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A correspondence novel
and by Charlie Woram and...

Tammy and infinity

"Hi Tammy how you doen?"

"Hi Charlie-

"Am I interrupting your lunch break power walking it's not an intentional welcome opportunity"

" No problem Charlie it's ok..." Tammy said between a smile and a breath.

"We probably shouldn't be walking together because of peoples ideas. We should stand here that might be more manageable. People prefer stationary while their being suspicious."

"Charlie we can walk back to the Post Office. It's a beautiful day...."

"Yeah Tammy." I looked around. "Tammy are you still doing those aerobics at Mytrue hospital in the morning?"

"Yes I am, Charlie why are you breathing-

"Heavily...I'm a little not in a good shape. I've had better shapes." Tammy is smiling. "But you know I don't think I have a weight problem people my height weighting ninety pounds that's a weight problem."

"Sure...but I'm over weight...." A bird flew bye perched itself carefully on a tree branch and looked at Tammy and Charlie. "Allow me to say Tammy but your one of these beautiful American women who consider five pounds..."

Tammy and I kept walking. Sharing the silence. Walking pleasantly the way they do when they have time on their side. Then Tammy hesitated before she asked.

"Charlie I've got a question don't take it the wrong way?"

"That's interesting Tammy I'm not sure I would know how. I mean I'd have to hear it first. Have you seen Norman Tammy?"

"No Norm hasn't come in for his mail."

"Your not sweating much Tammy did you know one of the reasons we a language is because we developed sophisticated sweat glands. So we didn't have to pant when we talk...Imagine panting and singing"

"Really...?"

"Sure well almost really I'm not sure there's a lot of misinformation out there. But it makes sense. Tammy you were about to ask me a cautious question. I might have interrupted one of us..."

"Right....well you know that guy John Anderson from the Washington Post?" Tammy hesitated. "Is he real?"

"He says he is Tammy..."

"Yeah Tammy? Tammy I need to continue talking if you don't mind. I don't want to risk forgetting myself... yeah right. Tammy remember I told you I want to write you a letter explaining resonant time displacement and the other stuff. I mean ideas"

Tammy hesitated and smiled for no particular reason. It's pretty amazing, beautiful you might say. "I remember kind of Charlie but I don't think I understood it... be careful crossing the street Charlie?"

"Sure your too much Tammy you really know how to hesitate. Somehow you manage hesitating without waiting." Tammy and I cautiously crossed one ninety one towards Main Street . "Well I was saying Tammy this actual conversation right now is the actual beginning of that letter. Which I'm going to go home right now and expand. But not the real beginning because I've....Forget that thought Tammy. Anyway I'm afraid its going to go well past one page. It might become cumbersome Tammy. Maybe not... I've decided to call I the essay if that's what it is... Tammy and Infinity." I looked to either side then back before we crossed Main Street towards the Post Office.

"Tammy and infinity?" Tammy said it better like I would if I could sing. No that thought doesn't make sense. Maybe it will eventually. Tammy has a beautiful voice. Like herself. The credible in incredible.

Tammy shook her head easily while turning the key to the Post Office door. She said absent mindedly. Maybe it was me I mean absent minded because I didn't hear? Tammy turned into the other door and walked behind her cubicle. Tammy's upper body is now framed like a painting. Tammy looked up from her own painting. And smiled an almost audible smile

"Tammy remember a couple of months ago I was standing right there. You were in y our cubicle thing, right." Tammy turned around to face me. I took half a step back remember, I think I did. "I walked in and t I hesitated. I cleared my throat and said. "Tammy are you alone?" You got cautious and practical the way you do. You looked to one side. And then said. "Yes..." I hesitated as much as I could before I said.... "Oh come one give me some credit." I laughed. Tammy laughed softly adding herself to the memory.

Tammy said something, but I couldn't hear enough to say what enough I didn't hear. I jumped startled. The door opened the metal ornaments clanked-arguing against glass. Unnaturally disturbing some sounds are for me. It was time for me to go. I excused myself waving goodbye with most of my hand. I forgot something. It's interesting isn't it you can't prove you forgot. I decided to go home to the Alleged ones, Rosie Dale, Tuxedo and Sweets Alive. And work on Tammy and infinity. I'm going to start again with Dear Tammy. Like a letter. "Yeah that's good." I turned into one ninety one carefully. It's a tricky risky two lane highway. "Dear Tammy intimate and cautious right off from the beginning. Of course the beginning is allready started. With these ideas I might get confusing as we go along. But that happens when risk making sense. Tammy's is

effortless beautiful. I think I'll call Norman when I get home..." I turned into the gravel road and looked for traffic beside myself. "Yep I'm going to begin with Dear Tammy that's how I'm going to begin. Begin already started that's funny...." I turned on the radio. And turned it off. I'll get started like I said like a letter. It's the more feeling way. Which suits me. I hope I don't make too much sense, I mean what's the point. When all is said and undone it's mostly about love so we should be ok. Maybe the funny not funny thing about love is you need someone to love. Do you? Oh well..... Like someone said, it might have been me, if it weren't for love I don't know what I'd be doing. I pulled over to the side on the gravel road. A thought came to me I wanted to write down. I started scribbling.. Any emotion other than love is love denied... That's a good one.... Maybe not. "Sure it is." I looked in the rear view mirror before accelerating away. Listen if could get to know Tammy through these available words. No that's impossible. Not even the possible in impossible. But then again I don't want to be presumptuous... But then again here we ware Tammy and me, where are you. See what I mean about making sense. But even if you were here with us on the way home with me already in the middle of this story I would as a courtesy caution you. Me to for that matter. Well let's continue fortunately already somewhat discontinued...

Dear Tammy,

I am writing this letter Tammy in the interest of clarity. I didn't mean to start so formally. Well not clarity exactly. More like trying to find the clearer voice through which these ideas can be made more understandable. If understanding is the best we can manage... I mean, its not easy. Language has unbelievable limitations. But that's it on un certainty, like I say to people, "Correct me if I'm wrong preferably if I'm right." Each time "I" write someone on this subject new understandings emerge. The garden unfolds as much by seed as intention? Appreciating to understand our primary limit in our effort is not the search itself. But only because we've agreed on those limitations. Don't worry about getting lost it just proves you know where you are...

Everything that happens in the Universe is the result of motion. I mean Tammy the Universe changes. I wish you could interrupt me if...well excetera. I'll do the best I can. And take my chances though I'm not entirely sure what they are. Where was I? When a certain motion occurs a certain energy or result and related sound becomes apparent. The impression of motionless is a form of motion. These words are motion. On the planet earth we alter materials therefore motion to suit our needs. The basic way we measure, try to maintain control and perspective on what we do is through **time**. Time is our hustle. The one concept that best explains our experience with time, the practice that governs all our live is **everything that begins ends**. (While ending). Which is the nature of time. Without the separation of cause and effect or displacement suggested in this ironic process the concept of time would not be possible. Currently all that is material including our lives are

accordingly affected through time. We are born to die while we witness our disintegrating material reality which is a reflection of our ironic relationship with time. The earth people cause what they try to effect. This we know as cause and effect. Sometimes effected as destruction. And as suggested our understanding and practice of death. Please be patient Tammy these new and mysterious idea's will become more clear. Amusing and magical. And potentially "something" for all of us. And beyond. You will meet some new people. And they will be pleased in your company....Can there magic without people? The magic is about us. The magic is us. Much disguised and denied. Cosmic mystery the same. Understand Tammy we cannot respond to what we are not aware of....But we can benefit from what we do not comprehend. Inviting a new awareness we continue. That's rioght we can not inter act to what we are not aware of. But we can benefit in spite of our resistance. Don't worry about the typo's like just before or the numbers inserted sometimes in words. It's unintentional but the inserts do seem to have purpose.

What is very interesting Tammy is that it has been proven that there is no time in the Universe? Therefore we are living out of step with a Universe of which we are a part. Our neighborhood. And a Universe from which we materialized ...Our Cosmic birth seed. We are out of sync with the Cosmos God's Creation. We are therefore out of step with ourselves. Our evolving nei9ghbohood that we experience as through time as dematerializing that is actually a function of disintegration. But again let me repeat with emphasis the Universe is Timeless therefore infinite. The idea, "Everything that begins ends while ending" **is not** a rule the Universe observes. Time as part of the Universe would compromise infinity. Disintegrating or ending without value or direction is the opposite of the infinite Eternal which of course is endless. (The infinite is uninterrupted and continuous or infinity would be invalidated through time).... One question is beautiful in its simplicity.... Since the Universe is infinite or Eternal why aren't we. Of course through various earth religions we believe that upon death we go to Heaven. Not surprisingly the line waiting for this great opportunity is very small. Understandably since we are asked to accept this transition to Heaven on faith rather than evidence. Furthermore virtually everything that happens in our lives on earth that we value confirms our investment in time, which separates life from death and ourselves from the Universe in a very conflicted and often unhappy way: We are born we die. The cause followed by uncertain effect cycle that defines our entire lives is our lives. And as you know everything that we begion we don't always complete. And when completed not always happily. We begin our studies in high school and we are supposed to graduate. We begin a trip and end the journey arriving at our destination. (Sometimes) With this cause and effect cycle comes inconsistency...an incomplete life. And conflict, doubt and potential-pending chaos. Also love, hope and anticipation's better day. Yet without expectation whatever it is we begin might not meet with our expectations, the desired result. (The meal might result in indigestion. Some do not eat. In loving we might not be loved. The girl the young man asks out to dinner and a movie might not say yes. Our trip might result in a flat tire or an accident). And this cause and effect process is framed around our need to influence and control "our" material world through alteration

which when all is said and done means changing God's Creation to suit our tentative disintegrating often unhappy needs. Sure not all that happens on this planet is bad, but the bad has to be factored. Time is the earth peoples hustle. We came up with time. Not fully appreciating the implications. Time and effect through time became time and defect. Because everything we experience through time, including ourselves culminates as a disposable juncture, a purposeless event.

I should have already pointed out Tammy. I'm troubled by order. Actually distracted. An essay or manuscript that is grammatically the way its supposed to be. No spelling mistakes. Like I said unnatural. Add a spaghetti stain on the side with a mysterious phone number, suits me. Also it's a matter of flow. The numbers inserted in words, the out of somewhere extra "i"s and "o"s...there not intentional. Like I said flow. I'll mention-clarify this later Tammy. I hope your having one of those good days.

Again Tammy there is no Time in the Universe, the practical experience in the Universe is an infinite one. There is no cause and effect in time as we apply and understand the Universe. If there were infinity would become separated and infinity would no longer be.... Infinity is continuous; infinity cannot be interrupted, separated, fragmented without compromising infinity. (Infinity is inescapably continuous). Indeed when infinity is compromised (separated or fragmented) you've probably introduced time to the Universe. Because the separation creates a result, when the result is realized the separation is over...it's in the past. You have the essence of time... causing a beginning that will be effected as an ending in our material world. You end up with a Universe that like our lives will end, a conflicted-disintegrating "disappearing" Universe not an Eternal one. But as we have offered the Universe is continuous uninterrupted... Eternally infinite without the separation of death or disintegration as we know it. And because the Universe can not be interrupted from itself there can be no disintegrating conflict in the Universe, no uncertainty. Everything has purpose. God is and as such is so.... Everything conceivable-expressible in and through the Universe is purpose. Can we separated from "deny" the Universe source. Can God be separated from God's Creation? We have proven that the answer is yes. But have we really? Let's continue this search, it's nice to have you with us. I mean the accompaniment of this writing. Very nice actually. A little meter if you don't mind Tammy.... The Universe is inescapably continuous. What escape is death. What grave mourns life. Do you like poetry Tammy?

Right where wasn't I? Time and the related separations and conflicts appear to be a human design requiring a human witness and control. In the Universe the mail always arrives on time. On the planet earth the mail is sometimes late. You can get someone else's letter. And you can be bumped into by Gail whose returning a package sent to the wrong address because Charlie was at the Post Office talking to Tammy as he incorrectly addressed the package to himself instead of his dear friend Norman. Right... life on the planet earth is uncertain, potentially very confusing, but how necessary are these inconsistencies (these obstacles) reflective of time particularly because these burdens appear to be of our own making since they don't occur in the Universe. No doubt some irony will always explain the human experience, the unpredictable is in essential to the human

form, the question is how much. Must we suffer, anticipate suffering, witness the unbearable pain of others and then die to prove our relevance?

Obstacles based on flawed perceptions. Tammy this is interesting.... The distracting, depleting irony of time in our daily experience is suggested in our language. “We have to be on time...Do you have the time....I am late....She ran out of time.... He has good timing....Their always on time....She gave him the time....He’s always late.... Am I early?....Don’t be late.... Better late than never....Wish I had the time....Sorry I am late....Left behind by time What time is it Tammy?....I wish I had the time....Isn’t time funny.... I’ll never forgive her if she’s late....When did he die....Don’t be late again...We’ve been left behind by time.... He have her the time...There isn’t any time left...If I were any earlier I’d be late...He ran out of time...Where is she if she’s not here on time....lost in time....the planet that time forgot....The list continues. Maybe you can think of some more. But you can see we have immersed ourselves in time. The space of ourselves has become interchangeable with time. (The idea of experiencing ourselves and the environment in some other way than through our union of time and material is inconceivable to us). Until we relinquish our space in time which we know as dieing. The basic way we manage the interchange between time and all the material around us is by altering everything we encounter to satisfy our investment in time. We have come to accept that it is the most basic nature of all material to disintegrate including ourselves. So we thought it made sense to go around altering God’s Creation since disintegration is what material is supposed to do. One of the most severe ways that we alter God’s Creation is by killing other human beings. Sometimes we congratulate ourselves when we do....Very curious very sad. And unnecessary. If you agree. What’s the point of our going separate ways if we were confused by our separation before we’ve just started? Do all questions suggest an answer, let’s continue. What other choice, continuing is the way of life? Is continuing as we do the only way? Particularly when continuing isn’t currently possible unless we actively acknowledge discontinuing. Must two be separate that both be apart, each the exclusion of the other? You already know Tammy I’m not someone you should ask directions from, even if you know where you are...

A little more of the logic if you don’t mind. First if I may interrupt.... One of the basic ways we separate ourselves from our Cosmic selves is through intelligence. I mean when we were little children a complete stranger, actually an incomplete stranger, gave us a test that decided our intelligence. An intelligence concept or idea that predates our birth, curious. And part of the test is the decision that our intelligence would not vary for the rest of our lives but maybe a few points. Not only is there a direct separation from the Universe but from each other making the separation much worse. Because you can only be smart if someone else is smarter than you and you are smarter than someone else. Unbelievable where do you go to hide if your already missing. (The anagram for intelligent is...tell it to the gene. The anagram for genius...I us in the gene. Meaning God of course). You notice a guy goes up to a girl and politely says. “You wrote this short story wow you’re a genius.” Isn’t that curious the young man understands it as well as the young lady who wrote it and he’s stuck with smart

and she's moving along on genius. But there both smiling smelling the same flower. It's tricky on this planet I bet I don't have to tell you. If one person says to another mysterious person. "Your not too smart." The response should be, "Thanks but I'll pass on your offer." If someone comes up to you and says, "Wow you're a genius." Tell them, "I don't let folks to put limitations on me." I mean I'm just making a point. It's not easy on this planet, but I have to say some people seem to specialize on making it worse. Where was I, right if you don't mind a little more logic... Time is a displacement between two points or locations. (Everything has to have a location right?) Consequently while we live in and through time everything has to be separate and separating or time can not be experienced. And obviously time is very important to us. It's very curious... it is through our idea of time we try to create order. The way we organize ourselves each other. Given the potential confusion, the pain and inconsistencies in our lives time we decided along the way is possibly not the best way to effect order. But is it the only way is it the best way? Remember we live in a Universe that is timeless? A couple questions might be interesting to wonder about. How does the Universe create order if not in time? How was the Universe created if not through time.... If there is another way other than time that is less disruptive can we embrace that way into our lives? And I think it might be interesting to try to figure out how time got started on this planet. Understand how revolutionary this idea might be if we can experience a reality in some way other than through time. We are functionally and materially walking into the world of the Eternal. We would change. The way of being ourselves. Alone and with each other. Our technology changes. Our experience in language and perception changes because currently our language like our lives are based on separation and inconsistency. It is also through language and mathematics that we separate ourselves from our Cosmic neighborhood. We have quite a language which it seems at times can be described as... yes is no and maybe isn't. Our way of language is compatible with the basic uncertainty of time we know as past, present and future.... If we solve the riddle of time for something better. I'm sure for people who are nostalgic there can always be amusement parks. Where people can be late. Get lost. Never arrive. Wait for your buddy whose not going to show up. I was just wondering Tammy how can you be late and not get stuck in the past. Anyway.... Some of these activities are going to continue because we are creatures of form and we function by relocating. Getting from one place to another. And of course since we've already learned how to effect and hustle time we could presumably revert back to time whenever we wanted for some of the wonderful time experiences. Like being late to class. Kissing your girl friend for a long time. Over sleeping and sure our time sports. But I wonder what kind of sport we would have without time? The question again is can we relocate, function and de materialize (other materialize) in some way other than through the incredible irony and inconsistency of time. But let's not get ahead of ourselves we don't want to risk making too much sense. Since were still moving along in time. Tammy if our confused by any of these ideas that's great, I mean what's the point of understanding if whatever we come up with including our lives is temporary. Understanding is temporary. If the Universe is temporary like some people believe, death must also be temporary. I've felt years Tammy there must be a better way to end your life

than dieing. Let's say it one more time if the Universe is Eternal why aren't we? I mean whiloe alive. I'm convinced we missed something. Maybe one or two of our earliest observation more like ideas that eventually we and our ancestors built our lives on were simply wrong. Tammy I'd like to explain "I" might repeat myself somehow. Assuming that's really possible. I'm distracted and I can get confused between these words, our conversations and other essays. And also as you know I enjoy talking to you in the presence of your absence. Excuse me I meant in the presence of our absence.

Again there is really only one abiding question in our correspo9ndence... can our sometimes confusing- threatened experience be joined advantageously with the Universe that does not experience these burdens and inconsistencies through our time deal. Possibly experiences them differently more harmonically. More evenly with less upset. A Universe whose results are not so uncertain. Understanding Tammy if a given experience is not conflicted or confused on this planet at any given moment it might become so. (Remember much of our experience on the planet earth is a result of ideas we have adapted and practice... most of these ideas and perceptions seem to come out of the idea of time. We have accepted these ideas, we alter nature accordingly and define- experience our lives through these artificial conceptions reinforced by our rules that again are not the way of the Universe. Very simply we've misperceived-we miscalculated our material reality.... Which of course is how we live. Avoiding mistakes we create. Our perceptions and the practices that result from our most basic observations or perceptions are flawed. Our lives are proof The lives we have created through these perceptions do not have to be so pained, conflicted and uncertain. We can be more in harmony with the rules of the Universe, the very rules from which the planet earth emerged many years ago. Our lives cannot be perfect, but our existence does not have to be nearly as suffered, desperate, dangerous or potentially so. "I" might be wrong. But you know how it goes on this planet that only means "I" might be right. Right Tammy I should mention please feel free to enjoy your confusion about all these ideas. I know people prefer being right, understanding and getting what they want. But remember were wandering into another world. Getting directions to a place that doesn't accept direction the way we share them... wouldn't make any sense. Remember everything we once knew we once didn't know. But were going to be going a little bit further than now knowing because how we know might shift a little bit, along with the things we observe, how we observe them. I can't help but think of Alice in Wonderland and that Cheshire cat. Sounds incredible right, well it's the credible in incredible. One of the most exciting theories in physics know argues, "everything is material except time." Everything is material includes you, me, memories, Alice, death, myths, ghosts... well everything. All non-existent means is that we don't where something is, in other words non existent doesn't mean non-material. How about non material? Is non-material material or non-material. Well that's one of the tricks we've taught ourselves. You see the Universe like ourselves is separating, dematerializing, but we've taken it a step further, if further is the word, we've created a reality that is not only non-material but disposable. Disposable disintegration. We've created a way of dealing with ideas, materials, experiences that eventually

disappear without value, without direction, without any purpose at all. And in an Eternal Universe that's not possible. Eternal and infinite means everything continues always. Sure things change, but they continue...

Please understand carefully what we are discussing isn't science fiction or taking a nice walk along the avenue of "maybe" and "what could have been." We are trying to lift the veil from the Universe which has distorted our view for thousands of years. We are coming home. Changes will result. Literally beyond measurement, beyond the expression of language but not beyond our experience. And valuation. We sleep as our dreams. And miracles do not have to be explained to us. Nor do we have to be explained to miracles. Yet we have to explain our lives to each other and ourselves. Human beings always created the burdens they resisted by carrying. Very curious. But nothing wrong with curious. Nothing at all.

We live as we do experiencing ourselves through the endless irony of time. We organize ourselves through time. We deny ourselves through time because time has a past and a future. And we can't be in those two locations at once. Currently without time we would not be able to function. Appreciating the ultimate time perspective in our lives is death. From the moment of our births our lives are influenced-defined because we are going to die. Whatever beautiful can be said about death if you die before breakfast you will be late for lunch. Death is an interruption the exact nature of which is difficult to assess. Hard to know the flavor without the taste. **Remember like the near of everything else our feelings and practices about death are based on perceptions of time that are inaccurate therefore our understanding of death is incomplete....** Not sympathetic-reflective of our Cosmic roots. The words again Tammy that should be turned into a song, if the Universe is infinite and Eternal why aren't we. And the answer is of course we are, but let's not get ahead of ourselves. We live in a world of maybe. Gail is still on the road... Again we are discussing earthly rules and practices based on our perceptions that are incorrect. So basic is the idea of us being wrong that we can't be right without the possibility of being in error. This formula even extends to our capacity for progress, our need to grow, research and learn. This evolving dynamic speaks to how we grow, how we learn and how we remember. Progress is based on invalidating current success. We are at our potential best if we are invalidated. Incredible isn't it we have to acknowledge failure in order to succeed. And our success our temporary. But so are our failures. But it's ok we say because it will get better and it could have been worse. Really? (Again we are only valid if eventually we will be invalidated). Acknowledging that the basis of progress is that what we valued as important and necessary thirty years ago today is no longer necessary and we might view and experience as inadequate or pointless. Currently one of our defining premises is that we can reach our truest potential unless we risk being wrong., risk failure, risk disaster. When you think about it's not the greatest of deals. Not only will we have to wait to attain that status, but others might be wrong along with us. And the strangest part of right and wrong is that when we're right the results might be terrible, even much worse than if we had been wrong. Over the long term being right is just the temporary wrong of ourselves because of the uncertainty in results, because of our idea of progress, our altering dematerializing material reality and our

investment in death... In credible no not the best way to run a candy store. Our extra terrestrial neighbors must politely be trying not to laugh. If these new revolutionary insights work out Tammy your and my brother Tony's and my sister Terry's great grand children might be buying their candies at an inter galactic candy store. But before these wonderful adventures can evolve... our perceptions, our understandings also the way we go about attaining-developing our perceptions has to change in very dramatic and simple ways. Understanding as mentioned the two basic methods we rely on to separate ourselves (and maintain the separation) from the benefits of our Cosmic roots is through the process of language and mathematics. (This irony of expression is probably a reflection of our initial misperceptions which evolved into language and mathematics.

Understandable since the initial perceptions were made by our nice ancestors who could not read and write, but their perceptions-observations based on their busy lives as hunters lead inescapably to our more involved forms of expressions like writing, mathematics-eventually computers. Human beings do you agree are very good at learning, keeping our story going, but were not good at all at unlearning)... Tammy don't concern yourself if you don't understand an idea, it might mean I did not express it well, the idea might not be a good one or you might have the better idea that eventually you will share with us. Also it might mean I don't understand, but think I do so explaining it becomes curious... I'm trying to say lets leave behind whose right and whose wrong. Let's move along guided by on some shade of right and good. That way be the way none of us has to be wrong, we cut down on the causalities. No one gets a parking ticket on the rest of this journey.... Also let's not be to severe on ourselves, sure progress is based on eventual invalidation. But each improvement, each success speaks to our determination and brings us closer and closer to the best of ourselves getting better. Shows also we care and were gutsy... You know those spelling bee's Tammy don't you think those kids should get credit for a misspelling. Particularly a good one. All that excitement and panic. Cheese and crackers, a fruit bowl might help. I remember what President Jackson supposedly once said my brother in law Miles told me. "It's a pretty limited man who can only spell a word one way."

The anagram for laughter is....All gather true. I'll get to what an anagram means later if you don't mind. Interestingly Tammy the separation from the Cosmos is much less so through music. Unlike mathematics and language which requires the cause and effect of continuous alteration based on interpretation-translation music does not...music appears to be it's own response. Meaning we don't have to alter or translate music in order to experience these sounds. Sound appears to be ageless. Are we getting ahead of ourselves again? Can we if were always behind. And the future doesn't materially exists. I understand we get the impression the future does exist because we make plans and they often happen. But just because we've made plans for the future and they happen, it doesn't mean that they occurred until they do. Unless of course we have left time behind and moved on to the rule of the Cosmos where there is no present that evolved from a past that is defined on what might happen in the future.... It doesn't mean through timelessness all life forms including trees and planets don't improve in the God's Universe, just differently, Eternally. Maybe if we need to think in

term of time, its more like the future of the future, leaving no one or anything behind. Not dematerializing but other materializing Not displacement of the Eternal, not conflict and interruption, but more like “refining.” Don’t be upset if your confused it just might mean your leaving yourself behind which to a large extent is invariably somebody else’s idea. Like intelligence is assigned to us be somebody else. I think you’ll come to realize that’s one of the funnier deals that we get delivered to....If it weren’t for smiling and laughter we wouldn’t understand our prayers, well maybe not our prayers but our progress. But let’s not to get too eager about how unsure we’ve been, how uncertain; I mean there a lot of mysterious out there. What got me thinking, reminding me about how we really haven’t done that bad is the poster “I” saw at Lewis and Clark Junior high school. “Music is applied mathematics.” Those the words on the wall. Sure we don’t always figure out completely, sometimes we rally screw up, but we leave a trail of hints behind for others to follow. And we can always go back ourselves. And do a little shucks and awe. Of course there one other thought, well thought explains the “presence” incompletely in the extreme. I’m talking about God. Do you agree? Sure you talk to enough people and someone is going to say, “there’s no God.” Well the response is how can you deny what you just identified. I have to be careful I don’t want to make too much sense, it’s not my style. More like not having a choice...

We can know what our lives might be like as residents of the Milky Way if we have a clearer appreciation of God’s celestial neighborhood. Presently we live through the irony of our contrivance time (as galactic beings) our experience would be determined not by time but more like by the Light. What’s the difference? The Light is sympathetic with infinity. Whereas our timely routine in Iowa is one of process, of sequence...one event after another successful or not... conflicted as such. The light is not an issue of process, but of presence. Ever presence. (A series of interrupted events would compromise infinity therefore the Light). The material of infinity is the Light. Action that is not sequential is more in the nature of spontaneous. Presence not process.. a spontaneous Universe not interrupted and sequential, therefore the infinite Light. Everywhere at once now harmonically-beautiful. You can only wait ironically in time. Otherwise you have the beginning of separation (in the end you can only separate from your life-yourself) and you begin to lose infinity again in the favor of the cause and effect of time. **In different language the Light is all embracing, all-inclusive and unbordered.** You might like to read that last sentence again. Like a sop sign you just drove past looking over your shoulder hoping the nice cop isn’t parked behind the tree. We are talking about something more in the nature of God’s uninterrupted love than our own application in time irony and displacement....What does living in the Light mean? Well the difference is unbelievable and almost obvious both in substance and application. Living as a resident of the Light there can be no conflict or suffering, as we know , these experiences would be more harmonic much less uncertain, less interrupting. We would love our neighbors. At the very least perhaps ask our neighbors for help when we didn’t have enough love to share. When loving is easy loving is easy, when loving is hard loving is best...

These new conceptions would become potentially the most evident in our education, our medicine, our technology. Obviously our relationship with God would change dramatically. And therefore God's relationship with ourselves.... Please appreciate Tammy choice still defines our lives, but we would have a completely different perspective or option, our choices would not be so limited defined through uncertainty . And influenced as being potentially wrong. And whether right or wrong I result eventually the consequence is disintegration. Again please I must repeat, I don't want to unsettle or disappoint anyone clearly when someone does not want to be Light benefiting and expressive, through choice they could revert to the chaos of time displacement. You don't have to miss your next bloody nose. **(Like we said before currently we cannot choose what we are not aware of.... And it's that choice we are discussing- becoming Light affluent)**. Our existence changes dramatically when death as the decay of our bodies becomes a different more nurturing experience. It's a bit curious isn't it, one of God's gifts to us we dispose of when we die. Sure in a nice polite way, but still we reach a juncture when the body reaches a dead end, the body no longer has any use. Were done. Well "I" don't think God creates anything that's disposable. And "I" don't think to wonder that Gods ever done. Disposable and done is our deal. Not only do we die and get done and disposable, but we can die at anytime. And then there's the killing, but that's another story, except to say that killing and dieing have even less in common than dieing and living have with each other right now. But we'll pick up on that later. I get a little excited and upset around our killing deal. No deal at all, actually. Back to not being able to choose what your not aware of, well because you can deny the Light it doesn't mean the Light will deny you. But there's the issue of the darkness? Sure in an infinite Eternal Universe there's no death, disposable and otherwise, but there is extinction. Those two points let's pick up on them later if its all right with you the rest of you don't mind. But before we leave the darkness behind for awhile, it is a choice to deny the Light presence in favor of the darkness. Jimmy advises to make these paragraphs shorter so let's jump to the next one. But Jimmy wants to alter everything except himself.

Interestingly Tammy we are born attuned to the Light. We are incapable of language, of choice, we cannot deny others...the basic ways through which eventually "we will learn" how to frustrate or separate ourselves from the Light... our births expression. Interestingly as new born babies we are responsive to music, even before we get into language. Also upon birth we have no awareness of death. Intriguingly, this is a real big also, our relationship with God is not based on somebody else's instruction but on our essential self. Your God Light awareness. Our relationship with God is one of Being. We are born without language, without a capacity for choice. No awareness of death, no assigned intelligence and without the cause and effect hustle. Well maybe a little bit of the cause and effect deal, but not cause and defect based on the nasty things we can do to each other and ourselves. We are born Light affluent. We are not involved with time. And once born as you know Tammy we begin to acquire the instruction we need in order to compromise our bond with the Cosmos...our birthright, our divinity. We don't mean to but we do. We are not given a choice. We are taught by others who

were taught the same. We are taught as children what our parents and neighbors were taught as children. Let's please understand I'm not saying people are bad. People are as they are. And we can only choose based on the choices that are available to us. We can not choose what we are not aware of. "I" might also point out Tammy when we are born we are not aware of our time linear reality... We are taught that awareness.... It is fascinating Tammy these qualities or conditions, no assigned intelligence, no death hustle, no ideas of time, no cause and defect.... No language also explain our status once we are presumably dead. Right "I" did say presumably... With the likely exception...awareness of death. But what does all this exactly mean? Well get to that later in a convincing way. Not only words only but application. I'm talking the magic is afoot. Light up the dance floor.

How can this transformation in our medicine, our transportation, our language and spirituality be realized? I know this sounds presumptuous, very. But maybe it will help if you think of these ideas like their from one of those animation stories. You know when like people can get like a stand in...a substitute. Where were we, right believe it or not. Tammy the answer is through sound. Not the sounds that we are accustomed to. And the way that we are accustomed to experiencing sound.... Again the basic ways that we affect time displacement in our lives is through language and mathematics. Both of which are process or sequential...one word leads to another and another. It is through language and mathematics that we have been interpreting-altering Creation to satisfy the time irony of ourselves. We are talking about harmonic sounds. Interestingly like listening to a favorite melody... music (at this point) is the one cause and effect experience as mentioned before that we do not assume through altering, interpreting, translating what we simply experience because we are.... Music as we whispered before it seems is the cause of it's own effect. We don't have to displace music...in this sense music is celestial; music is Cosmic. Needing no conscious effort on our parts to assimilate. Music is not ironic to itself, not separating or separated and in this way not conflicted. Since music does not abide from the basic rules of linear time displacements its reasonable to conclude that music is an issuance of the Light, the infinite Eternal. Though I'm sure the essence of music sounds we do alter in any number of ways, but once its played its music. (The idealized harmony of ourselves). And interestingly Tammy we sometimes dance involuntarily, without choice. I mean people just seem to let go....Right let's continue. Wander and wonder. Another element of sound will lead us to where we need to go to understand and apply new breakthroughs. This element is the sound of silence. Which amazingly shares similar qualities to the Light. Silence is all-inclusive, without border (therefore without form) and silence is all embracing. And also like the Light once silence is engaged through our usual methods this sound status becomes other than itself, no longer silent. We therefore not only need new ideas but we need new methods, new understandings which we've already begun to discuss. New methods and ideas to incorporate the (Light silence) particularly since this new arena is not only without form as we experience, but also does not realize itself through sequential process...meaning increments, one step after another. How can form react or cause a reaction from a presence of being that is without at least the potential for casual form. And we will go one step further which we have

already suggested in the previous sentence, how can life forms that thrive and define themselves through time (ourselves of course) interact with other material forms that live in timelessness. Don't ask for direction if you don't know the language, right? But actually it's not going to be that hard. We are entering a non-casual, no cause and effect or at least very different cause and effect world which amongst other things is a world without duality based on exclusionary opposition where something gets left behind disposable, done and no good. Good because good can disappear by becoming bad, disease verses cure, life defined through a nowhere dead end death. (When we mention death Tammy were talking about not just the death of human beings as you know on this planet presently all life forms get caught up on the disposable death deal including butterflies, trees, humming birds, rivers and glaciers). In an all embracing, no dead end Universe, you can never really get lost. Because you are always where you are. Which is everywhere. Infinity at a glance. A world without displacement or separation, therefore of course not "death" as we know it. A non-linear world therefore a world without distance. Earth science would be completely different because in this reality there is no need for measurement which currently is the basis of our sciences. Measurements or increments are separations ,right? Can people of form and choice live in such a world? Yes and no. Jimmy John a nice friend around money Jim might get a little confused... first because the only one he'd be able to borrow money from is yourself. And if he didn't pay himself back Jim would always be broke. Which of course would be very upsetting since that is why he's borrowing, though not necessarily confusing since Jimmy John a businessman. I'm not being almost funny. I'm not entirely sure, but I almost think that a businessman is a person who creates need where there might be none and then satisfies himself fulfilling it on credit. Please excuse the modest attempt at humor. We will come back to this new world. And see what we return with? We will meet some incredible earth people along the way Dr. Daughton, you've almost met Tammy, Curtis Slama, Buckminster Fuller the other one. Wendolynn, Katarine, George and Mildred, Carl, the alleged ones, mysteriously people called public figures). Sure Carl again and Louie for good and different reasons. Rosie, Tuxedo and Sweets Alive. And of course you which is one of the mysterious reasons why we have a good chance of getting to where3 were going. Maybe the only good reason. Understanding to comprehend we are writing and reading (which are two of our displacements) we are also delving into the Light where we can not be lost, be missing or left behind. We are politely getting ready wandering into Cosmos.

