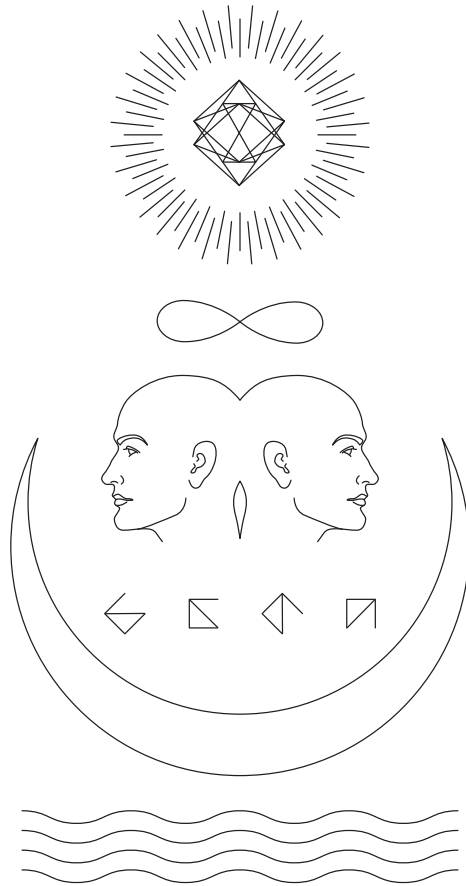
As for you, you are nothing  
You are nothing in the same way that there  
is nothing in a clear blue sky but vast beauty.  
You are nothing in the same way  
that there is nothing on a new canvas  
except pure potentiality.  
Ready to become beautiful.

Let them fill themselves with things that break,  
things that become useless.  
Let them have everything that makes them feel whole.

It is a harder path that they've chosen.

They're good people.  
Just scared people, and there is no crime in being scared.

We have all earned shelter tonight.



**WE ARE BOTH EACH OTHER**  
The Society for The Infinite Spark *of* Being

I CAN'T GO BACK TO SLEEP

I can't go back to sleep  
if sleep means forgetting  
what we've done here.

I was 5.  
Things were different.

That is when we start to forget.  
That is when we forget who we are.

That was when I forgot.

However, I have become quiet.  
At times I remember villages where we all live together.  
There is a closeness, but I do not know why.  
It is always after something that has shifted.  
Like the earth itself changed.

These are happy times.

It is a feeling that we are staying behind  
to work on something.  
It's not hard work.  
It's just a feeling of necessity.  
It feels light.  
It feels effortless,  
but it must be done.



## KARMA / PERCEPTION AND EXPLANATION

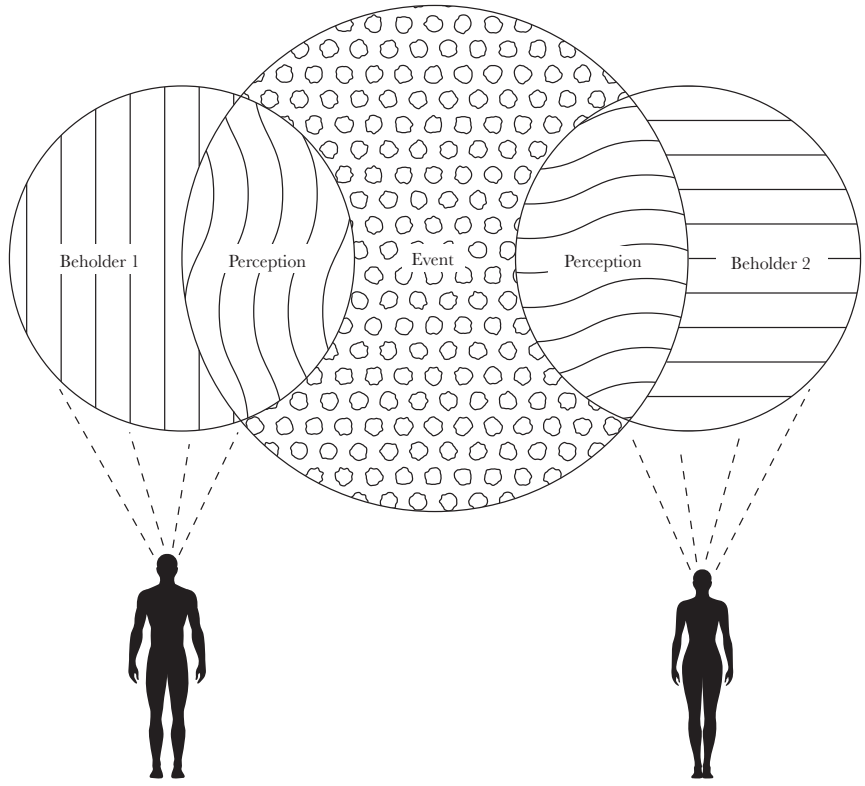
If you can quiet your mind enough to experience your perceptions as the Witness,  
then you can see your karma actively unfolding.  
Your preferences will dictate your perception.

The Third Patriarch of Zen states, “The Great Way is easy for those without preference.” Though we all have our preferences that come with being a human we do not need to be attached to those preferences, so we learn to notice them without becoming attached to them.

In the example you see 2 beholders and 1 event.  
Both beholders are entering the same event. See the beholders with a lens.  
Each patterned differently by past experiences.

Notice how the patterns of past experiences change the perception of the event for each beholder. You and I, as outsiders, see the event as it is, but when the 2 beholders view the event, through their respective lenses, the views are not what you and I see.

These preferences are one aspect your karma. So by being attached to a particular pattern, view point or experience, that gives you an unfavorable view of a particular event, you are experiencing “bad” karma. If you are not attached to your patterns (*past experiences*) then you improve your karma.



KARMA / PERCEPTION  
The Society for The Infinite Spark *of* Being

## THE MYSTICAL EXPERIENCE

Would you like to change your consciousness?  
Would you like to have mystical experiences?

Then find an unobstructed view of a sunset.  
Stare up at the clouds.  
Jump into an angry sea.  
Sit and stare into her eyes.

Find somewhere outside of town  
where you can see the stars.  
Then stare up at them until they move.  
Then realize they are staring back at you.

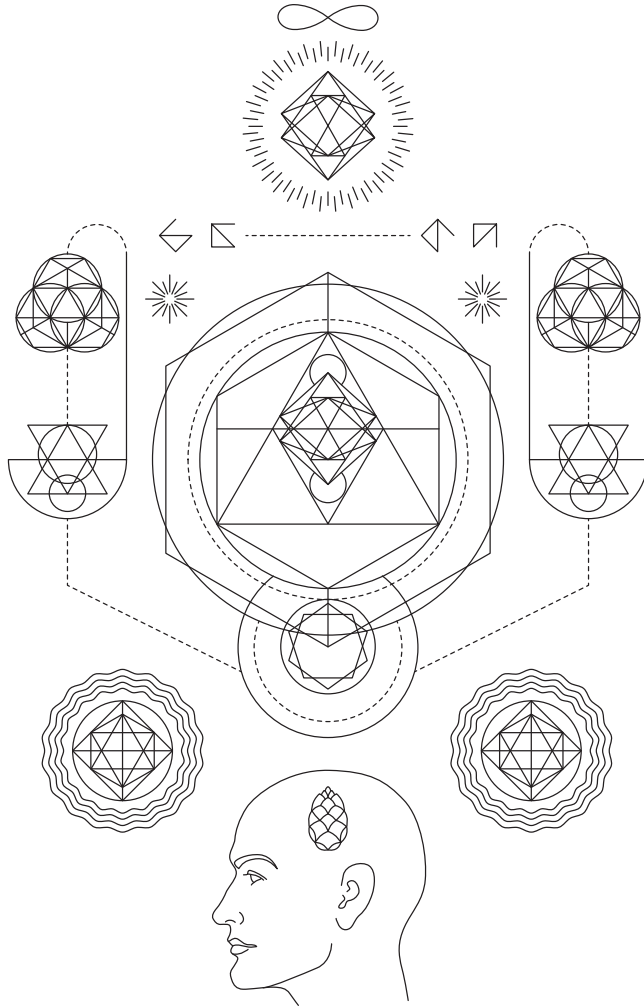
There is knowing and then there is **Knowing**.  
There is the intellectual knowledge that  
there is something more happening here.

Then there is the inward **Knowing**.  
When it becomes part of your biology,  
when it is so deep inside of you that to  
deny it seems laughable.

But always be careful.  
This is also a trap.  
It will separate you from everyone you care about,  
but only for a time.  
Because the pendulum has to swing to  
both sides before it can settle in the middle.

The sun will go down.  
The clouds will disappear.  
The ocean will calm itself.  
She will leave.  
And the sun will come up.

Even awakening can lead to sleep.



ONCE STUDY BEGINS  
The Society for The Infinite Spark *of* Being

OUR HOME STATE

As kids we drove till the sun came up in Ohio.  
Those days we were so young.  
Kids in jeans and dirty t-shirts.

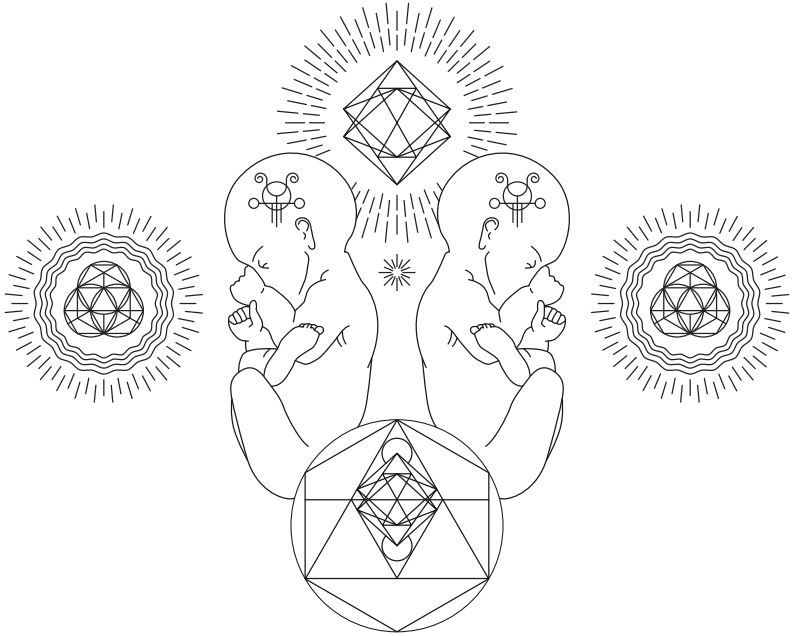
There's something about being on the road  
with friends that feels so lonely at times.

But when you get those moments  
when you can drive alone  
the world is your friend.  
Every car is filled with  
the ones you've loved.

I don't think that could happen with you.  
I don't think I could ever feel alone with you.

Watching the highway unfold  
with you at my side.  
Your cross stitch.  
My audio books.  
Our fascination with the tree lines  
of our home state.

I love you.



UNTIL I FIND YOU AGAIN  
The Society for The Infinite Spark *of* Being

## THAT'S MY GUY

My family was always very open about death. It was never a subject that we shied away from. Every time there was a death in the family my Mother would take me to the viewing. To some people that might seem very peculiar. And at the time I thought it was just a big pain in the ass. She was teaching me something though. She was teaching me about the thing that most folks ignore or pretend cannot happen to them.

Often she would allude to the fact that the body was a shell.  
That it was a vessel that carried your soul.  
I guess by taking me to these wakes and these funerals  
it was her way of showing me that it really was just a shell.

On one weekend when I drove down to visit my parents. My Father was downstairs messing around with his antique cars and what not. Even as he was going for chemotherapy and radiation therapy he never stopped working on projects. He would spend most of his day under the house working on cars and things. He told me one time that he would rather die standing up than die laying down. Even though he could see that his life was coming to an end he stayed proud and strong as long as he could. Mostly for our benefit I imagine.

It was late in the afternoon.

I and a few others, family members mostly, were sitting around the dining room table at my parents home. My Mother was milling around the kitchen. My Father was dying in the next room.

He had been diagnosed with cancer five years prior and at one point was diagnosed cancer free, but as my Father would say, "Life, no one gets out alive".

During his illness and decline I often found myself more concerned with how this was going to affect my Mother. Let's face it none of this would be his problem once he passed. I would see the struggle that she was dealing with and thought to myself how she would be able to get her life back together once he died. So out loud I said,

"You know, once Dad passes you will be able to heal and move on."

To think of what I said now makes my stomach hurt.

My Mother looked at me and said, "I would take care of him in that state for the rest of my life if I could. That's my guy."

At that point I realized that, that was my Mom's love.

At one point they were boyfriend and girlfriend.

That was who she fell in love with.

That was probably the first time I saw my parents as two kids that fell in love.

I will be 40 years old next month. As time passes I see how extraordinary my parents' marriage was. It puts her loss in perspective. There was my Mom, walking my Dad home as he stood at the edge of the mystery.

All of mankind's biggest questions about to be revealed.

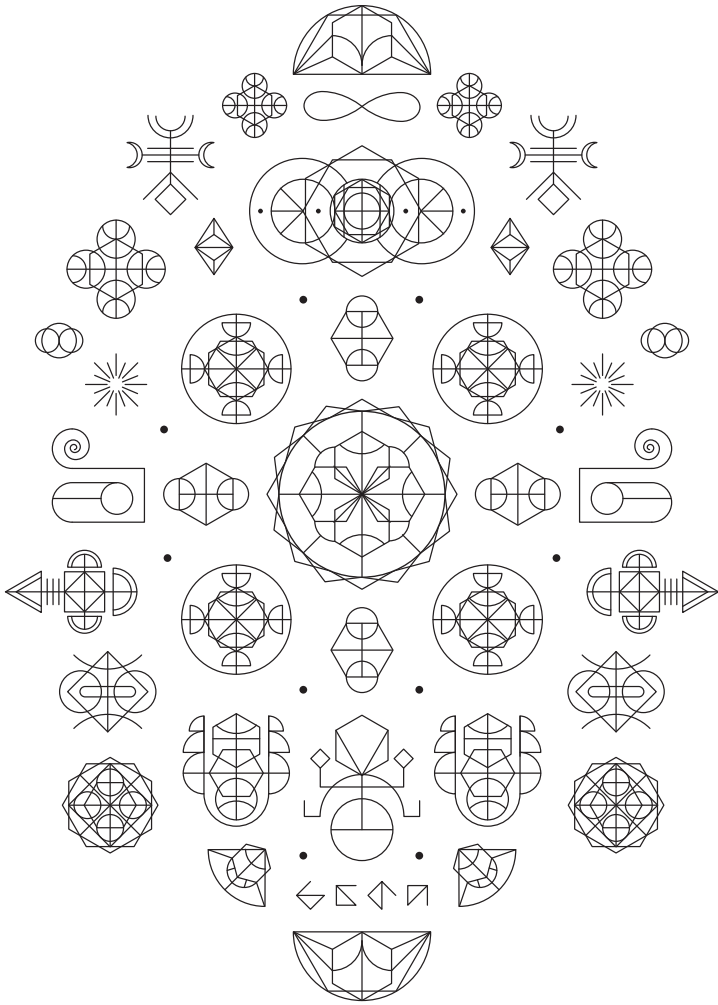
And there she was. Watching him go. He would move on and she would be left behind to heal and to try and hold what was left together.