But you know how humans are they must either proof otherwise or they begin to agree with each other either way...our the potential for chaos is pretty high sometimes very. But one more time. Remember you can't choose something that your not aware of...is that true? So let's get aware. What is the proof of the Light in our daily lives in and new scientific insights? Appreciate please Tammy the sensations I'm about to describe are not caused or derived from another human or a machine. (Or even a body of knowledge that exists yet these realizations or awareness's become knowledge)... For this reason and other we can assume they are Light origin. These are realizations or sensations that are not cause and effect, not linear therefore spontaneous. The

sensation occurrences are: Precognition, luck, miracles, coincidence, divine intervention, answered prayers, xenology, sleep, placebo, the silence of your birth and the silence of your death in short meaning you. In case your wondering what xenology means well that's when a child goes to sleep and wakes up fluent in a language they never studied. And also other conceptions currently no doubt suppressed through our practiced perceptions. And let us not forget two other avenues of the Light, our birth and the presumption of our death. "I" know I might get a little repetitive. But you really can't knock on the same door twice... Also there are other sensations-realizations that we will pick up on up ahead. The horizon right what else? The horizon of ourselves. Acknowledging to understand that everything we experience today was once predated by the materializing of the planet earth or we wouldn't be able to experience... Tammy and her family, Tammy's shoes, the trees, the idea of baseball, words, our capacity for words, our potentials everything. In a different form, but the same, because in the Light a potential fact and the fact itself are one and the same or displacement- cause and effect would be at play. But an important point right now we experience this Cosmic God material in a displaced, ironic sometimes conflicted manner. The migraine headaches, the whiskey well at least after the first round, the car accidents are ours. Linear cause and effect experienced are measured through the disintegrating of time displacement. (This will be made clearer). Interestingly also these non-casual Light realizations like luck, coincidence, miracles are not reciprocal, meaning the moment we experience them we begin to displace-fragment them through language, through doubt and our not really understanding. And all our conflicts and misunderstandings. (Ignorance our dear friend and fellow traveler George Bisacca points out evolves from the idea of ignoring not the silly idea of stupid. Which is another one of our displacing trick or treats well get into more later. I mean with results, not more words but with results). Reciprocal meaning we can use or experience these phenomena as we do our current method of language. Because our lives are essentially a displacement of the Light. Our spirituality makes that argument. You must die to go to Heaven. What are the scientific breakthroughs? I should interrupt myself and sayi9g something about the innocent and privacy. Meaning mentioning peoples names. But I don't know what people have to do to make them innocent or anything else. And as far as I can know to remember I have permission to write about them...

I must begin by explaining Tammy when I speak of science my sense is more of spirit than contrived scholarship even though I will mention new scientific efforts. God is not limited to a Holy book, the Holy Temples, but God resides everywhere. As everywhere. All of us we are one choice away from bliss. Don't get upset unless you have to of course, but the Bible, The Koran all the other Holy documents are very important but not as important as you. The Koran, the Holy Bible and all other Holy documents were written by humans. Also they were written in time, though language, based on a cause and effect understanding of the world. But not the Universe. Whereas you are God's child. The same is true about the trees, the rivers and our cousins the elephants. Maybe important wasn't the best word, but you get the idea don't you? Not to say the Holy documents, the incredible God determined individuals written about and the religions that grew out of their

experiences aren't significant, of course there significant because these accounts are about God, our trying to better understand God and ourselves. I mean if you were to pick one reason why were still around and trying to do better, be more loving and less dangerous its because of our religions, our getting together in one way or another needing to know more about our relationship with God the Creator of the Universe. (Where wasn't I?).... Yes one of the most exciting new fields of physics is The Super String Theory. Scientists believe that through this theory we will be able to arrive at one formula through which we will be able to explain and eventually express the entire material world. This theory is known as GUT... Grand unified theory.... Or TOE the theory of everything. This theory expresses three ideas. (1). Time is the only non-material in the Universe. (2). They are no longer 4 dimensions but 29. (A dimension is defined, "as a directional extension into space a property of space). (3). And below the subatomic world is **a world reality of sound**. Yes more fundamental than your DNA Tammy is that you are a unique sound. More profound than your molecular form, therefore Cosmically connected as a sound is your unique DNAsound. Your Godsoulprint. A presence activity we are rarely in communion with. And even more rarely if ever (except for sleep) intentionally or consciously. Not unlike perhaps the sound of silence we were discussing that has so much in common with the Light. God's Light. A sound through which we can connect with the spontaneous infinite and un conflicted Light to profoundly improve our lives through spontaneous medicine, new concepts of transportation, new minimum ably displacing technology, computers, art, music, recreation. A whole new world all approaching spontaneity, an idealized consistency. But friend I must interrupt this mysterious correspondence. "I" had expected to be the brief of a couple of pages. But (I've) broken into a song and tap dance. (I) will stop to continue. Writing you, trying to explain, is an inspiration. A lady from Church called me after she moved down south a few months ago. I wrote this lovely lady and expressed "the idea" that the person your writing has as much to do with what you're writing as you do. I never heard from the beautiful woman again. But yes in the Light these ideas are as much yours in the reading as they are mine in the writing. It's more correct to say ours in the sharing as ours in the expressing. But new ideas should be introduced calmly or politely. As opposed to get out of the way give me all the credit these are my jelly beans. Do you agree motive (the choices we make) is very important in the Light, because what were talking about is our divinity (our relationship with God actually our engaging relationship with God). While we are a function and study of form, meaning having a body, we can't be like the Light all inclusive un bordered (form has and is about borders)...we are limited to trying to make the right choices. But we all have a pretty good idea. We know the difference between good and bad. Also "I" realized you can't give up the entire of your form and not come up short. Appreciating that we are beings of form, but we can experience a more wonderful Cosmic reality. But let's not get too carried away even standing still we are functionally displaced and displacing form. Our hearts beat, our lungs expand-contract, our brains must engage what our eyes see in part based on our education in order to be aware. And there's the pizza and six pack floating around different stages of our bodies. And its impossible to forget, the pretty young girl or guy

sitting two rows down. Not only are we beings of displacing form, but we need each other in the most basic and wonderful ways. Your Mom and Dad becoming pregnant. And there you are trying not to look at the young lady two rows down. But let's not risk making too much sense since we can only be right by being wrong. Tammy and the rest of you thanks you for your company. Your companionship, your accompaniment is as real as God. Of course.... Reaching for the Heaven of ourselves let's get carried away. Be polite and reach for the stars that are waiting for us. When you die you don't go to Heaven, you stay in Heaven. I mean to say while praying this planet was created by God, right? Wasn't Sear's Roebuck, the army corp of engineers and your most favorite Holy Temple... sure we all helped. We build with God's clay not with god's hands. I mean the flower is ours more or less, but not the seed. Because we design, engineer, buy and sale and destroy it doesn't mean that we create. Creation is God's.

Let's consider a near maybe incredible idea. Appreciating to consider that in the infinite Cosmos harmonically there is only one dimension, the Light. What people on the planet earth call the fourth dimension. The other three are length, width and depth. These three dimensions of course make up the essence of form. And through our uses of form, meaning our choices based on our perceptions, we currently fragment or displace the one dimension the infinite Light. Consequently separating ourselves from the infinite Universe. And all that is good from the Universe. The incredible idea we might consider is that you are a dimension, each one of us, a dimension. Remembering the definition, "A property of space an extension into space...correction an extension of space with "direction." Doesn't any extension have direction, maybe the definition people mean "direction" extension with purpose. Whether you are, to what extent you are, communion with the infinite Eternal, the one dimension is entirely up to you. And only up to you. Did "I" mention before? Those sensation occurrences that are not emitted or caused by another human being or machine (luck, miracles, coincidence, answered prayers, death, life, sleep)...they only happen to the solitary self. Not you and your buddies. Not through society or you're Temple or Church. You and the infinite all-embracing Eternal Light.

Stepping aside please for a moment and look into the mirror of our memories for the clarity of a brief review. What we are saying is that currently there are two worlds when there really is only one. There is the all-encompassing Universe. And the planet earth which through our own efforts has become separate from the Universe which is infinitely Eternal, therefore timeless and as such without linear cause and effect....meaning cause and effect the way we practice, "cause followed by sometimes defect with the results whether good or bad always temporary. And "I" might add even when good not always available to everyone. And as we know the not available to everyone is sometimes planned. Outright intentional. Sometimes you just feel like sitting down and wondering what's going on hoping not too many people will notice you sitting there. Well anyway, I'm probably thinking is God the cause of God's effect. Can't be sure God is God and were you might say sometimes tentative. Wouldn't such an arrangement would suggest that God is insufficient. God is cause. The origin and the source. We have made of God's cause our own effect. But please like "I" said let's be very

careful when it comes to God. Because we can not know God entirely. And God's motive. And likely how God really goes about being God. Because we are limited to our ironic form, always one cause short of our next effect. How can we know God when we don't know ourselves, ours is an uncertain-conflicted reality we are constantly surprising ourselves as to who we are....And our existence we have convinced ourselves and practice is tentative and temporary believing that we will experience Heaven after death. As if our lives and this planet were not God's gift. And we needed to give them up to attain our Heavenly residence. The planet earth is God's Creation accordingly Heaven. Very simply do you agree man-woman can not **know all** and remain man-woman. Of course we should mention even though we can not know God as we know each other clearly God can know and interact with us. Because God is omniscient and omnipresent. Also were still expressing and developing our lives dance through language. Which when all is said and undone language adds to....(Yes is not and maybe isn't) because its shared, often inconclusive, uncertainty experienced long term before you get to the temporary deal, also there are many languages, expressed under different conditions one of which is called not telling the truth. Maybe language isn't entirely that limiting. Let's pick up on this prayer a bit later Tammy. I might mention since I've started to that occasionally you will see a number interjected into a word. This is not something I do intentionally, but like everything else numbers have meaning. Can we politely excuse ourselves from this thought; actually let's compete the effort (eight is the number of individual evolution, nine is the number of beginning and endings, o, which stand for ten is the indication of completion seven is the number of completion, three Christians know as the trinity). Can we alter the meaning energy of numbers the way we do words, lets find out. Sure why not if you want to I mean.... What's the relevance you might not want to ask Tammy; well we have taken the beautiful uniformity of the Light and fragmented it repeatedly to suit our purposes. Almost as if were looking for something we lost. And actually we have... ourselves. The point is that if in trying to understand, explain and clarify we can put as many (systems ideas and designs) together the more effective we will become in our inquiry. So we have words and numbers together. And we continue acknowledging our gullibility and our sincerity. And again we are not alone just because we are. Let's see where our gardens track will lead us.... Our search is quietly becoming other than linear. Meaning that the near of everything on the planet earth is experienced as a linear process. You can't have time; you cannot have cause and effect without the linear process. Meaning of course a straight line. Which when you visualize the process of a straight line you begin to understand the importance and its application. A straight line happens when we separate from a beginning point and move along to another point and end or event. We are talking about starting at fourteen minutes after the hour and moving along to our chosen destination ten minutes later. Crossing the street. A pregnancy. Our lives. A kiss. Our lives ending in what we call death. All a beginning point culminated with an end result or end point. (Point, event, juncture, myth, dream, memories reminding everything in the Universe is material except time and pension plans). The pension plan thing was a bit like a moment of humor, I hope? Anyway in separating one point or event to reach another... the beginning point is left behind (delegated

to the past) possibly even completely dismissed. And since the next point, event or condition is also temporary and also will eventually be left to the last both events or points in the straight line get devalued. In our present way of doing things, anyway. And I sense we agree when separation is realized we have process not presence; we have sequence not spontaneity... you can no longer have the continuous infinity. The process has begun; the beginning point is being delegated to the past. Also Tammy as you know the on this planet human beings will displace you every which way but up. Indeed it appears that we must separate ourselves, our life experience, before and in order to separate ourselves from the Light Eternal. This is true and some would say necessarily so. I am being almost the near of fun7nny. "Hide your straight lines Charlie's coming." It's already shared as shared right? The exciting realization relevant to the cause and effect of straight lines or linearity is that advanced mathematics tells us **"there are no straight lines in the Universe."** (And that's probably all I know about advanced mathematics. We seem to learn what we need, at least we get the opportunity. And what we need is based on the path we take. And how we realize that path)." Actually if I may interrupt myself in the little bit of time, Isabella Threlkeld this real nice American woman explained that it was that nice Professor Einstein who figured out that there were not straight lines in the Universe. Maybe its more correct to say...there aren't supposed to be any straight lines in the Universe...Of course if the Universe were interested in our straight lines the Universe would have to give up infinity. Remember a straight line evolves when the beginning point is left behind to establish the next point or event. This separation, this fragmenting (this practice based on flawed perception reinforced through choice-experienced and measured by time) would end the perfect continuity of infinity. And of course Tammy we are not talking about one straight line, but billions upon billions every day and every night. Endless straight lines define bumping into each other explains our current lives. Straight lines that are sometimes not even connected once they get started. Not surprisingly as straight line is also defined as a disturbance between two points. We are part from each other. How many tasks can be completed in a reasonable period of time. Washing the dishes is one.... The basic straight line in our lives, our birth the leads to the invalidation of our birth through death. And again in the Universe there are no straight lines. Well Tammy I'm in the nature of exhausted. My good and incredible friend Seven just called and we talked. Everyone is a friend. All my friends were once strangers. What did Mr. Cosby's nice son used to say to everyone, "Hi friend," I keep suggesting to folks if were going to talk shouldn't we spend a few minutes determining what we have accomplished, what we have learned. But folks don't want to get off their lines. They appear not eager to merge their linearity ways. We literally spend our lives relocating, redesigning, reinventing, remarrying, refinancing, researching, refunding. A constant state of duplication, but each repetition is an opportunity toe realize the Light Eternal or to conform to the same irony. And when you realize the Light you realize this Eternal presence for all (the entire Cosmos) because the Light is all inclusive without separation. "Pretty pretty good" as the nice gentleman David on the TV show Curb your Enthusiasm would say. And in that context "I" would like to make a change, not a change but an assimilation. All my friends were always my friends even before I met them. It

just became so much easier when I recognized them again for the first time. I'm just challenging the language, our words, therefore our selves. Nothing wrong with getting lost or over extended if you recognize yourself once you get there. And of course nobody get's hurt that's the most important thing.

I shifted to another paragraph as a courtesy just to express one thought. Numbers can be expressed in various ways. Like language, which means ourselves, numbers are also incomplete. Surprisingly when you think about it there are only ten numbers. And then endless variations of those ten. But each number has its own logic its own motion or shift. Number 9 is the number of beginnings and endings because it is the location, shift or motion before you reach the last number which has to become the number of completion which is ten. It follows then that the number 8 is the number of evolution because it's the juncture before the other three activities or shifts begin. I'll include, try to remember, something about numbers you'll find intriguing a little later. Maybe more than intriguing. "I" like unbelievable. Somehow (I) find unbelievable reassuring.

Want to hear an interesting one. Tipping you understand Tammy tipping the incredible waitresses and waiters are the only (the only) expenditure we determine ourselves. What the thousands of other things cost are determined by someone else or more frustrating as a process. No wonder people sit trying to figure out what tip to leave like their trying to raise Lazarus from the dead. Sure there are also allowances for the children and helping out the ones called poor. But you get the idea seems a tad off center. We were discussing a conversation seems to be a bottomless dig. The purpose without intent. People are satisfied with digging the hole deeper. Possibly there is a concern that we can't give up the inconsistencies of displacing language, which are essential to language, because language is all we have. Words r'us. But is that really true. And at a minimum can't we improve on our design of language. And of course another straight line is a conversation. The process of one word sequentially following causing the effect of another word until a sentence is completed. A sentence is defined as a complete thought. In actuality a single word is a complete thought, a sentence is the displacement, a qualification or disturbance of that thought. Yes there can be improvement but even improvement is a qualification and remember always temporary. And often reliant on the consensus of others, rules or institutions. You understand if you express the same sentences to ten individuals and you will get how many results, several waiting for more, two understand, one is trying remembering, one looking out the window, another heard the wrong word, one who didn't understand and might of understood best but was reaching for a beer. People somehow those many years ago decided to put down their shovels and discuss the possibility of several agreements. One was a sentence is a complete thought. They voted. Those that disagreed were left behind with the shovels. If you don't mind Tammy (I'm) going to continue shoveling. And out of courtesy to you, God and these dancing fingers we will go to the next paragraph. I mean that's what we say paragraph. If were not altering were rearranging or borrowing...

Aren't coincidences interesting and full of mysterious purpose. Maybe before were through we will uncover more about these places like the mysterious visitation-a coincidence. And what does disappearing

mean? Let's put that question off till later incase we figure it out. I almost forgot I was about to write about disappearance... isn't forgetting interesting. Disappearance is a condition status. I must be patient. Faith and fate can dance together. (Patience is faith and knowledge is waiting). I started to feel a sense presumption in what had been written. Certain and assured accordingly encouraged (I) would prefer to be completely wrong than partially correct. Clarity follows and you will always have a better idea where you are. Anyway what's the risk were only right because we can be wrong.... One of the measures of our Light displacing capacity on this planet and that is that we experience certitude through probability. Our fragmenting language encourages much trickery. Our attempted reality...in the Light everything is relevant-revealing and connected. So I will return to the previous trail. I'm whispering there are no accidents, no loses, no separations in the Light. Except through our choices' dispositions and our agreements. Where were we? I'd become so pleased with the gathering words (I) had started to feel embraced by the disguise of hope and the vague curiosity of importance. The importance is the journey is ourselves. We will arrive where we are delivered. Consequence specially intended or desired is causality. (Faith allows fate persists). In the paragraph that disappeared before into the silly computer to another somewhere location (I) had written about group consensus verse the individual. Observing... much of the harm we do to Creation through ourselves occurs when we are in together invested in some kind of action. And sometimes there seems to be some mystery as to how group efforts develop purpose. One example is war. Strangely it seems many of the unhappy choices developed as a group, most individual would not be willing to do alone. "I" understand the need for union, the need for more than one. Our greatest un kindnesses are those authored by us through government, through institutions... while gathering mean-unhappy ideas. Yet some form of union is necessary to us. Gatherings through which we are also at our best. Two must join in love to continue Creation through God's children. When one is injured, lost or forgotten somehow another one of us is still around to offer loves assist. Farming in all its manifestations couldn't be done by the labor of one, though I sense that often farming seems a solitary undertaking. But when all is said and undone we are alone. We die alone similarly our births. Alone in the sense that whatever we do comes from us. And remember those Light realizations, precognition, miracles, luck ,coincidence and the rest with no doubt more to come. Some of which are we uncovering. Understand on this planet everything is tentative; we live in the neighborhood of maybe, the place of not yet. Everything on the planet earth is perhaps except perhaps....Perhaps. Truly so perhaps, because the observation just offered speaks to our incomplete temporal adaptation. Not the Cosmos. Not Heaven on earth.

The most compelling moments of Light embrace just mentioned were not delivered by another human or a machine. The Source (is) The Light. Delivered almost always it seems to one individual. And as such realization or sensation that are not casual, not linear and not needing calculation, translation, alteration (they just seem happen assuming us)...having a curious other world quality. These Light events are answered prayers, miracles, the mystique of coincidence, luck, epiphanies, remote viewing, precognition, dreams, the sometimes

of inspiration, could be maybe forgetting clairvoyance except that its realized by one. (It's interesting isn't it you can't prove you forgot). Our births and our deaths I sense we will learn will be included. And of course sleep. The exact juncture at which you go to sleep you do not decide. It's therefore not cause and effect, its not linear. By whose instruction are you gently embraced to sleep. One question if I may on our way. Have you ever felt lonely while you were asleep?(Oh yeah the anagram for lonely...no one only). By whose compelling do you waken. Oh yes there are always answers. One of the problems (challenges) with our answers on this beautiful planet is they are in response to our own questions. I was not sleeping in bed last night, the alleged Rosie Dale breathing next to me. And I started thinking though I prefer wondering. Why do we have so many questions? Always reaching for those answers. Is it possible that there is only one question in our lives the meaning of which we can only learn upon the presumption of our death. Is there an unquestionable answer.... If we accepted and relevantly were able to practice that love is not optional then pain the sponsors our questions would be accepted as inevitable and consequential...we would not have to spend our lives examining, questioning, explaining, forgiving pain through which we surrender life to anguish. Unbearably if we become distracted-confused wondering why we are not loved, shouldn't the questions be about love, not forgiveness, good and bad. All love can be good. And love is distracted less by loves response than forgiveness. Should the answers defining of our lives be endless? When there really is only one answer yourself and God. More like a response than an answer. The pain becomes a guidepost. Pain instructs. And identifies an opportunity the need for love. I'd like to point out that I either talk or should about an individual's relationship with the Light. "I" try not comment on another's relationship with God, it is not my place and also it seems quite impossible I can ever know enough to elaborate on this relationship. The intimacy is between you and God. And of course when the language starts (particularly when shared and sustained) the relationship becomes explainable and uncertain. Questions begin. And when it comes to God do you agree Tammy there is no questions only purpose, only response. The unique purpose of one and God. .

I would like to offer carefully a few more observations about love, pain and the confusion that results. I should interrupt myself to point out, we've discussed this before, "I" don't want to suggest that I know a lot. "I" know what (I) know. All my adult life I've learned by contradiction rather than affirmation. My life revolved that way. And even though I'm sixty years old there are people who will tell you that my adult life has been brief to non-existent the normal chronology kind of way. "I'm" discussing love confusion, I think. Some would say necessary-inevitable confusion. Our reality is linear. Marriages can lead to divorce. A child is born and can become ill. A peaceful nice town is upset by a hurricane. We are happy on Monday and break our leg on Tuesday. These things happen, the list is a very long one, or it is reasonable that at some point in our lives they will happen. It's not easy being human. Not at all. But lets not look at our lives linearly. But create two mosaics. One massive canvas all the good that has happened in our lives. On the second mosaic all the pain. Remember we've interrupted the linearity. On the good of life mosaic we have just the marriage when it was happy. The

child's life until the illness visited. There is no broken leg on this canvas. On and on the High School Prom. All the beautiful and good. On the canvas of pain. We have the divorce. The broken leg. And very importantly the fear of all these things happening. What is the point? We tend to experience everything as connected. And we become discouraged. And exhausted. We are very hard on ourselves. We focus too much on the bad because that is how we maintain the good. We are pretty good problem solvers, of course a lot of the problems we create ourselves. Do we have to have so many problems, do we have to repeat so many of the same problems? Two interesting observations. Maybe not two maybe not interesting talk about anticipation. Anyway what's the difference between anticipation and borrowing.... Most of the good that happens in our lives comes from effort, conscious choices. But the bad that we are so preoccupied with that ends up defining so much of our lives...we don't chose. Most of it just happens. Happenstance. You don't choose to have a car accident, you don't ask for the flu, you don't ask your girl friend to leave you. And yet we seem to react like they are our problems. Sure the pain that comes from the problems is ours, but the problems? Which suggests some of the problems and that pain in our lives like luck, coincidence is maybe delivered to us by the Light. Pain instructs and guides us. We confuse the solution with being responsible for the problem. But most likely we didn't cause the problem, the pain, to happen intentionally to ourselves. We cause pain to others and they can respond with the same that's part of the confusion, I think. Though we are given to blaming each ourselves for our problems, but could be maybe we should be talking more about fate about happenstance. Like we just said we sometimes do chose to cause pain to others. And most often this other person will respond by visiting pain on us. But this is avoidable, it's also a choice. And sometimes we decide we cause our problems because we were clumsy, but the same clumsy choice doesn't always result in a problem. This will become more clear, including to me as we move along....

Love is only optional if you want love to be a choice. Meaning that at certain times we prefer reactions that are other than loving. Very curious do you agree? Considering how people might react. And you can't offer a lesser emotion of self without first becoming that motion...that activity. Contempt starts with self contempt. Finally it seems to me that the pain that we deliver unto ourselves, which can be excessive much more than we visit on others, would be less the way to go if we were more at ease. Can you imagine life without pain? We wouldn't stand a chance. Yep pain instructs. Since some of our pain is also an issue of happenstance, one example unanswered prayers, it would appear that some of our pain situations could also com from the Light Eternal.... Sure directly or indirectly everything si about the all embracing light, either the benefits or us turning the benefits into something else, bad, sad, funny, mysterious or just delayed. Life is not that difficult when you consider the two big source junctures, being born and dieing aren't up to us. These invitations just seem to happen. The rest "life" is delivery. A song worth the dance. What a hoot can you imagine the smile unfolding into a grin when were pronounced dead? And you realize you never felt better. The funnies never end, nice doctors going around pronouncing people dead. What do they think were stupid? Let's really get to stupid a

little later. I like that one almost as much as dead. The anagram for died... "did I die?" Can you see yourself looking around. The rest of the anagram is... "I did die?"

Yes unbearably...most likely it is through group unkindness that we will suffer the labor of our last prayer's disappointment. And yet through which we can realize our most God loving selves. And indeed this is the choice of our generation. We have arrived upon Creation carrying the most horrible machine-tools through which we can burn the Light to Darkness. In the generation of our great grandparents the insult could be forgiven with a smile. Carrying food to a hungry neighbor served God. Our prayers felt our hands as much as our lips. Today the hungry neighbor is in Peru. The insult is radiation. We have arrived upon Creation willing and able to destroy God's Eternal labor on this planet. For whatever reason we have so arrived. What to say that praying hear... What a wonderful opportunity. The God goodness we will have to grasp to protect our hope from our darkest selves. Protect God from the proven worst of unintended selves. Deeds unnecessary made real by choice. It appears that in the individuals fraternity with God resides the divine nurturing we will need to seed Creations flower. The Light gifts embraced to the individual, tenderly whispered to the rest of us. The planetary neighborhood. Do you agree this group (sad of God un kindnesses) must become the equal of the individual's love well shared. God's instruction. Before God. Our neighbors. Your children. Of what divine purpose would have been the gentle, God courageous labor of Jesus the Christ, of the brave-blissfully wise Mohammed, the pain resolving yearning Buddha, the benevolent Krishna, the tenderness of Mother Teresa, or your parents when you needed them the most if the needed love where not shared. And shared until the fear was gone or the pain went away. And love was reclaimed to the garden. Please understand by patience and kind thought these words continuity, whatever seed they might foretell, are less mine than yours. And through you others. I am one. And am confused by my blessings. Will words blossom deeds to purpose. God's mystery is not our own. Because we do not know ourselves. We harm each other. Yet we know God. There is the Cosmic God. And our earthly adaptation. God's hand does not rest on our shoulder. Our shoulder is God's hand. We cannot express that which we are not aware of. Let's be aware. Acknowledging deeply our purpose sincere. What seeds value without the beautiful Eternal garden's embrace. Words are necessary so we sing thus claim our love. Thank you is a prayer. Let us continue reaching beyond our interruption of the Light. Recalling our Light affluent birthright. Eternal selves our melody continues. Thank God for Tammy, Curtis, Mildred, George, Dr. Wisman, Reverend Holloway, and of course Carl, Diana and there's you again, dreams persist, and the Mary's, mysterious Kathleen, near-distant Wendolynn, Pria, Zulma, Anita, Dr. Weinstein, Elaine, Reverend Orsnick, Sarah, Betsy, Vicki, Ron, Francis, Mike, John, Norman and Cleo. Where would we be if we really knew why? I should mention again... I try to respect people's privacy. I'm sure I don't have everyone's permission to write about them. Maybe I do. But when it comes to love, murder and the Cosmos its hard to understand what's private and what isn't...

Today is Friday we've agreed. The Heavens waits for a better answer, ourselves. Let us look for the clearer proof than words ambiguous promise. What are words without deed's purpose, but seeds left on the shelf. Let us go beyond the Milky Way to more clearly hear God's whisper. Understanding to appreciate again more clearly in the absence of linearity, in the absence of cause and effect there is no distance except for the acquired distance of ourselves which is acquired effect to the ironic cause of self. When we learn the rules of infinity we have learned the riddles of spontaneity. We have supplanted our cause with God's purpose. Amidst spontaneity relevant to inter galactic travel destination and departure become one. A trip of one thousand Light years is manageable. This is not time travel. Not travel as we know it at all. Remember if the Universe is one location how can we relocate to another location. And of course we manage this irony through the displacement of time (adapting our technology accordingly) we displace the material with includes ourselves in exchange and through the consequence of time. We live, measure, anticipate and prove our lives through time. Which of course is not the way the Universe runs its garden. Not the way the Eternal garden unfolds. But on the planet earth time's the deal. We suffer accordingly constantly practicing our primary agreement...everything that begins ends. Now why would we contrive and twist ourselves away when God's Creation is ever lasting? Why do we have wars to reclaim the peace the war interrupted. Is it necessary to know why that why thrive accordingly? Without knowing why we can still know when a problem needs a solution. Is love justified still the ideal of love. When love need's why to breathe love trembles. **The time of now is forever... approaching.** But let us please understand this is a spiritual journey. Not the one of science that will provide you with the smartest car and a cure for disease. Then again spiritual journeys are full of surprises. Surprises is a pretty gentle word for miracles. Let's see, its great to go along and now have to worry about being careful. Indeed science and spirit are one (as is all) otherwise God is separated from God's Creation. What (I) am suggesting that unless these incredible breakthroughs in Cosmic non-linear science equal our devotion to ourselves through God we have only delayed the final insult. And possibly only succeed in delivering our unhappiness, our violence, and our corruption of soul to other Galaxies. We will have become the Great Satan. But I see the children happily amidst the polite adults of Persia. And Norman smiling at the Big House with Cleo. I see Lois chasing her walker across the street eager for her few words with Tammy. And Gail practicing avoiding his next car accident. And the children again always the children. There is hope. And folks walking into their Holy Temples. There's lots of hope. Excuse me if I got a little impatient. You know how it goes. And also there is no question, we are incredible. That God created us for a good and wondrous reasons. And we will accordingly live up to those expectations. How wonderful we are that even amidst the unbearably unnecessary suffering, the love betrayed, the unexplainable unkind death, the hunger...still we love. And love well. Can we pause. Let our dreams catch their breathe. That we may catch up.

Now let's get practical. Where's the map. Where's the noodles. What did that nice Thomas Mann hear himself say? "Life isn't invented as we go along its detected." So let's knitty gritty with a smile. At this juncture

let us raise the curtain on the Two Worlds. One the infinite Eternal, the uninteresting continuity that unfolds and explains the entire Universe. And our own world that you know. And know through death. Our constricting investment in time displacement separating us from the Light our only source however repressing, denying we are of this world. Please appreciate at this juncture our journey is going to become focused on new ideas, Cosmic technology, how to resolve the perceptions that keep us from these realizations that even in spite of our resistance we experience daily. But only marginally and in a non-conversant applicable manner...meaning more incidental in nature, realizations we cannot sustain and in expressing displace. Sensations Light glimpses we displace, confuse or devalue. Not surprisingly our existence is one of profound wastefulness. Wastefulness beyond the measure of word. We live to die we live aging afraid of death. We kill others without God's permission or their for Godsakes, I mean talk about being rude. Also our machines breakdown and are eventually discarded, like us they become outdated. We rely on displacing external fuel sources that suffocate the environment. Indeed the linear process on this planet dictates through our consensual ironically self reflecting resources that everything we build is temporary and disposable. And sometimes the most validated by its destruction. We believe by knowing and paying for millions upon millions of machines that are designed, built and distributed whose only purpose is destroy life, property or other machines. And the killing of God's children all life forms, how is that explainable. What explanations we've come up with must be part of destruction because we continue in our destroying ways. Getting better at being worse. Do you agree? Something's missing if the best value of an idea is that it's wrong. So I must be wrong, somehow, about hope and our destroying ways. Let's continue needing to understanding, how did we learn to forgive instead of just love. Must be spend our lives forgiving love it's proof. The machines do our bidding, but the machines are dependant on our choices. Further straining belief one of the greatest countries to have evolved on this planet, the United States of America, their greatest single export are destroying machines. Do you sense Tammy that I'm having a very difficult time staying focused on the new technologies, the new un displacing-embracing processes, potentially new non-linear languages of self (ie) modalities of perception and expression. (Do all languages require expression based on linear awareness)... Fine let's have faith. Can we not and not deny God our imperfect companionship since we ourselves are flawed. Fine let us have fate, God's expectation for ourselves less our interference we sometimes call success. And always remembering God does not exist by our consent and through our awareness. God obviously predates our existence. Let's continue invigorated. **Two worlds.** Our objective is to join the two as one. And how do we do this, how do we bypass or resolve the anomaly of time displacement evidenced and reinforced through our ironic self reflecting technology, ineffectual dematerializing actually disintegration, other forms of wastefulness and our lives that are defined by an anticipated event that can only occur through our practiced insistence and of course that is our version of death. Which even permeates into our relationship with God (ie) you have to die to go to Heaven. ("I" will make one point here that we will referred to later-there is no death there is extinction which in its extreme is the

death of death, the end of death, the termination of birth)... We're back a little better focused thank you for your patience. And your impatience. Do you remember the Super String Theory, the conclusions of which are substantiated by other studies, our insights and prayerful observations? The determination of this embracing Theory is that there is no time in the Universe, there are many dimensions and more fundamental than your body, your genetics is the fact that you are a unique sound unlike any other. It is not something that we knew, work in the Super String started in 1987 I believe, likely before. Now we know. What does it mean? How can we apply this meaning to our lives? And like everything else we have the choice to avoid this knowledge, invalidate its meaning, use it destructively. It's simply our nature. I don't know why it's our nature. I forgot to study for that quiz. But the simpler embrace... woman and man on this planet cannot know all and remain who they have determined themselves to be. There are things we will never know. We are organic creatures of form accordingly limited in a Universe that is boundless-infinite and therefore intrinsically without form. At least until when we likely transcend into the place of timelessness. When that happens well we can only whisper and wonder. But lets call these new sounds, this new world, DNAsound. And realize that if we are going to be able to utilize its meaning we will have to do so in the absence of time displacement, also the cause and effect we are accustomed to and let's not forget linearity. Let's remember the observations about music, music is non-casual, music requires no alteration to experience, music is its own response. (Let's ask and answer later what is music to the different music?). And interestingly the Light affluent baby responds to music before the baby is capable of language, without any capacity for being instructed. Where did the baby learn this fascination with music. Let's wait for that answer. So now we are getting away from our conflict, our displacing reality that includes language and entering into a world of harmonic sound. A new way of communication and realizing, though communicating suggests one point to another and that's displacement and causality so communing might be a better term. Remember we are looking to breach the Eternal and get away from our exclusionary reality. We are approaching the ever presence of spontaneity. Meaning again all at once all the time everywhere without interruption. Kind of like space evolving or refining as space as opposed the way we do it more like space in spite of space until we run out too often of a particular material space location. (All the Universe is material space location, unless your busy dislocating). Spontaneity also is "where" a solution is not dependant on a problem that might not have a solution at a particular time juncture, there is only a continuity of improving solutions. Spontaneity where there are no the inconsistencies in time, there is no past. Therefore no death, no dematerializing as we exper4ince. The immediate is partially influenced by a detached past and a non-existent future. (Very curious how we manage such tricky accommodations). If you need to think in terms of time, we are discussing an uninterrupted wondrous now whose future is the future refining. The now future. The uninterrupted now future refining. This timeless spontaneity that either is infinity or is completely compatible with infinity (or infinity would be displaced and so would the spontaneity in question) this timeless spontaneity also Light sympathetic or actually the Light is obviously without form. And yet we are a reality based o0n

forms. And likely dependant on some form of linearity. How can we make our selves welcome, available and compatible to this new world reality? Let's not forget it is not a foreign-inaccessible world... a baby is a presence of form and also seemingly Light affluent. You reside in the place we are describing while you sleep. And our origin-source from which we emerged. And even though we spend our lives displacing the Light and avoiding our place in the Cosmos, we are still capable of the Lights valuation through the precognitions, answered prayers, meditation, and luck and coincidence etcetera. Perhaps you can think of some others. We have always been reaching, even though we did not know what we were reaching for. Which is o.k. right faith in God is sometimes the best we can do. Can you pause to imagine what we would be capable of, what we would know, how different we would be if we could commune with the Universe, converse with the Light without getting in our own way. And each others. We are not only looking to go one step further. In a Universe is one infinite location, one harmonic step should do it. Harmony instead of irony. The preferred love of choice. Peace on earth. The wonder us life even cancer becomes a friend. And death not de materializing but the awe of other materializing. And of course a new and non-exclusionary relationship with God, a new voice of way. Such changes how could this be otherwise. Very simply not yet simply enough with the information evolving at hand, what is being availed makes sense. And if it makes sense it makes sense. Most particularly when the physical world around us is following suit. Let's see what happens. So far we have what we have. Hopefully you understand more than "me" thereby more lovingly that we thrive the better chance.

But before we get too carried away let's consider a few observations, a few perspectives. We are not the only game in town. Everything that happens on the planet earth does not begin and end with us. Even by our own efforts we (our tasks-plans) are never complete, never satisfied it seems, when it comes to disappointment there appears to be no end. But its more than not being able to complete our dreams, we are not in control. There are forces at play good and probably bad, some until recently we did not know about. And currently we don't understand. Because we the earth people can destroy a mountain, a rain forest or a city, kill a child this does not mean that we are in control. (That was a difficult sentence to9 write was it difficult for you as well Tammy?). Actually the opposite on being in control is suggested. But let's look at a gentler example. And what comes to mind is the Quantum riddle. An interesting little mystery. When we try to measure- evaluate subatomic particles, well we can't. The measurements can only be considered in probability because the act of measurement interferes the subatomic particles were trying examine. What we've been discussing in a way is the reversal of the Quantum Riddle...we can go even beyond our limitations with the subatomic particles. Meaning that when we engage the Light, affect a spontaneity, whether its an inter galactic journey, resolving a cancer, listening-playing music in a new way, or assimilating a book in five seconds...we are no longer in control the Light because as organic interactive cause and effect linear life forms we are incapable of interacting with the Light without displacing-altering the Light. Causing the Light to be other than itself. Even if our mediums of observation and engaging (language and mathematics) are in their sequential linear process not

involved our attempting to create a cause and affect result compromises the nature of the Light. So yes the Light at a certain juncture assumes control. And also we need new form of expression, of interacting with the Universe, in order to approach-encourage the Light that we have started to discuss as issues related to harmonic sound or DNAsound. Sound activities that are like music non-casual therefore not linear (ie) as such a timeless issuance of the Light. Moving along getting along with infinity. (Please be patient imagine what an extra terrestrial will think when they see a basketball or soccer game for the first time). More simply put we are engaging God's Universe not ours. God did not ask our advice prior to creating the Universe. God is in charge. And remember we've proven we are only as good as our next mistake, solutions are only holding patterns. And please understand I'm not complaining, I'm not opposing I'm just saying gosh we seem to be in trouble. Serious trouble do you agree we can be doing better. We must. We will. (I) hope do you?

I'd would like to interject a new variation of an old idea. But first "I" think (I) will get this (I) try to clarify these variations "I" and (I), its an effort to deal with the displacement of myself. The idea that everything we say or do is somehow ours and ours at the exclusion of everyone else, even ideas, memories, answered prayers, even love. Let's go with we, God, you and the other nice and mysterious readers and me. Kind of in a spontaneous way, not even taking turns sharing fairly. Let's see what happens. Also the many patient-lovely teachers who assisted us, the ones who assisted them. The fireman, the police, the ambulance drivers and certainly the alleged ones we call pets. (If "I" haven't already I'll explain alleged in a liittle while, (I) hope you don't mind waiting. The list continues, the eager ones who labored over this computer. The mischief-makers who the more they wondered the more words they came up with. The Eternal us. The Light. And the cheese sandwich that is helping me through this paragraph. Do you agree people are willing to take a lot of credit for what they do? What we were going to start expanding on is **Memory**. Briefly and as-love-simple-as a flower.... Timelessness and infinity are eventually not difficult to understand. (Simply smart people get together and agree they understand according to rules they've developed and a body of knowledge they have pretty much claim responsibility for. First they got together and agreed their smart). But that's the problem. Since again the very act of thinking, of observation begins to turn infinity and timelessness into something that these two mysteries are not. Expressing relevant thoughts through language or mathematics (particularly when shared) the absence of time and the infinite become more uncertain, more defused. Other than what the mysteries really are.... Also when there is a "requirement" to adapt-justify new ideas to a pre-existing body of knowledge the task becomes even harder. New ideas have the near of always been resisted not to long ago a person with a new scary idea might have burnt at the stake. Now they just get research grants from the federal government.(I shouldn't say they eventually it almost all ends up we.) For these reasons and others comprehending the meaning of infinity it is difficult to comprehend and consequently apply. Also because our conclusions are valid only if they are inexact. We are right because we might be wrong until someone comes up with a better answer that even if it's a great answer is going to be temporary. But of course being inexact in

result and process doesn't keep from applying our conclusions. It just means that our applications are also going to be incomplete, ironic and sometimes funny. When it comes to application "mystery" is as good as it gets. Let's not hedge let's agree that it's possible to comprehend and experience the infinite continuity and if we're wrong we'll blame the Persia City Council, except Jackie. Let's not forget ours is a world that feeds on time. Time is our machine we are its unwilling consenting gears. And the primary ways we service those gears are language and mathematics-realized as linear causality based on what might have been our "essential" errors of perception. Further evidence that when it comes to the Light we have no idea what to do. We are lost as found. Which is another reason why developing other forms of language expression (much less linear more spontaneous) will be helpful if not necessary.... But what we are embarking on Tammy becomes more manageable when we realize we don't have to get the task absolutely right because when all is said and undone the final result is not up to us. We are entering the world of the Eternal Light. We are not in control.... 9.... So the suggestion is let's examine, develop and eventually apply the infinite timeless essence of the Universe as **Timeless Memory**. Such an effort will help our new attempts in understanding the spontaneous events we are planning. Not memory as a recollection of the past. Not memory in time. But the memory of everything that can exist without memory being excluded or denied. As close as (we) can get to God's memory of the Universe. Appreciating that everything conceivable already exists in some uninterrupted presence, otherwise likely we would be back to speculate, anticipate and eventually displace. And displacement would rule the Universe not infinity. There would be a separation between what already exists and what will. Not an infinite Universe but a separated-conflicted one. Everything as God's memory already exists. Otherwise the suggestion is that God forgot something, missed something. That God is not omnipresent and omniscient. That the Universe was created by God, but is definable by us the self-displacing, angry, ironic human. But we are a reflection of the Universe that is only presently beyond our ability to join, so I wouldn't spend too much time thinking about limitations. (Currently we are our limitations). But remember also Tammy we are reaching-attaining both in result and process new formulations of material information. New discoveries. And new ways of discovering. The issue is how to avail, realize these gifts. And what are the consequences of our methods. One observation that will help us in understanding this new way of Memory timeless.... If you still want to continue our journey from the perspective of time, you might say we are discussing the memory of the boundless future which we can experience within a glance or a pause- not a prolonged uncertain causal process or displacement starts all over again. And our effort is excluded by the effort. The future unfolding into another new future not based on a past or a now determined by a tentative future. You see language as we know it begins to fail because even in limiting time to the future we still have to create displacement (a new future) to explain an ideal of time. Possibly this observation will help in terms of clarity, perspective and who we really are during this journey of words. (An approaching transformation). The observation, the juncture.... **Only God can remember an event as it happens**. Us linear folks even in the absence of time will probably always have to deal with a beginning

point, an end point, some adaptation of beginning and ending...some sense of relocation even if we get to where we were going spontaneously. But even if the relocation is not experienced in time irony does conflict-random inconsistency and ineffectual \ dematerializing have to be considered. We will have to begin accordingly prepare ourselves and once arrived, acknowledge ourselves and proceed with knowing caution. Because we are interactive linear folk we will always have to cross the street to get to the other side. The question is how. And what is the nature of the crossing. And while we are at it maybe we could improve on the street, the relevance of the traffic and throw in a much better pair of shoes. And if you are hit by a heavy machine driven by a silly intoxicated human don't worry if you are pronounced dead. But let's make this point again **there is no death but there is somethen**. You are not going to impress your girl friend if you arrive late for your date because you were killed in a car accident. Whatever the young lady thinks about your excuses you are going to miss the date. Experiencing a memory kiss is wonderful, but it doesn't beat the real thing. Specially if you've got a new idea on a kiss. I don't mean to be insensitive about your death or anybody else's. (Good time to gently interject. Do you agree? The Ten Commandments can be realized in two words. Be polite and all will come.)... But relevant to the death deal this does not mean that death is an issue of decay or disintegration as opposed to other materializing. More on these concerns later if you don't mind. Can we get back to memories? There is something very interesting about memories that we already have discussed relevant to the Light, the notion of silence and our experience with music. Like music you don't have to do a lot of heavy lifting to have a memory. A memory is like the Light...like the presumed sound of silence- if you try to experience the memory (intentionally or otherwise) as other than how it happened you will affect your relationship, our experience with the memory, but not its essential material nature. A memory is intact. A memory is its own response. A memory is timeless. A memory is spontaneous for these reasons a memory is therefore compatible with the Light.. The memory and you are almost interchangeable. You don't have to casually alter elements of the Universe to create a memory, the memory happens. (You will always be eighteen years old beautiful in that blue dress at the High School prom). Yes you can alter a memory like you can alter-displace the sound of silence or the infinite light. And yes the particular memory becomes otherwise to you. At least that memory at that juncture in time. But interestingly the memory can be reclaimed to its original-accurate status. You might remember later more clearly, others who were part of the memory might remind you or there might be a video of the event memory. There seems to be a tendency intrinsic with memory towards accuracy, the same appears to be true of the silence and the light. You can lie about an event memory, but remember in the Cosmos there is no displacing duality...a lie is just another way of getting to the truth. **Which speaks to the infinite Eternal nature of memory, light and silence as being Cosmically defining**. Remember like everything, except time, memories are material. And under certain conditions can become very interesting. Since we are discussing the Memory of the Universe without time (without a past or future) we are considering the memory of you before you were born and the memory of you after you assumed the status of dead.... God has a permanent memory of you.

Otherwise the memory of the Universe would be incomplete, interrupted and no longer the Memory of the Universe. Which obviously means the entire infinite Universe. "All there is all there is." If I may quote many peoples best and mysterious friend George Bisacca. Yes all there is all there is. The Universe is complete otherwise the Universe would be separated from itself and not infinite. All there is (is)... Otherwise we begin to look for more by finding less. And eventually setting for nothing. And trying to use that to find more. At any given juncture, any linear intersect...is what is has to do. But what all there is...is not knowable by the human who must engage himself and their displacing instruction in order to observe and accordingly respond. Remember the Universe refines. It's...all there is (is) all there is now while refining. A thought idea expressed in more than one word defuses the thought idea specially communally. (Reminding all there is (is) not knowable except by God). We have to currently settle for the measured reflection. Based on the casual partiality of ourselves.... What we are also discussing is that the memory of the inter galactic journey already exists. The "cure" for cancer already exists. Since everything on the planet earth materially existed before the planet earth came to be and existed in an infinite un displaced Universe the disease and its cure are timelessly interchangeable. Meaning non-casually without beginning or end. The memory of the cancer and its cure are one and the same in the infinite Universe. But on the current planet earth this celestial harmony is altered, interfered with-made non-harmonious. We are saying lets get back to the Celestial harmony. Since many of our applications, understandings, accomplishments are linear based on the irony of progress and secured by the likely hood of initial perceptual errors many of "the new" ideas and concepts will likely be more in the nature of what we call understandings rather than intervening corrections through a secondary agent. Of course a secondary agent can be an issue of refining, but it would not be external to what we currently perceive as the problem, the disease, the confusion. You know why...displacement, duality, causality. Also the refinement would likely be in the nature of spontaneous, therefore the exact nature of the change or refinement wouldn't be determined by us or even perceivable by us because we are limited in form which itself is a study and formulation of displacement. That's it for this paragraph I'm glad I wasn't ordering lunch.

Of course your welcome to rearrange, alter any paragraph to suit yourself or a friend. If you come up with something good please send it over to me. I like learning very much even when its not on purpose. Actually its more like a need.

Since our efforts to accomplish an event on this planet invariably is a casual separating and often-confused process and to some degree always failed, how is it that we can get back to the harmonious memory of ourselves. Talk about asking for directions when you are already standing where you want to go. Yourself. (Does a certain conversation change your location, a dream, your death, your lovers dream of you).... And clearly the self we aspire to be is not the one we know. The answer once again, but moving along a bit further is the new language of sound. Harmonic Light form sound. Un interrupted sound, DNAs that connects us to the infinite Universe. Now we have paused and added another element Memory. Human beings have always had an

idea of where they wanted to go. Specially once they got there. They weren't sure always how to get there. And the journey became complete and defining when the confusion began upon arrival. And of course we are not certain what would happen during their journey and whether they would arrive. And only upon arriving be able to determine if the trip was justified. Whether the journey was reading a book, a trip across America in a Conestoga wagon, getting married or dieing or living. Many variables are involved often so potentially conflicted that the conflict becomes part of the preparation. Some of these variable events had nothing to do with our choice like acts of nature. (Are we also not an act of nature, God's.) Struggle is basic to our effort, but is conflict basic to our existence whether we visited conflict on others or we deliver conflict unto ourselves becomes a deciding choice. Either way we thrived in the commerce of conflict... No longer many of those inconsistencies, those variables and many those potential conflicts that explain our linear-ironic causality have potentially been resolved. Because these variables and conflicts can only occur as cause and effect in a linear reality and we have entered into a spontaneous world. If you will allow a strange moment. You've already taken the trip before you arrived to leave, more or less. The memory trip has already occurred. A light memory which you've engaged through uniquely relevant and revealing sound. You didn't take the journey. The journey assumed you. There's no conflict because you weren't linearly-casually involved. A journey in the Light therefore without displacement, without irony. (Imagine looking for your car keys in the middle of this conversation). Anyway here we are again...whether the journey means identifying the unique sound of a book and your unique capacity to assume the book identified and materialized also as a unique sound. Then there's the harmony. The union. Which happens naturally. You don't influence except through availability. Understand you already have the capacity for this journey. You read the book. The question is how, is there a better way? Distracted over two weeks stopping for a stomach ache. Or assumed "read" spontaneously. (Though were not entirely sure what spontaneous means to us right now, but were getting an idea). Remember the memory is timeless. It happened. You've chosen to intimately and subjectively become partial to that memory. You read the book. In new and amazing way. Something new has happened. You've crossed the street to the other side of the book without relocating-without moving-without turning three hundred pages. You know what's on the other side. You've altered that timeless memory, altered the Universe. But done so harmoniously. Without irony. Without conflict. And in terms of result, the transformation wonderfully alone. (How would this occur functionally, the DNAs of the book and your DNAs are identified and harmonically joined into a new space. The melodic space of both you and the book. That's a general outline.). Do you remember Tammy we are discussing all of the communions with the Light (those realization that are Light derivative because their origin is not from another human or a machine)... prayer, miracles, precognition, luck, coincidence, sleep, timeless memory including forgetting maybe, do you agree maybe also sometimes pain.... The activity events do not occur as effect from our cause, they are not linear therefore Light affluent. These events are in part characterized by the fact that they involve one person. Any activity that compromises harmony like thinking,

talking, listening, moving that acknowledges another life form would be a displacing and compromise the transformation... Now Tammy these are many words. And words are words. I've always felt more encouraged by better questions than understanding answers. Our answers are temporary and we seem to go back to many of the same questions sometimes in different form. But before we get to much further into this development involving speculative possibilities and further clarification, lets devise a test, an event that will bring us to a place of appreciation beyond language.

I should try to explain something Tammy that deserved earlier mention with emphasis. You read these words and you or somebody else might get the impression that I'm some kind of expert. I won't even suggest the word authority. Authorities-experts are locked into the linear world... You know me Tammy this is not the case. I'm funny and (I) like to think, sometimes on purpose. Remember everything I sign it's... and Charlie Woram and.... And in the Light it's as much your as mine. But there's also the matter of the tone, the possible sounds of this writing. It's haughty taughty, right? My point is when "I'm" developing an idea and "I" find it much more effective if I don't hold back, I'm not ambivalent, I'm not given to comfortable ambiguities... that way if I'm wrong there's no doubt about. It's obvious. And if "I'm" right we can get over it more quickly and move on. Good I feel better.

Let's start with tests or events that that already seem to share similar methods and have consistent and related material results that reinforce what we are examining. One you've heard already. But context is crucial as well as result obviously. Through new result and new method we are trying to stay ahead of disaster. Our communal destruction. The potential outcome of our efforts is that important. I'm serious. Some people get upset if you start talking about saving the planet. But I'm ready for the next one, I'll say with an incredibly slow smile no one will notice but me. "Don't worry if we save the planet it doesn't have to include you." But let's be positive and cheerful. But first please two points if I may Tammy. When someone says to me Charlie..." your wrong". The response has to be no I am not wrong I'm Charlie. I can not at any given moment express the totality of my person. Nor will I ever be able to comprehend your entire person. So I can not take as an absolute (a statement of completion) anything you say. The same is also true if someone says Charlie..." you're right." Again the response is no I'm not right I'm Charlie. (As you know sometimes barely). Also its harder to be rejected coming or going including by yourself, right? Further more we are interacting through the profound inconsistency of language. And you seem quite distracted by that Budweiser in your hand. And if you need an additional observation... of course what I am expressing is wrong, flawed and incomplete. What's the point of talking otherwise. Our progress is based on our invariably being wrong. From that perspective we improve. If we were invariably right there would be no need progress. (Like "I" said before our progress is based on dismissing our previous accomplishments as flawed or wrong... should we consider another perspective maybe tentative and evolving as opposed to wrong. And one more thought relevant to progress. We are our event's our ideas and plans therefore our ideal value is in invalidating ourselves. Not a deal "I" would want to gift

wrap)...(Interestingly DNAs projection from any given accomplishment can give us a clearer insight as to the value of the accomplishment since DNAs in its ideal is the near of timeless in its effect, therefore not displaced or ironic to itself. More on this interruption later). Oh well we do our best. Actually no where neever at our best. But I'm sure that we would like to, probably. The second observation independent of the previous discouraging concern about being wrong or right.... Friends please continue to read these words gathering as you might warm your shivering hands over the Light of an anticipated memory. We are on a pilgrimage together. Your company is a wonder. The book (I) completed is more the dry fruit of intellect. Yes some beautiful melody. But these words are an orchard of emotion. We know God best in expression and witness through love. Not explanation and repeated ritual. The beautiful Nazarene said as much. I am saying your companionship on this celestial journey has been beyond values measurement. And of course the truest nature of this pilgrimage we can not know, but wonder. We can only search ahead and toss out words like seeds. Hoping enough of the little celestials will thrive as blossom justifying our effort to God. Good of heart sincere we can not fail.

Now the little wind chime of information that got all this started for me at least many years ago. Mysterious and wonderful. Like everything must have been for each of us as babies. If you can not remember the first flower you saw Tammy, you must have become that flower or thought yourself related to the flower. Without the displacement of language and choice, how could it be otherwise. How lovely you and the other ladies. The flowers of Persia. Well the little breeze of the Light is as follows. In 1987 this nice Asian geneticists at MIT, correction biologist they prefer, apparently for his own anticipation or art put together the following. Can you imagine the expression on this gentleman's face. The story unfolds. This scientist took the DNA code of a fish. Imposed this structure over a conventional musical scale. The result. Melody of a fish. The same approach a leaf. The result. Melody of a leaf. Next this gentleman took the DNA code of one of the cancers. Eventfully played it backwards. And there he stood. Listening to Mozart's Funeral Requiem. Lord have mercy I'll take music who needs to think....There we have it. When (I) heard about that study on Dan Rather's newscast I got pleasantly startled, no more, I got happily electrified. Our world transcended-explained through sound. A completely new perspective of expression. Is there relevance to the particular music relevant to cancer? Given that we can assume we are approaching the non linear, the non-casual (going backwards inferring the past actually transcending time) in order to attain this particular status Mozart's Requiem is interesting. The suggestion is transcending time because you really can't go backwards while altering the material that has already been experienced unless you overcome or transcend time in some materially agreeable manner. You've resolved the displacement or time. (This is possible in our linear casual world because our planetary adaptation is not consistent with the Cosmic flow, The Cosmic rule.) And relevant to the cancer you've reclaimed a status through harmonically relevant and revealing sound that speaks to the cancer before it was troublesome or the cancer had a different existence that might within its own nature be beneficiary. And indeed if you can move back to a different status without dematerializing the material involved you can move

forward. Anticipate the material future, the evolution of the cancer in a linear world or possibly within the formulation of refinement. Tammy I've got to take it easy I've already got one moving violation this year fortunately I had to get into a car to get it. And Tammy what we also saw happening was the altering of the material, the leaf, the fish, the cancer, but in a harmonious way. Not a destabilizing, conflicted or purposeless dematerializing more clearly expressed as disintegration, the loss of material value and ideal direction begins at the inception of an event realized through time. Yet God this is beautiful. Thank God I'm unemployable. Well not really unemployable Tammy. I've had problems at work. I can't remember how many times I've been caught speculating about what I was doing. I'm being almost funny under potentially hysterical conditions. But I loved the job at Aksarben cooling down incredible alleged race horses. Walking around in circles. There were two horses I remember fondly. "Better be March" and "Battle arc." I worked for Hoss Inman's Flying I. There weren't that many people to talk with, which can be helpful. Which of course also means there's nobody to talk to you unless their imagined and available. And the ones there were very interesting and nice of course. Once I sold solar heating units. Which I thought had potential. A good product and a chance to be nice to people. But I ended calling up the customers I'd established as leads and told them they were better off not letting me into their house again. The company I was working for had come up with a new solar heater, but wanted to dispose of the lesser qualities ones. Which of course is preposterous. I think it's called dishonest. Not that I'm an extraordinarily nice person, I've got some corruptions to my credit. Actually I think I could make a pretty good criminal if I could limit the crimes to myself. Oh well if it weren't for life I don't know what I'd be doing. But were starting to get an inkling. And the words continue. Like knocking on an incredibly mysterious door. And peeking as the door opens.... I bet you've already started to figure the door seems familiar.

I'm starting to feel like grandfatherly full of good and wise ideas. I've already expressed this concern right? What's your name by the way? My name's Charlie and you've already met Tammy. Nice to meet you. In the presence of our absence, presumably. Strange to sense or feel an answer while our reading happily alone. Then again what's the anagram for lonely, did we already say...no one only. There other variations. Strange ideas? What's wrong with strange even on short notice.. "I" just had a wonderful image, real wonderful, this nice young couple sitting in the living room together each reading a book. Can you see where that might be a real special together, even before they start talking and laughing happy and sad about what they read. I mean for one thing their reading in the silence.... Which I hope I didn't interrupt. And also I'm not being modest. I really don't feel I have anything to be modest about. It's just me kind of incidentally. People say, "living on borrowed time." But they never say who their borrowing from.... Our linear pretenses and disguises are many death is only one. Tammy I'm going to continue unencumbered with the concern that these assembled words are not going to be by your kind inclination read as a burden to yourself. Me to and anyone possible else. We discussed this right...if at a certain juncture of self you feel imposed upon you will raise your hand and insist that I stop. Inviting the preferred whispers of silence. I won't stop searching is what I do, I'll simply keep these

wonderments to myself. Plus there many ways of stopping politely walking away is only one. But hoping anyway that in the eventually of good reason you will pick up this symphony again and dance with it to its conclusion. Interesting isn't Tammy that we believe in conclusions. We should have conclusion parties, each of us bringing our favorite conclusions. We exist on conclusions. Imagine a reality without endings. At least optional endings. Without graduating from high school or college. But how can you conclude an education? Saying goodbye to a friend. Ending a book or a love affair with a happy ending, but ending nonetheless. What are these people up to, can't we stay with hello and not secure a meeting with goodbye. We conclude the day. We finish the dance. Thanksgiving is over. Our prayers are done. The church service is concluded. What are these people up to? And they keep practicing death, why, because their afraid they might get it wrong? Let's continue please accepting that at least by these words modest virtue there will never be a conclusion. Yes to be continued. Not to be discontinued. The infinite Eternal our neighborhood politely insists. The hope as wishes go is that these words will become a chorus. You will add the song of yourself. Norman and the gentle others the same. The young and blessed ones like your son and daughter. Your husband, our neighbors, also the alleged ones. If I'm being a presumptuous I'll turn myself in for the reward.. Which is really not a problem since the only one you can turn yourself into is yourself. Folks just create an arranged curiosity whereby we are apologizing, explaining ourselves to others. But that's the later of another story. Let's stick with the dance we started. And even though we have wondered about conclusions we do have to stop on occasion and rest. Count our smiles. And thank the devil for the contrast.

The second event or challenge. Actually third, the Super String Theory, the gentleman at MIT and this work by the curly haired scientist, a biologist who was trained at Harvard and Cambridge. Which I sense means he's not concluded. Again context, harmonic consequence and evolving relevance. Accepting that repetition does not necessarily speak to sameness. This nice British gentleman came up with an incredible idea in "his" book, The Science of Life. It's interesting that people say, "It came to me." Like good thing they weren't out of town. Any way where's the way. This is what this nice and talented scientist offered. (Imagine if teachers and scientists could sing). Maybe they do I've just not heard of a singing scientist. Let's read these words slowly, accepting like meeting a very nice person for the first time you'll know them the better (be) more thrilled after several encounters. Ideas can be the same way. And before you know it you've made another friend. Throwing a curve ball is an idea converted into an idea event. Friendship is another. Love, do you agree, is one of our best. We've come up with some great ideas. Yes they are God's ideas. Either by their initiate substance or by our love expressed. (God's ideas because we are not responsible for our own materiality or the potential thereby of course). But we said o.k. and went along, even if it might have been in the finally of time. Again "everything" we experience on the planet earth materially preexisted the forming of this planet or we wouldn't be able to experience "them" now. Pre existing in potential or actually, but their both the same in a timeless spontaneous Universe. Sure there's some difference or there'd be no growth, but the changes are sympathetic

with each other, they don't exclude, in other words in the Universe there are only beginnings no endings. Shock and awe no where to go that's one of our ideas. Cosmic material opportunities we in turn for better or worse personalize through choice. (The Universe can only gamble by winning, how about us?)...Yes one more time including the idea of you. But you're aware of how it goes. Just because someone comes up with a preexisting idea for the first time, doesn't mean its going to be accepted. (Only God can first). A good idea might be turned into a dark-unhappy one. As a matter of what we call fact many scientist got angry at the curly haired gentlemen because of this idea, I think they accused him of thinking. Some people don't like you to get to far ahead of them, they want to keep you close to their cause and effect. I mean if you get too way far ahead they won't even be able to calm themselves down by giving you an award. Can you imagine when someone came up with the idea of love for the first time. Most likely an evolving affair over the many years. Any way not quite the nice curly haired scientist who reminds me of my brother Chris said. **“There exists a field between species that evolves irrespective of time and space and has its own acquiring memory.”** Meaning in part a memory other than our own. Can we consider initially that the field were examining is either the Light or is like harmonic sound Light sympathetic. In part because there is no time and space involved. And if were talking space in the absence of time were discussing displaced space. And were approaching non-linearity, spontaneity and a new idea non-locality. Meaning that the Universe is one location. And of course the question that follows...if the Universe is one location how can we relocate. Well we manage that trick by exchanging one space material for another space material through the causality or displacement of time. And do so by altering space, contrary to the rules of the Universe. The consequence of this trick is that everything that we alter, even if its just by our witness or perception or our agreements, begins to dematerialize as a result or investment and practice in time. Without time displacements linearity, cause and effect, duality, opposition, measurement would not be possible. We've separated-displaced our environment including ourselves from the Cosmic rule on infinity. At least were honest we include ourselves in the trick by agreeing to die, though we prefer our neighbors to go first. Well it's not that easy I mean we exist on proof. Even if we have to eventually deny the proof to prove its value. Let's jump please to another hill o.k?