My Mom still sees my Dad.

She sees him standing out on the porch looking at the water.

"I miss your Dad's mind the most." She says.

"He always knew what to do."



AN OPENING GATE  
The Society for The Infinite Spark *of* Being

I HAVE SEEN LIGHTS

I've seen lights and colors.  
Images that emerge from the patterns  
and speak a language that echoes in my chest.

They come and go passing through my field of vision.

My body gone.  
My mind on fire.

The roar of silence  
like a warm blanket.

“If I can find the tunnel  
I can find my Self.”

The purple path up the spine to  
f r e e d o m.

There are days that feel like loss.  
When there is no peace of mind.

Those brisk walks in the woods feel like  
a dream come and gone.

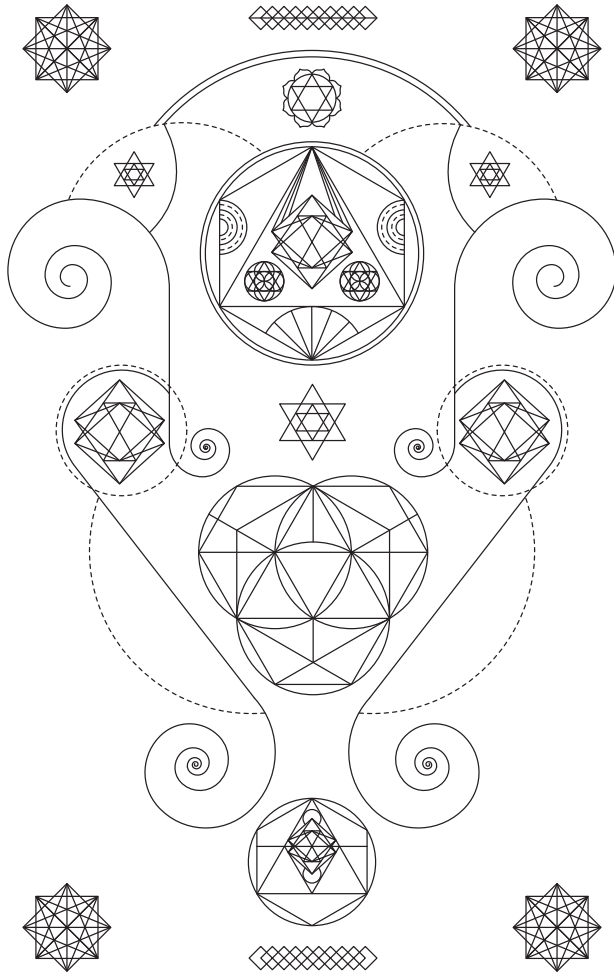
“Where did I go?”

I sit thoughtless  
in the hottest fire.  
Burning alive.  
Barely conscious.

“Wake up!”

Breath slow.  
Close your eyes.  
Roll them back up toward the brow.

Now find the tunnel,  
and find your way home.



AFTER THIS COMES LOVE AND REST  
The Society for The Infinite Spark *of* Being

YOU ARE WILD AND INFINITE

Turn off your television.  
Open your windows.  
Find open spaces.  
Run to the ocean.

“The sea will speak to you  
if you become quiet enough.”

There is magic in these mountains.  
There are spirits in these old tall pines.  
These are the places they wrote about.  
The places they sang for and explored.  
These are the places that notions arise from  
when the wind howls.

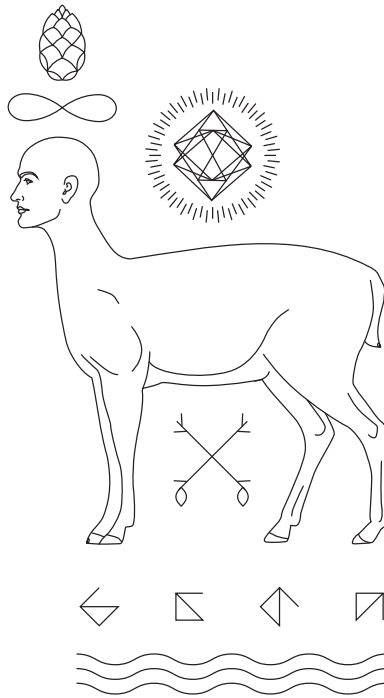
Brothers and Sisters,  
you are wild and infinite.  
You are the wolves and the fish.  
You are these trees and these rivers.

So when you sit, sit like a mountain.

None of these places will last.  
These buildings will fail.  
These trees will fall.  
And these mountains?  
Even the mountains will change.

So go easy Brothers and Sisters.  
Be kind.

It is a long walk home.



**YOU ARE WILD AND INFINITE**  
The Society for The Infinite Spark *of* Being

THE GREATNESS OF AMERICA

The greatness of America  
does not lie in its ability to kill.  
But rather in the hearts  
and minds  
of its citizens.

It lies in the brilliant ideas  
and ingenuity of the average man and woman.  
It lies within the ideas  
that feed families  
and opens doors for strangers.

The greatness of America  
will never stand on the backs  
of those who are broken  
and hunched over.

The greatness of America  
is found in the warm hug  
of those who will never  
be willing to let others starve  
and die alone.

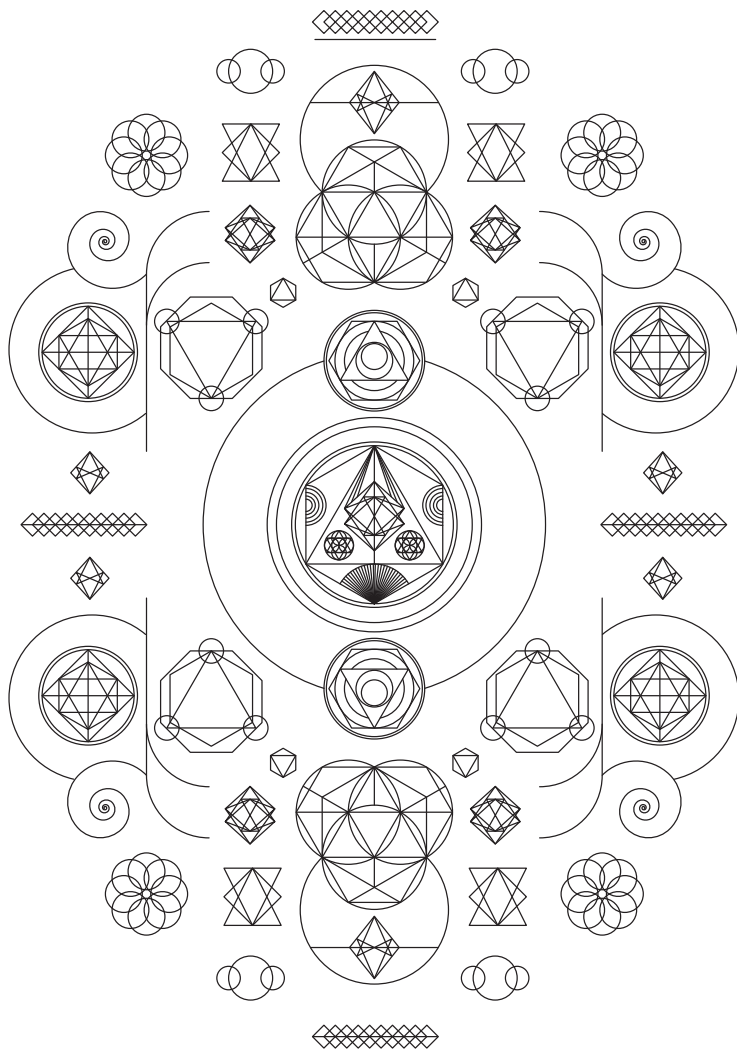
Do not worry about your history.  
Let go of your cultural identity.  
It's spotty at best.  
Concern yourself with today.

The willingness to share  
is the greatness of America.

It will never lie in the  
green hands that strangle  
single mothers and desperate fathers.

Your wealth will not define this country.

America will be defined  
by love.



CLEARLY CONSTRUCTED  
The Society for The Infinite Spark *of* Being

### FONDNESS FOR THE PROCESS

Sitting quietly in the warmth of darkness, while resting at the bottom of an exhale,  
I began to have the recollection that I had in fact died many times.  
It wasn't that I was seeing each death, but instead it was a deep knowing that there were so many.  
My intellectual knowing became sincere and internal. I held the deaths as one object in  
my consciousness.

After several minutes there was a rush. A wave of comfort. My eyes teared up.  
There was sweetness. There was a feeling of fondness for this process.  
Then came the recollection of many births that also had a sweetness to it as well.  
Though birth is the beginning of so much suffering there was a pleasure to it.  
A smirk and a nod to the pain of the human experience.



A FIERY KILN

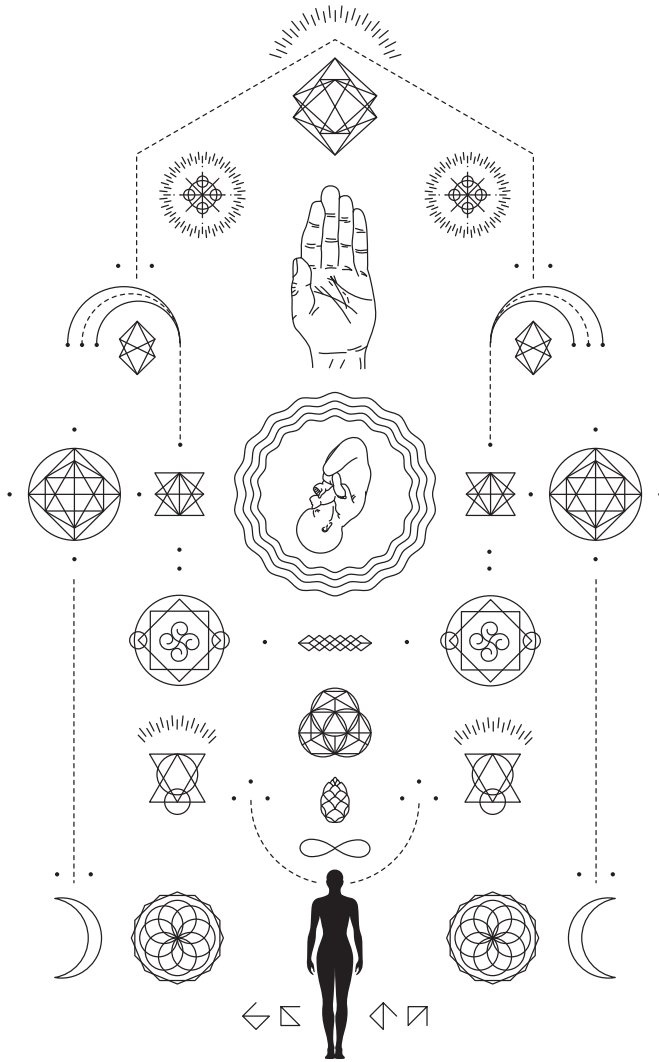
There is an unbelievability to life  
once the veil parts  
and you see things  
as they are.

There is a certain amount of fear and trepidation  
that drops away with experience, wisdom  
and the inward Knowing.

Once I saw a room where beings  
made of white light stood congregating.  
All with a sense of amazement.  
There was love and greeting.  
All awash with the same sense of awe.

We've done this so many times you and I.  
Over and over.  
Love then death then congregation  
before the thrust of unfinished work is continued.

The human birth is the kiln where the soul  
cooks it's karma.  
Cooking it over and over again until  
it all becomes ash  
and there is nothing left to burn.



**PORTAL**  
 The Society for The Infinite Spark *of* Being

BUT WHATEVER YOU DO DON'T GO BACK TO SLEEP

There is no going back to sleep  
now that we are awake.

We will lose our minds if we try.

I am in love now with the lightness.

Your world is so heavy.  
I can't bear to hold it up anymore,  
and pretend that it is all that you say it is  
when I know it is nothing but  
a projection of your own fears.

I can't live in your fear.  
I don't even understand it  
and I can't pretend to.

I have my own fears to deal with.  
I have my own struggles with sleep  
to tend to.

The struggle to stay wide awake  
in the face to these lullabies is  
fierce at times.

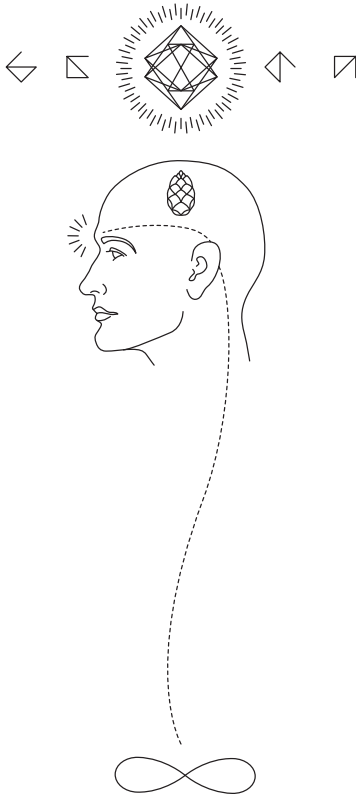
These sweet distractions singing  
me back into slumber.