And wonder wandering about this incredible idea, “an acquiring memory.” Reminding ideas are material ...they are events. Material events meaning we are dealing with action. The question is what is the action, what's the deal. And how can we get involved without altering or damaging the nature of the material event which in it's God ideal is infinite (therefore continuous)... an issue of presence spontaneity not sequential irony. Ironically sequential is our current conflict. We have discussed memory, timeless memory relevant to our interest in a new energy experience, a new bond with the Universe, a clearer appreciation of our existence and the functional potential that might be born from the clarity. We have implied that the way to bond with the timeless venue of memory and harmonically become partial to this spontaneity is by creating a temporary (not an issue of time) harmonic avenue the essence of which we have no control over. Reversal of the quantum

riddle. An avenue that will allow us to bypass linear distance, casual irony or conflict and is very likely a “temporary“ harmonic sound dimension unto itself. The linear definition of dimension is, “an extension of space a property of space.” (The initial response to this definition as we wondered before would suggest that each person is a dimension). But now we have several new elements pertinent to our understanding of memory. What we now have is a memory that is an event, an active and potentially engaging memory. An acquiring memory whose nature is non linear and non-localized (meaning one location) spontaneity. Non-linear and non-localized because this acquiring memory evolves non-casually “irrespective of time and space.” (I think non-localized means pretty much one location, but we can’t sure by the time you’re three sentences away you or somebody else’s as come up with something else. I guess I’m sayi9ng let’s not worry about not being sure, not knowing, getting it wrong...those are the best part. Somehow like attending this great costume party you come disguised as yourself and nobody recognizes you. Do other people have to look at themselves before they can see you? Anyway be the way please excuse the slight distraction. Where was I? Right... an active-engaging memory whose spontaneity also speaks to its availability. Because this memory is timeless therefore non-casual (yet engaging or acquiring) and not an issue of many locations therefore not fragmented we are discussing the infinite. Actually available without exception, suggested by the all embracing infinite nature of the Light. Meaning once we excuse our “practiced” idea of time and the displacement of space that we’ve joined to time the infinite acquiring memory becomes available. We are not separated-not interrupted we are returned to the Cosmos our origin. The material all embracing essence of the Universe. “I” mentioned the “practiced idea” of time. You might remember that that there is no time in a Universe of which we are a part, so the question becomes how can there be time. You might remember the Super String Theory argues, “the only non-material is time.” So how can there be time. And of course the answer is through displacement. Once a complete self nurturing entity like the Light is separated from itself virtually everything becomes possible and necessary through contradiction. Now we have duality. We have cause and effect. We have linearity. We have shucks and awe. All Cosmic bets where you can’t lose are off. Betting is now defined by losing. Contradiction based on ironic separations is the defining seed. Confusion is unbelievable. Consensus becomes critically important. Controls become necessary one is time, another is measurement another is consensus. If nothing makes sense it helps if people get together and agree that it does. Even if you need as many agreements as there are separations. Each agreement relevant to the polarity of disagreement. And again each agreement valued because eventually we will replace it with a better agreement that itself will be replaced. And always qualified by disagreement or the possibility that the agreement will fail within its own design or intent. No wonder someone came up with the idea of death. Would you rather die and go to Heaven or be replaced. Actually we get both deals. Two examples you can be replaced by being fired or you can replace yourself by being promoted. The point is that when people, who are separate from each other on a good day, get together and try to agree the impossible becomes necessary. Yes strangely necessary and agreeably possible. Disorder, exhaustion,

wastefulness become functionally consequential. Acceptable and necessary. Death becomes a relief. And time also a relief, a stalling action... with the "I'm glad its over deal called the past" and "I can't wait for the better deal called the future." A good nights sleep also helps. Should we point out that one of the ways this Cosmic bond can be fragmented, be separated from itself or displaced is to claim ownership over its essence or result. "It's mine get away no you can't have any." Get off my Light. Cancer cure for some not for all. You get the idea. Love your neighbor breathe the Light. Love your neighbor in spite of yourself. But don't worry I'm not a communist, I'm not a republican, I'm not a democrat. I pretty much what's left of myself. The only opposition I experience I try to limit to myself.... Wondering. All governments are....what? All people are good. Therefore all governments are good. Governments are uncertain because they seem to need enemies. And this means people being devalued and possibly getting hurt, love denied. Being human isn't easy. But does it have to be so risky. Let it flow in one sentence...you can't have an enemy without being one. Sure we conflict ourselves and most of us make it, but you to wonder what did we repress along our angry way. Being lost is prove that your somewhere.

We are approaching the fewer words approaching us. Until the words silently fade. We will finally hear. Perception and preference one not the other denied as accommodated. We have knocked on this door before, but in now of self there is motion we are moving. The heavy metal sign reads. "On this planet everything that begins ends... Again." Behind us now. We haven't moved. We've learned... in a Universe where motio0n is resonant sound we live on a planet that enforces time through the fragmentation-alteration of all material., less the revealing sounds. (Many sounds deafening).... Remembering our lyrics song approaching, we cannot respond to what we do not know. Responding we do. Words approaching their own silence. An audible smile conjoins the Cosmos more than the most impressive thinking valid as less the thought expressed, denied as spoken compromised as received. Not always. When people laugh they are in the absence of themselves therefore the presence of God. Similarly sleep, prayers, the precognitions, mediation, our aspired self, memory, our hugs and kisses, dreams all of ourselves waiting for our preferred attendance. All material moves, all motion has sound. Karma is God's motion you have disguised as ourselves. The silence speaks when we listen. The all inclusive silence, the all embracing Light includes you. Unless you prefer otherwise. And that's what we call life.

A few more knocks on the impending door already offered as the Super String Theory. Please those who are familiar with these research efforts and others we hope you will provide additional insights giving more clarity and direction to this paper. Before (I) continue I have to interrupt us including myself with a suggestion, I remember my mysterious non-sequential friend Curtis generously got me an essay to read from Texas Wesleyan misspelled University, entitled, the Sonification of Protein. It's strange isn't when your reading something in English that's allready in English and you

have no idea what's going on, none. People specially when they get elevated get into their own special language. All I'm saying is that their should be somebody somewhere that can turn these incredible books and essays into every day talk including weekends. I might also point our what you probably allready know, you might be one of them yourself, there a lot of people out there who are waiting to make a move. Under employed people, homeless people, out smarted people, over qualified and disqualified people-waiting in a most mysterious magical ways. It's all of us isn't it, waiting? But some of us are much busier waiting than others, some are so busy waiting their not doing anything. Please understand nothing wrong with doing nothing after I came home from one of our organized wars I kept myself together, actually apart, by saying time after time...nothing is something or it wouldn't be a word. Actually when you think and feel about it doing nothing is impossible. Unless you kill somebody of course. Let's get back...(1). In 1987 an nice Asian geneticist at MIT took the DNA code of a fish, then a leaf, imposed each on a musical scale (the result) the melody of a fish, the melody of a leaf. Next the DNA code of a cancer, eventually played backwards. Result Mozart's "Funeral Requiem." The inference... sound can transcend the irony of form assuming potentially a more Cosmically pertinent status. Further that given music is a casual (its own response) the implications speak to timelessness and as such non-displacing causality. Also suggested by the playing backwards of the cancer musical adaptation (non linear polarity questions the separation between death and life. Suggesting an other materializing synthesis preferable to alteration-dematerializing). Offering a suggestion of evidence relevant to death not being a disintegrating purposeless non-directional end point evidenced as bodily decay, but rather other materializing...assuming as accrued. Suggestive of acquiring memory. And apparent as the accrued-revealing sound of the relevant form.(2) The PEAR group at Princeton University designed a machine with a fifty-fifty percent probability. Like the flipping of a coin. The research determination was that the probability result was influenced by who engaged the machine by simply pressing one button. (A minimum of displacing casual interaction) Additionally it was established that when two i9ndividuals who were resonant to one another effected the probability by a factor of seven. (Inference). Even when a near absolute dichotomy of opposition is designed (50-50) this can be influenced beyond determinant randomness more so through resonance when not casually expressed through choice, language, mathematics and alteration... some of the methods through which humans separate themselves from the infinite Light and through which they sustain-justify disintegration. Further this effort to some extent was incidental, devoid even of calculation. Consider the dynamic results if all materials involved, human and machine, were uniquely DNAsound sympathetic to a desired intent rather than seemingly random... (3). Remember the Curly haired biologist offered in his book "Science of Life"...."there exists a field between species that functions irrespective of time and space and has its own acquiring memory." (Inference) The first suggestion is one of spontaneity, Cosmic

immediacy that is sympathetic not casually interrupted through time material interchange or assimilation of our linear choices as activity events expressed through contemporary linear language. Without time as fragmented material spatial interchange we have the infinite Light inter actively refining form through its own resonant nature as opposed to disintegration. Also this presence activity has its own “auguring memory” not suggestive of ourselves and our linear memory process experienced in time substantiated through needed consensus, random immediacy... forgetfulness both fragmenting-suggesting a timeless uninterrupted spontaneous memory. Not linear not casually subjective, not human memory. The offering is one of an infinite Eternal memory, God’s memory. In timelessness only God can remember an event **as** it happens. Will you allow yourself (imagine) experiencing your life on occasion in such a manner. Imagine communing with God similarly. Clearly at this juncture it becomes obvious that we are in need of words of sound not presently available when we are linearly expressing ourselves relevant to these opportunities. We continue thanking you for your patience anticipating your timeless fraternity as source immediate. In by the Light reader and writer are one. Hopefully more of love’s kindness by your disposition.

About these studies and these ideas this incredible lady I think I already mentioned Isabella Threlkeld suggested we start some kind of library. I’ll tell you more about Isabella later its almost impossible not to. A library...get these idea’s going and organized somehow on purpose. You certainly can if you want to, I’m what you might call disorganized. My beautiful friend Sandy says more like a hermit. But how can I be a hermit if Sandy’s in “my” house trying to prove the hermit deal. I have to tell you something “I” just remembered. Came to me, right? I don’t make a lot of passes at women that’s true. Sure one reason is I spend a lot of time alone. Also to tell you the truth I’m in pretty bad shape physically. I told a friend of mine some years ago at one of the churches I go to, “I’m in such bad shape I don’t think I can hold up my end of a mugging.” Right I was remembering making a pass at Sandy. Now I’d known Sandy for like more than twenty years before I made a pass. And it was a pretty good pass, nothing you’d want to put to music, but a good-well adequate pass. Oh well Sandy was upset, even tried a little bit of angry. Sandy went on for days and days. “About how could I? I thought we were friends?” Couple of days later Sandy started up in the kitchen again. Finally I said, outright and on purpose. “Sandy why is it that I’m the one who got rejected and you’re the ones whose complaining.” That Sandy Chamberlin just stood there in the kitchen looking at me, you know, the way people do when they suspect you made too much sense without enough preparation. Sandy didn’t stand in the same spot that long, but then again she’s still standing there. It’s a memory, right? I can still see that pretty Sandy Chamberlin. Memories are alive, right, their visual, also come in sounds, smells even right...pretty good.

Everything that ends as time is no longer time engaging. We have entered uninto the timeless Universe. Which is without end therefore continuously infinite. You are timeless whatever your disagreement death the same, you are Eternal. Infinite and continuous. You are presence. The Ever presence of all self. If the Universe were fragmented the Universe would not be continuous, but interrupted as itself. Infinity separate from infinity. And from you. Spherically we are no longer partial to an interactive sequence of disintegrating events. Spontaneous.... You are the cause of your own Eternal effect. And the effect of Eternal cause. The future and the past cannot trespass. You are without borders limit, you are all inclusive, you are interactively un ordered. You are the Eternal Light refining. All that is the Universe potentially you are, otherwise we exist denying infinity. You are Eternal isn't that nice...

Whether this death is yours death, the melting of a glacier, the forgotten kiss, the invalidation of an idea, awakening from a dream, the lost idea, cancer's sway either in substance or waiting, a child's unbearable funeral, the family album fading. All lives materially forever is a place. Forever doesn't take as long if your patient star. The future's future if you need to smile in time.

The Unioverse is inescapably infinitely continuous. Escape speaks to separation, futility, fragmentation, leaving value behind....What death escapes less the Universe. Upon death all awareness (words that deeds be spoken) sums otherwise death displaces life less the Universe. No death leaves life forgotten.... Your casual disintegration insists, your linear memory testifies, disintegrations credit the same. God's timeless memory in life-death ourselves the Light refining, otherwise the Universe invalidates God Eternally. There is no separation, forgetting is one of memories kindest service thus unforgettable. Where does death escape less itself, the Universe refines Eternally. What direction is fear not approach less life itself. (We can be cautious without being afraid can't we?) Birth and death melody of the same song. Yet the apple not the tree. The moon is not the meteorite. The baby is not the mother. Mysteriously separate not apart as refining. God's plan continues. What pumpkin grows less the seed's smile not an apple. The Universe Eternal patience. God's plan unfolds. Man argues with himself... the elephant and the forest loses the argument. Our story continues.... What is our singular shared prayer?

How do we make ourselves available to the acquisition of the Light? We are not in control once you approach-arrive at a non-linear spontaneity. Though we do have a hand in availing the acquiring memory event. Participating in a resonant way. And making the subjective determination. Meaning are we availing ourselves to reading five books in the presumption of an instant, "listening" to a rock n' roll concert as a participant. You would have to be a participant (as opposed to a fan) within the acquiring memory of the event or there would be linear displacement or fragmenting. You are harmonically meditating with five other people through a shared and developed DNAs inby the Light as one. Your designing your house. Unlike any other since you have tapped into your unique DNAsound. Your connection to the Universe Light. Wonderus idea events become available.

Including possibly how to finance your dwelling. One or two mystery rooms. A room that only you can experience to the fullest. And therefore not be able to explain to another. Unless you start agreeing with each others words. And please don't remember to forget this is happening not because some else has told you that you are smarter, because you have more money, but for one abiding reason. Because you are God's child in the Light. No longer linearly entrapped you become **Cosmically a Community of one**. And inby the Light you don't get hustled (ie) displaced. From the Cosmic place of self. And one of the significant ways that we displace ourselves individually and as a Cosmic community... a incomplete stranger like I mentioned shows up when were little kids and assigns us "his" intelligence. A professional stranger no less. I'll be damned with cotton candy in my hand. Incredible and without permission. Without even concerning ourselves that "the assigned intelligence" is going to be displacing through language, mathematics and significantly as far as the needs of institutions (another displacement) intelligence within its own limit and design is a displacement because a human structure of lessers is created. (Eventually everyone is a lesser to the "one" most intelligent non-existent one. Which is an idea of "one" as is your intelligence assigned to you by a stranger when you are a child. We have an insecure false bottom structure that is presumably "secured" by the willful institutions that are actually not willful, not conscious, but at best an indirect ambiguity of intent that is very difficult if not impossible for any one person or persons to fathom let alone conclusively influence. (Since there are many institutions and they are integrated in substance or conflict). Good place to hide even if you need the work....Yes the linear casual deal is that some are smarter than others. Makes sense to me. We come up with time. Agree on death. And decide were smart....Our education indeed our life is built around and limited to the intelligence that you are assigned as a little kid. One of the elements of this "idea" is that you keep the same intelligence. You can't get smarter. It's the deal. Thank you very much I'd rather have a pizza. Remember you are being handed your intelligence by adults who were assigned their intelligence when they were children. Incredible minus the credible. The artificial reality we have created currently on the planet earth is...there are no smart people only smarter. Meaning there's always going to be someone smarter than you or you are going to be smarter than someone else. You can only express the God gift of yourself by denying someone else, being denied or displaced. And as such displacing yourself. Intelligence is an incredibly linear deal. Because your cause is determined before you have an opportunity to take a chance on your effect. Your locked into someone else's realization of yourself.(Anagram for intelligent is...tell it to "the" gene....and we're not near enough the one telling). You become to a decisive extent someone else's cause whose determining the limits of your effectiveness. One of the biggest linear hustles. Therefore one of the biggest obstacles to your Cosmic awe. Imagine, I know its hard to since were relying on both language and linear intelligence, but imaging if our God given "intelligence" were like memory. Non-linear, spontaneous, immediate thinking more in the sense of intuition because we are talking about an experience that is spontaneous therefore non-causal. Expression would have to become the same, a new language. Consider the non linear quality of memory. If you see a buddy

you haven't seen in twenty years your memory will most likely make the necessary time adjustments so that you will recognize your friend. If you see another friend, but you can only see a quarter of their face from behind your memory will make the necessary adjustments so that you can recognize the entire face (memory can turn corners)...that's non-linearity at work, non-conscious causality or approaching-being approached by the Light. Certainly you will have individuals who will say wait a couple of minutes, "I'm very intelligent I'm content I'm not complaining what's the deal." But don't you see you are the most denied. The preferred most essential displacer of others therefore yourself. Now having a memory like spherical self evolving intelligence sounds very ambitious. Not really just look at all we've had to learn and experience that is contrary to our essential self. Much of it secured through doubt, chance, denying and suffering. The spherical presence we've been discussing requires no great contradictory learning of skills. It's you. Your birth right. Remember we are born Light affluent. We are taught the darkness amidst the Light. We are taught the reality of no. We are taught to die. We learn killing...

Should we get into chapters as we go along to organize these words? What's the point lets cut down on the linear separations. Well have a better idea where we end up as we arrive. And let's hope eagerly when this effort is done you'll take over. And really take these words for a ride. Remember and this one you don't have to forget to remember, the Light is all inclusive...all embracing right. Which again means these ideas are as much yours in the reading as their ours in the writing. Of course that ideal is timeless and ownership is displacing when hoarding, less so otherwise. What would be a good t-shirt. **Too Much is not Enough. And more will Never be....** It's raining outside. The wind whispering tree limbs to motion. The leaves shaking in the many directions as if letting the wind know where to go. What is movement without direction on this planet. Besides a good nights sleep. And nowhere agreements like war. Are the leaves trying to catch the rain drops or avoid them. It's the same right they'll get what they need. If I may make a few observation about taking these words for a ride. Carefully do we agree our best reasons are Gods. And all the idea's. Here's one more concern shaping into an idea. Hoping we plan you'll get to the better related ideas, until you do, remember that virtually everything that we do is incomplete and in complete able. And often contradictory. Sometimes dangerous. And what happens with a mission might have little or nothing to do with what we planned. We might not even make it across the street. Thrown out at first and you didn't even hit the ball. One of the things I'm almost saying is don't worry too much about rules. Unless of course there about not hurting other people. You know the other curious different rules about language and imagination. The rules of getten to where your going. And who you are. And who you will never be. Well like we discussed before sentences... folks got together and decided a sentence is a complete thought. Well I think to wonder that an individual word is a complete thought. And when we start chasing words after that complete thought in a sentence... what happened to complete when ten people will read the same sentence. Three will agree. Two wont. One goes to jail. Two will decide to start dating. And the teacher will pray before she starts her next sentence. I'm just saying it's ok to go another way, to wonder

and politely experiment. It's ok to wonder and then wonder about wondering. I've been writing for a long time. And I like sentences. We get along. Sometimes they make me feel good. And sure how are you going to dig a hole without a shovel. Specially when the shovel is part of the hole. I'm saying in part if your going to challenge the idea of a sentence you should have something to take its place. Even if it's only temporary. But aren't sentences like fences. I'll supposedly complete a thought. I'll stop to scratch what's left of my head and try to figure out what is the fence separating and what side of the fence I'm standing on. What's my point? Problem with making a point is that usually it seems your trying to get someone else to agree with you. What's the point? Do we really need proof to get to where were going. Follow pre set rules and designs except for the ones about not hurting others, anyway were talking about searching-yearning and wondering rules.... Do you really have to explain yourself. Make sense make a point? The only proof you need we are.... I sense at this point I should introduce myself again. My name is Charlie. I live in Persia Iowa with three alleged dogs and one alleged cat named Tuxedo. Rosie is the lady alleged dog. And the two other alleged dogs are named "Which one" and "Which one not the other." If you don't mind I'll explain the alleged deal a little later. Because I'd also like to introduce you to Tammy. An incredible woman who works on purpose in Persia. Actually Tammy is our Postmistress. I think she prefers master, you know Postmaster. You see the designed problem with language. I sat here with my hands on my tummy thinken about how to tell you about Tammy. How pretty and nice Tammy is effortlessly...I understand your waiting for the mysterious describing words people like might want to hear. But it's impossible its like trying to catch all the rain drops. Another big time displacement right our impressions of each other that to some extent become impressions of ourselves. Look at you who are you really. I mean really. Of course and sure you have an answer. Even a fascinating one. Even so how come people are still waiting, still searching, still answering. Planning hoping beyond confusion and fear. You know there's more right? You know your incredible. Absolutely and twice again and one more time of course. But you also know it hasn't happened. Even if you've got a lot of money, a nice car and real pretty freckles something's missing. One way or another like Tammy waiting for the credible in incredible. There's no way around the Light for now except to pause for a few words. The incredible silent words of you. Otherwise were lost as found probably while looking for someone else. Maybe because we've gotten a little tired of ourselves. You understand being our linear selves to often at the expense of others...

It's as simple as breathing. You really can't choose from what your not aware of...And when all is said and done or undone we are talking about you. Whatever the change incredible if it doesn't include you its flawed. And certainly relevant because whose going to appreciate and express the incredible change.... Obviously something special is missing in our lives. Haven't you sensed something's amiooss. What is it exactly?....So be so let's continue before we catch up to ourselves. Let's look at ourselves while waiting. Let's see what happens while we love each other. No Heaven's this isn't a sermon. (I) told a nice minister once "I'd" do one sermon once. And start by begging people not to listen to me. We spend our lives listening to others thus

we are silenced of God. At some point do you agree you have to get off the carnival ride and say let's do it...But I mentioned the other recent day to a friend that "I" decided to do a sermon outside by the creek. You know with the alleged ones, my friends here, the birds, the trees, the stars and the frogs. Everyone's welcome, And you know what the sermons would be a symphony because the alleged ones don't interrupt the join in the wonder us way of themselves. What are some more of the words? Approaching the fewer sounds. The fences fading eventually disappearing. As we jump over them. What's really going on with the silence? Not the quiet...the incredible silence. Like when we wondered about you. In the silence leaning on the Light. What's the answer to whose the question. Nothing is something or it wouldn't be a word. Nothen wrong with an answer, let's continue. Actually there's nothen wrong with anything if our journey gets us to the Light not having left it....Killing oh my God literally and materially talk about a bad idea. Can you imagine the first killing. Stop to breathe catch up to that one. Should we make the point once again for the first time. One interesting thing about being Light bound is that you can't get wrong directions. Because you are the directions. (Getting off the carnival ride). I have to say I'm almost sure I wouldn't be dancing-singing these words if I weren't writing Tammy. Now yo9u actually us all along, right? So clearly I'm indebted to Tammy for the need companionship of these words. This journey. So here we are. I'm not the only one who goes over and talks to Tammy. If you ever meet Tammy you'll understand. And you wont have to think too much to know. You'll know when you feel your smile moving and warming up around you. One of those involuntary smiles. I asked this of course nice little girl at one of the churches I go to, "is that your smile." And the little girl said smiling to breath some more, "no it's God's." Sure if the smile isn't casual its not linear its timeless. Your smilen in the Light. Norman just called me. Which is nice. About getting together (apparently were apart) for lunch which Norman and I are pretty good at. Also we have to let the alleged ones outside. Funny we have an outside. Then an inside. Just two. Well not really there's you. And there's Tammy and Norman. Our buddy cousins the alleged ones. And what's around the next corner. Thank you by the way for your companionship. Yeah...But now that "I" think about I'm not sure I know what a sermon is...

Catching up not left behind. If you don't mind out loud? One more glimpse at those two mosaics that separate our linear reality into good and bad. The happy marriage on the good mosaic. And in the bad mosaic the divorce. Trying to better understand the dilemma in our linear world...offering to wonder does it have to be this hard. Do we have to loose so much of what we gain or anguish anticipating that we will. If love isn't optional then the suggestion becomes that the pain we suffer is inevitable, consequential and acceptable. We don't have to walk around having decided that something's wrong about our reality. We failed. There are unending problems that need inadequate solutions. The pain guides. The questions are more welcome. Of-course it helps that we don't cause pain on others. We are spared their pain causing response. And when others visit pain on us....You get the idea, right? Also remember those realization-sensations that are not machine or human derivatives well don't we have to add the sometimes of pain to that list? Did we discuss that before? You

understand the pain that comes from nowhere. And causes us to stop, pause and reflect. Imagine our lives without pain we wouldn't stand a chance. Just get practical. Remember our pilgrimage is in by the Light. Science, baseball, huggen just different shadows of the same Light. The point (I) wanted to make is that one of the obstacles to giving up (problem-solution cause and effects) is that if we don't have solutions we believe we can't grow. Maybe? The question is how do we get to where we're going, do some many have to suffer on the way, do so many have to be left behind? But you want to hear a curious one...without solutions you know what happens? You have to accept yourself. Not easy. Not encouraged. I mean so much of what we do is based on what's next based on problems. Whose got the solutions.... But if you accept yourself believing to breath that love is not optional. Something interesting happens to the challenges. The problem-solutions, they will become easier, more mysterious- more spirit oriented. Certainly less angry getting close to violent. Light affluent. Your offering love. Sure if love isn't optional what happens is what God wants to happen. You start welcoming the consequences as an opportunity to better understand your love and those you love. And when love isn't optional the understanding is a lot easier no more maybe than how to get across the street. It becomes reasonable to hope at worst the bad that happens bad is just God's way of introducing the good. (I mean being run over by a taxi isn't all that bad if the taxi driver isn't hurt. There's no death right?) And the confusion and irony that results in turn is an opportunity to love the more. And learn always learn more about the mystery that people call life. And most likely in response you will be loved. And if you aren't more love opportunities will result for you. If it gets to tough you can always go to the movie, go fishing without a hook, dance on ice and don't tell anybody your walking on water. We get breaks right? It's interesting isn't it I mean learning? One of the things that's mysterious about is that I'm learning. And I'm supposedly alone. When all is said and undone what were talking about is... the garden needs fewer thorns. We can all of us be as tall standing as we are when were praying on our knees. You know I heard some people pray for bad things to happen to other folks. Not easy on this planet, but does it have to be so hard? Maybe for now its not supposed to be. It is difficult to anticipate a situation when you have someone else's blood on your shirt and hands. What are you thinking that's worth the feeling. Worth the darkening chance. Your chance becomes God's? In loving another you have been loved. By God. Not bad as fences go. If it's a fence at all. I'm going to make this one coming up the last remember. But remember all the fences in our lives are pretty much our choices. Made real more than likely by our agreements. Did you agree...? I didn't. "I" don't want to give you the idea that I'm some hefty guy. Get out of the way brave kind of a guy. I can take a punch just as easy as the next guy, though I have other preferences. But I remember I told this nice and incredible guy at the other day, "I'm in such bad shape I don't think I can hold up my end up of a mugging. I'd have to ask for a continuance...." What I'm waiting to say is that if you're a little beat up yourself it's a good thing we have the Postmistress Tammy with us. And Tammy and Curtis and you. And you know who else. The next of the incredible we will be. No questions or answers about it. I know sometimes "I" repeat myself. But can you really? Sure you knock on the same door, but each time its opened

you really don't know what's on the other side. Plus also big time you can't know what the person your repeating yourself to is going to say. Also (I) want these word's writing to be easy and relaxed, too much order makes me a little nervous. An occasional spaghetti stain is just fine...I'm smiling remembering, once I asked Tammy, I can still hear her laughing sudden like. You know the way people sometimes laugh when they don't have enough preparation. "Tammy what's your favorite stain?"

I should have pointed something out earlier actually I did. Very earlier. If you don't understand something that you read amidst these words...thank God. No problem it means you have better questions. And better answers. Maybe completely something new. Maybe hopefully the easiest door to all these words. It means your on a journey. We were before we got started...

Today is Wednesday and I expect there's a reason. Were saying again... correct me if I'm wrong let's laugh if I'm right, we really don't have to spend a lot of time sorting out what's important. All of life is important. The journey you select seems to takes care of the distraction. Specially if your on the love isn't optional deal. I just had a thought, I hope its not too late. I must say I'm starting to feel again a little impersonated. Did you sense the same thing? I mean I'm started to feel like I know what I'm talking about. Please understand if by understanding we really do, I'm very careful about being an authority. About giving advice. And the many other fancy ways we avail ourselves to each other. You understand making each other's load supposedly easier. To tell you the truth I find that confusing. Do you agree our most compelling opportunities are solo, you and God. "I" mentioned once to this kind of angry minister that if I ever did a sermon. I would do only one. I know the sermon deal again, what's going on with these sermons anyway....Actually there's little to less than no chance about me doing a sermon around humans most people have me on a funny-empty status. They've invited me to stay away. Which can be very helpful under the right conditions. Actually also I'm not sure about the careful definition of a sermon. What the results are supposed to be? And why are most of them are done by men standing up in front of other people? And everyone sitting looking in the same direction, probably thinking in the same direction...it's scary. Anyway were still on the way if I were to do sermon by the Creek outside, brief to the ducks and the trees. I'd begin by begging the absent people not to listen to me. But you know how people are ask them not to listen and their listening big time. I'd be sitting with my toe in the water. Right be very careful about listening ...what happens when you listen to another person? And of course if you're the one talking you've got some of the same problem you might be listening to yourself. You know what happens if your in the group listening you might get invited to be one of the talkers. And you know that exclusion comen and goen can go on for an entire life time. Again please... we spend our lives trying I said to listen to others thus we are silenced of God. Then answer also isn't to spend our lives taking and putting the listening deal on others. Deeds is one possibility, wondering, writing and a little ice cream never hurts. Please let's pause to understand some more than some of our greatest good we accomplish together. And like Jesus, Mohammed, Buddha and sure no question yourself and me on a good day

the best that we learn to acquire in our journey with God has the most wonderful value when we share it happily with our neighbors. So no its not like its solo all the time. And of course ofby the Light through our available selves it's the opposite of solo big time (the all embracing Light)... God's Creation is God's Creation. Help a friend help a tree love both love God. I mean to say if I was goen for a walk with one of the alleged ones on a wonderful sun hugging day (what does all of a sudden really mean) either way there you are drowning in the lake. I wouldn't hesitate to jump into the pond. Hoping you could use the company and knew how to swim so that maybe you could float the both of us back to shore. Sometimes all you need is a little encouragement. I'm serious. Why give up. The only one we can sale yourself short to is ourselves. And all those limits people like to talk about and exchange in their spare time don't have to be limits at all? But let's stay a little practical sure a meal or two helps to get across the day to the beautiful moonset. What I'm probably almost saying is that a lot of wonder can happen in a day. And it helps to be available. I hope that if I somehow made sense I made only enough for you to pleasantly disagree to the better way of yourself. Do you agree thought... need a good chance for a miracle in your life introduce yourself to someone who needs your love.

Can we get back to what people call science. At some point on either side of which fence let's start talking about spherical science, now we've got linear science. Spherical scholarship verses linear exclusionary scholarship. We have been actually, right? But (I) was thinking about a mysterious study at Princeton University. Aren't those Universities on the kind side of believable, I mean if you can put aside the pressure of exams, let's not forget kinder gardens, maternity wards, the weddings-actually there's a lot of Heaven on earth goen on. You don't have to wake up to remember half the world is asleep inby the Light while the other half are busy searching the day to the better of themselves. Is it half? Actually with your permission I'd like to interrupt myself which I sense I've already done. Meaning that earth people like to say that "when you die you go to Heaven." Understanding that the Universe is spontaneous, infinite as Eternal. Going to Heaven is a displacement in time of the timeless Universe. No you don't go to Heaven you stay in Heaven. God's infinite and Eternal Creation of which we are partial. In going to Heaven you leave the planet earth behind? If you want to go one step further after looking over our shoulders. Christians promise Pearly Gates, streets paved with Gold, the Moslems offer seventy two virgins to the righteous Moslem gentleman, but you see these forms particularly when interactive would displace the essence of the Light, creating borders-particularly when you have exclusionary religio0ns sharing the same Heaven. Which as infinite Eternal is without border therefore not sympathetic to form. The gold, St. Peter, the virgin ladies....were back to contrasting value, approval verses disapproval and subservience: So be so...accepting that death is not time active, not time engaging (therefore without displacement which can only occur through and as form) the consequences become translucent- logically coherent...when you die you don't go to Heaven you stay. When you die you don't disintegrate, decay, but other materialize (the absence of form in time the issuance of the Light). When you die you become Heaven. Along with the trees, the stars, the frogs and God's dreams. Otherwise Heaven would be displaced

from itself and wouldn't be Heavenly. Having resolved the often ironic linear three dimensions to one dimension the Light. Which we call the fourth dimension. The infinite Eternal from which this planet emerged. Including ourselves. You might say from whence we came, the Light our first language. Can't beat that unless you say you can. Again I'm not saying anyone's spiritual beliefs are inadequate or bad. All paths come from a lead back to God. You can't argue about God without diminishing yourself therefore God. And clearly you can't devalue another person without devaluing. God. And you can't devalue God without denying yourself and God. I'm asking and wondering. Can the ten commandments be put into one sentence. Be polite and all will come.

We should develop two observations. Heaven is not unlike death, specially if your linearly invested, meaning that almost everything we know about death comes from people who haven't died. (Can't know the flavor without the taste). And even though the Universe is God's Creation or Heaven, on this planet we live repressing-fragmenting our Light full identity, denying our Heavenly origin-insisting that you have to die to go to Heaven. The second insight, observations-insights if that's what they are, remember everything is material except time. Consequently the Pearly Gates, St. Peter, our Moslem brothers and the virgins are all material...they are real. The question becomes, how Universe representative are your spiritual beliefs? Are your perceptions, experiences, deeds while alive or presumably deceased all embracing sympathetic with the infinite Eternal or are you taking your fragmenting, dislocating into the Cosmic Heaven? Also another perspective when you deal with exclusion, dislocation and the rest you've created kind of a one way effect, Heaven and earth are separate. Not only separate, but also not interactive. Not divinely conversant. Sure there are miracles, answered prayers and other Light events, but the moment they occur we displace them to our disposable reality which includes Heaven. We not only separate ourselves from Heaven we separate Heaven from ourselves. Kind of curious do you agree?

I'm not surprised we started at Princeton and your wedding then ended up in Heaven. First you most likely noticed that the previous paragraph was a somewhat potentially confused, that's o.k. right, sometimes you have to politely disassemble the fence before you can level it to its new height. One turn around that dance floor isn't going to do it. If you want well get back to that mystery. The study (I) wanted to get into at Princeton is the curious of mysterious. And will bring us closer to where we already are... though displaced as such. You can see the Professors and those nice students excited like Christmas unwrapping ideas instead of gifts. Anyway is the way these nice folks designed a machine with a fifty percent probability. Like flipping a coin. And these searchers were able to determine that who engaged the machine influenced the probability. Interesting do you agree. We have a person pressing a button and apparently who they are influences what the machine is going to do beyond its design or probability. Is this more acquiring memory? Is some timeless deal going on? But the eager individuals at Princeton went one of those steps further. These nice scholars were able to establish that two people "who are resonant to each other" affected the probability by a factor of seven. Now that's getting

exciting talk about dancing across the street. I'd like to maybe first make one tentative point about us, the machine and the mysterious influences. Whatever is happening with his study one thing seems certain whatever we try to do, even when exaggerating ourselves through a not-born-to-Creation machine is that it is hard to impossible to keep the Light from us. We can repress, hiss, hide or cuss, get all exaggerated through a machine the Light is still all inclusive, though displaced to some extent. God's love embraces us. Now I did say I wouldn't get into talking about God that way. Your relationships are your business. And to tell you the truth I'm not sure I can talk about God even to myself without getting in the way ending up with a lot of about God incomplete sentences. Meaning of course what people call complete sentences. Even silently whispering to myself. Like (I) offered to think there's the Cosmic God and our earthly adaptation. But "I" am sure wherever one those guest ions get me, the Light infinite and Eternal is the best way to get to God without my getting in the way. Also of course times two God is no doubt one hefty translator, I mean what's an incomplete sentence even if its disguised as a complete to the Creator of the Universe. Either way do you agree comrade at some point you've got to go with what you've got. (I never called anyone comrade before I wanted to try it). Stop listening and start doen. Finish up and get it done. Sure any idea is a divine idea if its divinely expressed. And experienced right? But deeds are deeds and words are words. If you disagree with the previous sentence your talken to yourself. Actually listening. I'm on my way and can't get distracted. And while were at please try not to fall into that pond. Isn't it the curious of funny how people who can't swim end up in the middle of a pond ? One last thought before the alleged ones and I get together for lunch. Did that word comrade bother you? I kind of always liked it. The nice Russian's actually they used it. Maybe the nice Chinese folks are using it now. It's simple enough, (once again for the first time) all governments aren't bad because all people are good therefore all governments are good. (Also one of the most compelling ways to0 get trapped in the displacement of words is to avoid them. Is that true? Words aren't bad it's how we use them, including validating them through apology. You hear a tough word it's a chance to hunker down and do some loven). You can't love your neighbor in spite of yourself and not accept his or her favorite hiding place, right? Which might be you. No problem with me. Here's one you can hang on the wall or float as a t-shirt. "If I were more unloved I'd be popular." Here's another one. "I know CPR but I'm selective." I'm meaning to say loving a good friend is easy. You want at good-God- growing- love- challenge love they guy you'd rather severely avoid. I'm serious anything less is less not enough. I've been wondering for years what is hate? Is hate an emotion, is it an attitude, is hatred a perspective. I'm not sure. I must be banging around a pretty good crowd I haven't gotten a good answer. Maybe hates mysterious value is that it's shared. Come to think of it you can't hate someone without having had a chance to love them. No of course any expression is also a mirror. No question about it we get a lot of chances. We are chance and choice. And since we really aren't casually in control when we take a chance, not entirely, where are we again. The Light. "I" wonder what extra terrestrials call the Light. You see most life forms if not all have eyes. Do the alleged trees. Well in the Light "their" our eyes. Meaning God's. Is the Light

God's eyes? Curious about eyes they seem to be an issue of intent, physiology and Light. How do we see our dreams? Remember unless your ,more comfortable forgetting...the answer isn't the answer. Because the near all of our answers are temporary dissatisfactory. That's enough of question and answers. But enough is only valid if you accept less, emptiness, limits and not enough.

I'd like to get back to that alleged deal for the ease of one moment...if (I) put off enough idea's, notions and observations I'll end up having to get started again in order to finish where I left off. I really like to love that line the nice Bill Cosby had on his TV show, the really elderly lady was walking bye slowly, no slower than that and the comedian person says, "She'd have to speed up to stop." I could have used some of that in my life. What is silence without a little slow.... For my own help (on what's understanding) I'm thinking about Tuxedo being an alleged cat and Rosie Dale being an alleged dog and my other buddies the same. Meaning to say once more a little easier that were species conversant. We share a language, music, a sad history, we watch TV... and we go along pretty much cooperating with what were told to do including not resisting when were told were dead. Didn't you ever think that there must be a better way to end your life than dieing. Sure we might forget to put salt on the French fries. But God starts us off being born incredible the way we are around good company. And finishes us up dead big time distracted, alone and busily decaying? It's our alleged death, therefore to some extent our alleged life since we experience living through the defining irony of death. What's with those last rights, I think to feel thanks and good luck works better. I was saying we have a history and a culture and all the maybes we've agreed on. But we really don't know what's goen on with the ones we call dogs. Their dream deal. Is their sense of smell less displacing than our language. Do they laugh when were not looking. Why do they keep loving us even when were mean to them a lot. Why don't they seem to know about death, except maybe elephants. Why do they chase the ball, but aren't that interested in baseball. What's the true rules that run a litter? Why don't animals have wars? Of course we've got answers. We have answers for just about everything except ourselves. Answers aren't to hard to come bye when we're also in charge of the questions. And wrong answers are part of the deal, even more curious good or correct answers sometimes turn out worse than bad answers. We don't have lasting, all embracing answers...(I) mean lasting ones that don't have to be twisted, altered and unfavorably repeated. Temporary answers we have. Also we kind of impose our answer deal on all of God's Creation. Sure there our answers not the alleged ones. You get what I'm saying we don't know so how can we decide out of ignorance who the alleged ones are... call them dogs and treat them like dogs. Alleged dogs as far as I'm concerned. Alleged trees, alleged stars, alleged chipmunk, alleged rivers, alleged dreams. You don't have to even have to start about displacement again. Its agreeable common sense. You don't have to reject your assigned IQ and pop your suspenders its obvious. And one more clarification if (I) may more like a yield the right of way, I'm talking about this deal whether animals go to Heaven. Were the ones lost on that deal offering hell. There's no way around it. Were from Heaven we all stay in Heaven whatever our status. Just because were sometimes too often dangerous unnecessarily doesn't mean were stupid

because the option is imposed available. I mean what... praying while looking over my shoulder... how could it all be other than Heaven...But remembering to remind myself. I don't know. And those are the Holiest words I know... I don't know. God knows. Well here we are armed and loaded. Is lonely better than afraid. It seems we have finally found the way to confront ourselves. Hesitate smile and ask the unbelievable questions. We've created these machines mightier than earth quakes more dangerous than life, machines that scream at us "here we are finally together no ones excluded"... were going to have to either love each other without first agreeing on the proof (denying God the credit) or the words that will follow are not knowable because there will be no one left to describe what happened. And while listening to pray one more time. This isn't my opinion. It's as true as your flesh is warm. And your eyes see to describe your own reflection. We've arrived at the oracle of ourselves. In person short of breath. Alive not an opportunity we earned. Now many of us alive because we got here by avoiding the life divine. Being so unkind so unbearably hurtful to God's Creation. Buddha, Moses, Jesus, Mohammed, Mother Teresa said we violated Creation. And are proud of our apology. Sure we violated Creation the Determined Ones spent their lives speaking to our misery and rage. And the same continues. And we use the separated displacing example of these nice by effort evolved individuals to further suppress ourselves from the Eternal Light. So wonderful our witness could be knowing that our earthly successes are our Cosmic disappointments. We worship the ones are divine less ourselves we don't have to live up to "shoulder to shoulder" the Determined Ones example. Our Light predisposition.... So we have finally arrived eye level with Creation as potential destroyers of Creation. Whatever words you chase to say what we are talking about is... our evolved need to manifest extinction. The time of now is forever. We will choose. Love that we be the equal of our love deserving or we will fire the planet earth like a smoldering crucifix. Dieing all of us as the only proof we were alive. **There is no death there is extinction.** Where is God as the fires wait? Only you reside between yourself and God. A community of one ? Solo...Isn't God enough? Whose instructions are you waiting for? What God's goodness do we wait for less ourselves? There is the Cosmic God and the earthly adaptation. Must we hide to pray? What miracle are you not enough...

I'm not complaining you understand. And if I'm hiding I'm the only one who can know where to look. You already know what you put in the suggestion box. We know what we have to do. Some people have decided, listening mostly am I right, that pain and treachery are the only way to go. Wars and wars to stop wars that become our history not the story of the dead, dieing lonely in their pain. Killing to die so we can live denying life. These things for which there are no true words believable. Sad things for which forgiveness knows no love. But forgiveness again. These treacheries and tragedies, these thiongs, are so real some insist to believe God will rise through the horror. The proof our unrestrained anguish our will and God's. Some call it Revelations. Revelations my God. People wait for God when all is God. Less their affected choice. The anagram for Armageddon is...are "we" mad done "with" God-damned. Anagram for patriot is...tap the riot. Anagram for Revelations is...reveal "the" nations. Correct me if I'm wrong pray for us either way. God hasn't

gone away we have. "God don't bother us were worshipping." Correct me if I'm 2wrong preferably if I'm what...

I was writing this beautiful earth woman named Joan Costello. Always trying to acknowledge who I write for their companionship-also their accompaniment. I mean practically speaking (I) wouldn't of written if I hadn't been writing. My correspondence was accepted. But spherically its more.... Like "I" must of mentioned before language, the idea of correspondence and friendship predates my birth, the teachers who were patient, Tammy at the Post office-also making it possible And the assumption that Joan will read. But its more than that. Exactly what is a mystery. Linearly we accept results as ours, we initiate, we consider ourselves both source and origin of what we do and say because (in part) we accept results based on irony, inconsistency, incompleteness and we know everything we do is temporary. And there you have it can be forgiven. Also we assume a strange authority over our acquired reality because we can destroy what we create. A little confusion here, actually a lot, because we invent, design, alter, agree, destroy doesn't mean we create. The flower is ours, but not the seed. Is the flower ours? I...there's that distraction again "I"... I meaning we. Us. Yes (I) had started to write about forgiveness and got a little diverted. Not that "I" necessarily chose to. So with your permission can we jump to the next paragraph. What's your name by the way? Can you play the harmonica? Just asking. Maybe...

Here we are. I started to feel a little like Alice in Wonderland. Anyway be the way. About forgiveness. What it means? Tuxedo our alleged cat just jumped onto my chest. It's beautiful and reassuring writing with Tuxedo....Any emotion other than love impedes, defers love. Forgiveness acknowledges, gives added relevance to a transgression..... Love is love. And forgiveness is forgives. If love is ideally revealed and validated through forgiveness then the transgression becomes essential to your reality, yourself anticipated and otherwise. And your God determined union with God. Forgiveness seems to absolve, resolve. Once something is forgiven further reference to the event that warranted concern is not considered again. In this way forgiveness discourages learning. Explaining why people can spend their lives repeating the same apology. Asking the same forgiveness. I don't see a lot of difference between the two, forgiveness and apology, its like the push and pull deal. Would you rather be loved or forgiven. Isn't it better if we are imperfect in our love as loving beings rather than accept and perpetuate our inadequate love for each other. And ourselves. Should our love warrant any response other than love. Any emotion other than love is love denied. One more perspective on love that might help the forgiveness deal. In loving you I have been loved. That's spontaneous. Not waiting for a response, encouragement, consensus. Not tentative agreement. Endless consensus. Not waiting meaning timeless. The love of the Light. Eternal love. Otherwise you know how it goes? Do you really need a reason to love someone. If you don't then you don't have a reason to forgive them. What is love? It's a feeling. It's that smile you know. It's God's breath. What do you think to feel? Do you have to agree because you don't disagree?

A brief aside. No a little closer. A different look at the same angle. The suggestion again is that one word is a thought. Defused through the irony of a sentence. And the rules that define language that make incompleteness and inconsistency essential to design of our expression. We've agreed it's the deal. But that single word in some form capacity predated the planet earth or we wouldn't be able to experience it ourselves in time. The single word has a Light origin though it's reasonable to assume that we've made up a few ourselves. And the single word being Light derivative exist in as many forms as possible because it resided in the infinite Universe where any disruption any interruption would compromise the infinite Light. One of the disruptions is our use of form which includes the sounds we call words. The anagram for silent is listen. Let's do one or two more. Share... "He She hears." Time of course... "I'm it tie me." Untimely ... "I'm it time let me untie my time. Want to have a great time do... Timelessness. ("I" haven't done it yet, I want to save it for when (I'm) in trouble.) Here's one more taking the linear concept of anagram to the near spherical. The word place is... Dimension. Remember the definition, "an extension of space a property of space." And the suggestion that each one of us is a dimension. The unfolding anagram follows. "So I die see me dismiss (the) "I" in men." Someone might tell you "I'm" breaking the rules of anagrams. Thank you for noticing. Now let's take this term and begin to release it to the Light sequentially so that we can examine its meaning as it approaches the Light Eternal from whence this term evolved. The M becomes a W. Now we have the indication of "Women." Closer to the Light on this planet than men as evidenced by our history. Men have been mean and have damaged the planet. Why do they do that do you know? Let's continue. At a certain juncture the S's and the I's and the O's will form into the symbol of yin and yang. The resolution of which brings us to the Light. Wouldn't that make a lovely mural Ben. Ben is a nice and incredible artist guy I know. And if you want to go a couple steps further you have the flow dynamic that explains Resurrection and Reincarnation. (Do the anagram to your name. Do if you wish the anagram for John Fitzgerald Kennedy)....

Please understand I have nothing against men. They just make me cautiously nervous. You know they'll strangle you or beat you up without permission. And on short notice. Very curious. But perhaps also very curious is that the earth women want to be equal to earthmen. Wouldn't you think to wonder it is supposed to be the other way around. Women must compel men to be the equal of themselves. The gentler hand, the gentler heart. Yes women must compel men on this planet to put down their weapons, themselves. Or...do you know to feel the words that follow.

How can we be side tracked if we weren't somewhere else in the first place. Born in the Light sidetracked? Whose side what track? But language can be interesting right? The Light can sometimes sneak in, the guy puts down his favorite rock and says loud. "There's no God." And the guy in the back half raises his arm and says. "How can you deny the existence of God you just identified?" Well I'll be damned with cotton candy in my hand...makes sense right?

Hell is another idea that caught on. I guess its nice to have somewhere to go if your bored. Actually you don't go to hell your sent there by an eager somebody else. You ever get the impression that the people who talk a lot about hell can give you directions. Hell is what we sometimes make of Heaven? Is there a devil? I don't know I never met the gentleman. Do you think he has a social security number. I can't see the devil person flossing his teeth. But actually the idea of the devil is even more powerful, therefore even more material than if the devil was just one person or life form. Because each person can identify-contribute their own manifestation, their own God denial. So we have thousands of devils many claiming there is only one so they can continue there merry nasty unhappy ways one of which is acknowledging a devil. The devil becomes the search for the devil. Either way I can't think of anyone who needs our love more than the devil or the devil in us. Can you imagine the pain, the futility and the loneliness. What would the devil do... organize people to kill each other, watch our neighbor starve, play one religion against another, keep medication from the sick? What is the devil supposed to do kill us all then he'd have nobody to lead. Sometimes someone says to me, "Charlie go to hell." I catch my breath and say. "What do you mean go." Well if this unhappy man manages such a God tragedy he's going to do it with our weapons.... One more also if the devil was one mean unhappy dude there'd be a chance some of us could convert him to something nice and less distracting. And people could accept responsibility for what they do. They'd have to explain themselves directly to God and not be able to go through the devil with a lot of devil excuses and extra credit futilities.

You most likely heard the deal that we shouldn't judge each other. Oh let's not talk about that one, I'm starting to feel that I'm making sense. Anyway be whose way.... The amazing thiong about the earth people they can be nasty in the extreme for years, even serial killers then this happens or that add a prayer or two and the nasty mean individual is somewhere loving effortlessly. It's amazing. One choice away, right? Like a kiss and there you are pleasant forever. Yep I'd say when all is said and undone the devil might be our next choice. But remember all is material except time. Ghosts, ideas, dreams, memories, angels and devils are all material. Not material like us and the exact nature we probably can't interact with. Not the current us anyway. But you can't underestimate the importance of a non material like an idea. "I" was thinking the other day who do you think was a more profound stimulant to work economies in the last one hundred years Santa Claus or Carl Marx?

Remembering, realizing...the words breathing coming around. I can't wonder about amazing earth people without thinking about Norman Elias. Here in Persia. Norman and his lovely wife Cleo owned a grocery store and a farm. Their retired but not from God..... You want to meet someone who's not going to strangle you without permission, it's Norman. You can't be sure about people when it comes to violence. Particularly men. Specially when you throw in self defense and other incentivizes. But if Norman was going to step on your toe or punch you carefully on the nose, he'd probably first share a lunch with you at the Northside., here in Persia. Norman is a God gifted man. Norman is friendlier with strangers than some people are with best friends. I've

seen Norman in any number of places. Norman walks right up to a stranger like I said. And within what less than a minute there no longer strangers. No I just thought it over your toe or nose around Norman your fine. I remember both of us at the Minden Bowl Cafe. Sure we were taking turns. Talking... remembering. There we are here finishing our orders. The friendly waitress left...The way they do promising to come back.

“Norman you know what I’m here thinking about? I’m thinking remembering your fiftieth wedding anniversary. Your driving up in the cars you dated your wife in...that Buick right?”

“You know Charlie I knew my wife from elementary school here in Persia.”

“Wow that’s impressive talk about continuity.”

“I’m very lucky to be married to Cleo.” Norman’s eyes joined his smile. He continued reflecting. His disbelief about his good fortune. Disbelief but somehow intended. Norman’s voice growing softer. If Norman had been talking about the Garden of Eden he couldn’t of been more pleased. Only Norman could talk about God like they were on a first name basis. And not be bragging.

After a brief silence I said. “Norman listen don’t give me any of your French fries. I’m still suspicious its your idea of dieting. And let’s share a desert in case we shouldn’t have one.”

Norman’s smile came back. Actually never left. “ I remember Charlie a while back I was at Nebraska Medial Center. I got up from my bed. I decided to go visiting.” (What did I tell you even in a hospital Norman is visiting)’ “ I came upon this nice lady. I knocked on her door. And we started visiting. She was a nice lady. We were remembering. Just there by the window remembering about our lives. You know Charlie talken.... Then she stopped...out of nowhere she looked away. And she said, “I wish I’d had more ice cream.”

“You’ve got to be kidding me. My Giod Norman what ah....That’s like a wonderful mysterious thing to say. Wow I wish I’d had more ice cream.” I looked away myself I don’t know why before I came back to Norman.

The nice waitress came by with our food. And placed each plate down carefully. Norman and I each took turns saying thank you. Norman began carving his roast beef sandwich.

I looked up quickly from my plate. “Norman I just had, there’s that distracting word again Norman “I”. Anyway I just had a maybe incredible thought. No a realization.” Norman’s looking at me calmly. “You remember the times I talked about churches, synagogues, Mosques all the Holy Temples are the only institutions from which we don’t graduate. And how most of the time they lock their doors.”

“Sure I remember...”

“I also just realized why the Holy Temples lock their doors. I mean if your in trouble at three in the morning down on one knee and can’t get to the other one to pray you have no problem getting to a liquor store. An all night pharmacy. I mean even get a gun or drugs if your available yourself that way. But you want to go to a church and pray you’d better bring a crow bar.”

I had stopped then continued. But you know what I just realized Norman. Why churches lock the church doors?

“Why?”

“To keep the people out.” I started laughing. A vigor sly. I got so laughing distracted I couldn't see what Norman was doing... Memories. More and more wondering about the place of memories. “I wish I'd had more ice cream...too much.” I wish I could visit people the way Norman does. Heavens I wish I could visit myself the way Norman visits those friendly strangers. Standing by the vegetables at HY Vee just talking away.

People ask for help and companionship in different ways sometimes by denying it. Before we get too caught up in anagrams, that's what some one decided to call them (everything's unfinished right) I'd like to try to offer a few more observations for the presumed word Dimensions. I know I'm rewriting and we just did dimension the page before. Let's try again, same reflection different face.... It's interesting very actually specially when you follow the flow beyond the initial anagram. The anagram for Dimensions....So I die see me dismiss “the” I in men. Next we sequentially release this form this word towards the Light so we can look at what's happening. You might have already said to yourself wait a couple of minutes there aren't enough (s) not enough (I) to get the initial anagram. Listen don't worry like I said were breaking the rules as we go along. Let's give smart the day off and not call it progress. Actually at a certain juncture before a form is returned to the Light whether it's a word or your presumed corpse an incredible redundancy occurs or the Light we be fragmented and no longer all inclusive. When all is said and undone we are each of us an anagram. Yes...were release the term and of course each form now a letter in the alphabet assumes all its potential formulation before it becomes Light affluent. So the M becomes a W. And niow we have the indication of women not just men. Understandable women closer to the Light then men. This has been their history on the planet earth. Men have been in charge of savagery. But it seems to be changing...enough of that thought. No not enough women are becoming more violent and military. Does the dimensional anagram for the darkness work the same way. Robert a real nice nearby lawyer offered an interesting question what are the anagrams for the same word in different languages? I haven't tried to look therefore I don't know. At a certain juncture the s the I's and the O's form into the symbol of yin and yang. The material resolution of which brings us to the Light. Somebody could make an interesting mural do you agree. Ben the real nice artist father guy I just told you about with a girl friend from Russia just came by for the key to the studio. I hope we haven't made too much sense. “I” know without some warning too much sense can be very distracting. Well hell be damned. New ideas. New methods. Who needs courage when all your offering is love. (That one might require a little more thought). Why try to hide if were already lost. But another glimpse, another glance...let's hope to promise before we finish this disguised book well know and be able to do some in the credible of very incredible things. I mean your imagination will have to stop to catch its breath ask for a drink of water before it starts running again trying to

catch up. You'll do it. And people won't even have to ask for the words. Infinity at a glance.... What will the incredible be....Solo right. Community of One when you become Light affluent. But whatever the incredible is...we will all benefit. Effortlessly and without question. So the Light flows. Alone will never be the same again. You say I'm wrong I'm silly I'm hustling jive. My God give yourself some credit. You haven't started yet. Tighten your shoe laces let's see where we end up. Enough talk 3rd down and long yardage throw the ball. And if necessary also catch it. Forget limitations let's luck and truck. When you turn dance these words around to yourself they become better. Love flows love grows. Why? Because love has been shared. What goes around never left we are One with God. Ben just came by to return the key to the studio. Let me explain, this is the near last draft of the original letter to Tammy. (Except of course for any additions you'd like to make). "I" would write in the morning, the next day I would begin by editing or redrafting the previous days writing. Now this is the 3rd redrafting. While I was editing the 2nd draft on Ben's first visit, Ben called and needed to stop by to return the key. Today I hope to be going with Tammy to the studio bar in Persia to see the painting that Ben gave me. There's an extra terrestrial painting of Tammy in the painting. Extra terrestrial is my impression, Ben says the mysterious image is that of a woman. A lovely flow of color and design. Whenever I stopped by "I" had to visit with that painting. Walking Ben to his car an hour a short while ago I suggested to Ben that would make an interesting mural the image flow and dynamic a dimension unfolding sequentially unto the Light. Today happens to be Wednesday September 28 people have agreed. And well flow to the next paragraph which is another earlier day. Called the past though were dealing with now. Anyway still seems to be the way. I've been chatting eagerly with Tammy for maybe two years. And "I" wanted to maybe write a one act play about the people that come in from around Persia and visit with Tammy. Do Post Office activities also there seems to be quite a bit of visiting. Myself included usually maybe a minute and a half before somebody comes in and I have to assume an absent status, pacing is an option, there aren't too many. What's my point? A moment of humor. I mean when you have a minute and a half with a mysterious beautiful woman you don't want to waste anybody's time talking about pretzels and freckles. Unless you have something new on either. So I tend to be humorous with Tammy, though sometimes the results are immediate sometimes the words linger on the vine before they collapse to wherever words go. One modest moment of humor when "I" was finishing the Washington Post thing (I'll tell you about that a little later) two years ago there were a series of rumors about me. Five actually one of them unbearable which I'll get to later. But anyway to deal with the "where do they come from" words shaped into rumors. And to comment on the awkward mystery of rumors. One day I walked in flush into the Post Office. I caught my breathe once. And gasped asking our Postmistress. "Tammy... Tammy I heard we eloped is it true?" Tammy laughs the way butterflies fly, nice. The one I mentioned that lingered. "I" stepped into the Post Office almost angry and upset. Always determined short of whose time right. I'm protesting you understand, "Tammy this has got to stop, I've seen how other men walk into your Post Office. And pounce around like peacocks trying to impress you....You tell them Tammy that around here I'm the only

one who gets rejected.” Tammy laughs. If a gentle falling leaf heard Tammy laugh the leaf would turn around gathering around Tammy. Well I was saying it took me a while to appreciate the implications of that moment of humor. Some moments take years. You want to try an interesting one. Walk into your classroom or where you work and ask. But you’ve got to be sincere. You can’t be getting ahead of everyone giggling and laughing. You walk in and ask. “Has anyone seen me lately?” I think I tried it once and someone said, “No.” Well what are you going to do if it weren’t for life I don’t know what I’d be doing. But I sense we’ll have a better idea before the last page flows. I’ll tell you later about one that took years. Now that I think about there have been times in my life I could of used a reliable alias. Amnesia in Vietnam wasn’t quite enough. Though in retrospect I was thankful for the pain. It’s direction. Pain instructs if love listens.

Today is Friday and Tammy is not at work. I had wanted to bring Tammy a mango. Did Tammy say she never had a mango? Maybe its my accent while I’m listening. Hot outside very hot. So why do we turn the air conditioner on inside. I’ve got to pick up some pain medication for Rosie Dale. “I” don’t want to say why- which pain I sense to think and feel that pain is personal. Like death ideally an intimate and personal experience. One last thing about pain you know what confuses me about pain. Here’s an example: You’ve been knocked off your motorcycle and been unfavorably dismembered. Every time from what I’ve been able to witness, someone will rush up to you (it never fails) and ask. “Are you all right?” No ones all right. It’s a deception we share. I’ll settle for being high bidder on o.k. I mean to say how can I be all right for one thing if your not. There’s also the uninvited virus about to impress me. But I don’t generally worry about viruses. Even that West Smile Virus. The nuclear war which in a significant way has already happened because we’ve designed it. And were ready, willing and unable. No I’m much better off with exhausted-desperate than allright. One more thing at least in this sentence, maybe you’ve already noticed but (I) don’t do to well around faith. I prefer catching up to myself. Faith seems about finding substance in not knowing. And being satisfied that way. Faith seems to be an issue of degree also like almost everything else faith is relevant to the choice of not having faith. People want us to have faith in God. Between you and me I think that’s two bits side of curious. God doesn’t need our faith. God is and as such is so. I really think that we can do better than have faith in God. I mean having faith in God also suggests that there’s a separation, a displacement between us and God....God is somehow an external presence. Rather than Ever present everywhere. Subject and relevant to our conjectures about faith. No your better of having fate in God. Plus faith is relevant to not having faith or not having faith. Faith becomes negotiable. Valid as uncertain. Faith is a choice God is not...Flow essence as opposed to choice secured by uncertainty or vacillation. Of course I’m offering these insight idea’s not having heard the summation of your thoughts and feelings. Which obviously I hope are more compelling than “mine.” Why would I desire otherwise that would be great for you and those around you. And it would great if you would share your inspirations with me. And certainly the irony of progress also applies to our spirit, collective and individual. So I’m open, temporary and willing to learn. Faith has its place everything and everybody does, but

I'm still trying to figure out the complete deal on faith. If you can help let me know, I'd appreciate it....I'm serious about learning. Without learning I'm lost with no place to surrender. Wait "I" have one more moment of humor with Tammy who heard my question and almost laughed approaching rambunctious. If you can get rambunctious in two laughs and a smile. You know two laughs like one has to recover from the other. Now I forgot for now what I was going to say.

A few thoughts. These words are like knitting. You'll know what we've got after the effort is the all of all over. I mean like I said not counting your reactions and inspirations. Let's not get too tidy- orderly and neat. Where not the medium that's the message. Where are we really when we're displaced or displacing. Speaking about silence actually thinking do you agree its interesting our most pleasing, tender moments are received in silence. The culmination of a conversation. The third kiss not needing to remember the first. Being born the baby. The memory floating bye. When the gun fire stops. Mediating actually the word place is meditating, but this computer machine has opinions. Actually it is mediating between you and the Cosmos...ourselves and the Light. (Like "I" said the o's and I's typos I leave alone,flow, no accidents in the Light) The long awaited embrace. Still holding on. The awe just after the miracle. The offer of siloence before the offer of love. Interestingly silently listening to music. Trick or treating counting the candies with your eyes. Sleeping to wake up, waking up to sleep. Preconception. Post death. Dreaming the list goes on. What I'm saying to hear all the convoluted sound in out lives is culminated in the ideal of silence. We've talked about silence before relevant to the Light. And you notice our best moments either seek the silence or culminate silently. Non-verbal, kind of non localized, almost non-linear in other words inby the Light. A hug. Sleeping. Meditating. Pausing after a prayer. A conversation reasonably satisfied. Loves memories. Actually all memories maybe until we respond. Swimming under water, right? And this letter to you and Tammy. And your response. A few thoughts below if I may catching up not left behi9nd.

I just realized an important issue relevant to faith. Important to my understanding perhaps you can improve on this insight. Faith as it applies to the reversal of the quantum riddle. You might remember at the subatomic level all measurements occur in probability because the act of measurement influences what your reassuring. And as George Bisacca pointed out yesterday the intent of the observation also affects the measurements. You might say prejudices.(Before, during and after the effort). But at the reversal of the quantum riddle when a linear activity event or a human becomes Light manifest we are no longer influencing because our attempts to do so as a casual expression of ourselves frustrates-invalidates the Light. Here "I" have to have faith. The human presences is no longer willful. You have faith in fate. The faith is no longer an issue of degree, but total and complete. It's not even personalized right, it's not subjective. Good (I) like it. Yiour faith in God becomes complete. No questions no answers. Also like a baby child or a life form or activity event that has assumed the status of death disintegration you are realized, valuated, by the Light. Sleep, meditating, being nice, smiling, loving without negotiation, praying nice...all approach the Light valuation. Do you agree? (It's

ok to withhold agreement or disagreement). And like luck, miracles, coincidence and the others its virtually impossible to asses and express the good that is derived from these Eternal moments because we currently tend to displace immediately.

*When space through time is absolved “a field” thrives with its own “acquiring memory.” Even though this protocol is currently not a function of choice, not relevant to consciousness given its Light essence when you are affected...included you have transcended choice, irony and self. And when we are able to realize such a place of self through self regard what a wonder this will be. When shared. “The music of the Spheres.” Maybe the embracing irony is we are given a gift upon birth called life by God. And we spend our lives trying to improve on what we a life we define through death.

*Can there be a memory of an event without the event? A nice man at church made that suggestion at Church in a conversation. Inby timeless memory the timeless or non-casual memory and the memory of the event are interchangeable. Actually one and the same. Interchangeable through sympathetic DNAsound. An example: An inter stellar trip. The memory of the event is its completion, noted as the realization of form’s subjective arrival (ie) destination. The non-casual memory is the subjective DNAs initiation of the trip realized spontaneously until just before destination-arrival when form is subjectively acknowledged again. Both acknowledgments of form are DNAs compatible or the assimilation or assumption becomes a linear-causal trip subject to all the dematerializing vagrancies. The nature of the event is without limit, the potential infinite. The determinate concern is how the event is realized. Sure even in a linear world an event is inferred-planned before it is subjectively materialized. Though as sequential process the event and therefore to some extent the memory of the event before and after it assumes form is ironically displaced given our self limiting choice... separating ourselves from our resident essence the Universe. The parallel spherical choice is, harmonically without fragmentation, not linarily casual, consequently spontaneous Universe affirming. Death is our choice. Death as birth is relevant and revealing of the Cosmic essence. Death is a conception. The dead of decay is a conditioned response, our consensual perception. (Think perhaps about death in terms of uninterrupted DNAsound). Timeless memory God’s Memory the motive determining...the flow is beyond human calculation. Unless the calculation is incomplete and based on irony and inconsistency. When a language is created and sustained whereby you can say anything and you don’t have to mean what you say, even before the tentative consensual response...then the probabilities in result are as limitless as they are limited. And the limitations impossible to consistently asses in the long or short term. Our current langu8age reflects our designed-adaptive inadequacies.