Rolling back and forth like a toddler.  
Fighting the urge to close my eyes  
and fall from that ladder.  
You know, the rungs I left behind?

I guess that's ok too.  
It's all part of the dream right?  
Falling asleep and waking up several times  
in the same night.

This night.  
This realm.  
This version of earth.

It's hard but I'll just keep  
getting quieter and quieter  
until the silence becomes  
so loud that it keeps me awake.



WHEN WE FOLLOW THE SILVER THREAD  
The Society for The Infinite Spark *of* Being

YOU WERE RIGHT

You were right.  
I finally found you.

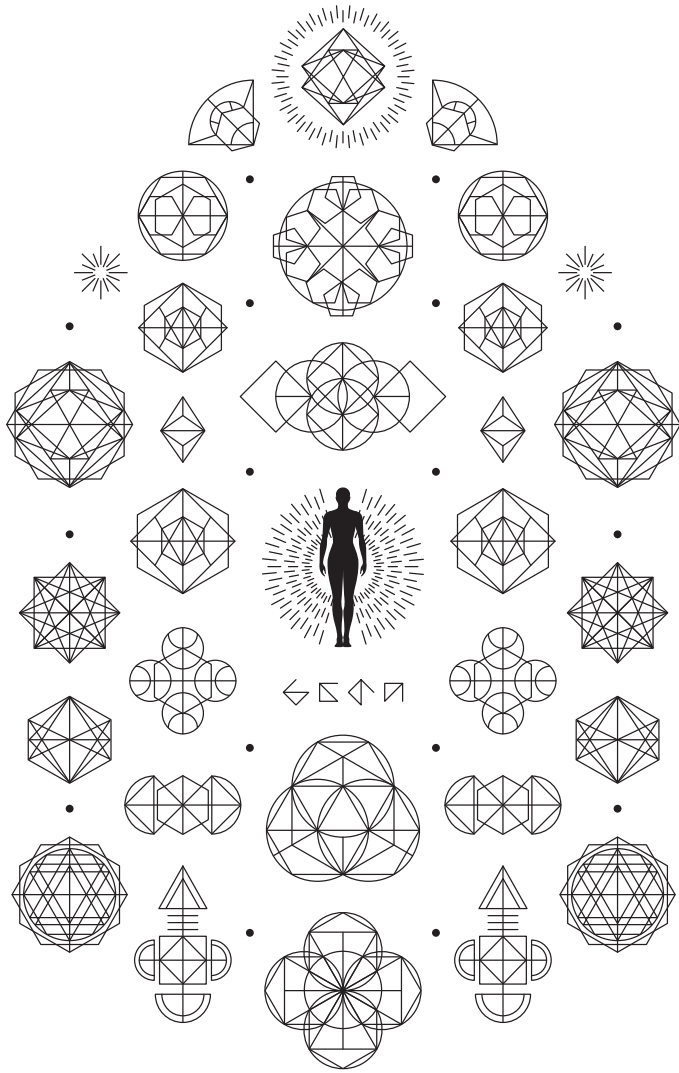
Though I would see your face  
in visions from time to time,  
this agreement is hard on me still.  
I don't know why we do it this way.

Why we choose to suffer over  
the freedom of the astral plane,  
over an expanded consciousness  
and boundless awareness.

Why can't I forget you?

I'm doomed to long for you with every birth.  
To chase you until I catch you.  
And when I do...

bliss.



DID YOU FIND WHAT YOU WERE LOOKING FOR  
The Society for The Infinite Spark *of* Being

THE WISE ADVICE

The warmth of the darkness becomes illuminated.

Starting with purple,  
then yellow,  
then a brilliant white light.

I feel that darkness around me like a warm blanket  
that holds me quietly.  
The settled feeling that allows you to rest there.

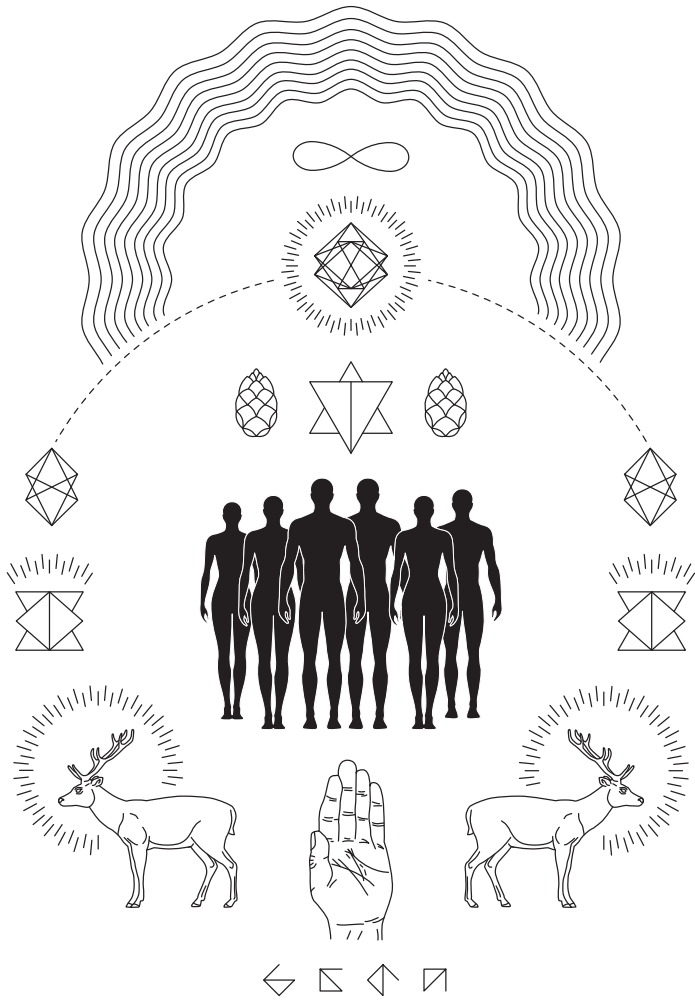
Purple lightening flashes through my head  
behind me eyes.

These visions don't have the weight they once did.  
I don't cling to the experiences like I once did.

They are causal phenomena  
and hold no substance for me anymore.

“Teacher, when I sit I can see all of the Buddhas.  
All of the Dakinis. It is so clear!”

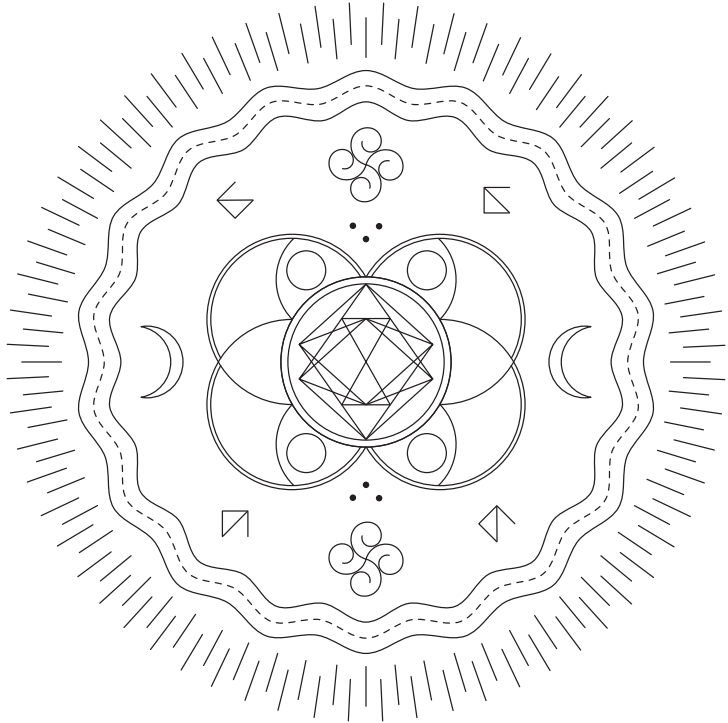
“Don't worry it will all go away.  
Just keep practicing”



NEVER BE AFRAID TO ASK THE ONES WHO KNOW  
The Society for The Infinite Spark *of* Being

THE SCARF AND THE DOVE

We've been doing this for so long you and I.  
We've been each other's mother, father, sister, brother.  
You've made me laugh till I couldn't breathe,  
and I've made you cry till your body ached.  
We forgot haven't we?  
We were spun from unity into this separateness.  
Into this ego where we are fearful and frightened.  
Grasping and pulling. Holding and clinging.  
Hanging our past like a weight from our necks.  
Our minds never rest. Always filled with nonsense and worry.  
The concern of things we can do nothing about and things that no longer exist.  
I'm sorry I hurt you. I'm sorry I took you away from your family  
and those that needed you most. I gained nothing from it.  
I'm also sorry I lied to you those times we were married.  
The way I hurt you. I was wrong, but my ego was so powerful. I was blind.  
I wish I could remember the times you asked me to marry you.  
How I took your hand and the times that you took mine,  
what it was like and how happy we were.  
Our children and our families. God we were married so many times.  
Probably as many times as we killed one another don't you think?  
I wish I could remember the lessons I taught you when you were my child.  
Or the lessons you taught me when I was your's.  
I could use those wise words now for myself. I'm so foolish sometimes.  
These bad habits are hard to shake you know?  
If I can't remember what happened when this incarnation was only three years old  
then how can I possibly hope to remember a love that happened  
hundreds of thousands of years ago?  
I think I'm finally starting to wake up. At least I hope I am.  
I'm so tired. These incarnations are so exhausting, and they seem to go on forever.  
When I first realized that I was working towards leaving this behind,  
and getting off this wheel, I felt sad.  
All these things we do. The beauty of life. How amazing it all is.  
But the more still I became the more aware I became.  
The more aware I became the more awakened I was.  
I started to see this all as a distraction.  
I started to long for understanding, but if longing and desire are hooks  
then even this longing for understanding would lead to suffering, anxiety  
and disappointment.  
It is all a trap.  
As one wise old man said,  
"It's all a trap, but you have to become trapped for the trap to work."  
So gladly I step wide eyed and faithful into ritual and practice.  
Sitting longer and more quiet every day.  
Feeling the changes in my heart and in my mind.  
The opening up. The widening. The beautiful space  
and the full potentiality of emptiness.



**IN THE BEGINNING**  
The Society for The Infinite Spark *of* Being

ONCE I NEEDED YOU

Once I needed You.  
More than once in fact.

Once I needed to know that  
You would be there if I fell apart.

I found so much comfort in believing  
that You were holding it all together.  
All I needed was to get closer to You.

Then I realized that I am You.

Your grace is the quieting of my own mind.  
There is an understanding that lives  
in the center of the chest.  
The size of a thumb.

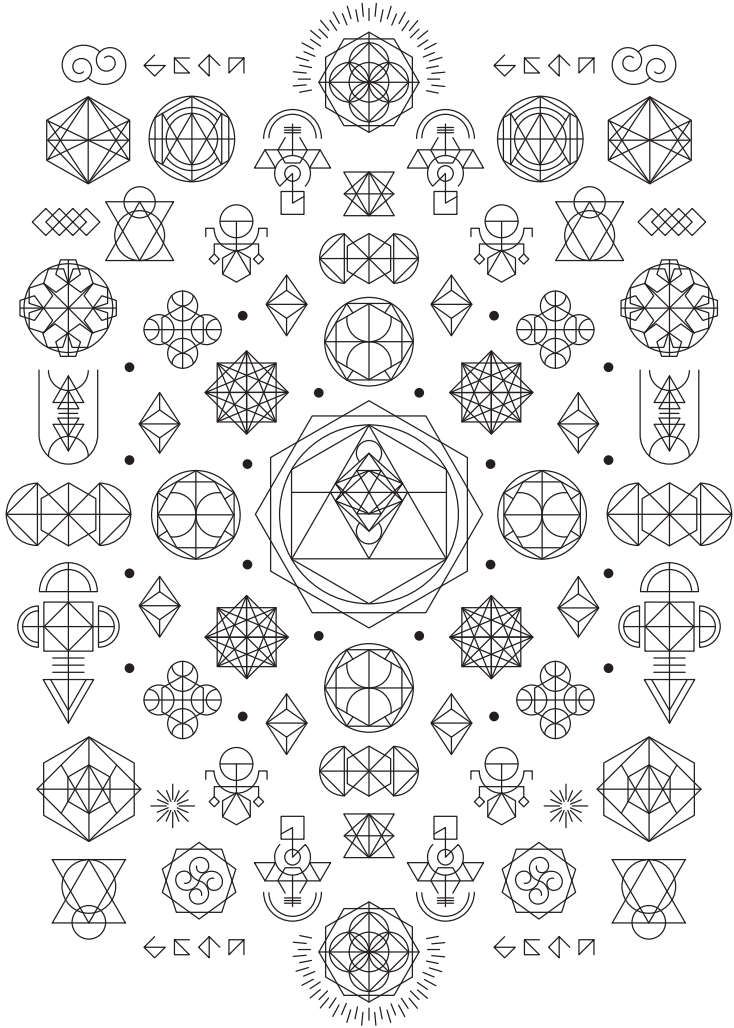
Glowing golden light.

It is all of the wisdom,  
all of the creation.

Sit.

Be with that Knowing.

And know that you are that.



THEY'VE GATHERED AROUND YOU  
The Society for The Infinite Spark *of* Being

BUT FREEDOM IS FREE

But freedom is free.  
It is the birthrate of all men and women.

However, one is born into the control of a system, and  
within these systems freedoms are legislated away.

These systems are made up of men and women, and  
their identity relies on their position within the system.

When one's mind is attached to their identity  
self-preservation takes hold, and anything  
that challenges that identity will be seen as a threat.

There is a need within these systems to remain relevant  
to the people under their control.

Power is causal.  
Power requires an object  
of control.

Do what you want.  
Just know that they will fight to defend their identity should  
you question the role of the system within your own life.

They need you to need them.  
Don't ever forget that.

You don't need a master. You need a clear mind  
free of fear.

You don't need a boss. You need an open heart,  
a full heart.

We will never play their game as well as they do  
and that's ok.

We know the truth of life, and the nature of reality.  
We've listened to those that went further up the mountain,  
and they were right.

It's gorgeous up here.