This we will pray to think you will find particularly interesting. We discussed the nature and essence of a birth baby (ie) a baby is Light affluent not displaced or displacing...without language,not time distracted, without linear choice, without ironic inter personal and relationship with institution, not given to relocation, the baby is without an awareness of death and the Light affluent babies relationship with God is one of (Being) not instruction and preferred worship Temple expressed through incremental language. It’s the same with the

conception of death. The status of death is without language, without choice, not linear entrapping relationships, the relationship with God now timeless has become relevant and revealing of the infinite Eternal. The one varied difference is “an awareness of death.” The Universe is infinitely inescapably continuous. What escape from life is death? What initiate beginning separation is birth. Clearly not death as we know it. What is the nature of awareness. We can say not linear, not observations based on thinking through language. Not linearly casual or the death would be time relevant, time-engaging, as opposed Light functional. A presence more in the nature of all inclusive spontaneity. Not an issue of calculation. We are reclaimed to God’s Memory. But let’s be careful about figuring things out. Particularly about an activity or presence that is displaced through language thinking. One interesting question is whether death maintains subjective awareness? The initial suggestion would seem to be yes or displacement factor. But awareness or perception would not be as we know it, meaning the external visual interpreted by separate brain. Not awareness linearly realized and interpreted through sequential language. But it would appear a profound sense of non-casually reactive awareness, of active refining activity, responsive to an origin source would be suggested. Remember upon death we are Light assumed as the Light and as such we remain active with the earth linear reality. Evidenced by on-going memory of the one presumed as deceased and as well precognition, coincidence, remote viewing, miracles, some forms of pain etcetera. Finally relevant to this question about inter active awareness we also have the interaction. Though again we must say currently the earth people remain active and wondrous. Furthermore these suggested insights are incomplete without your own, profoundly so. The following word flow might be helpful. Maybe hopefully initially these words might be confusing. But do you agree we take in much more than we realize. One of the words is subliminal. I won’t look it up right now. I really like that word in the Midwest. Whatever...I like it a lot. It’s like karma. Can we gather a few words, getting ahead of ourselves, arriving before we do?

words of silence

the flower instructs the seed

the seed instructs the flower

The Universe is timeless accordingly without time. As such no endings thrive once begun. The infinite Universe is all-inclusive. Accordingly un-bordered. Un-ordered except by God. (Unless disintegration thrives?) The infinite Light like the “sound” of silence is without form’s boundaries. Similarly both are all inclusive, a casual and non-linear. (Silent form is conduit to the Light while conjoined). Otherwise we thrive. Choice persists. Hence the darkness hence the Light. What hope despairs. But preferring self to God.

*The infinite Universe is inescapably continuous. Eternally we abide sound does not disintegrate. Ageless sound. The Eternal sound of all life, all material unfolding

All motion has sound unique to that motion.... Hence the darkness hence the Light. Your genetic self is not casual. Permanent timeless infinity instructs. As form sound of silence be the Light. Your essential self is non-directional. Non-linear. Birth and death Light the same. Infinity persists God's desire. (The birth of your silence, the silence of your death). Unless we insist otherwise

Infinity is inescapably continuous. As such what separation is death from life. What escape? Congruently life and death are not Cosmically apart. Accruing.... Resurrection- Reincarnation are Celestially one. Less our own instruction

Your parents...their parents removed the many times and we reside a status prior to the materializing of the planet earth. Still your parent, the Eternal Light. Whose memory are you if not God's. **There is the Cosmic God and the earthly adaptation.**

Your past is a temporal adjustment in a timeless Universe. Hence what grave mourns your life, the Light. The Heavenly sound of silence sings. We speak our instructions haste

Who are we that we speak to hear the

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Remember not to forget your bond with God is Eternal and singular, only in the ideal expressible by you and God. And this flow communion, this Godsoulprint... in substance impossible to forget because we are also discussing God's memory of you .Furthered and what God will manifest next we can only dream about and invite through prayer. Between the Light and the Darkness. Is God through, the Universe Creation complete. How can God be through when we are not? And our relationship determines the Light while we anticipate extinction. The exact nature of which is unclear to me. God's role in this dynamic formulary can be witnessed, assessed, speculated upon, but in the final summation is not logically knowable as you and I might know each other. The issue is not that we are making too much sense, but the sense that we are making is not anywhere near the ideal of understanding we are capable of ...as our current linear effort frustrates our Cosmic ideal. Let's get capable. For now relevant to the happenstance of death we are limited to making sense through the ideal of linear logic expressed through casual language. Reminding ourselves relevant and revealing of death its hard to know the flavor without the taste. I was just talking to Tammy. "I" delivered the mango. Tammy and I discussed several points, one of which we've mentioned before that I'd would like to amend. Again not enough I can't get over it you should hear Tammy laugh. Like Snow White the animation person. (I'm just wondering what happened to the seven dwarfs parents, did anyone say. It be nice wouldn't to hear a news caste put together by Snow White and the guys). Anyway the thought was expressed...if you die before breakfast you are going to mi9ss lunch. Let's toss a maybe into that dance. Your presence will not be familiar to the displaced ones. And also relevant to the issue and substance of death, how much of what we experience, observe and perceive is conditioned. Not actually the way it is. Meaning people get together and decide which is the weed and which is the flower. And dogs are dogs and cats and cats. We have also done this with death. Reinforced by

our fear which not only speaks to a fear of our own death, but those we love, those we dislike and how we are going to die. Death becomes an instrument of politicians resolved by soldiers. Doctors, nurses, orderlies and technicians devote their lives to delaying-avoiding death. Death defines religion. Death is the commerce of insurance brokers, hospitals, weapon makers, pharmaceutical companies, earth religions in a big way,... death is big business. Without death we wouldn't know what to do with our lives. And we execute people for being bad and unhappy. With the design, manufacture and distribution hydrogen bomb machines death more than life potential has become determinate juncture in our existence. Our derivative origin. So for these reasons and others you might think of... its not hard to make death unwelcome. I mean without death we wouldn't know what to do when we stopped living. And humans are devoted to knowing. Without knowing you can't pray, figure out what to do next, plead innocent because your guilty, you can't even get lost.... But all these accommodations, conventions, perspectives can change. The biggest change would be... you can't change the meaning of death without giving life an incredible lift. Again the key points if I may repeat myself. When you die you don't go to Heaven you stay in Heaven. Upon death you become Heaven...at least not separate from Heaven. And given that death is not time active-time engaging death becomes an issuance of the infinite Eternal Light. Death is sad not bad. When we die as God intended. The completing symphony of one. Not what were planning and rehearsing. But for God's sake literally remember: **There is no death there is extinction. When the earthly flower is separated from the Cosmic flower seed the Light extinguishes less ourselves.** Extinction is the end of life, but also the death of death. There has to be a shift its as plane as the Light on your face. And when we stop displacing our selves through the expressible linarite of death the new languages become available. And they become available reciprocally. A partiality of language we currently only know now as intuition, coincidence, precognition, luck etcetera. Further more when the profound displacement of death is resolved to Eternal life the earth peoples relationship with self, with others and with God changes beyond the need or estimation of word. But if you prefer death as it's currently offered it's certainly not my place to interfere, unless your trying to visit your death idea on someone else including yourself. Under those kinds of unhappy, unproductive conditions its ok and necessary to invite some kind of holding action. Cease and then persist the other way...

Another brief perspective on death and birth substance. Accepting that in the beginning God created everything. How can your Mom and Dad have you as their distinct and unique baby wouldn't your birth under those conditions speak to more than everything. The same death going the other way. Upon dieing materially you begin to release uninterrupted DNAsound, the summation of yourself, the Eternal dialogue continues. Yes the infinite continuity, interrupted-displaced, but partial to the totality of God's Universe Creation. And "I" would think given the work done by the nice geneticist at MIT it wouldn't be difficult to acknowledge or interpret the relevance of someone's uninterrupted DNAsound release when the assume the status of death or Cosmic assimilation.

I think to understand and accordingly perceive what we are trying to realize and manifest that “knowing” each other can be Light affluent beyond beauty’s reflection. But expressing our Light affluence, our Godsoulprint in a world that denies the same is a problem. And its not like I’m getting noisy about my prayers. I’ve been warned by occasional psychiatrist people not to be grandiose. Funny other people putting limits on other people. “I” don’t see anything extra credit wrong with grandiose or anything else it’s got good eventual results and the good is shared evenly. Curious we build fences around each other thriving by our separation. Anyway be which way. What can be more grandiose than to prepare for a nuclear war. Were better off without a nuclear war...talk about an obvious fact. It’s God better us nicer if our brothers and sisters don’t starve to death while we prepare ourselves dying. Tired, lonely of fear watching their families dying lacking our loves nutrition.

We did or didn’t agree language has its limitations. I don’t know what your thoughts and feelings are so how can we really be sharing and communicating, were lost-away from each other believing otherwise... is this one of the biggest displacement? Well we can only go with what we’ve got, let’s keep trying while trying to approach the origin source of ourselves...How can we resolve this separation? Until we do this words gathering is incomplete. We sense what would be better. And what better is not happening. And “I” sense to think that most of us would agree that the better we need to realize in ourselves. And less lost-painful sharing has become the necessary of ourselves. Survival all for each other. The answer to which question is not so much and what we have to become since we already are but how. Meaning to say while praying what do we have to do to clear the way for the Light? We are born God’s gift to each other and ourselves and Creation. We exhaust our lives trying to improve on this Eternal offering infinitely continuous. We are the funny earth people.

Now if I may interrupt my anticipated self a few times in the interest of clarity. While trying to ease up on myself. Briefly a couple looks over the shoulder nothing hefty. On the we deal ...I think and accordingly hope that when we (meaning us) has been evoked at a minimum the desire for God has been if not expressed then certainly realized. Even- though you have not consented to such an arrangement we can accept that if the nature of the union is Light invested then the arrangement between us becomes relevant and revealing when choice becomes functional the Light. (I) mentioned earlier the “I” deal gets in the way, but I’m confused on the we. So let’s keep searching. Clearing the way our way, The Light trail. Ourselves. The second point “I” want to make is about telling the truth. Even if you know the truth. It’s hard through language to share it specially if you need your listener to comprehend while having to think in order to agree. Even when thinking silently the effort is an issue of process usually in language. Our words can be unpleasant , misunderstood, sometimes unfriendly perhaps dangerous. And also our current understanding of pain gets in the way of making the truth available. “The truth hurts,” someone said.... But (I) sense it is reasonable to accept that like everything else in the Universe a truth is material, ideally not displaced and accordingly is timeless and as such spontaneous in nature. Not our truths which are displaced as described and the ideal of temporary we experience as progress. The

proof of this might be that learning the fuller nature of a truth might take one of us several weeks or years, then we won't be able to convince anyone. And if we do they might disagree. If there's consensus comprehending the results might take even longer. What's next converting the truth into action. All this displacement suggests that truth might have in its Cosmic origin its own acquiring memory. Sure if we were not in control of its process, neither in intent or result, then there has to be another presence involved. Irrespective of time and space the Light. Wow that's worth a pause. Hesitate catch our breaths and watch the horizon coming around and embracing us. Not surprisingly even within the immediate casual ideal of self with others most often a truth inquiry is complete through silence. Which again has many properties similar to the Light. A conduit to the Eternal Light. Our Light communion. Our efforts to understand God's preexisting truth are not unlike taking the material term dimension and sequentially realizing it to the Light before the final embracing spontaneity. It makes sense that we become interested and encourage the ideas of fraud, deception and untruth when our life effort is to improve on God's Eternal Creation. Would you agree that we are not doing too well given our Cosmic potential. Thank God for our capacity to fail. Which is inevitable and designed as necessary because we were talking about the road we have laid out for ourselves. If the road we walk on is flawed and bumpy, our effort, our destination will be accordingly influenced. Meaning we the travelers of ourselves. The current us. Embracing to remember we can not choose what we are not aware of. Let's get aware: But you see what can happen with the truth. "I" started by saying this is going to be brief and I sincerely meant it. And (I) actually didn't get to what I wanted to unfold. We want to be nice. Sometimes it doesn't happen. But it certainly helps to be motivated in the way of being nice....I got a little diverted. I wanted to talk about capitol punishment and Tammy. You see what can happen with language. Actually its about Tammy and me. And please understand before we risk making sense again, I'm not opposed to capitol punishment. You can't have an enemy without being unkind to God. It seems when you oppose someone or something your less apt to learn from what you oppose. And of course your being opposite-opposing which at best often is impolite. It seems that when you oppose an idea it doesn't take long before your opposing another human being. And of course I don't have to tell you the deal on this planet oppose and get opposed. Someone opposing you can be very distracting even disabling. No people don't take kindly on the planet earth to being opposed specially if they suspect your right and didn't know what to do with themselves about it. Which of course either way is silly God denying. And also on the practical side if you oppose someone they likely will get all invigorated about what their opposing, your actually helping them with being potentially nasty or mean. Opposed, going against, is one of the deals that gets lost to where were going. I'm involved trying to figure out what's going on that isn't. Another observation about the displacing tricks of language. We get shifty about what were saying before we even get to the truth or the deception. Capitol punishment right? If some nice busy business person who couldn't speak English came to this country and heard about capitol punishment. They might think, I don't know what they might think. Not exactly what happens when we start sharing our capitol punishment. We have to struggle to

over come unhappy persons resistance when we want to share the punishment of ourselves. Quiet a few people get involved. Some with weapons. Somehow its decided whose going to be a victim. Whose good whose bad and whose witnesses. Some deliberate and asses. A surprising number of these people wear blue or black. I guess some settle for grays. After a lot of argument, some thinking , a choice is reached. They call it guilty or innocent. A lot of people are invited to watch. And a surprising number prefer to share the guilt of themselves with the one everyone is strangely concerned about judging. The selected one. If the person is found guilty. Then we take his life away without God's permission, or their friends and families - unhappily killing him or her. We let people watch the killing so they can feel better about themselves. And before we kill persons shared life, we encourage them to think they might not be killed. This is called appeals. Can you believe there's more. Everyone agrees the condemned human person waiting to be killed might be innocent. But they say were not perfect and its reassuring to prove it by killing and never finding out for sure. Instead of loving our neighbors by trying to heal them as Jesus encouraged by word and example. So guilt is often preferred to innocence, I mean we spend a lot more time with guilt, if your innocent you just go home without even an apology. Wait there's more... in the somehow of ourselves we prefer to kill more black people than white specially if they were found guilty of killing a white person. And just when you want to go somewhere to hide and pray, it gets worse, some actually believe it or not say better. Now they started to kill women and children. May I ask a question whose innocent? It's one of the way's we deny God. Displace the Light. The shared killing of each other. When calling someone home is God's doing, not ours. This paragraph still seems to be flowing. I want to tell the truth with some hesitation added. No I'm not opposed to capitol punishment. I'm in favor of life. I'm in favor of people living their lives and loving one another. What I'm also saying is that believe it or not Tammy believes in Capitol punishment on special occasions. Under special circumstances Tammy said to me still in her tender voice. (I) didn't know what to say except breathe and wait. I told Tammy politely because you don't want to interrupt people when their encouraging an execution. I said to Tammy who was listening nicely ... that in "my" imagination a woman walked up to me. And asked, "Charlie are you in favor of capitol punishment?" I asked, "for who you or me?" Sure Tammy laughed slow and easy. Then I offered that capitol punishment , "is unkind." I explained to Tammy the imagined woman got angry. Which wasn't necessary since she was on imagined status, but "I" like to be necessary and realistic. And the lady said. " What are you talking about Charlie this son of two parents killed two people in a particularly unpleasant and unacceptable way." And after a breath or two I responded **"Yes well that's sad and very unkind. But less unkindness is better than more."** Which makes sense. Does it get simpler? The angry woman kept talking. And you have to wonder why. What's really going on? But actually after (I) said less unkindness is better than more I ended the conversation with the imagined woman. And between you and me I don't think its rude to interrupt another person under those conditions. Meaning of course imagined and unfriendly. It helps to know when you've said all you can say. Actually there's one more reality. Tammy told me about her favoring executing people under special

certain conditions on a Friday. I came home and after probably after pacing around myself for a minute (I) called Tammy and said in an urgent voice which I think startled Tammy. “Tammy I’ve got to ask a favor of you.” Tammy hesitated and said, “O.K....” And I said, “Would you mind not executing anyone over the weekend until I get a chance to talk to you again on Monday.” Tammy laughed. And I breathed. But certainly you already know. Getting other people to do sad things for us is one of the ways we displace ourselves from the Light. Like soldiers, politicians, police officers and executioners. It’s part of the irony, our conflict. Because if you ever met Tammy you can be sure-certain and safe that whatever your special condition might be Tammy is not going to execute you. Not a chance. And actually to tell you some more of the truth and its good news, there’s no capitol punishment in Iowa. Even if your broke.

Clearing the way. Already cleared by God. The (we) from just before, wouldn’t you agree any effort to sustain and encourage God’s children to live happily of well is God affirming. Not displacing of the Light. Hence we. I’m not going to explain, qualify myself anymore. Do you agree it is clearer if you don’t give yourself to uncertainty and ambivalence. Its better for all concerned to know when you are completely wrong than to be mostly half right which half of the time in order to please, satisfy or hide from someone including yourself. You understand when you try to accommodate you will always find someone to tell you your right and someone who will congratulate you for being wrong. It’s enough to know where your going. And be polite. Remembering you can’t have an enemy without being one. And it helps to understand that you will never get to where your going until your supposedly dead. Linearly and casually its not possible. You will die incomplete of mission. Happily or unhappily unresolved. But it is good to know. Ease up on the constant disappointments. The burden. Never hungry always starved. So be so not so at all. Love isn’t optional unless you have determined that God is relevant and consequent to your choices. What happens is meant to happen. Pain instructs. Yours or others inevitably. If throughout your life you try to explain yourself to others, expecting them to justify themselves to you, apologizing, forgiving instead of loving...your relationship evolve through the displacement of yourself, your Light frustration or absence. The darkening flow works both ways, but the denial can be tempered beautifully by only one. Otherwise you will not be God’s cause to yours and God’s effect. Thus loving. To a relevant and revealing extent you will remain the linear cause of an abstained effect. Wandering-compromised in a maze of random junctures lost to the displacement of time while being explained through the anomaly of unexplainable language. A life directed and defined through an ironic death. Heaven awaits the absence of the life that God gave you. And while alive God is consequent to your choice. God becomes relevant to your determination. What a profound irony of self. Not surprisingly this irony, this God self disappointment can only be justified-sustained through the dysfunctional dematerializing alteration of God’s Creation. The many wars of self that cause the self to be less as being.... I love you. Must wait for I’m sorry. Death applauds. We bow. Not always. What God that so allows deserves your worship. The God of yourself. Why did God create such an unbearable and beautiful potential irony. I don’t know. The holiest words I know

are I don't know. God knows. Therefore we can know if we make the effort, should I add sometimes. We can't always be certain what we know, the consequences and what God's investment is in us. Isn't that wonderfully reassuring. Lessening the challenged disappointment of self. Your acquired capacity for extinction. Is the casually repressed capacity of your Eternal self. You are one choice away from bliss. And bliss always waits for us. Further bliss is without limit. Your Cosmic linear material self. Your birthright. You don't have to die to stay in Heaven. Do you agree by the better kindness of different words. Agreement still. You disagree? Why in Heavens material do you prefer the less of yourself whatever direction you might take your realization? We ask to know and in knowing will ask again.

What words are those the better of a flower's garden. Words will blossom deeds to purpose. The deed of self as self. Would you like to hear a curious one. A mystery hiding behind a riddle. Churches are the only (the only) institutions from which we do not graduate. Unbelievable sometimes is belief. Temples, Mosques, Synagogues the same. Several weeks past I asked a church member what was today's sermon about. The beautiful Christian did not know. Several years past a Pastor asked her congregation what was last weeks sermon. Not one hand rose closer to Heaven. What am I saying that saying hears? And this is logically coherent incredibly so. If humans nurtured, examined, developed, challenged their relationship with God through the Temples they attend with the same disciplined devotion they did their law degree, their certification in dental hygiene. A cathartic Light embracing self inquiry and release. No country would know itself the same in the birth Light of one generation. Sooner sure. And ofby yourself? Acknowledging yourself and God one. Accordingly recipient. Responsible. And reclaimed. So acknowledged well self instructed Eternity breaths liberated of institution. Your graduation would be the God love privy between you and God. No ones breath but yours and Gods. So we are born. So we die. So we do not live. Like all Light realizations you and God. Prayers answered so. Miracles not instructions birth. Precognition. Nestling sleep.

Do you get the feeling one of us is talking too much. I usually sometimes say that to someone sitting across from looking a little tired of bewildered by way of realizing humor. They used to say yes. Now they seem to say no which gives me reason for concern. I would appreciate a response. "I" almost know what I know, but (I) certainly don't know what you know. Particularly to these words gathering. And we've already agreed they are "much" the less of complete without you. Logic claims the agreement. Part of the squandering is how to get these words to you. Well part of the answer is the Light. The acquiring memory, God's help-God's luck constantly impending, we are not alone. But another element to the answer is that inby the Light, in a non-linear non casual world, these words are already yours. Like music they require no alteration, no assimilation, no translation. So it is in the Universe. Our residence is not the planet earth, but the infinite Universe. Accordingly we thrive, however denied or delayed we might arrive. And in the Universe world of ourselves there is no displacement, no distance between, none of the many ways we separate ourselves from each other therefore from God. God is not conflicted as the preferential worship. So there we have it. Yes one more time

not again for the first time...we. Well have to get back to this. It's the awe of fascinating. Do you sense to comprehend the trail we have been walking on is shifting form pleasantly under our feet. The children smile. And the flowers turn to watch. Thank you for your companionship. We love you easily I do. Let's continue God intended. The horizon ourselves approaching God yearns our happiness assuredly.

*The materiality of infinity is the presence of the Light. The un bordered, all-inclusive consequently non-linear- spontaneous Light satisfies the understanding application of the Light. (The fewer words...the all embracing Light). The Universe is the Light infinite of itself, God's Creation. The human life form is sympathetic to the Light infinite as evidenced by the Light affluent baby both in beautiful form and sympathetic process. The nice Professor Einstein offered, "At the speed of Light there is no passage of time." But the suggestion is that the Light infinite is un bordered and all inclusive and therefore a dislocating speed process would invalidate the essence of the Light. Speed is casual dislocation... displacement. Light can appear to have speed relevant to the perceptual nature of a human being. Where all is motion relevant to the ironic motion of self. Light can have speed when contrasted to another object whose motion is real or artificial...even if that object is an incomplete idea. Maybe the best question what is the relevance of what we perceive as speed. Such as a meteor or a flying-dislocating space ship. Or Light can have speed simply because humans have consensually agreed and develop an ironically displaced science around that conception. The notion of a material event being without any motion whatsoever as the initial and final consequence of the event would appear to be foreign to us. Even ironic death has motion relevant to the evolving status of presumed decay. Light is a function of presence, infinity is ever presence. Space refining as space not into space which would suggest displacing spherical linearity. A compromising displacement of origin source the Universe itself. Tammy except that your name is in this sentence it might not have much meaning or a lot of meaning. Everything on the planet earth has meaning except meaning. Cosmic meaning then again like "I" suggested before even if were busy separating ourselves from our Cosmic seed we are not beyond the valuation of the Light. Kind of like you know that whatever happens your parents are going to be there for you. If your lucky. And if not well your parents might grow into the parent deal. Aren't learning and life pretty much one the same? (I just felt that I should be careful about minding my own business, not be intrusive anyway.) Actually that's an interesting thought our way of living, science, commerce pretty much everything is based on measuring. And two of the ways we measure is through time and through linearity. But in the infinite Light there is no measurement, no need to measure given in part that measurement speaks different amounts, varied degrees, different distances. You can't have measurement without separation and inconsistency. And these considerations before we examine why we measure... When the Light is all inclusive, un bordered infinite as Eternal-everything is relevant as revealing...accordingly beautifully harmonically connected or attuned.

Several days in the past ago still continuing as memory our friend Curtis Slama and his alleged dog Buck Minister Fuller became resolved in a serious- mysterious...a car accident. First relevant to the formulary

of memory, the timeless memory of this event will remain materially intact. Yes we can alter the memory, but the preexisting status of the memory prior to the alteration remains materially intact. Sure you can insist that you didn't try to kiss your girlfriend's best friend, but the initial memory of the event remains materially intact. Linear evidence of the memory is that we can return to the initial memory, we can compare our altered memory with video, police reports and the memory of others. Also even though we can alter "our" memory of the event for ourselves and possibly others this effort does not modify the same memory for others who were involved either conversationally or as part of the initial event. Yes it appears the initial memory remains intact, non casual-accordingly timeless. And as such non-linear at least seemingly not casually or interactively linear. (Remember our memories are material, yes subjective, but a collective DNAs of a memory event can be assimilated make the duplicate memory of a "past" event even we were discussing more feasible). Interestingly when we alter a linear event the material that makes up the event is permanently altered. Examples a linear car accident. Peace disrupted by war even though the event when linearly exhausted returns to peace its not the same peace obviously-destruction and human death make this so. Human death meaning, killing to die, not God calling you home. Another example...a thought altered though language thinking. A linear event is displacing, the initial material is separated from itself. Whereas a memory is self contained, spherical in nature, you might remember the observation that you only need to see a portion of a friends face and the nature of memory assumes the entire face. Memory like music is it's own response. What follows is a bit of a jump. But you have heard of parallel Universes. Of course such an effect speaks to displacement of the initial Universe even if they are the mirror image of one another which apparently is not the case. And also an confirmation of our random, conflicted, ironic other than Cosmic Universe. But the notion of a duplicate Universe might resolved the displacing inconsistency associated with parallel Universes. Another concern is how are these parallel events created. But a duplicate Universe is as expressed, a replication of the initial event. Now if a memory of an event remains intact, its own response beyond casual interference, a specific memory must have its own exact DNAs. A family gathering a hundred years ago can be duplicated. But not as the interactive form that we are familiar with, but more in the nature of a Light resonance (Light given form through uniquely related sound or DNAs...is this a hologram or holograph?) The relevant DNAs perhaps seeded from an original photograph. The same would be true of historical events like President Kennedys murder. A crime scene. A sporting event from your youth. Your wedding. Or a memory of a future event meaning various probable results to a given choice or consequent event. These memory collectives we already try to sustain recreate through; oral recollections, books, audio-video, plays and movies. But what we are discussing is much more exact. Remember we are examining an activity event that is not a function of casual time therefore not separated or fragmented, not factored by dematerializing or distance as we comprehend-experience. A duplicate exactness most likely in the nature of a hologram or spherical mirror of sorts. Understanding that the event can be altered, but not influenced within its own material status. But interestingly the examining of these duplicate memory events can influence

and alter our current and future self. Though for instructional or research concerns, reasons of entertainment variations of the duplicate memory event can be fashioned by varying-shifting the DNAs. Which is what we would be doing with the presumption of a cancer. Understanding what we are discussing is so subtle-sensitive that its beyond measurement. Accordingly beyond accurate observation and beyond our attempts to alter the event effectively, though this limitations seems to encourage us. Measurement would speak to linear displacement. And the memory event we are examining is non-casually intact. Internally and externally within its own nature. Also the final fruition of this memory event is not in our control representing the reversal of the Quantum Riddle we discussed before. Speaking to the non-displaced sensitivity altering, harming, conceivably even presumably improving the nature of the presumed cancer would render altering its harmful disposition mute. The cancer must be harmonically DNAs accommodated to its own cure nature. Inherent in the disease is the cure or the cure could not be realized. Dealing with the cancer through external methods is casually displacing at many levels . You can't harm the cancer without harming it's host. Similarly returning the cancer to its ideal status. Harmony and balance is the nature of all in the Universe. Further engaging the cancer grievously negates the reason for the cancer. This gentle quest is there for a reason. Like all natural to the Cosmos to inform and guide relevant to harmony- balance. Given that the nature of all material in the Cosmos is harmony it is reasonable to accept that the grievous nature, the guiding information within the cancer which would have its own DNAs contrasted with the ideal DNAs of the cancer, is favorably resolved the cancer itself would represent no threat to itself or its host. Appreciating to consider that if the ideal intent of the cancer were to harm, it would not do so at its own expense. Because once death is effected the cancer would be without its resident status. Also the duality of cure and disease compromises the intrinsic nature of infinity, suggesting that cancer is more in the nature of information than a destructive process. It's also very interesting that in a laboratory cancer in a petri dish is referred to as "immortality in culture" the little neighbors just keep going. If "I" may suggest we do too much disregarding on the planet earth we could possibly learn a lot from cancer. Finally for now you can't be nice to a presumed cancer without being nice to yourself. Be polite and all will come. Do you agree or disagree? Disagreeing agreeably might be much more important than agreeing. Being polite to the all of Creation. Including the presumed past and the planned alleged future.

We had started with Curtis's and Buckminister's car accident. "I" might point out what is called Curtis' car accident could not have happened without the implications of measuring, the shared car accident "was" a linear event. A kind of time congested event. We might want to come back to these popular accidents. Since they are not planned, scheduled and much effort is made to avoid them it becomes very interesting as to how these accidents really do happen. Let's wait on this one. Anyway before we diverted to memory issues, duplicate- parallel Universes, visited with the curious cancer and the Quantum Riddle we were at Curtis' accident. When did this incident become Curtis's and Buckministers accident. One more aside... you would think that relevant to observing at the subatomic level if you had a compatible DNAs memory agent integrated

into the sub atomic world your observing with a designed affinity toward absorbing-gathering information you might be able to resolve displacement. This DNAs memory agent would also have to be DNAs sympathetic to ourselves once this particle was retrieved. I guess you can tell I don't want to get into the disastrous car accident. Anyway isn't always the way.... Curtis's rear axle locked. After some effort to control the vehicle on the inter state at four a.m. this machine began to flip over. Buckminster Fuller Curtis's incredible companion was thrown out during the first roll. Wearing safety belt Curtis made a favorable decision during the erratic event. Which apparently this result was more clear after its completion, of course it wasn't complete until it was over. The friendly ambulance appeared. Since Curtis was walking around like he was having a peculiar argument with gravity the nice paramedics were able to convince Curtis to go to the hospital. At this juncture the experience became spiritual, if indeed the event wasn't so from the beginning. A loving stranger gathered all of Curtis's money and handed it to him in the stretcher. (There should be a good Samaritan convention every year what a lovely thought, of course anyone could come, the good Samaritan folks and the ones in need of that partnership wow). Curtis couldn't find Buckminster. Buckminster Fuller had disappeared. After several conversations at the hospital Curtis was able to bring down his own blood pressure so he was released. The nurses let Curtis bandage his own wounds so he wouldn't be charged extra a lot. Four hours had elapsed. Curtis returned to the accident scene looking for his beloved travel companion. Old Buckminster was sitting at the edge of the highway. Waiting pleasantly as if waiting was something you do after the fact (I guess it can be) because you were that sure your buddy would return. People said Curtis was lucky. Actually Curtis and Buckminster Fuller weren't lucky. He's Curtis. And he's Buckminster. But luck-coincidence and the other Light manifest are interesting. Curtis couldn't request luck. Can't transact luck. But there it was waiting like Buckminster Fuller. One question floats to the surface...is luck partial and elemental to acquiring memory. Does luck have its own acquiring memory that evolves irrespective of time and space. For luck or any Light event, evidenced as such because this Light realization is not caused or precipitated by another human or by a machine, for such an event sensation to be the result of the Light's preferential selection speaks to process displacement. (Does someone accrue so much luck that can be depleted?) Not the way of the Light. The Light is all embracing for the Light to separate-fragment from this Cosmic ideal would invalidate the Light. But let's be the very of careful remember we are talking about a world reality that becomes other than its Light self through the mere act of perception. The reversal of the Quantum Riddle, we are not in control. Beyond our management. The actual luck event beyond even our perception. Therefore expression unless you've had a couple of beers. We must be careful not impose our linear insights however intact and compatible they might be on a world that is not our own. And currently can not be. Accepting that the Light by our own observation is all-inclusive beyond the irony of our understanding of linear perception suggests a world that is without limit. Therefore can the Light make a preferential choice. Not necessarily prejudiced. And maintain its integrity. The answer is probably not knowable? Are God and the Light one and the same? If they are not are they are inseparable. Are

functionally sympathetic. It appears that we can pray. Ask for luck. But the realization is not ours. Can the acquiring memory of luck, of divine kindness sense within its own all inclusive Curtis's need and accordingly respond. Let's keep asking. We know that some are lucky. And some are not. Some are seriously injured in car accidents and some in worse car accidents are not. But if we could ask-materialize luck? You know how we are... We've already have bad luck. If we could ask for good when we needed it we'd have to give up bad luck. We wouldn't be able to win at Las Vegas. Right the place would close down. And also good luck seems to occur during an event. If its before would we know it and would the bad event happen. If we did know it because by asking for good luck and so benefiting consistently there wouldn't be any car accidents. Soon there'd be no need for luck. We'd have to accept responsibility for our lives. Accept ourselves. We'd have no one to blame for our successes except ourselves. I sense to think this is a good juncture to begin another paragraph. Almost not yet. There is another consideration relevant to this mysterious car accident. Since this event was not planned scheduled and its more than reasonable to assume that the infinite continuous therefore sustaining Light wouldn't initiate-cause such a linear measured event the question becomes was Curtis' and Buckminster's car accident precipitated by the darkness. And another two questions where did the car accident actually begin and where did this linear corruption end. I* don't know much about the darkness though interestingly dark matter according to NASA means... without frequency, but whatever be the way the Light prevailed and fortunately for all of us Curtis and Buckminster Fuller are well and on the road again. I'm sure you'll recognize them if you ever see them on your travels. If your not sure ask them you will be provided with a very pleasant answer.

I'm not surprised we made it to the next paragraph location. And most appreciative in the extreme that Curtis and Buckminster Fuller are still amongst our linear midst's. Listen please "I" just realized you might have gotten the wrong impression about linearity. Being that Curtis and Buckminster are still linearity available explains why yesterday the three of us had an animated conversation. On the good occasion of ourselves Curtis and I get together occasionally and talk. And we laugh. Curtis rarely get's irked. But he does like to look at you with his eyes. And I have to tell you something that has helped me transcend what I thought were my limits to benefit and appreciate beauty, please understand I am not bragging, I find bragging distracting and somewhat pointless and also displacing (I think also I have slow self esteem)... anyway what I've sidetracked delayed several times telling you is that I'm sure Buckminster Fuller loves me. I am touched and resolved like I said in the extreme. The truth always in context, there's more than one apple on the tree, I have never seen Buckminster Fuller be impolite to anyone. Well I saw Buckminster Fuller chase a rabbit once. But there was no catch. And no catching excitement that I could see, And catching and not catching each other is their mysterious agreement. Also Buckminster Fuller has growled at me several times. Of course we assume that we know what growl means because we agreed we were smart on growls. Also it was a primary growl without any convincing forward motion. And this growl event speaks to an agreement between Buckminster (I like this

spelling) Fuller and Curtis. I'm saying Curtis asks Buckminster to protect his van while he's gone. So you might say that what were actually talking about is Curtis's growl. At the very least a shared growl. Curtis is smart on his own, he knows some of his limits, if Curtis growled at someone the results would be trifling. Curtis might get a job offer on his growl quality, but no one would run away to far. So be so and so one more tiome its great to have Curtis and Buckminister Fuller in our midst's. It would be nice Curtis, Buckminister, me and Tammy at a picnic. Maybe a celebration of intact survival picnic. God doesn't have to be invited God's already there, but God can be excused. Maybe not. I don't know. There's something I want to tell you I'm not that interested in salvation. What for and from whom. Plus to tell you the truth twice in one paragraph I'm not sure I'm in good enough shape for salvation. Does Salvation have anything to do with forgiveness? I'm serious. Because I'm not that interested in forgiveness either. Why stop for salvation and forgiveness, which I have a feeling can be pretty time consuming even if your in shape, when you can go straight on to love. We seem to forgive love its proof. I have a sense Tammy this is one we'll have to get back to later. Because already its went by and left us behind. That's strange how can we be left behind if were still here. Somebody must of stopped for salvation. Also salvation is a linear deal, its cause and effect, therefore a function of the ironic self not the Eternal Light. Our struggle between the darkness and the Light is a Cosmic one. An Eternal one. An ongoing struggle between the darkness and the Light. So the Salvation deal is on going. Not just the ones we call livi9ng, but also the ones we call dead. The deal goes on. The nice Christian folks kind of refer to that as "sins of the father" or is that a linear deal. It scares me a little to think about that...

Yes salvation is a linear concept. A casual concept relevant to time. You have to acknowledge a transgression, actually quite a few over a period of time, then relate these misbehaviors to some form of assessment, some form of judging which only has relevance if the judgment can be favorable or unfavorable otherwise the casual judgment would be meaningless. And of course that's were the forgiveness kicks in. Or being unforgiving that's right that the other part of the deal. And to each there are further casual consequences. If I may step aside for a moment. It's interesting do you agree that you can apologize one hundred and eight one times for the same thiong in two years. And get away with the misdeeds through the forgiveness deal. Imagine if someone would scream not too loud grab their foreheads and turning half around themselves say, "I can't don't want to believe it but this will be the first time that I've apologized for hurting Mary and its only April." And because everyone agreed under the new custom that's not a good deal and approaching past awful, you go into the woods and don't come back out until you figure out what's going on with why your hurting Mary. I would think pretty soon you'd be on your way to be unrecognizable to your previous self and almost enlightened. I mean in five to three years this planet earth would be... That's it Be. I'm saying to hear if some impatient guy used to trading convenient apologies for available forgiveness came out of a four year coma what would happen once he emerged into a love is preferable to a apology-forgiveness deal world. I don't know. One thing that would happen he'd have a lot of left over words the coma person would have no use for. The rest I

don't know. God knows right? But you wouldn't have to close your eyes and pray to see the Light. I'm meaning to suggest forgiveness-apology is a linear casual experience, delegating an experience to the less relevant past, also of course is a time manifest; but in by the Cosmic flow our entire lives are ongoing resolving, growing uninterrupted, not subject to a displacement within a displacement suggested by forgiveness. The nearest we can get linearly (currently) to the Cosmic flow is loving without interruption of self while loving others whereby love intent and consequences are accepted as the same. Would you rather be loved or forgiven? Forgiveness put love on pause sometimes for a life time. Don't take my word for it try it...loves the way to go and stay. Do you agree...if not would you like to. How can you forgive God's love? All is God's, right? Even on the installment plan.

I just realized trying to sleep last night when people say, "I'm sorry" there not necessarily apologizing asking for forgiveness. They can be saying I'm sorry to bad you hurt your elbow. Its sorrowful. I kind of missed that perspective. But do you agree it would be nice to throw in a band aide. Sure I think that makes sense being sorry under those conditions is a good way to start on a loving situation.

Where weren't we? See what happens when you try to complete a sentence. You know when your lost. Otherwise you can just continue undistracted, "looking for love in all the wrong places." I think that's from a song not a road map. You know what's happened? With the favorable car accident. The mysterious growl. (I have to point out Buckminster growl might not of even been a growl. I'm not growling articulate. And there are many other possibilities)...Where are we continued? Right. The picnic we all missed. It's the salvation deal that got me confused. I'm telling you the truth I don't know almost anything about salvation. Is this one of the deals that happens after your dead? Maybe you can get salvation while your alive. Do children need salvation? And some folks talk about Eternal salvation in language of course and rules involved I'm sure. How do you dress for salvation? I'm being funny now. I don't mean any disrespect, I really don't. But (I) do want to touch upon something that skipped away during the previous paragraph. The salvation deal, folks also talk about judgment day...one of my points is how are these arrangements affected when we more clearly realize our lives and our relationship with God isn't based on losing the gift God gave us meaning your life. If there's no death, no material cessation, what happens to the deal when you die you go to Heaven? And salvation and judgment day. What happens to the people on this planet in charge of salvation. Well the bad news is that the bad news might not be as good as you think. I'm meaning to say if what were talking about is the infinite continuity, our emerging residence the Cosmos, (not linear not separating not interrupted) then the good we materially manifest is everlasting and the bad is materially everlasting. And the bad is materially everlasting. And mean sad event is not made not to happen because the people have exchanged apologies for a forgiveness. The person is still there crying and bleeding. In the infinite uninterrupted Universe that event apparently continues forever. So now we have the accruing darkness and the accruing Light. Let's wonder to see and watch to hear what happens. Always the pleasant caution about words. You know how they are often not always knowing why... the word

deal yes is know and maybe isn't. But we can get close right? At least open the door we've been avoiding neglecting. I love you are words right? And these Cosmic sounds converted into language often do assist during a kiss or an embrace? Specially if you haven't gotten to the embrace or kiss. Does this sound a little clinical, well fortunately Tuxedo and I are in the study. Tuxedo is perched on the window sill licking himself which I think we assume has something to do with cleaning or grooming. It is surprising how many times we express assumptions as facts. Tuxedo might be communicating in a special-exciting way. So let's do the best we can with the words we have while hoping to open the next door. Though it is interesting about words meaning that at some of the most important times in our lives we express through sounds not words. When we really get scared. Maybe during a dieing opportunity. During birth, including for the parents. During the unfortunate extreme of anger. And then there is the special sounds of silence during hugging, kissing, coupling and hand shaking. Can you think of any others?

Recently a few words past we were talking about the preferential selection of the Light. Whether this presumed process would represent a displacement of the Light. Acknowledging our reliance on words, our limitations can not be relied to understand and effect a relationship with a reality that is infinite therefore without limit. The Light is beyond irony. It's causality is one of refining spontaneity not linear displacement. "I" realized downstairs walking around having lunch with the alleged ones that the notion of preference of selection would not even be an issue in a spontaneous Universe. Even from our perspective. The connection is already there. The understanding is not one of being a part of the Cosmos, but partial. Meaning an active part. Reciprocally. Remember timeless memory the event already has happened, the question is whether and how it will be utilized. We don't have to delay, distort or displace our relationship with the Light of which we are emerging if we accordingly make ourselves available. Of which we are a spontaneous partiality unless we are living a linearly displaced life. Linearly entrapped in the many ways of self. Some essential some pleasurable nonetheless linearly casual. Like a lovely man and woman planning a family. Going to work applying your assigned intelligence within a designed structure, like a corporation, that is a study of linear entrapment. I mean the displacement, the Cosmic irony, is vertical and horizontal when you wonder about it. (And the me of myself). Please understand I didn't get to where I'm not because I'm deft and wise. I'm nice you might say and pleasantly contradictory. And as "I" mentioned before not too linearly attended. People say left out, but they never say out where. (I) guess I began a search, a journey of not knowing, when God talked to me. Sure right away and let go of the hesitation comes the word...hallucination. Well the response is a life long kind of deal. A perspective maybe. Any idea or experience is are divine if their divinely expressed. I assume it was me? Maybe I over heard what was meant for someone else. Can't be sure. The only thiong you can be sure of is that you can't be sure. "I" mean there isn't anything you can't question politely when in the Cosmos the question and the answer aren't related there one and the same, until there is a disturbance. And also there is the element of refining though this can not be an issue of displacing process not inby the Light. (I have some bad

news maybe also interesting we need some new words, at least new to us). So be polite and all will come. Strange these words seem like two words to me. Anyway I told this nice Reverend Sky ST. John once that "I" expected some day a person would ask me if I'm an extra terrestrial. I would tell the truth since the truth already told me. "No," I would answer, "I'm more like a leftover terrestrial." But again you can't be sure about lucky. We don't seem to know much about luck. Knowing diminishes luck. We just say the person is lucky and that's it. Incredible isn't? I'm not sure we want to know too much about luck and coincidence. There's also the can't part of it....So yeah I've been kind of left behind with nothing left to do, but think, wonder and observe. And then wonder why I'm thinking. I'm consistent. And like "I" told you (I) learn by contradiction not affirmation. Without necessarily contradicting others. And I'm critically polite. And clumsy. If you're a good stumbler you notice more in your goings about, also it seems you get treated with extra privacy. And again I really didn't have much choice, the contradiction part anyway. Possibly most people call it staying alive. Actually while think to feel about it you know what most linearly affluent humans say about people like me, "he's not there." You would think that if someone is going to say something that ambitious on purpose you'd get at least a road map and a canteen full of water. A Beatles album would also be nice or my favorite Nat King Cole. I know I know there's no free lunch. But how about some lifesavers.... I told Curtis yesterday that when "I" was in high school I used to think that my wife was somewhere in America probably doing something nice and interesting hopefully in the shade. Maybe she didn't know, but she also was waiting for me. I was smiling waiting for her. And we would meet nicely someday. And it would be wonderful of course what else. Speechless people like to say. You know how it is when you meet the woman your going to marry...you don't need to talk. You just kind of stand around wonderfully suspicious of yourself. In awe and pleasant awkwardness right? Love at first sight. Whose first ours or Gods? How can there be love at first sight when you seem to recognize lady after seeing her for the first time. You understand like you already know her. Well anyway where's the way the lady in waiting must have reasonably gotten tired of waiting for me. And of course if I was supposed to get divorced which would have been very sad how could I of married my second wife if I hadn't met and married my first. I think that's mostly funny. Which is perfectly understandable, I mean my first wife leaving me before we met, since I spent years in the way of decades feeling encumbered and being dislocated around myself. You know lost as found again. But not really found. If you need to rush it into the experience of sentence you can say I was a soldier once. I guess to thi8nk I didn't come home from that sad nowhere war in Vietnam. (There worse aren't they, wars I mean, if there not sad and unacceptable). Yep I didn't come home again because I did. Contrast if your alive can be unbearable as I'm sure you know. (I) had to take my life away to continue with a life. But to try tell you the truth if I had met the lady of awe I was waiting for in high school I would have been polite and moved on anyway even if it had taken a few months. If your taller on your knees than standing up the challenges get personnel. And sometimes a mystery. If you want to be kind you move on. The kindest embrace can be goodbye. I have no complaints. If I lived alone I'd be talking to myself. And "I" really do feel

were together. And as you know I'm in one word, suspicious. I'm amazed by love. Even when your not included it seems to keep you company. Memories have emotions right? It's very nice having some one to miss. In timelessness the memory and the event are one and the same, right? Sure maybe even the event that could of happened, but didn't. Now that thought is worth a pause... The alleged ones downstairs. Tuxedo upstairs. The credible birds singing incredibly. And there have been several incredible earth women. How can men on this planet refer to their wives as x-wives? And the wives people talk about their x husbands. What's going on? What's the possibility? Talk about living displacements. Well if it weren't for life we wouldn't of finished this paragraph. Now that's good and true another "we" that is logically coherent. Another glimpse of the Light. Where will it lead? We are not there yet. No we're not there yet. And we might not arrive. Well you can't arrive to where you are Cosmically. Maybe we will never get to the divine deeds of our words. But that's linear right. Maybe I've got to take a chance and try some faith. Not linear though. Is non-linear faith fate? Patience is fate and knowledge isn't waiting.... If a tree falls on you in the forest. Oh forget it just get out of the way.... Let's get very serious like each word if we turn it the wrong way it can cost us excessively. Time to ante up. Pray and deliver. Like that nice-eager Reverend woman Colleen Engel said, "Pray and stomp your feet." Is there something amiss if your sitting down while your talking. Call it writing. Aren't the truest deeds unfolded afoot? I ask to know and knowing will pray again. What's it all about if you want to spare the world from our collective worst deed and your having trouble getting to your feet? Who do you report to if your missing? And you're the only one whose looking. If you're your own worst enemy to whom do you surrender? That's no longer true for me. If it still is for you I'll wait for you around the corner. **Shouldn't all those missing children get together somewhere on purpose so they'd at least have each other and be less missing. And also insist on some help. Get determined and necessary.. Come on please... homeless children. What's goen on? How can children be missing. And what their parents not be missing?**

About the limitations we were talking about before relevant to the infini9te Universe trying to understand preferential selection, let's not talk ourselves down, let's not surrender we've got to go with what we've got and find out to realize where we are when we arrive. And a little bit more about the secrecy of we. In a spontaneous spherical world there is no distance, no separation, no measurements no casual fragmenti9ng we are spontaneously connected it would seem to follow that in just writing these words before you linarily reading them effect has been created. A spherical avenue. An opening. Depending on whether our words are displaced. Well nothing wrong with being wrong if you aren't.

I was talking to Curtis in the presence of his absence yesterday about the Light and preferential selection. We discussed whether we can place any limitations on the infinite Light Eternal. Well it would appear there are no limitations inby the Light infinite spontaneity of which we are an emerging resident. Meaning that you are part of the spontaneity accordingly beneficent unless you casually-linearity repress the Light all embracing spontaneity of which otherwise you are an un bordered and uninterrupted part. Curtis spends time

trying to figure out who I'm channeling. "I" sense Curtis is troubled that a bedraggled MIWA could come up with good ideas. I'm not aware that I'm channeling some anybody. I'm barely channeling myself. I mean in by the Light you get channeled, right, or were back to dislocation. In a spontaneous uninterrupted infinite Universe, the deal is going both ways. Actually always. And in the Light spontaneity preferential selection not only a displaced process, but also a linear one that would invalidate the Light presence. Your available or your not. It's all available everywhere always. Channeling is a displacement deal, also it seems an important person deal. In a pleasant amusing way you might say I'm channeling myself when I'm least expected. The Cosmic self not really myself. I'm available because I'm also unwelcome. And like (I) said there's really no (my) about it...everything your reading is as much yours in the reading as it is presumably mine in the writing. Every bodies right or were back to exclusion and displacement. Also preferential selection of by the infinite Light also dislocates the Light. Your available and if you turn that into the me special you displace the Light yourself.... Fragment infinity. Also remember not to forget that in timeless memory the event and the memory are one and the same. Until this presence is materialized harmonically with the Light, humans might say initially selflessly... while evenly sharing the reward with everyone including the alleged trees. Creation right? The other choice is elbow to elbow get out of whose way displacement. Both are choices of self. Channeling? The channeling deal would suggest that the Light has a specific form, interactive forms, that would displace-fragment the Light. If you prefer I'm wrong lets get along see where we end up. Even when people are getting closer to the Light they want to get I'm-first-in-line possessive. Nothing wrong with being first in line if it's a circle. (The impending linear sphere). But the Light isn't about you and me, but us...there's another good we. "I" was going to tease Curtis and tell him that if I win the Nobel Prize he could come over any time and play with it. Curtis is impressed by that Nobel Prize. And I wouldn't be surprised if he ended up with one. There a lot of talented non sequential people hanging around waiting for themselves. But you see in the spherical world we reside you can only win a price by losing it or win it with nobody losing it. Dual opposition is relevant to the linear world. Resolving that dichotomy brings you even closer to the Light unfolding of yourself. It goes beyond being nice. The effect becomes functionally spherical. A material place. You transcend yourself without leaving yourself behind. But you know how it goes on this planet-show me some results. O.K. good luck to the all of any of us if you agree. If you don't then the better of luck to you. Let us know what you've come up with. Oh yeah MIWA "I" just bumped into it should probably have been MWA for missing without action. Non-sequential. Patience is faith knowledge is waiting.

Fine let's result ourselves. A good example of a new process result approaching spontaneity is the place of insanity. Please understand there's nothing wrong with insanity I speak from experience. Mine of all people. It's not as bad as you might not think. Well people say there's nothing wrong with this or that, but don't expect getting invited home to dinner. If your insane you don't even have to worry about going to the back of the bus. They prefer you walk. Please understand I'm not going to get all heroic about insanity. If thirty seven

years ago someone had given me the choice of going to Miami or going insane. I would have opted on Miami. Well insanity is presumably not around trip ticket. An alias doesn't even work specially if you're the only one who knows it. Now it might take a while, it doesn't have to, but if you've been offered a residency in insanity strange things can start to happen. And understand please it is an offer. If some nice doctor tells you you're a paranoid schizophrenic. You're perfectly within your rights to say, "Thanks very much but I'll pass what else you got." At the very least take the week end off hesitate before you decide if your interested in the offer. Because I finally almost figured out what the nice doctors mean about the whole insanity deal. "You can stay better if you stay sick." No doubts insanity is a challenge. The initial impression is that insanity is a displacement within the prevailing displacement of life. But there's nothing really wrong with insanity if you don't let them disable in the process. Nothing wrong with limping if your not going somewhere. Less if you are. Let's pause and hug a maybe. (I) like to tell people when I'm somewhat surrounded. Sometimes it just takes one people. I like to in the sometimes of myself tell the mental health providers. "A lonely lovely girl is depressed. And even sadly suicidal. A nice hard working college student can't sleep getting anxious. An nice architect is hearing unrehearsed voice. A sensitive frightened woman can't stop crying because she's lonely. Another nice lady eats then vomits her food. A husband is confused about being nervous alone because his wife left dying permanently without him. But you know what all these people do? They go to a doctor. And you know what the doctor does? Are you ready for this.... He gives them a disease. Like they don't have enough problems. One of the near worst things you can do to someone is deny then their struggle. There's more than a little bit of taxidermy in the field of psychiatry and psychology. But like I told the credible in incredible Dr. Daughton it's a wonder us relationship between the one called psychiatrist and the one called patient. The polite awe silence. Isn't just like the earth people to limit this mysterious relationship to what they call disease. Imagine a rookie police officer meeting in the same way with a retired police sergeant once a week or a junior diplomat meeting with a relaxed or not retired senior diplomat once or twice a week. My God two parents. I think to say it can be called listening with hope and at least one person being depended on for sure not to lie to the other person.... Sure lots of people get a disease, but unless you get the insane deal the disease is localized. A shoulder, a liver, your ankle, your neighbors ankle. But insanity it's the whole person and you don't get week ends off. One of the other problems with insanity is that it's shared. Your family gets involved, they get insanity available. You know who else? The doctor with twenty patients is insanity preoccupied. My God for their whole life. And what's worse if you did there'd be nowhere to go. Because your already there. But stop, look and try to listen. You know what's happened? It's believable and easy when you become the proof yourself. Potentially easy anyway. You've been excused from the displacement. Now it might take some time, but it does help if you don't let anyone convince you that you should be unwelcome to yourself. And its not just the supposed insane challenging displacement, people drinking too much booze, the sad unhappy drug addicts specially in prison, people smoking their lives away, over eating a lot on and on. One of the problems seems to be is that people are

told they have a problem, they've got a disease and should get normal about themselves so they don't pay attention to the gift of their sad experience. The learning the awe. Like "I" once suggested the Men's Group at one of the church I go to, "insanity, alcoholism and suicide are gifts from God if not God who Sears Roebuck? Any idea is a divine idea if its divinely expressed. Ideally as an experience" Sure maybe something can start with a bad choice dark and unhappy, but it doesn't have to end up that way. We are one choice away from our divinity, our bliss our expressible Godsoulprint. Anyone can transcend themselves from ironic displacement. Anyone is one choice away from bliss. What's my point. I'm not sure I was making one. Sure no ones excluded from the displacement either. May "I" make a suggestion. Maybe its already too late. But a real good way on getting started on not being displaced, being the Light affluent, is not to displace anyone else. You've already said you don't. I was waiting for you at this sentence getting closer to the next. I don't want to get engaging, but its not as easy as you might have thought, I'm talking about the taxes that arm the soldiers and train them with harming purpose. And do you love your x wife? At least as her if she'd mind being your Y wife. I hope you don't mind...Also if your successful in your business its because you've encouraged others in the same business not to do as well. Strange isn't some of you probably think I'm displacing you. And true we are more or less in a word maze. But whatever were going to do with our reaction , its Eternal? But also spherical and reciprocal. What goes around comes around never left. Actually that's a good question. Beautiful. If the only function of the darkness devoid of frequency therefore idyllic sound is to deny the memory of the Light. The Light can turn around already there and embrace the darkness to the Light. I'm not surprised I don't know how to spell halleluah, but I like that sound. Like the nice lady on TV offered, "If there your dreams why do they surprise you?" And o if the near everything we experience is incomplete-inconsistent and will eventually disintegrate and if the ideal of our lives is that we stop living in favor of something we spend our lives avoiding ie death...how can we really know what a dream is. Anything? Ourselves? Now some of you might be saying I'd like to wait a couple of yesterday's minutes but this doesn't make sense...to that (I) say great let's get together there's hope. You've probably got the best questions disguising the answers. Have you already figured it out, "I" just did...our destinations? It's you. Us individual and together. Each of us a community of one, but more on that deal already later. Why wait? We wait for events that are a distraction of ourselves. Our reality is a reflection of us. We are the source of our reality, our existence. The only real change. The Cosmic shift will come from our changing ourselves. Not better interest rates. A more efficient computer. The answered prayer. Sure prayers are great, of course. But the prayers come from our lost inconsistent selves. And once our prayers are answered they are assimilated into our inadequate-incomplete existence. I mean are we praying mostly asking God to help us deal with the irony of Creation. Our pain. Our suffering. Sure but its not God's Creation were trying to embrace. But recover from what we've done to Creation that we call "our environment." Seems a little curious were asking God to deliver us from what God has allready delivered to us. Our lives. If you know the prayer. Why don't we know the answer. A Rabbi offered, "Prayer's aren't answered. They are the answer."

Well then they are answered. But the curious perspective. Many politely repeat their prayers waiting patiently for God to get them right. Is that thought true?

Curtis and I were discussing rejection. Sure what isn't an opportunity? We get something right because we can get it wrong. You get it right you pass wrong on the way making you an offer. Rejection is a big deal amongst human beings. Its part of denial. Either way. Without being able to reject ourselves, meaning our existence, we wouldn't be able to get by. People feel justified in rejecting. Not in being rejected. Is that how it goes? Either way what is offered to you is only yours as accepted. An opportunity. Going a little bit further a non-linear being can not be rejected. A non-linear being is all-inclusive. Such an individual can only be rejected if they deny their nature. Remember when you are born your body is non-linear. Meaning complete, intact. Divine. Your body does not, can not be separated from itself in order to function. We loose our divinity, our Cosmic disposition because we cause others to separate from their essential lives in order to exaggerate the relevance of our own existence. Curiously the opposite effect is created for everyone concerned. Giving relevance to denying, rejection, deception. Now being a non-linear being in a linear reality can be confusing. Often it seems more so to others. (Opportunity and learning do you agree are kindred to one another). There are a lot of non-linear beings who do not benefit from their condition status. Maybe they have taken the first step. And started wandering about Creations irony searching for the better question of themselves. It seems most people assume this journey sometime in their lives. Maybe reoccurring. Maybe sustained. People who need to get away from the ideal, encouraged, acceptable selves. Recover from our linear success. We know these people as drug addicts, sometimes alcoholics, people who have accepted the offer of insanity, the offer of dieing, people who smoke poison cigarettes, those who distract themselves with food excess, the homeless people, the many hungry in the many ways. Curiously substantial resources of spirit, of material, of community and family will are devoted to trying to get these travelers to return to the linear awe. Most often without success. Because these individuals are not a part of the linear pretence, their journey is a Cosmic one. They are non-linear. They can not be rejected by others. But they can reject themselves. What I'm saying is that each traveler has a mission. A purpose. A direction. If the Cosmic direction of self does not culminate with the gift to their community, the returned gift of self. Then is not their opportunity incomplete. Also ironic. They have limited their journey to rejection rather than transcendence. What is transcendence. Sometimes a hand shake. An instruction. A job. A formula. A song. The return of yourself. You can leave community, but not Creation. Curiously rarely are these individuals welcomes to Churches, Synagogues, Mosques and Ashrams. Are these the graduates. "I" don't know. Not knowing I will ask again. Also amongst the many "silent" are the ones experienced and encouraged as retired. What a strange and amazing situation. Does life hold some of us back in reserve. Aren't God and the collective life one the same? Have you been waiting? A poem by your title explained...

Are not

Churches the only institutions from which we do not graduate.

Weekly of soul inspired and tempered heart,

we return.

Unquestioned fully of God perhaps...

We return.

Leaving each Sunday how truly challenged of Spirit.

Is this the seed of God in Church so well expressed.

Can we by Spirit guidance be the graduate.

Fulfilled by soul enough, now brave of God,

end the Sunday visitation.

And...we venture off to our daily toil

the equal of our determined soul

making the gentler paradise of God's investment.

Now

the despairing place of our dying selves.

What tragedy that we cannot by Jesus' hand in our

Heavenly resolve a more loving home. God's planet earth.

Knowing by the aspired day of leaving, we are not alone.

The better Sunday's fulfillment forever.

Perhaps by this curious offer churches would fill.

Once redeemed of God by Church, the graduated would return

to speak of pain and joy.

Tales inspiring happy and sad.

Some wounded deeply would remain for the prayed sacrament.

Would not

the many who find no place of themselves in Church.

Lend a careful ear of mind to this Godly opportunity.

What more hallelujah than this.

All replete of God well alive.

Certainly yes, the unattendant absolved of preferred convenience

will be returned to Church.

Eagerly of soul and doubt well searching.

Awaiting the day of careful graduation.

Hence the missionary toil divinely more of God realized.

Visiting God to the pained awaiting neighbor.

Thus

By whatever smile of hand or heart, the better

Sunday worship by glory returned.

May I introduce Dr. Daughton to you by way of an uncertain poem. After trying to complete the mysterious Washington Post thing (I haven't yet told you about) I'm burnt out. I made an appointment to see a psychiatrist at the VA after doing about ten months of what people call depression. It wasn't a bad depression the first one thirty years ago I had trouble walking. Its more like my body is trying to catch up to me. One of the problems with help is you might get it. Anyway be the way I cancelled the appointment. But it didn't get cancelled. Sometimes another word for bureaucracy is lucky. I got to meet Dr. Almeida and Dr. Daughton. Talk about two on purpose beautiful women. Yeah....Sometimes when your down on one knee you know if you drop to the other one you might stay down longer than what's left of your entitled life.. You get the idea? If you don't that's ok I'm not sure I do either...yet. (I) must continue. It's fascinating about Dr. Almeida she's from India. People from India specially women move with a divinity of motion. I don't you have to look to see that wondering understands. It's like luck, miracles and coincidences when you start talking the witness begins to end. First the poem. Then the letter. And listen send me some of your poems that would be great. Sure. Smiling waiting.

What to say that saying hears?

I am most of my heart's minds purpose, writing. Human immediacy. As I am I am not. Proof least the evidence of myself. Life rejected... Circumstance not malice. I've been away attended. Not abandoned?

Mysterious chronology. A hidden life. I am honest as irony permits. Without violence, adjourned. Insanity? Any idea is divine idea if divinely expressed. Can borrowed clay mold distant hands.

As a 9 year old child happily born in Mexico I was not told the truth that wasn't. Retarded... Paper works flesh. What inquiry less the flower testifies? Brave child. Adversary the same.

Difficult when others must love themselves less that you be loved equally. To whom do your surrender if you have no enemy. Riddle. And absence the same.

My family moved to America I became a soldier. I was offered deferment. Opportunity less opportunity not. Being fair being is.... Sanity qualifies. Less attended whose abandoned.

Thirty seven years...

Less the talent of myself. More loved less retarded. Insanity inspired me discouraging. Waiting-
abstaining. Observing life.... As seagulls fly bye...

In the now of spent I am 60 years old. My wife never left me. We were imagined. I have no complaints
worth the poetry: 3 meals a day. My alleged friends. A car a home. Medicine, clean water and desert. On planet
amongst the cherished minority.

Challenges. In high school I scored a goal. Half who claimed the soccer field were sad then
disappointed. Still the war lingering like a grave unsold. Killing the same as dieing. Struggling smiling. I
denied all crimes except myself. I've never been in a fist fight except for not fighting. I stole classified
information. The reason. Not all prayer's have answers. I disobeyed an order. Nuclear war.... Years less me
still me. Moderately. Staying alive was harder than not dieing....Life less one not the other.

If love is so
so is love
best not at all
Waiting so waiting
waited for once before...

God asked me to save the world. But didn't tell how to get started. I've written some words together.
Preferring love to forgiveness.... Insanity is as sanity resists. I'm a non- sequential guy. I'll tell you more about
that later.

Praying so prayer's
prayed for once
before...

I know about miracles, irony. What the earth people call causality. People worship God then execute
each other. If I've got a few years left...

Everything is relevant, revealing and connected. Except ourselves? When you walk into the darkness-
dark things happen. As there is the darkness there is the Light. I don't understand that thought adequately. It
seems easy for us to understand. We alter agree on results and determine loss of value. Anything that does fit
that schematic we seem to dismiss or destroy.... But certainly there are conditions, activities that occur in the
Universe that we can not comprehend therefore understand. Are we such an event. Clarifying....If a person says
to me. "Charlie your wrong." My response is... "No I'm niot wr0ng I'm me." (Reminding allowing the I's the
o's and the numeration to flow...not conscious). Meaning what I say or do, think or plan can be wrong if that's
how you want to experience this planet Creation shifting between right and wrong, but the totality of myself
only God can know. I don't and can't remember the five most important conversations I had during my life. If I

did I wouldn't know the result which is on going. I'm not sure what I had for lunch t3wo days ago. Only God can know my total self. Do you agree therefore our divinity is between God and ourselves. And that's without considering what we call "the after life" and the activity before our life. And the Cosmic flow we avoid sometimes pleasantly while further securing "our" reality. (I) know the suggestion that there is or might be an activity that predates our birth that culminates as our birth strains the limits of mystery. Likely the limits of applicable language therefore perception. But the perspective is a simple one. The planet earth is about four billion years old, the Universe fourteen billion years old. Therefore there must have been an activity that predates the planet earth that eventually materialized as the planet earth. In the Universe potential and result are one and the same, otherwise the Universe would exist (as we do) in the eventual exclusion of itself. The Universe refines, evolves, other materializing from our perspective de materializing. The Universe does not disintegrate (lose purpose) if disintegration were the seed essential to the spontaneous Universe the Universe would collapse as a function of itself. I know some belief the Universe is going to collapse on itself. But in a spontaneous, timeless Universe all events are all inclusive of each other. Collapse loss of utility or direction would not be an issue of duration... of waiting, this event would be immediate. But the Universe doesn't have to wait for what the Universe already is....