## MY FATHER NEVER DIED, HE JUST CHANGED

I've always felt more like I was watching this body rather than being this body.

Teachers have always talked about cultivating that witness.

I never felt like I had to cultivate anything.

It was always just there. Watching this vessel grow and change.

How its mind developed and what it clings to.

I remember being a kid and staring into the mirror, and thinking how strange it was that I felt like it was something I was wearing and not something that I was. I feel like the idea of the "vessel" made the most sense to me when my father died. After he passed and my mother, cousin, aunt and family friend left the room I stayed behind.

I pulled up a chair and held his hand. It wasn't as weird as I thought it was going to be. After all he was my Dad.

I realized this was the very last time I would ever see his form. It was like something was telling me to sit there and just be in it. It wasn't stressful or heavy. In fact the room felt very light. As I sat there it all changed. What I saw as my father became a shell. It was like I no longer identified this body as "father". The sensation of "father" felt like it was not leaving but moving. Redirecting itself. I let go of his hand and left the room. The next time I saw the body it was draped over a large man's shoulder, wrapped in a white sheet and being carried down the stairs to a white van. It was a bit strange to watch I'll admit. I was standing next to his father watching this. It was a surreal day. Immediately the house felt different. I can only speak for myself of course, but the air didn't weigh as much. The disease was gone. Or maybe it was my own selfish nature that was relieved to not have to deal with a father that was dying and all jarring activities of the day that come with that. Is it wrong to want him to pass on so that we can all begin putting things back together? Of course I'm asking because a piece of me feels guilty, but is that guilt my own acculturation? That tiny piece of me that still associates "father" with physical form?

A few of us had various experiences, sensations and sightings.

The only thing I've had were a few dreams.

I recall one dream being very casual. We talked, chuckled. It almost had this air of "Well damn ain't this some shit?" Then we parted ways. It was like we just said, "See ya later." No big deal just going the other way for a while. I woke up teary eyed and smiling. It was good. It was nice.

There was another time I dreamed of him.

I was in a church sitting in a pew. It was the second pew to the front. He walked up and just smiled.

He didn't say anything, but there was energy flowing from him. It was very beautiful.

I woke up with a big smile on my face and began to cry a hard elated sob.

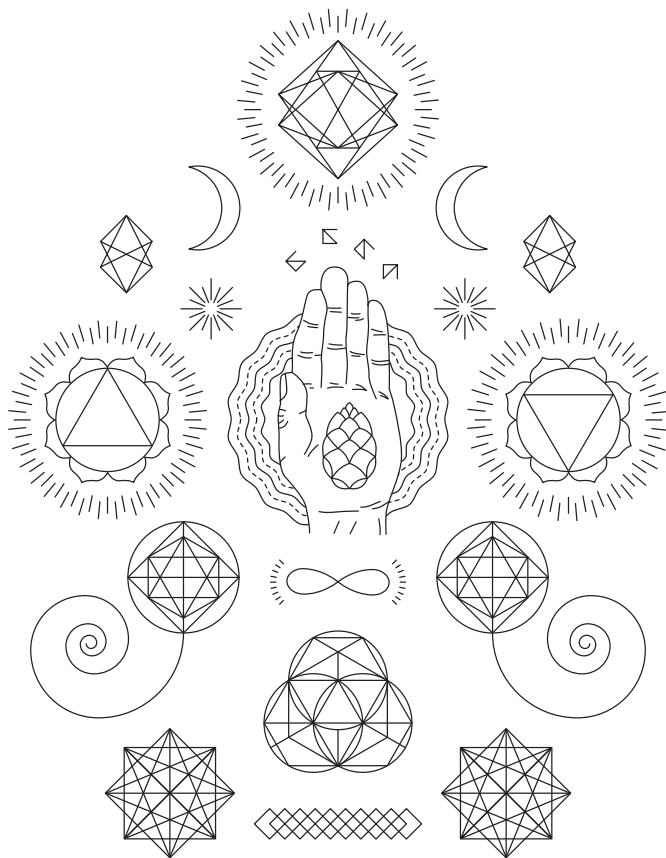
I still get a little chocked up at times. Usually when I hear Warren Zevon's song from his last recording called Keep Me in Your Heart for a While.

One time I heard Ram Dass say that you are done grieving when you realize that the love you shared with that person is a part of everything you do. Like it is just a part of everything. Maybe to say that they are now a part of the love you have for the family that is still living? Whatever the case I feel like I am so close to fully embracing that now.

I have never felt closer to my Dad than I do now.

There is no death.

Just difference.

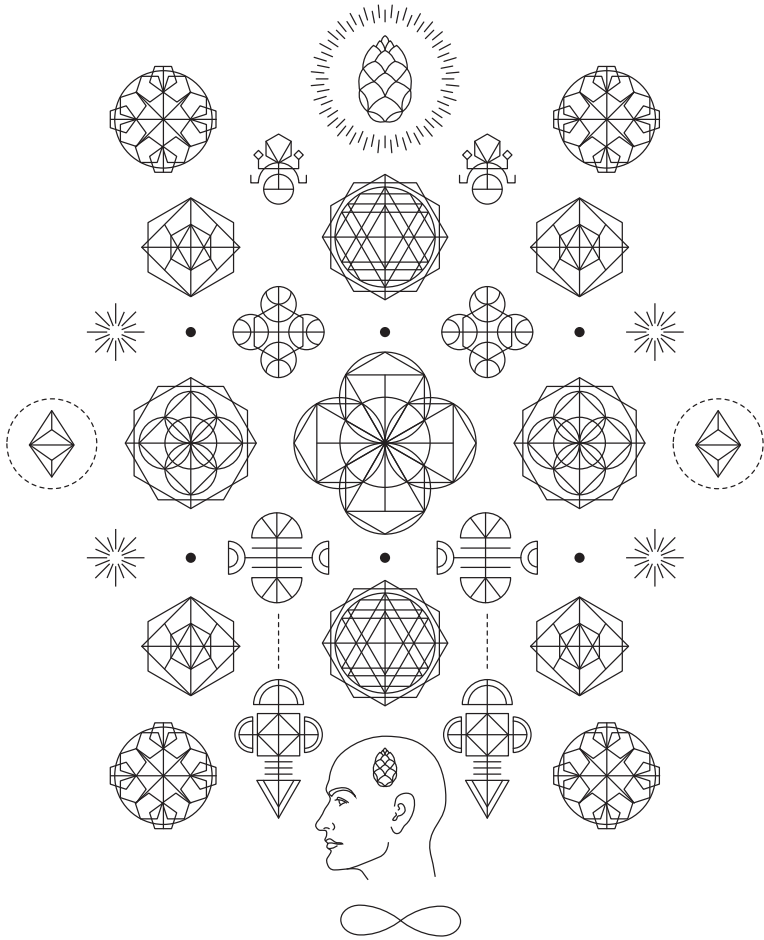


STAY BRAVE YOU WILL BE FINE  
The Society for The Infinite Spark *of* Being

MORE ADVICE ON MYSTICAL EXPERIENCES

I have a solution to your desire for mysticism.  
Listen to Jimmy Hendrix's All Along The Watchtower  
with your eyes closed through headphones.

If that does not induce an altered state of consciousness try  
Jefferson Airplane's Don't You Want Somebody to Love.



THIS IS ALSO SOUND  
The Society for The Infinite Spark *of* Being

WHERE WE LEFT OFF

Where did we go?  
I could have sworn we were right here.

Everything has gone white.

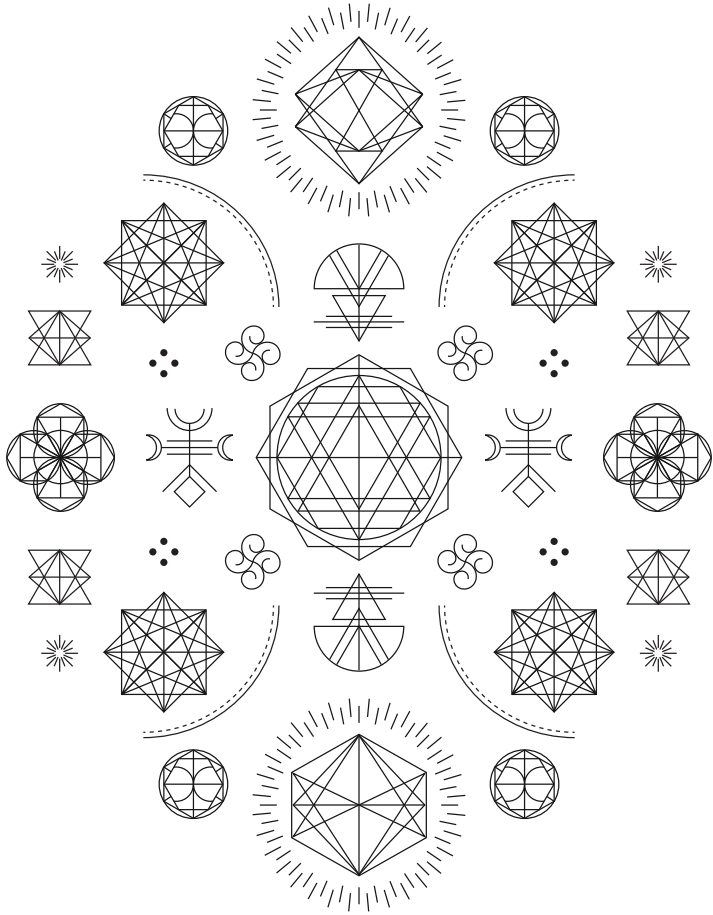
“Now let’s breathe deep  
and see where this leads us.”

I can’t remember your hair  
or the veins in your hands.  
Or what your voice would sounded like  
when you would wake me up as I fell asleep.

I love you.  
I know that.  
I’ve always known that.

I can see the coming and going of all of this.  
I can hear the voices that passed through us.

I love you.  
Where you lead me.  
I love you where you left me.



THEY LAID THE PATH BEFORE YOU  
The Society for The Infinite Spark *of* Being

NO LOSS, ONLY CHANGE

There is no loss.  
There is only change.

That is the most difficult lesson to learn.  
To see things as change and not loss.

Nothing can last.  
It all has to go away.  
We are all going to go away.

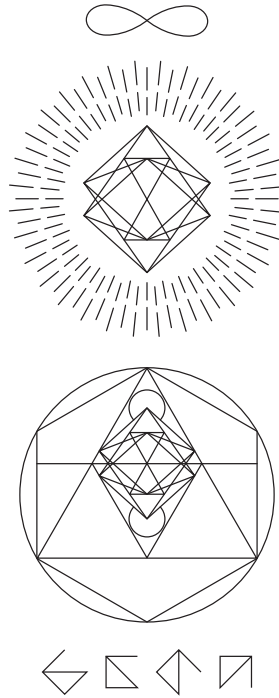
Everyone you love will die.  
Everything you own will be lost.

The glass is already broken friends.

At some point your practice will go from  
self improvement to learning how to die.  
Because your death will be the most  
important day of your life on earth.

You are going to die.  
The shoes will come off.  
The lines will be cut  
and you...

you will be fine.



**NO LOSS ONLY CHANGE**  
The Society for The Infinite Spark *of* Being

CHIN UP

Warm, black, purple pathways.

I can feel the energy in my arms  
leaving through my fingers.

I can see the edge of the white light over my head.

“Edgar is that you?  
It’s been months since we’ve talked.  
It’s been days since I’ve sat here.”

This exhale warms me.  
Resting at the bottom of the breath warms me.

And that breath dissolves every fear I have.

Pulling the universe down into my chest  
my fingers drag through stars like  
bioluminescent ocean water at night.  
I pull my spine straight.  
My head hanging from a string.

It’s so simple.  
Don’t complicate the practice  
with your goals.

Be alone.  
Be quiet.

Change will come outside of the experiences  
of color and imagination.  
These are only meant to lead you further  
down the rabbit hole.  
Treat them like rungs on a ladder.

The real change will happen  
at traffic lights and four-way stops.

The real change is taking the call  
from your mother, and sitting through  
the questions and stories  
that you’ve heard a thousand times  
with gratitude.

So chin up.  
Stay the course.



WHEN I DRIVE WEST

When I drive west and watch the oranges and pinks  
of a setting sun funnel down between the tree lines  
that tower over the edges of a two lane highway,  
I wonder if our fondness for sunsets and sunrises are all because  
we are reminded of the place from which we are spun?

Does it remind us of the pallet belonging to  
those realms of color and light?  
Those brilliant planes we've passed through  
on our way up through the crown?  
Are those the soft colors of true freedom?  
Not the legislated freedoms that are gifted to us  
by a controlling class, but the freedom of being  
a bodiless celestial at home in the realms between worlds.

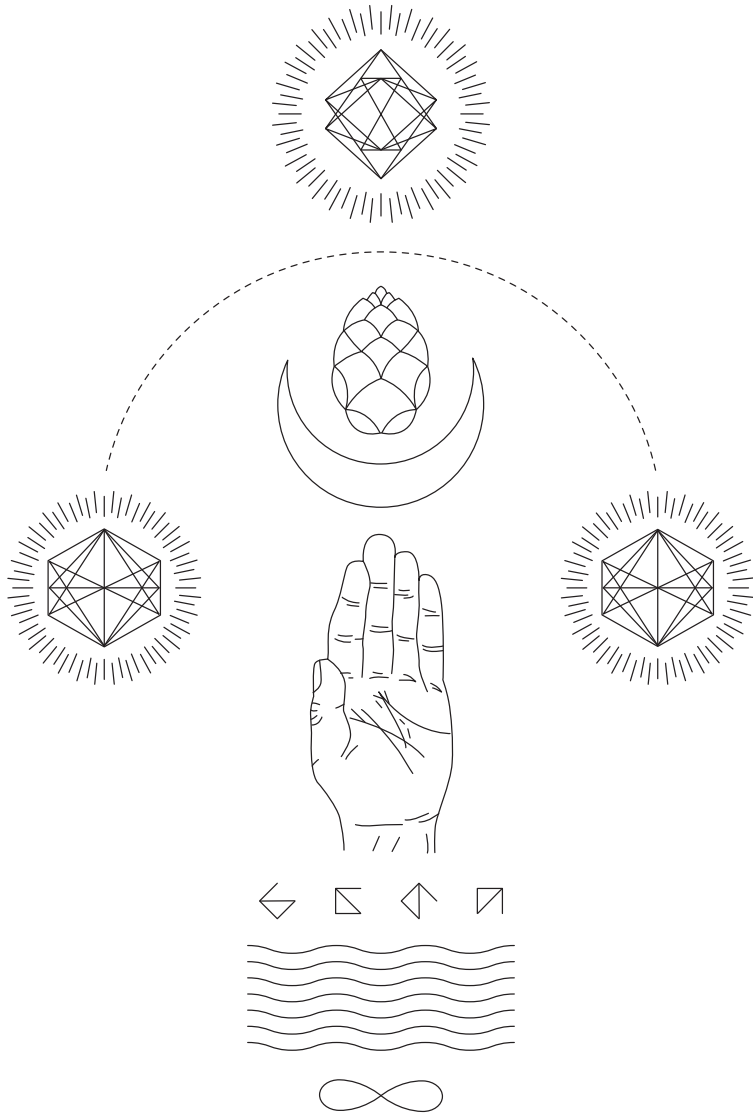
There are times I have remembered.

I can see the tunnels.  
I still feel them flying beside me.  
Beings of radiant light that guide us through these realms.  
They feel like love.  
They feel like beautiful music.  
A soft glowing hum that fills my ears.

We remember these places.

Somewhere in the deepest parts of our bodies  
there is a recording of the past.  
It reminds us that we have lived before.  
Always returning to this plane  
to recapture a piece of this experience.  
Just one more love.  
Just one more first kiss.  
Just one more time can we please have that  
first accidental touch that opens our hearts?

Finding one another over and over again.  
All of us in love.  
Always returning.  
One moment more beautiful than the last.  
None more precious than another.  
We are all adored here,  
and we are all in love.



**REMEMBER**  
The Society for The Infinite Spark *of* Being

### IF THE LESSON

When my soul found itself ready to take birth, once  
again, it was consigned to the lives of the two, in  
which it had made an agreement with.

As this body has matured  
the soul has lead it through its curriculum.

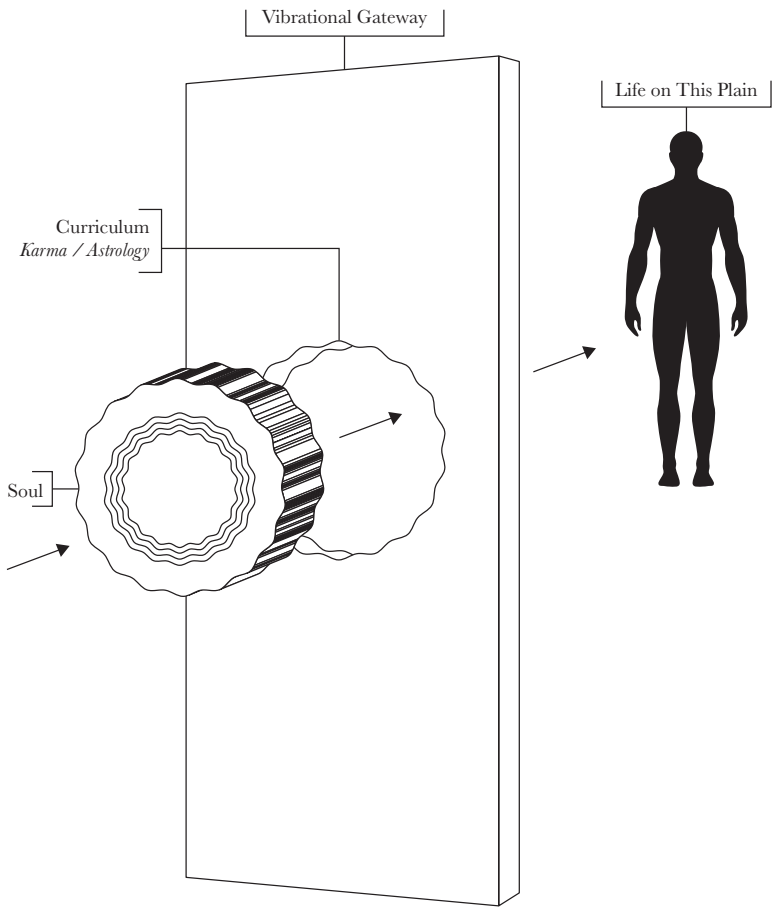
It has a spiritually restless karma, this soul.

Always wanting to free itself from this realm.  
Always finding the appropriate teacher for each  
lesson. It has taken each course fully.

And now it finds itself here.  
Drawn to you.  
Its path leading into your's.

The lanterns you've lit,  
It follows each.

If this lesson is love  
you are the teacher.



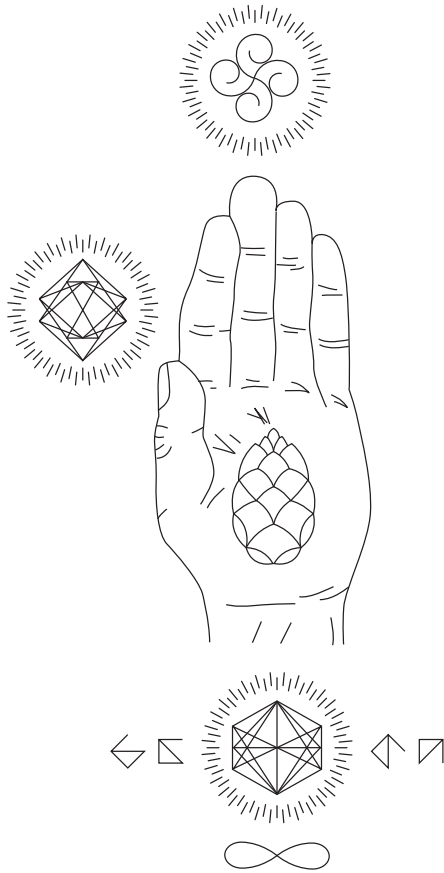
HAVING TAKEN BIRTH  
The Society for The Infinite Spark *of* Being

FULL AND EMPTY

The truth about your essential nature  
will never fit into your wallet.  
It will not fit on your feet nor  
will it lay comfortably over your shoulders,  
and make you more appealing others.  
You know what you are.  
You know why you're here.  
You've just forgotten.  
There are some for whom  
"The dust is thin".  
They are here to remind us that  
we are not what they say we are.

We all have the same mind  
and the same Clear Light Nature.  
We are at our purest form empty.  
Empty like a fresh sheet of white paper is empty.  
Empty like a new canvas is empty yet full of possibilities.

Full of pure potentiality.  
Full in its emptiness.



WE AWAKEN BECAUSE THIS IS NOT ENOUGH  
The Society for The Infinite Spark *of* Being

WATCHER OF MYSELF WATCHING MYSELF

Breathing slow  
I will rest at the bottom of each  
breath in hopes of finding you  
over and over again.

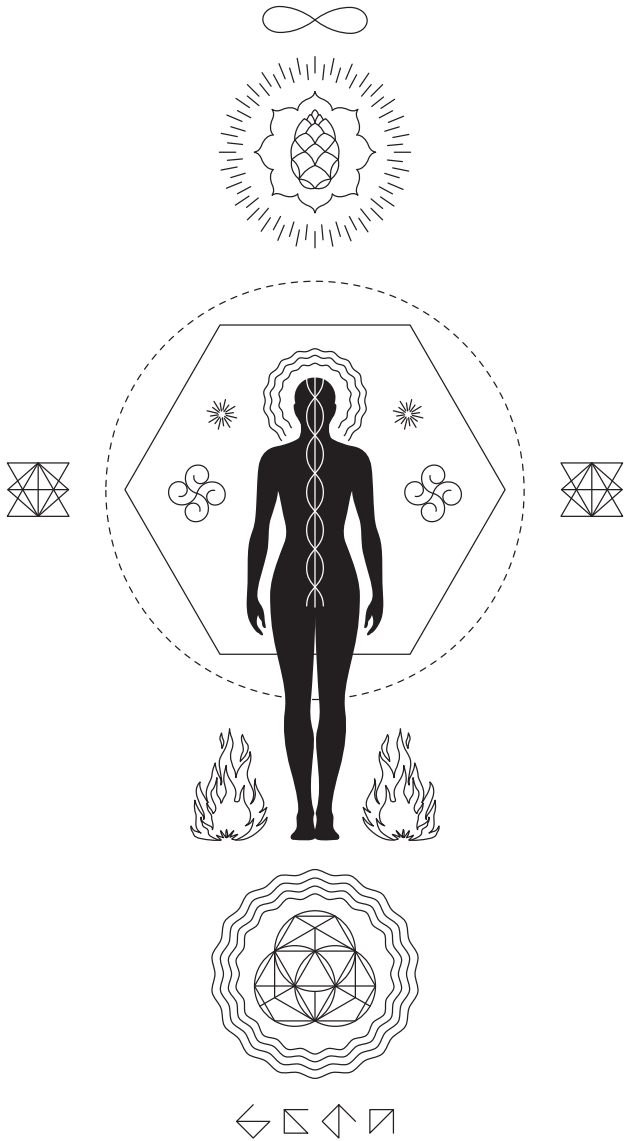
I will let the warmth wash over me.  
I will not be a hero and struggle.

Breath will always happen  
With or without my mind the breath  
is always happening.

There is no need to do anything.

We are always doing something.  
We cloud our vision with goals and  
achievements until the simple act  
of sitting still is pushed completely  
from our minds.

I found you there.  
I will continue to meet you there.  
Behind the silence  
where I watch myself  
watching myself  
as the watcher  
of my Self.



**WE ARE A CONDUIT**  
The Society for The Infinite Spark *of* Being

YOUR PAIN BECAME SO REAL

Your pain became your identity didn't it?  
How could it not?  
It's all you've ever known.

You identify so closely with your pain and your trauma  
that the thought of letting go of it scares you.

After all, who would you be then?

It's so comfortable to hurt. It's so familiar to be sad.  
It's what you've always done.

You know what to do with sad and you know how to feel depression.  
You know how to want and complain, and you know how to be ungrateful.

You know so well how to harbor regret and contempt.  
It's gratitude and happiness that you have trouble with isn't it?  
You aren't sure how to let it slip away are you?

If you do that who will you be then?  
You don't know that person.  
That person that isn't weighted down by childhood trauma.

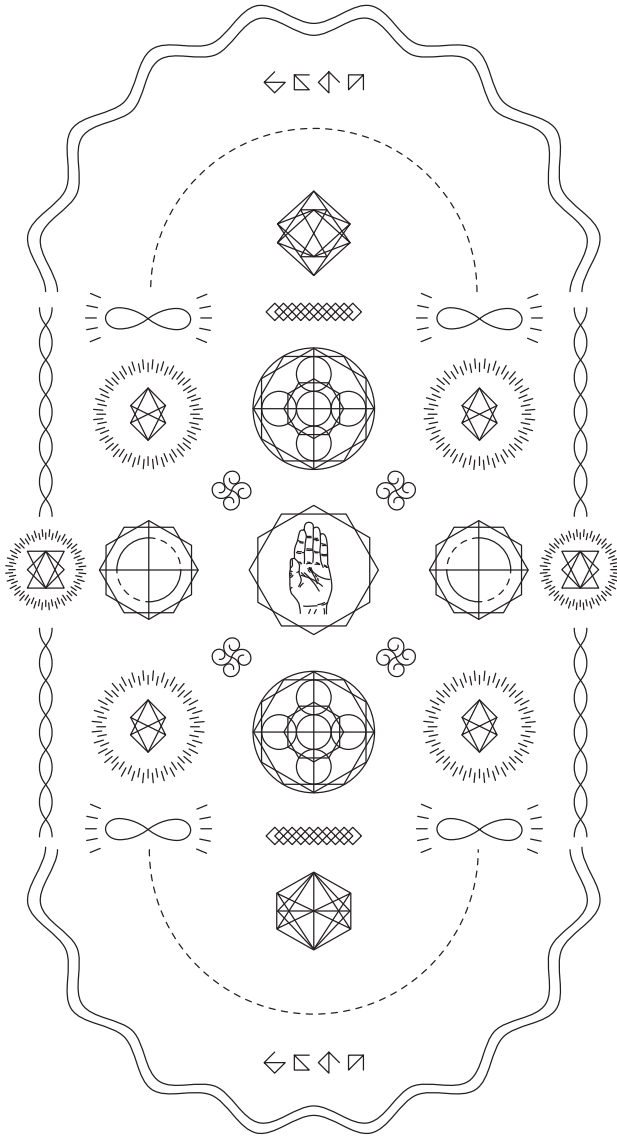
You cuddle it. Wrap yourself in it. Wear it like a hat.  
Or maybe a shawl?

This way everyone knows how hard it is for you.  
You had it the worst.

Maybe you keep it in your pocket?  
Maybe you hide it away in a box,  
and only take it out and show it to those closest to you?  
That way they know who you are.  
They know just how much you hurt.  
Maybe you don't show them at all?

Do you hide it from everyone because if you show them  
they might tell you it's not the disaster you thought it was?  
Maybe you aren't the damaged child you have invested  
so much of yourself into being?  
Or maybe you know it's just not as real  
as you need it to be?

If you're not abused and misunderstood  
who would you be then?



REMEMBER YOU ARE MUCH MORE  
The Society for The Infinite Spark *of* Being

LOOK UP!

There is a feeling that i get in my chest  
when I think of mountains and open spaces.

It's the same feeling I get  
when I look up at the thin, wisping, delicate clouds  
of an autumn sky.

Or when I look out onto the pink and yellow glow of a  
resting sun as it lies down on a watery horizon and melts into twilight.

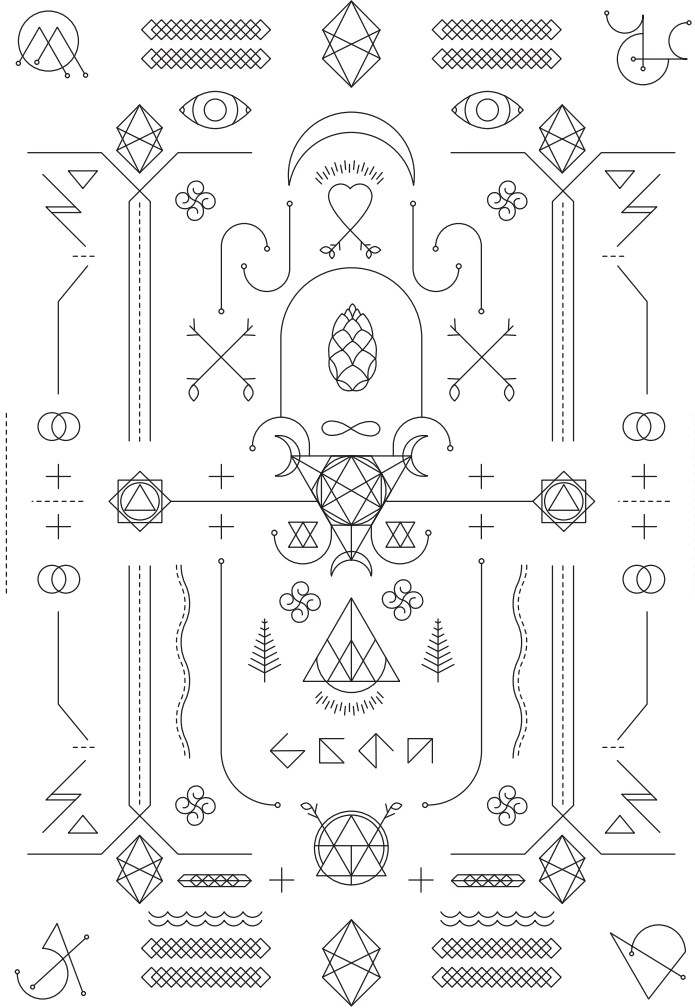
It's a feeling of carefree elation that resembles the freedom after  
a hard, happy cry.

It is the feeling that,  
I have been here before and I will return.

It is not my body that speaks  
but it is my soul.

It is like I am recalling a time when I was not bound by the body.

When the planes of consciousness were open doors that I would  
walk through like rooms in a never ending house.



KNOWING YOU KNOW  
WITHOUT KNOWING YOU KNOW  
The Society for The Infinite Spark *of* Being

THERE ARE VISIONS

“What are these voices I hear  
deep within the loudest silences?”

“Thought forms  
bleeding through the veils.”

William James was right.

“What are these things I see  
during these moments of deafening quiet?”

“These are the other planes.  
Living at once.”

“Are there lessons  
in these visions?”

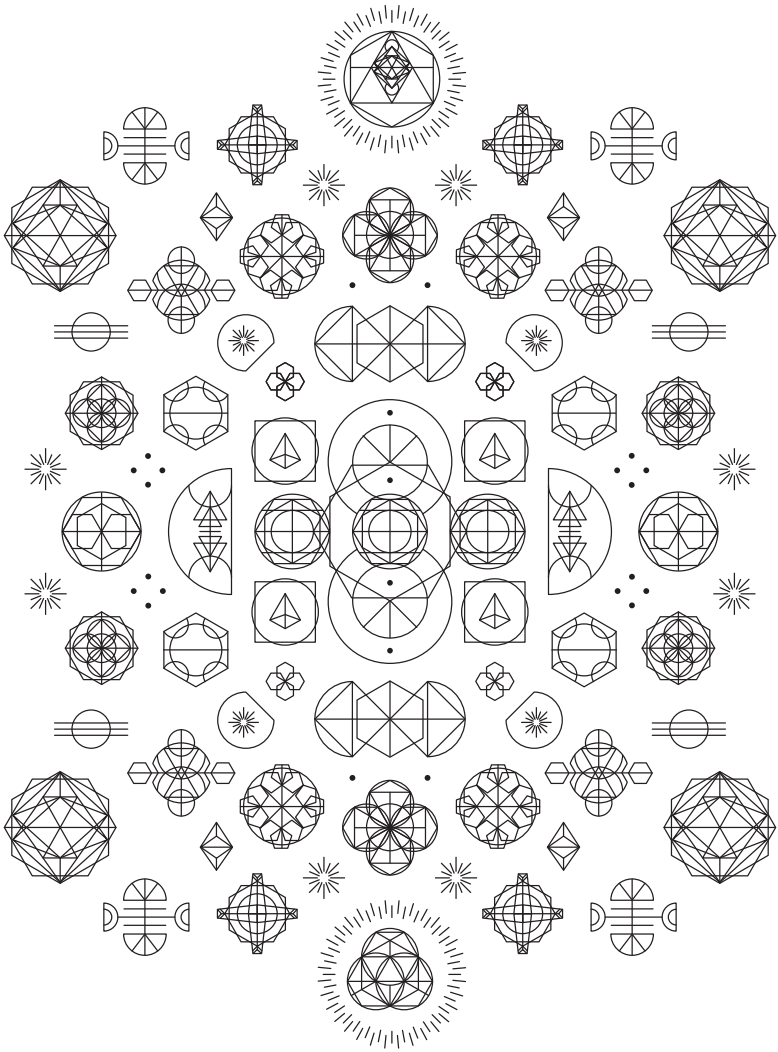
“Though they may be profound  
they mean nothing.”

“They are all just something else to let go of  
aren't they?”

“Do you remember dreaming?  
Do you remember how real it all felt?  
How your heart raced and pounded.”

“I woke up into a dream didn't I?”

“You did.”



THEY WILL PROP YOU UP ALONG THE PATH  
The Society for The Infinite Spark *of* Being

## WHO ARE THEY?

It's not coming out of a vacuum, you know.

Do not ignore these messages.

You'll know when they are real  
and you will know when they are not  
once you quiet down.

Thought forms that you've never known.  
Things that you couldn't possibly  
have witnessed in this "waking" reality.  
Names you can't recall yet feel drawn to.

Some are trails left by our past.  
Others are cracks in the veil  
giving us a glimpse into other realms.

We've learned to ignore these calls from beyond.

We've been acculturated into trusting  
only that which can be detected by the 5 faulty  
senses and quantified by instruments that  
were created to be read by these 5 faulty senses.

Trust your heart.

Get quiet and let it open.  
Get honest with yourself and be fearless.

Who are they to say?

Let them catch up  
with you.



A SHIVER

A shiver...  
and then light.

Moving up my spine  
it draws everything through  
the top of my head.

My hands pulled together.  
My neck rolls back and the sounds come  
tumbling out of my mouth.

I lay face down  
prostrate, hands out.

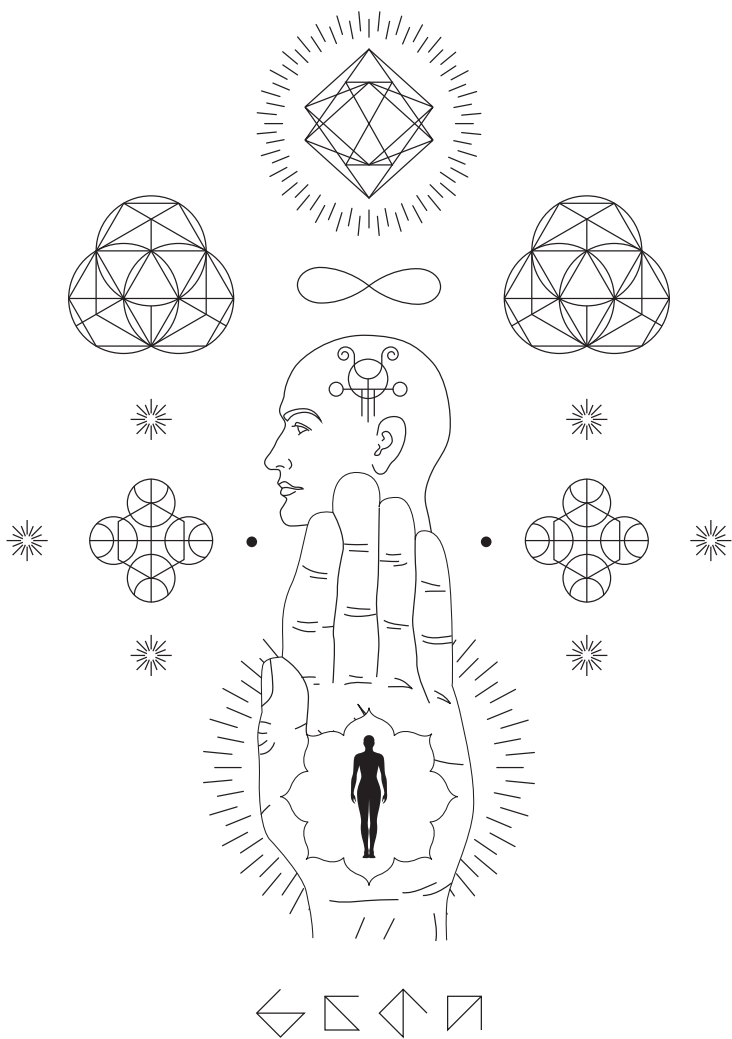
Moving to accommodate the  
flow of energy clawing it's way  
up to my crown.

I can't see you.  
I can only feel you mother.

To know through experience  
is the truth.  
The rest are just stories meant only to  
increase our longing for liberation.

The death of the ego is frightening.  
To see through your identity is frightening.  
To see others as machines working out  
their karma is frightening.

But then upon dropping back  
"down" into this plane  
you work your curriculum.



REMEMBER THE INCARNATION  
The Society for The Infinite Spark *of* Being

THE SOUTH EASTERN COAST AWAKENS

My first recollection of God was at age 15 I believe.  
Though my vocabulary was narrow it did not allow for any other name  
but God.  
It was early morning.  
It was fall.  
I sat off the coast.  
I remember it clearly.

The blue waters of the south eastern coast of the state  
are flawless and conducive to spiritual experiences.

I remember sitting quietly alone  
when a warm feeling fell over me.

“I am not alone.”

I felt surrounded by something.  
It didn't come from any one particular direction.

I felt enveloped by it.

At the time I took this as confirmation that  
there was a God, and that he was with me.

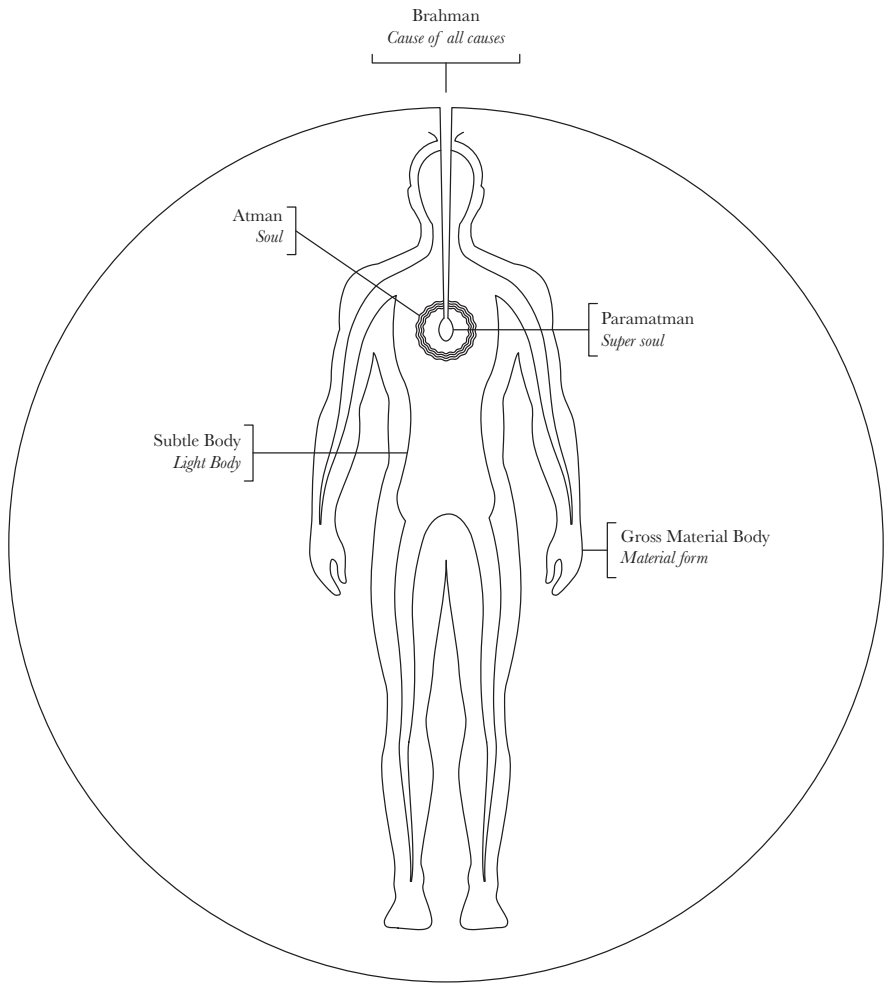
Over time as my mind grew  
and my vocabulary expanded  
I recognized this as a feeling of unity with All.

It was a confirmation that I am in fact the ocean  
and everything within and without.

Part and parcel.

You can call that what you want.  
You can even say that it is God.  
But I can say that I am God.  
We are so close to god that, like Hanuman,  
we are the breath of God.

So breathe  
and breathe deep  
and know that  
“I am.”

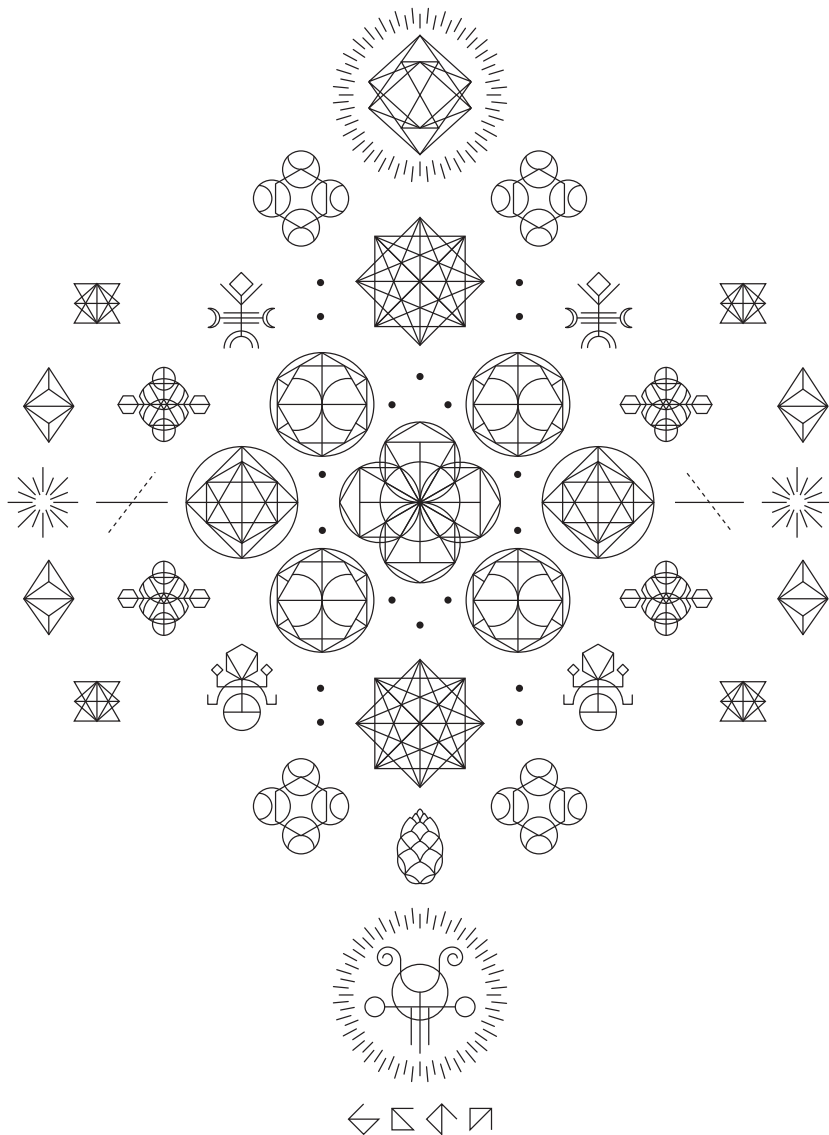


**ANATOMY OF BEING**  
The Society for The Infinite Spark *of* Being

THESE MESSENGERS

Some were geometry.  
Some like lanterns floating  
and lighting my way.  
Others tried to speak but I couldn't hear  
what they were saying.

These messengers keep a fire lit  
that propels our temple toward awakening.



AT TIMES THERE IS A MEETING  
The Society for The Infinite Spark *of* Being

AND HERE WE ARE

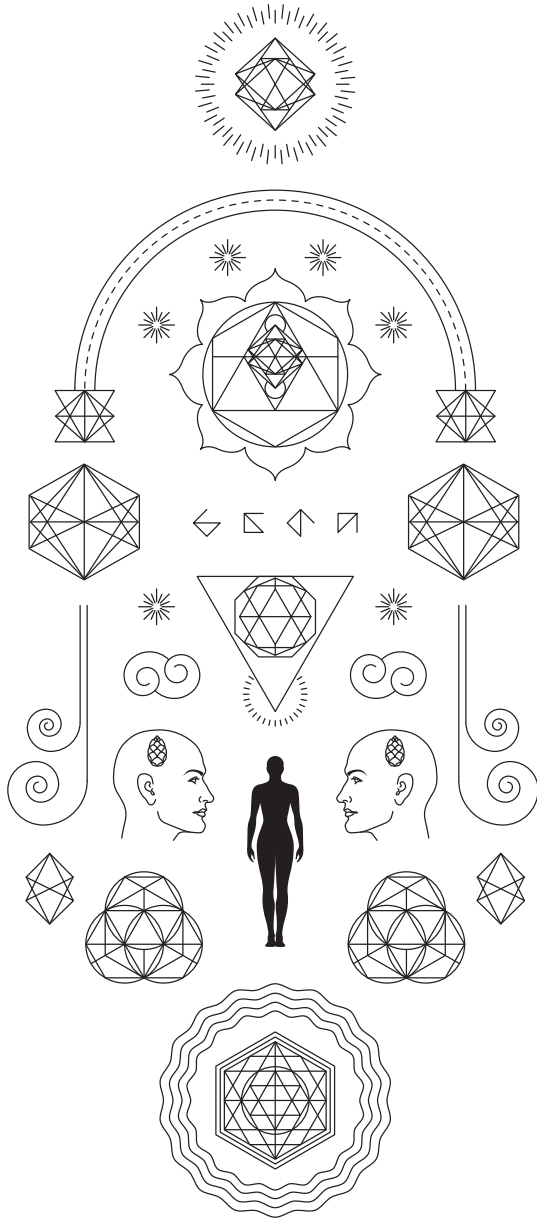
Well here we are.

You wouldn't believe  
what I've been through.

It was like trying to wear shoes  
that didn't fit.

But I found you.

You should have seen me  
going from face to face  
looking into each set of eyes  
waiting for you to stare back at me.



AS THE REAL WORK BEGINS  
The Society for The Infinite Spark *of* Being

TEARS LIKE NECTAR

If you can't live without the gossip  
and drama of consumerism then  
what makes you think that you are ready  
for the "real" truth?

The bone rattling truth.

That truth that scares you  
and shows you your fragility  
and your infinite nature all at once.

That truth that changes you  
from the inside.

Because no matter what you call the Truth  
it will crush you.

It will break you  
and terrify you when it shows you  
that you are nothing.

Then comes the love.  
The holding.  
The compassion.

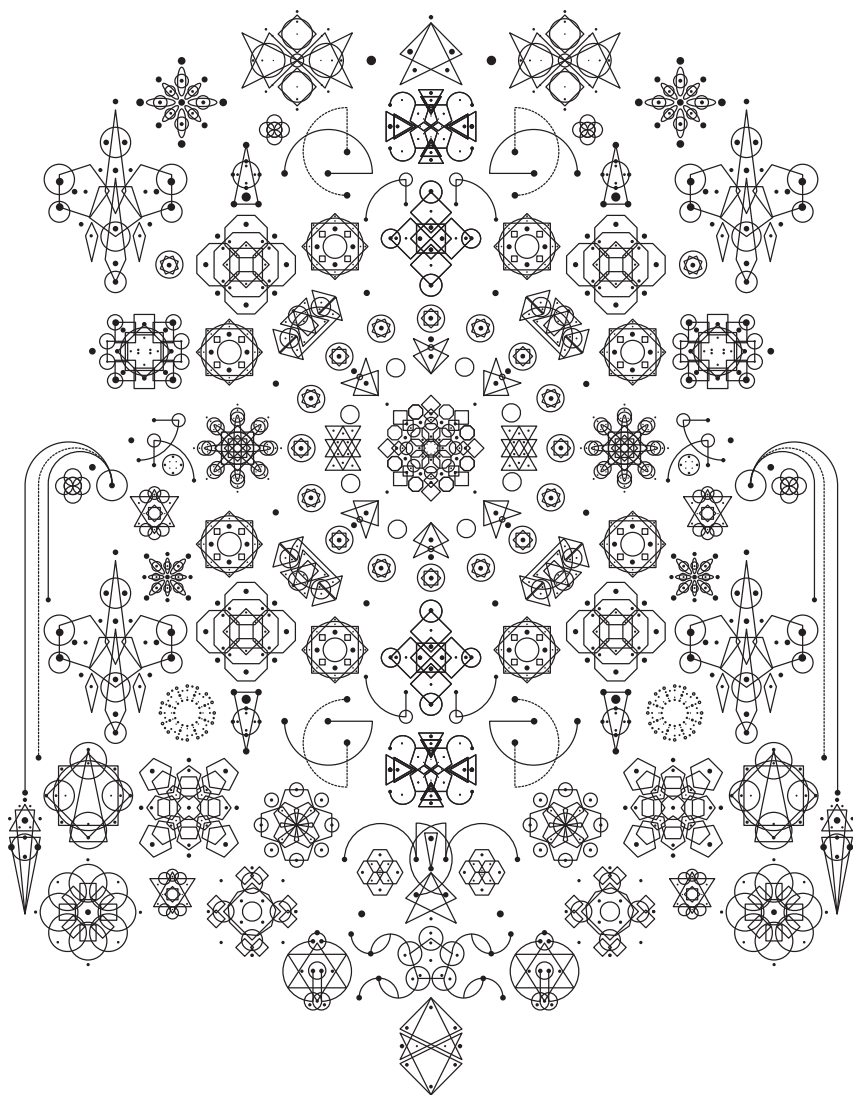
You'll see.

You will cry and you will weep.

And those tears will not be, as they say,  
the urine that pours from your eyes over loss.

Those tears of devotion will be purposeful.  
They will be what teachers have called "nectar".

And as Ajahn Chah said,  
"If you haven't wept deeply,  
you haven't begun to meditate."



ONCE I OPENED MY EYES  
The Society for The Infinite Spark *of* Being

THEY LIED TO YOU

They lied to you.

You are not this body.  
You are in fact a part of every single thing in this universe.

You are the cosmos.  
You gave birth to the stars.

Now if you only knew how infinite you are.

One day you will drop this body and live on,  
and at that time this will all just be a dream you once had.



YOU ARE A PART OF EVERY SINGLE  
THING IN THE UNIVERSE  
The Society for The Infinite Spark *of* Being

WATER AND RAIN

In this dream I was a songwriter and an artist.  
I fell madly in love with you.

Do you remember how hard it was?  
What we went through to find one another?

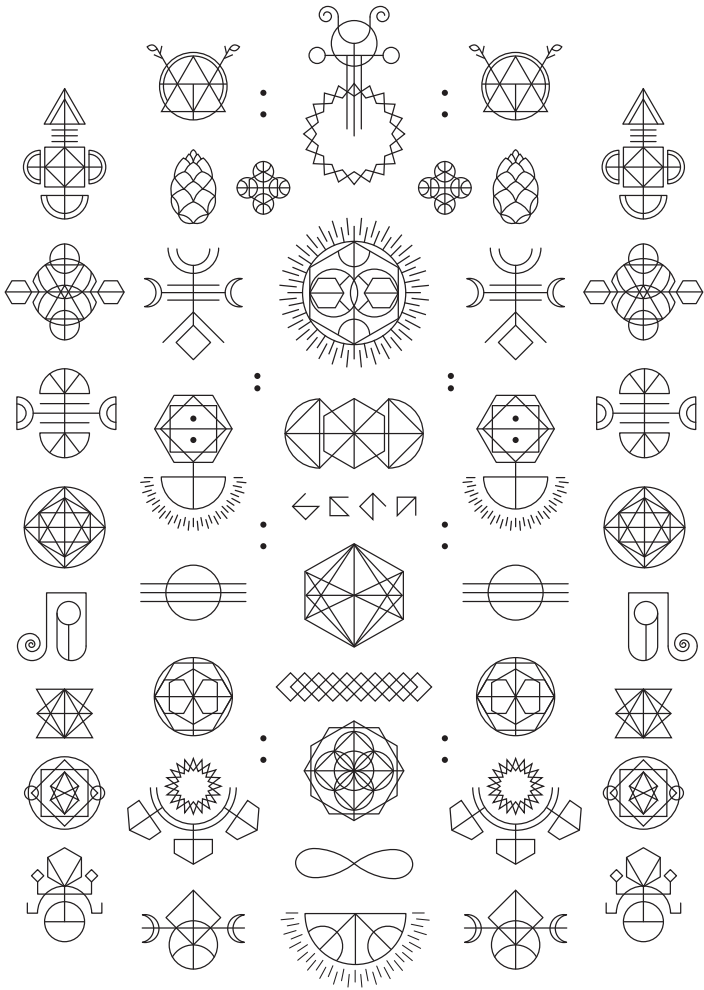
I am always so reluctant to do this over and over again.  
There is always that fear that I won't find you.

Though I always trust the process,  
still there are powerful illusions in this world.  
But none could keep me from you.

At times I feel like I dug through stone with my bare hands to find you.  
Other times I laugh at how perfect it all is, and at the worry  
that I may never lay eyes on you again.

How foolish.

You can't separate water from rain.



GOD IS RELATIVE  
 The Society for The Infinite Spark *of* Being

STAY IN LOVE WITH ALL OF IT

Cry.  
It's ok.

It hurts right now I know.  
Let it.

Let the pain sit with you.

Feel into your body.

A broken heart is felt in the body.  
Hurt feelings are felt in the body.  
A shattered sense of identity is felt in the body.

So go to that part of your body  
and be with it.

Close your eyes,  
put your arms around your broken heart  
and cry.

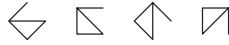
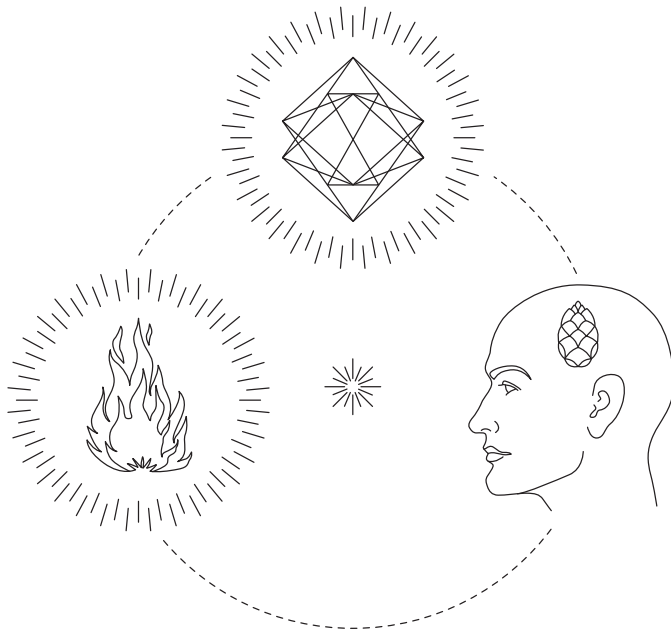
Then realize that you are not that.

Let the tears well up and  
slide down those bright red cheeks.  
And again realize, that you are not that.

When the grief has run its course  
it will let you know.  
And at that point you let it fall away.

Let it slip into the clear white light  
with the rest of your lessons learned.

Part ways with the pain  
right then and there but  
stay in love with all of it.



GOING TOWARD THE SUFFERING  
The Society for The Infinite Spark *of* Being

I SAW THROUGH THE VEIL TODAY

I saw through the veil today.

It was made of tiny pieces  
that looked like dimly lit stars.

That feeling stayed with me  
for several hours.

I was seeing all of this as it is.  
Tiny pieces held together.

I drove through intersections.  
Seeing everything slow and deliberate.  
It no longer looked like chaos to me.  
It was all functioning as it should.

The perfection was unnoticeable  
in the moment as it just felt proper  
and true.

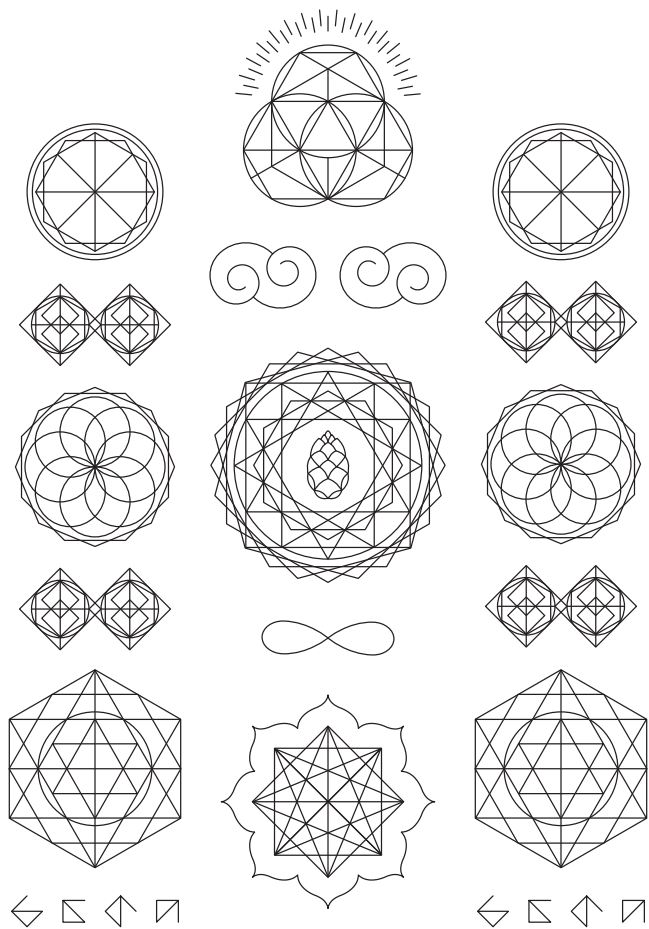
Slowly though the veil closed  
and rather than being left with  
an auspicious vision  
and a feeling of peace,  
I was right back where I started.

I am a Gemini.  
I am a white male.  
I am 40 years old,  
and I live in America.

We can only visit.

We cannot stay there.

Our work is here  
on this plane.



THE MECHANICS OF UNDERSTANDING  
 The Society for The Infinite Spark *of* Being

I WAS GLOWING

There were mountains.  
I remember so vividly.  
These valleys that were green.

I flew over them.

I could see straight down,  
to the tops of the trees.

They brought me to tunnels of light  
where angels lead me.

At least I thought they were angels.

They were white.  
They were glowing bright like stars racing through  
pathways.

Even I was glowing.

They knew me.  
They knew everything about me.  
They had no faces that I could see,  
but I felt like they were smiling.  
They felt childish and wise.

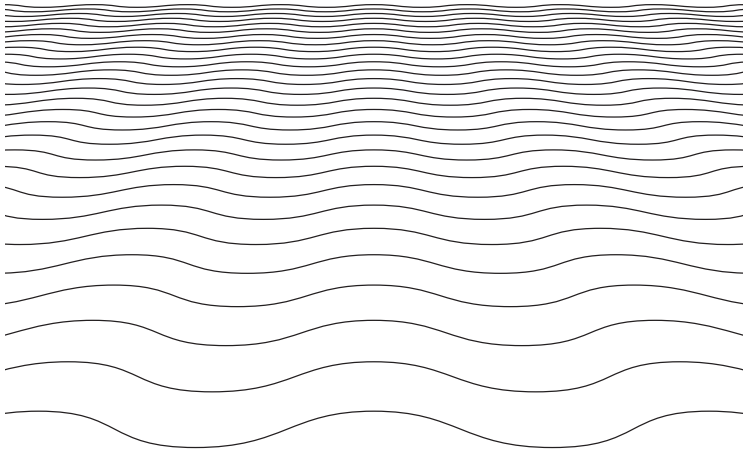
I could cry. If I push I will cry.

I can feel the light  
on my fingers even now.

Elation rises in my throat  
when I think of these things.

There are other dimensions  
made of love.  
There are bright glowing halls.  
Pathways leading to other realms  
where love is unrecognizable as love  
because it is all there is.

You will go,  
and you will forget.  
We all do.  
It's part of our way.  
To be thoughtless.  
To simply pass through beauty,  
and leave it behind.



HOW INFINITE YOU ARE  
The Society for The Infinite Spark *of* Being

YOU WERE ONCE IN LOVE

Some days are spent quiet.  
Staying within that contemplative state  
that I can only visit.

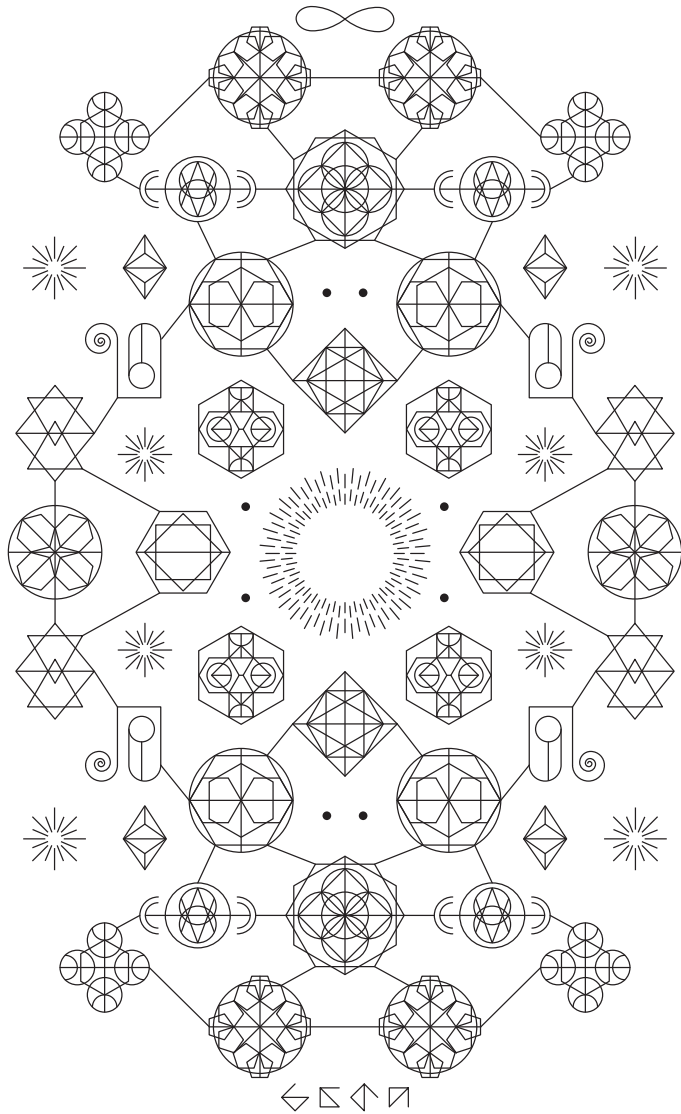
This world awakens my ego  
and rattles my bones.  
It drives its nails through the hearts  
of those brave enough to stare  
at its short comings.  
Brave enough to see it as it is.

Don't run from those fires Sister.  
Let your heart burn.  
Sit in the places you fear the most.  
You are more brave than you know,  
and stronger than you care to admit.

There are no accidents.  
The lessons maybe be harsh,  
and who am I to say, but could this  
pain be another strike of the blacksmith's hammer?  
Forging the blade you will use next time to slice through  
to the center that you may rediscover your Self in time.

Don't close your eyes Brothers.  
Stare straight into the suffering.  
Find the softness and love in those you understand the least.  
They were once children loved by someone that wanted  
the best for them, and at one point you loved them too.  
We have all been everything to one another,  
but we forgot how to love.  
We forgot how to see clearly.

Open your heart.  
Know that you are That.  
Know that they are That.  
There is no other.  
Yes it is fun to play in duality, but please  
when you play rough with one another never forget  
that you were once in love.



FIND YOUR WAY BACK AND DO THIS AGAIN  
The Society for The Infinite Spark *of* Being

WE GO ON FOREVER

We were under a tree  
on the side of a hill.

The sun is bright here.  
Everything is lit  
with golden light.

We wear white and laugh.  
We rest on blankets against hillsides  
where the wind rolls down into  
valleys and fields.

When I am aware of these places  
it's like looking through a veil  
into a world that I remember.

In these places my vision is  
always consumed with light.  
The grass is the brightest green  
and it goes on forever.

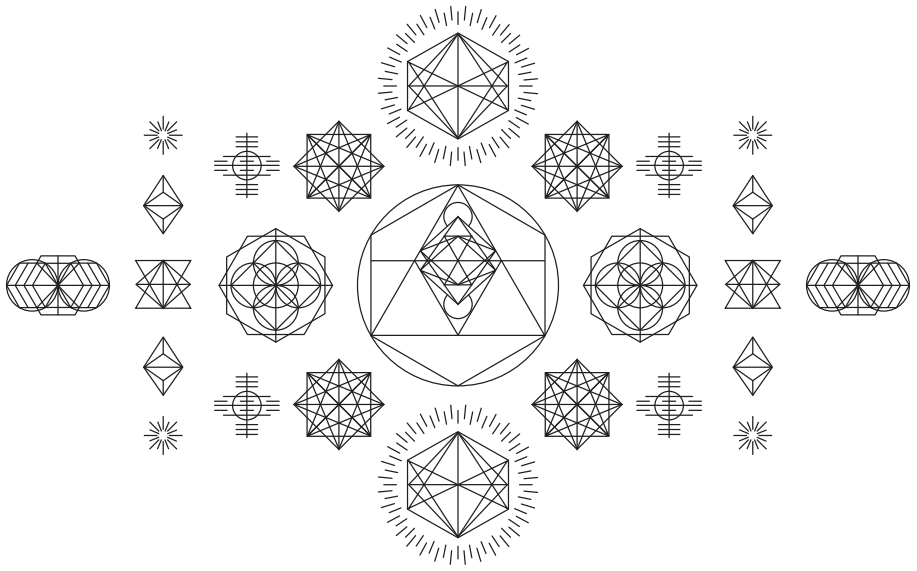
We go on forever.

These places exist along side us.  
Sometimes the veil gets thin, and  
other times it parts completely.

It's like going home.

There is an elation in my throat  
that rushes into my chest.  
I feel home sick for these places  
and hopeful that I will return one day.

I miss you.  
All of you.



AS WE BEGIN OUR EXPANSION  
The Society for The Infinite Spark *of* Being

IF I COULD WORSHIP YOU

I would go there during that golden hour.  
There was a bench along that trail.  
The sun would turn the leaves a golden green.  
I would sit and bask in the still and biting air.  
Where decisions to leave and  
float south were made.  
Promises were made to myself  
and whatever god would listen.  
Mantras mumbled.  
Beads rolling fast in my fingers.

I took you there.

It was like coming full circle.  
Like finally finding a shoreline  
after so many years at sea.

If I could worship you I would.  
If there was a mantra that praised you  
I would recite it constantly.

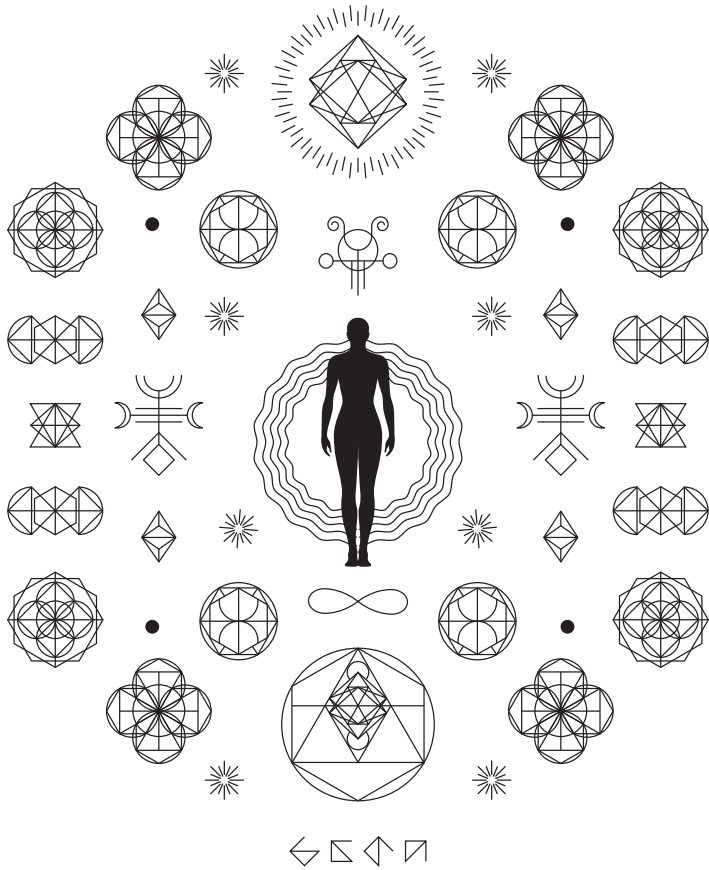
You brought me back.

I was wondering drunk in the dark.

“The path is gone and I can’t find my way home.”

You lit lanterns.  
Not for me, but for yourself.  
I followed your light till we were side by side.  
Fingers intertwined.

I will never let go into the dark again.  
I promise.



FROM NOW ON  
The Society for The Infinite Spark *of* Being





The Agreement is a collection of visionary art and writings spanning topics such as spiritual practice, past life visions, death, love and personal freedom.

The aspiration of this book is to serve as a reminder that You are much more than they said you were. It is not that they are lying to you about your true nature, it is that they just don't know.