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Thanks for your being the listening...I'm not a poet like Lori Duggin or David Hufford. As trees stand their own leaves holding Lori and David are two determined poets. I write poetry to get by to somewhere else unexpectedly. Poetry folks say, sound not sense. Not necessarily to get to where you think your going. But just to stay where you are. Maybe all poets need to write to get by. You know catch up already left behind. You understand to make through another day like a lot of people. Right sure Lori is an incredible woman I know. I should say knew. Sometimes people go away. Lori is a talented poet, but now that I think...its poetry is an individual thing like praying. Words seem to ask- gasp and breath during a poem. Do we wait for them or do they wait for us? Can you be more talented than when you pray. Do you agree am "I" right or am I just making sense. Here's another point about displacement, not just insanity, but all the other challenges cancer, criminal, lonely, suicidal...in the one word that seeds our song "Life." Can we search the Universe without looking for ourselves.....Needing, thinking, anticipating... were searching. Wandering we wander. Always have been reaching for the better way. We have the near always been wise enough to include ourselves in the contradiction. Can we change shapes. Design new forms. Function not less event. The better way. Proof of our birth not less inception. If we can create a new form impressions. If not spontaneously reciprocal then the near of immediate. Approaching non-linear. If not assuming spontaneity then utilizing and respecting. Cherishing God beyond our explanation. Well then were approaching our non-linear selves. Individually and collectively. Prays asking. Also prayers offering. Not that difficult. The hunger of one denies all. Stop killing. The rest will fall into our arms.

Knowing we yearn. Yearning we are....

First let's glance at what we're searching for. Need we look to see? Let's begin by accepting that for now we're distracted.... words, linearity, assigned intelligence, death, disease, initiate disintegration.... cause has defect. But we're opening doors. There you are...the first insight, glimmering Light, in the final summation the most abiding shift will be in us. Not your next measurement. Not your life insurance policy. drive. Not the car. But who gets into the car. And not where are you going, but how? Then where. When all is said and not done our journey is a spiritual one. As we are born we will not die... the Light. We follow excusing our own shadow from the anticipated shade. The relevant technology follows. Not the altered displacement of the Light. What you raise to the air won't be the magic, but more. Yourself linearly undiminished self. God's intent. Ourselves. But you already know. You haven't been waiting for tomorrow. Have you? Not knowing is direction. It's substance. We are amazing. We are denied.

What do we have before us? An experienced linearly defined and sustained displacement. (A collective insanity) which is influenced and minimized by all the anomalies: The designed inconsistency of language. The structural displacement of institution, which is meaningless without its attendant humans, yet renders the human secondary to the institution. Not all institutions are seemingly stationary, autonomous and ironically personified. There is the institution of war, the institution of time, of marriage. There's our ironically altering de-materializing relationship with Creation. An ironic bond defined by all others through the non-material of time displacement. A misappropriation of the Light which is the most evidenced by our practiced-definition of death. Death the canvas embraces the allegory of our lives. All brush strokes whispering the same. Everything that begins ends. We practice what we preach while forgiving the same. All this is true of those who thrive success their friend. And of those less efficient. Whose challenge it is suggested blinds them to what they see. Prisoner within their own un-awakened dream. All is not as we scheme. We are the prison of ourselves. We can only escape by rebuilding the prison. Death is not because life is.... life is not because death is. It's curious do you agree human beings have to be able to deny their reality in order to appreciate existence as their own. The next words gathering "I" am as certain as anticipation allows-you will find relevant and exciting.

Christmas Eve

Dear Mary,

By your kind allowance the enclosed gathering of word. Read these few pages with the care. Mary you might devote to warming your hands against the Light of an anticipated memory. Be patient please with uncertainty clarity will follow. Words blossom deeds to purpose. Allowing "repetition's haste all is not the same unless you are.

.... There the nice Professor Einstein offered. "The Universe is timeless and non-linear." Infinity suggests as much. Meaning a beginning not based on ending. While ending as the beginning.

.... Time is the earth peoples artificial contrivance. We are therefore out of step with the Cosmos—our residence....of which we are a “continuing” derivative part. If were out of synch with and as our resident reality then we out of step with ourselves. Essentially. Not through choice. But as choice. The implications abound.

Understanding the effect our earthly experience based on time invites....without linear displacement time is not possible. (Cause and effect based on duration). One protocol defines our material existence...everything that begins ends. While ending. This causal irony witnessed through dematerializing. Actually disintegrating. Everything we experience in time culminates as a disposable event. Our body aging culminating in an ironic death one example. How do we ironically separate ourselves from the infinite Light? Our acquired timely reality expressed through linear temporal language, mathematics-evidenced as knowledge sustained through science and exaggerated through technology. And our abiding and practiced definition of death. (All cause and effect sequential process experienced unnecessarily through the irony time). This life process is experienced “actively” as conflict, randomness, inconsistency, irony and death cessation. Materially actualized also as process and inevitable consequence through purposeless disintegration. Resulting in the ironic-displaced Spirituality on this planet.(There is the Cosmic God and the earthly adaptation displaced through an inconsistent language design, the preferential Temple, the martyred example, death not life revealing Heaven). These displacements or inconsistencies of purpose if they don’t occur in the immediate then potentially so, the uncertainty always has to be considered when you begin a new project.... Time might have been the first earthly contrived machine. Our lives are accordingly defined. Our human success is temporary, realized through inconsistency, inadequacy and failure. We spend our lives crossing a street of our own design not sure we will get to the other side. And if we do we can’t be sure what will be waiting there for us. Sometimes success turns out to be not as we had planned. Worse someone might interfere with our effort. And if human uncertainty is not enough the street might collapse. Some of these occurrences Tammy and Mary might be the result of chance, but what happens or doesn’t is also an issue of purpose, of our design....our reality. Not ideal.... our reality doesn’t have to be so insecure. So tentative....I should point out before getting into trouble. I’m not saying people have no choice. I’m saying the reality that human beings have created limits their choices, significantly. And our reality is pretty much in opposition to our residence, our continuing origin the Cosmos. Our life source. Our identity...Creation. An additional distinction any way that people worship is good. You can’t deny another person without denying God. And it works the other way around also. Two insights with your permission. Any emotion other than love is love denied. Or deferred. And...except for killing all bad is good unresolved.

Approaching the fewer words

The Cosmos is a spherically refining function of the Light infinite Eternal. Earth math offers there are no straight lines in the infinite Universe. The Cosmos is evidenced *not* as a displacing-linear process, but as presence. (Ever presence). Not as a linear sequential, but as spontaneity. Appreciating that what is sequential or

process denies or distorts the essential nature of the Universe-the infinite. Understanding to comprehend that “The Light” is unbordered, all-inclusive. Consequently the Light is infinite or sympathetic with infinity. Accordingly spontaneous an issue of presence not sequential process. Linearity, a straight line, one source beautifully defines as “a disturbance between two points” explains our self opposing artificially contrived material reality... the current chosen experience on this planet. Linearity... is beginning point through separation determined by an opposite end point relevant through inconsistent redundancy. Hence duality, Yin and Yang, displacement, opposition and causal disintegration: **Given the sustained suffering defining the earth peoples chosen existence... One question abides. Can the spontaneous un- conflicted harmonic Cosmos be conjoined harmonically with our displacing-altered-dangerous and conflicted life....** Spiritually actualized through death. The earthly tragedy....Death applauds we bow. Acknowledging we cannot choose what they are unaware of.

The garden.

... The one material process we do not have to alter in order to assimilate on this planet is music. Upon experiencing music the event is complete. Cause and effect are near the same. Music is its own response. Understanding that form, particularly when interactive, negates-alters or displaces the Light. Form linearly realized though time creates borders and is exclusionary. Meaning material form loses value, loses purpose ie motion intent. This Cosmically inadequate event eventually collapses ...succumbs to its own futility. Linear value ends through time. Intriguingly the presumed sound of silence is also much like the Light ...all-inclusive, unbordered and once engaged by form displaced. (Silencing music of each).... Conceivably through harmonically subjective silence (DNAs) all form can be harmonically conjoined with infinite harmonic Cosmos. Resolving irony, conflict, randomness, dematerializing (the displacements) to a Light reciprocally beneficent ideal.

Understanding Tammy and then applying infinity and timelessness is difficult given that the way through which we would do it (language-mathematic-ourselves experienced in time)...invalidates the effort. Given that the Universe is timeless it follows that everything within the Universe is timeless as well, including memory. Interestingly memory is like music, silence and the Light....Memory does not have to be altered, interpreted through thinking in order to assimilate. Also memory is not fragmented-affected by time....Though through time we limit ourselves to past memories or memories of the past. Your sneaking up to the punch bowl at your high school prom (in and through memory) you will always be that eighteen years old. **Only God can remember an event as it happens. In timelessness the memory and the event are near one and the same, not one the exclusion of the other, because there is no cause resulting in inconsistent-incomplete or unresolved effect in timelessness.** Which is interchangeable with spontaneity. In timelessness there are no endings that devalue their inception. Simply expressed that which begins continues. Meaning the Universe. The Universe does seem to dematerialize, separate, but it does so without the loss of purpose. More an issuance of

changing form, other materializing. There is no separation that is less the cause of the separation. If material were not actualized through time infinity would factor. Uninterrupted continuity would define...If infinity were factored in time infinity would be fragmented against itself, the Universe would be chaotic rather than beautiful and purposeful. Reflecting on memory... the memory and the event aren't necessarily the same, they just don't exclude one another. Since a memory is without interruption... spontaneous, meaning everywhere-always at once (all inclusive) then there is memory activity after an event seems to end or before an event begins or memory wouldn't be all inclusive and the Universe wouldn't be Eternal. We are discussing tapping into the place of uninterrupted memory, we spend our lives repressing. A place that includes presently what we experience as forgetting that is also suggested as DNAsound, timelessness and suggested by events like luck and coincidence. Tammy don't be concerned if some of these ideas aren't completely understandable in an annoying way. The best question come from not understanding. There can't be solutions without problems. I mean if we understood completely...what's the point? We'd have virtually no potential. Why ask for directions if you're already lost?

A beginning

...Securing the aforementioned logic.

...A geneticist at MIT for his own amusement in 1987 took the DNA code of a fish and placed this design unto a standard musical scale. The result. Melody of a fish. The same approach a leaf. The result. Melody of a leaf. Next this Asian gentleman too the DNA code of a cancer. Eventually played it backwards. Result... Mozart's Funeral Requiem. Playing the code backwards would seem to be relevant.

...More conventionally the Super String Theory which some believe will unify all the field forces on this planet into one applicable theory...GUT the Grand Unified Theory. This research offers (1). The one non-material in the Universe is time. (2). There are up to 29 dimensions one spoken of as magical in nature. (3). Below the subatomic is a world of sound.(Other studies reinforce). Noting if all sounds assumed in a factory over weeks were to be experienced in one compact moment a grievous death would likely ensue.

...Another effort encourages. The curly haired scientist conventionally educated at Harvard and Cambridge. "There exists a field between species irrespective of time and space with its own acquiring memory." Suggesting a memory other than the species or a memory activity that is not denied by the species.... Do you understand to feel Mary the yearning timeless Light inferred by this study. Research example. "Alleged rats were taught numerous behaviors in America. Different little ones in Australia learned these behaviors ten times faster. Are we identifying the acquiring venue of luck, coincidence, precognitions, intuition, conceivably miracle that through actualized DNAs can become reciprocally conversant. Is this not further suggested when virus-bacteria acquire resistance to our invasive efforts. All is God's and Godfully intended...

Blissful implications

an energy bond sympathetic not conflicted

... Why is everyone taking the same aspirin when this medication can be made sound intimate to the individual? Medicine, education, transportation... the near all changes. Largely because our experience without ourselves Tammy changes. Do you agree Tammy our reality is a reflection a result of who we are. And aren't.

... Each human is a distinct sound. *DNA sound*. A few examples: The aging process.... This individual sound can be identified monthly and reversed while the individual meditates (meditates) or sleeps minimizing infirmity and aging. The same cancer. Much easier resolving cancer of the pancreas as a sound through a sound than the current displacing process that is not intimate to the individual and involves but does not acknowledge the other body functions including attitude, the circulatory system, the brain.... I mean if death is not as we realize then that which death leads to death like aging and disease is not as we experience.

... *DNA*s coded jewelry (jewelry changes color, shape and texture during conversation), art, movies, music change form relevant DNAs. I like this one Tammy. I can imagine the jewelry on you. Boyfriend and girlfriends would be breaking up because their not compatible with each others jewelry. That was a modest attempt at humor...

.... The same refining an evolving behavior assuming consent otherwise displacement ensues.... Maximizing a skill like flying an airplane, playing a piano, digestion, meditation, love making.. Interstellar travel becomes functional because the extremes of destination and departure are resolved experienced spontaneously as one.

A recent study at Princeton University: A machine was designed with a fifty percent probability on two results. Like tossing a coin. These researchers realized that who engaged the machine influenced the probability. Further determined that two individuals who "were resonant to each other" affected the probability by a factor of seven. Appreciating to understand that the all-inclusive Light includes the displaced notion of machine or technology. "I" don't think I have this study completely right. Curtis has the clearer information. But then again like we said... the essence of progress is invalidation. What you thought was essential to your life twenty years ago is now in the dippy dumpster. All our experience are incomplete, right? Currently technology is an ironic reflection of the conflicted-Cosmically displaced human. One more point, this one is critical, even though everything we experience in time culminates as a disposable, non-directional event the memory of the event continues. Affirming the Eternal Cosmos. So even though we might not be aware of it we're making progress. You can't influence what you are not aware of, but you can benefit from it.

... What evidence warms the Light ourselves...

.... What evidence is there of "the Light" in our lives. (These are sensations that are not derived from a human or machine)... Precognition, clairvoyance, luck, coincidence, sleep, the presumption of birth and death, consequential mediation (meditation), xenology. Sleep.... The exact juncture at which a human falls asleep is

not casually-willfully determined therefore sleep is a function of the Light. Sleep is spherical not linear. You sleep with God in the Light and waken to your slippers. While meditating you are not language displaced, not displaced to institution, without motion (the anagram for silent is listen). Meditation is an issue of presences not process. Potentially spontaneous not linearly sequential. Hence spherical or boundless.. (Understanding to comprehend these Light sensations are not conversantly reciprocal). One way realizations once experienced become displaced consequently flawed and inconsistent. Currently the human cannot have a sustained intuitive conversation. Sustain a precognitive moment with another etcetera. Noting when two individuals can identify a common (meditative sound) two can mediate in the harmony as one. The same “thought“, expressed not through the language of thinking but as suggested through Light intuition. Once the human acquire the undisplaced sound of self causality becomes harmonic. Appreciating all linear skills are learned. Humans are born Light affluent. Without language, institution, functional linearity, death valuation. This spherical harmonic presence can be relearned. Understanding that the human can not chose what she or he is not aware of..

An observation if I may Mary, individuals appear distracted, befuddled by allusions to a linear God however respectful. Relevant to the ideal of observation meaning logic, comprehending the near totality of God is not possible in a world where the legitimacy of perception is its displacement developed through the designed inconsistency of language which is further devalued to the material point of futility through the institutional-interpersonal experience. Which includes inconsistency and disbelief. A God experienced in time can only be ideally relevant through the denial or casual displacement of the same God. There is the Cosmic God the origin source and our earthly adaptation. Currently a subjective preference based on instruction actualized through an allegorical death that denies God’s creative effort...meaning life. Believing and knowing are linear casual effects accordingly distorted-displaced. We try. We continue. We are beautiful. Our Godsoulprint aspires. New forms of language are emerging...The divine rive4r flows by. We are the galactic children of God.

Beautifully of understanding Mary a baby is born without language, without choice, incapable of relocation, without an awareness of death, a babies relationship with God is an issue of Being not belief or knowing based on instruction. A baby is born Light affluent. We are all God’s children. Death the same. (Are our linear successes our Cosmic disappointments?) Our talents can exceed linearity. Reminding please there are no straight lines in the Cosmos. Miracles require no translation. Precognition including luck. We sleep and laugh enjoin ourselves to music without instruction. We mourn our lives knowing ourselves a divine mystery. We die God assisted. We live God distracted. Do you agree?

Our displacing self casual relationship with our Cosmic residence. Ones conversation with self at the exclusion of the God Universe seed: Killing in the many ways. Feeding in excess while friends hunger. The preferential God (ie) the Mosque, the Temple, The Church are the only institutions from which we do not graduate. What words say that prayers hear. We explain God to ourselves rather than allowing God the privilege. Curious do you agree Mary on this planet we create the burdens we resist by carrying. What dream

wakens not ourselves. **Now if folks graduated from their Holy Temples the way they do their schools and Universities in one generation God would no longer be a denied-deferred experience on this planet. One God one Galaxie.**

Death not dieing

(infinity hence continuity)

In the absence of time ironic linear irony is negated... form becomes an issuance of the Light. The casual linear link between length, width and depth is absolved. (When form is no longer Time functional-causality, duality, displacement, linearity no longer abide... form becomes an issuance of un displacing Light not based on ironic dematerializing)... Accepting that death is not time-active... not time- engaging death is no longer a causally displacing function of form, not linear ...death is an issuance of the Light. Death is no longer an issue of decay dematerializing, but of other- materializing. (This dynamic speaks to all form). When an earth person assumes active status of a corpse, they emit uninterrupted DNAs. When a human "dies" they don't go to Heaven. Going speaks to process, displacement that would make death time relevant. You don't go to Heaven you stay in Heaven. You don't walk through Pearly Gates, stepping onto streets paved with Gold or in the case of our Moslem brothers and sisters-greeted by seventy virgins...the gates, streets, virgins are casual-fragmenting-inter active forms the perceptual nature would negate the all-inclusive un bordered Light (form has borders) Upon timeless death form is assumed as by the Light. Upon death you become Heaven.... The Light from whence you came. Comprehending *whereas there is no death there is extinction..* Once a God species becomes extinguished, yielding to their accrued darkness, the spherical Light-sound communion (carnatio0nal flutter) has been severed. Can we assume that the darkness prevails the Light. God is an issuance of Being. We can only assume what we know based on our way of knowing. About death, Heaven, God we can only know as generously we pray. What we know about death we know as living. Of God we wonder in awe. Of Heaven we deny as earth. Of ourselves oft4en we are contemptuous and destructive discoloring our observations. We observe thinking in endless increments, incomplete, temporary and ironic. As such we know as we surmise. Reminding time is not material hence of not we are. What's the truth? Sincerity as much as searching...

Thank you Tammy and Mary and you for your accompaniment. Spherically all is Eternally familiar in loving you (we) have been loved. Well that would have taken less time on a dance floor. Certainly I should have mentioned if I already haven't. (It takes a pretty good memory to be able to forget). I'm starting to miss Tammy. Where was I, right. The hope here is that you can take these words and find their better purpose. Forget the ownership deal these are as much your words in the sharing as they are ours in the expressing. I mean why does a one legged banker need twenty pair of shoes? Of course it wont take long for some guy to step up. And say. "Why don't I just remove your name from all these essays and books and insert my name. He's still

talking this guy even though the son of two parents is imagined. He adds. "I mean you don't believe in credit." The response doesn't take long. "That's right but you do." It doesn't take long for people to collapse into their own traps, sometimes. Doesn't have to be a collapse. One more time. To whom do you surrender if you're your own worst enemy?

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Remembering in order to forget. Can we continue... Time is our earthly adaptation. Accordingly we ironically displace the Light. The Universe our residence from which we are constantly emerging is timeless. We are therefore out of sync with ourselves. The implications abound. Spiritually and otherwise. Embrace to remember a melody of silence is our new language. DNA sound. Our harmonic conduit to the Light? Music yes is its own response. Timeless memory the same. How curious we are that we must learn to know what we are already aware of... Linearly we continue unfolding spherically.

Approaching the first Sphere: Currently the defined and assigned affectation of insanity is linearly adapted. So is sanity for that matter. Whap applies to insanity apples to sanity. Two sides of the same door, different in result as predetermined. Like intelligence a determination is made about a person that predates their birth. Pretty tricky... limited therefore limiting. A concept as we discussed that is institutionally, culturally, chemically sublimated and reinforced. An imprisonment whose escape for most is the prison. Insanity is an experience elemental to a disease process whose inhibiting rational is further sustained through an irony of treatment that is functionally dependent on the disease not the presumed resolution. An anomaly that is reciprocally sustained, between doctor and patient, most likely throughout the duration of the patients life. Most curious do you agree for most the cure becomes the disease. A compelling challenge involving all the conflicted-inconsistent vagrancies that certify as essential the pained-flawed irony in our lives as essential. But insanity compounds this displacement through a life time of chemical intervention, familial confusion, allusions to the unconscious, institutional entrapment, the non treatment of many and reliance on deceptive treatment plans that are developed by numerous not necessarily connected treatment staff in a language that is foreign to the assigned patient. An possibly in its pervasive subtlety insanity is a divergent experience that secures the ironic contrast of the norm against itself. The cop without the criminal might have to arrest himself. This science strains the limits of linear neglect. Hope become ambiguously defined to conflicted degree by hopelessness. Yet this experience also testifies to the kindness and enduring persistence of human beings. Often love knows more disguises than love's purpose. And all is not as it seems.

Dream while imagining all these inconsistent protocols, self defeating parameters and intentions were not fragmented over thirty five years through the debilitating indulgence of disease, but rather all the related-fundamental aspects of "the insane experience" could be assigned... a designed evolving multiplicity of DNAs coefficients that become spherically nurturing and developed against a norm actualized through an evolving wealth of unique information relevant and revealing to the individuals involved. In a sense we are designing a

self defining-evolving genetic code that is unique to the singular experience. One of which identifies the DNAs of the individual as a perspective presence without the disease. All these non-linearly developing factors in their final formulary become a non-displacing DNAs language that is unique to its source input. A non-verbal language format that is exclusive to that which defines the individual as a distinct individual. Both in substance and process, two assimilations which are multiple in their nature and also projected in intent. A spontaneous non linearly designed language whose effect is one of long term causation secured by resolving by spherically resolving the acknowledged displacement of the individual. Which if not adaptive in nature is in treatment and desired intent. A spherical intent that is significantly, indeed immeasurably, more relevant to ideal than the linear effect that is defined and justified through inconsistency and randomness. We are discussing a language presence whose consistent un conflicted totality once assumed would be self sustaining and effective in the evolving immediate, otherwise displacement would factor. Linearity process would ensue not spherical effect. We are in visioning a communication experience once designed as intact relevant and revealing DNAs would atomically translate current input to its idealized formulation. We are examining the possibility of a self engendering artificial intelligence that would create its own insight junctures. Resolve the extraneous. Identify evolving anomalies such as suicide. We are looking at a sound spherical matrix. Which again is not mechanical in nature but organic. DNA of the materiality of the humans, their linear and inferred spherical activities converted into non-displacing sound. Rotating wonderfully around and inside itself in a multiplicity of self designing directions. Understanding to appreciate that this sound relevant panorama could be converted any number of other formats that humans would be more linearly comfortable with such as visual images. This spherical DNAs effect would be sustained and when necessary tabulated by a non-linear computer. More on this computer later. Please understanding we are not watching a horizon approaching us. Not the boldness of a new world. But one we experience by avoiding. The conception of birth and death both Light affluent. The essence of sleep. Acquiring memory. The inference of music. Our far reaching desire. The self derivative, Light derivative precognitions, remote viewing, luck, coincidence, miracles. And the infinite of more we conceal through knowing and irony. We have further examined the reversal of the Quantum Riddle. Which like the everything we touch alludes to the riddle of ourselves. We have approached our first effort at spherical technology. Whereby the inference of each machine is unique to each functional event. Otherwise the linear redundancy of displacement defines and prevails. Alteration distinguishes. Since we are dealing with completely unique events that in repetition would become displacement and suggest linearity clearly the machine itself has to be as representatively singular as the event that is harmonically engineered or engaged. We have already seen numerous of these material features in the aforementioned spherical psychiatric matrix. We are discussing a machine or technology element that is already materially evident within the function that is being materialized (example an inter galactic trip) or the harmonic spontaneity would become displaced. Remember we are not discussing process, but presence. Not the altered sequential, but essence essential. Not

dislocation but a harmonic transmute that transcends causality. The evidence of our effort is not chaotic dematerializing ie evolving disintegration, but a refinement of the initial effort itself. We have not left Main Street. But reclaimed it Eternal.

(I)...we would like, actually need, in a few pages to examine the darkness. Know the darkness claim the Light. Our history past accruing spherically still. Immediately impending.-acknowledging to breathe. The Time of Now is Forever. After the many years of wandering this darkness, the desert of myself; we are not examining the crimes of a few currently unsolved as murder, assassination and corruption. You can't have an enemy without being one. And whereas we are all one ideal in the Light. God's children. Condemning and according effecting can seed the darkness less be the Light. Otherwise what garden Light if Eternally displaced to the darkness. This as evidenced in our lives. What other aliens speak to whisper not our human selves? Once eloquent of our birth's intent we will know. Tuxedo rests the comfort of himself next to this computer machine. The alleged ones downstairs are beyond hearings sight. Curtis and Buckminster Fuller rest. And prepare the better ready of their trip last week mysteriously interrupted. Tammy claims the Post Office in Persia nearer all our smiles rebirth. Our garden well nurturing. I will write my brother Tony. And look for my brother Chris. And thank you once again your companionship's bliss. The bird's sing as God's good reason. And God pray's for us aware of our prayers. We continue...

The way of the darkness becomes more clear. You remember "the Light events" that don't come from another human being including ourselves, they don't reference a preexisting body of knowledge, these Light events (luck, coincidence, answered prayers, precognitions, spontaneous remission, some surprises, sleep, birth, death) don't derive from technology, also intriguingly these light occurrence only happen to one person at a time suggesting the silence (light silence union between event and person) and once experienced these light events become fragmented-they are not sustainable. Except for holdoing hands, hugging, making or becoming love...can you think of others. But unlike these infinite Light events **dark events** usually involve more than one person, often involve technology and preexisting knowledge and the dark unhappy events tend to be sustainable. Meaning we create the darkness in our lives. We make of the Light darkness. There is no malevolent force, evil, darkness in the Universe except by our indiscretion. Dark and Light...such a fracture, such a dichotomy would cause infinity to rupture. Does the darkness accrue? Memory and our willingness to repeat bad deeds and build on bad deeds and sustain badness suggests the answer is yes. But the cause and effect nature of darkness suggests its condition and manner is not spherical, not spontaneous, but rather a timely affect...in a timeless Universe. Can there be more darkness than Light on this planet? If this occurs what is the result? Extinction we speak God we don't listen.

The nice poet Robert Blake offers, "Eternity is in love with the productions of time." Do you notice when someone says something nifty they look pleased or is it surprised. Let's continue. A French proverb.

“Gratitude is the memory of the heart.” More approaching destination direction as one. Another nice human offers. “Who you are is God’s gift to you. Who you become is your gift to God.”

* * *

Hesitating to breathe let’s continue. Holding the years holding you. The dark begins in the darkening of war. A war called the Vietnam war. A place where people agreed to deliver themselves unto death. Lives risked-killing in order to die while living. What gentle embrace God deliverers as death was not in Vietnam. Man-woman displaces all including death on the planet earth that the irony of themselves prevail. Death displacing life as killing. One sentiment born in Vietnam lingers, floating my midst like a tired butterfly... the words unfold the wings....Death is an intimate and personnel experience. The lieutenant woke us up at 3:30 a.m. The words were heard. The words were heard as said.... We accidently hit the Russian Embassy in Hanoi. A B-52. The words were said. “Run to the intelligence building. Nuclear war high deathcom.” I moved motion moved me. I got to my combat boots. My hand is still on my combat boots. The words called back to me, “Even the dogs are going to die. My mother my father...” What is time’s death in the darkness terrifying. The words were heard. God talked to me, “Save the world...” The stars moved. The planet earth waivered. The many years past not gone. I still don’t remember asking the men “Did we have a nuclear war?” They were sane as sane allows. Just a few years earlier we were boys.

Monday became Tuesday someone said. Someone said. The war the screams remember us.... Protestors violent America. Riots and hope. Murders and assassinations. Poppy seeds, Mary Jane and Ghetto riots. Wars continuance. Until humans determine themselves otherwise. The Tet Offensive 1968. The North Vietnamese, the Vietcong attached. They were the enemy. We were the same. All metal shapes, fire, silent screaming eyes. Wandering rivers lost. Tired eyes still watching. What dream is sleep that wakens to war.

I went to a movie about the Vietnam war, “The Incident.” Did the movie end. I stopped at the intersection next to the helicopter port. Alone after a movie about a war. I stopped crossing the street....Still standing I couldn’t remember my name. My wallet. A license. The dark now a haze of blue. The flairs falling exposing our enemy positions. (I) thought were ...falling stars nearing Jerusalem. I walked to breathe. And breathing walked me. I slept to remember tomorrow. I breathed in the morning my name. I couldn’t abandon my bunkmates. My mama son dearest friend Sung Ho. Forgetting my name four times. The third time Martin Luther King was murdered. I remember. We were walking back from breakfast in the dark. Gun fire machine guns near the White Elephant. The intelligence building. They ran. Some took the cement. I walked walking up to the vault door. The guard spoke his face. “What’s going on out there?” I told the truth. The truth told me. “There crazy out there their trying to kill each other.” Later after the same night not the same day Reverend King’s killing. Working identifying enemy missile sights. We heard hundred and fifty cities rioting in America. I got confused. Desperate not thinking working anymore. Nuclear war nuclear war. Waiting for our nuclear

war. Now walking the hallway to the target acquisition room. Over there. A transparent blackboard. Tan Son Nhut air Force base. All the mortar strikes. The missiles landing. I climbed slowly. The portable stairs. Removing the mortar strikes the children's orphanage. The hospital....Our hands God's clay. Telling you. Walking we walked. An Airman ordered to escort me to the dispensary. Walking we walked. Ahead behind the dust. Helicopter in the night. Walking alone separate not apart. Inside the door opened. Light a Captain. The doctor looked at me the paper work in his hands. He asked. "Are you hearing voices?" I answered, "Yours..." He wanted my name. I told him it was in my wallet. We waited for the silence. The silence waited for us.... The captain asked me what I did when I was alone. I had no answer that had me. The doctor looked up at the airman who escorted me. And asked. "Airman what does Airman Woram do when he's alone?" The Airman shifted. Then answered.. "I don't know sir I'm not with him when he's alone?" Several years later I smiled. Memory is timeless sometimes death waits. These words? Why be sure when sure is not enough? Why do people ask for forgiveness when they can ask for the love they are entitled to?

Thirteen years came and went without whose permission. I heard words that now you will hear. "I" called John Anderson of the Washington Post in 1982. We spoke those words until 1991. "Soldiers killed in Vietnam were being used to trans ship opiates into America by individuals in the Central Intelligence agency. I told a stranger in an empty auditorium, "The deal was dead. Dead is done." The words grew like an inferno. Fire eating fire devouring our lives. Two years ago I called the foreign desk at the Washington Post and told them I would not call again. Understanding waiting to understand. The darkness is like the Light. We are all responsible. You can't have an enemy and not be one. There are no bad people. Only lost friends. Behaving to pray accordingly....The words harvest the darkness. Know the darkness claim the Light.

Please understand through confusion we can? (I) feel the need to interrupt thinking of the movie we saw several days past, The March of the Penguins. Meaning to say it seems at times when praying isn't enough, I would have made a good penguin, I was a terrible soldier. Not intentionally. It was effortless. Part of my problem is that I'm not violent. The sergeants at basic training might of said incompetent. I didn't decide that I wasn't violent. I didn't have a choice. The choice had me. Violence incompetence is a serious problem in a war zone. I was willing to risk my life. Everyone does in a war zone. It's one of the reasons we were there. And were a nuclear family. Daily we wait. It's too bad and unbearable.... I didn't have to go to Vietnam. After I dropped out of the University of Maine an easy going psychiatrist offered me a deferment after a few therapy sessions. I realized later it was probably an arranged deal. But I turned him down. "I" thought to feel it wasn't right. My getting favoritism. An my soccer coach Mr. King at Brian McMahan High school told me he could get me into National Guard. It meant staying home. But I said no thank you. Favors for some less favors for all are less the favor offered. I thought once I got into the military I satisfied my obligation. And I could duck and swerve instead of going to the war. Penguins can't duck. I got orders for Vietnam. Three guys in my reconnaissance class of eight put in for Vietnam. I didn't. I was concerned about the noise. And the bullets.

Feeling my violence incompetence sneaking up on me. I got orders for Vietnam sounded like odors for Vietnam. I wasn't born in America. Actually I flunked out of basic training. But it didn't matter. My violence problems. Odors...orders I arrived. The first sense I ever had of Karma. Mysteriously of true after I came home from Vietnam I found out the psychiatrist that offered me a deferment got murdered carrying bail money for the Black Panthers in Bridgeport Connecticut. Well what are you going to do? Where do you report if your missing. And nobody is looking for you including yourself?

listening?

There is a time in space nearing- beyond the distant everglades of despair. An answered prayer called the 1960's. A loving place believable. A stillness of spirit when flower children, the music and our promise became God's. Breathing of hope. Effortless trust. We were our prayer's answer. Wars were slain dormant with song. The future's pulse our hearts. Nature and God knew the festival. We danced together. And all of life was invited. As the sun shined we knew the warmth of the moon. Revelations had surrendered. Life had arrived without death's permission.

As seed's are not flowers. And God's mystery is not our own. The good of flower and gentle tears turned to bad. Evil became shadow to our shade. The children of peace retreated. And assumed their positions on the slave ship called life. Beautiful leaders were knocked to the ground. Strange elixirs claimed the alchemy of our hope. Joplin, Hendrix other minstrels were laid to rest. Our sad heart's envy, the war in Vietnam, yielded to silence. Three millions dieing burned dust. Exhausted soldiers came home. We all assumed our place on the planet earth. Noah's Arc.

And one day became many. And the children of peace grew. Watching their children. And promises once believable. Became songs sad distant songs. Is it not true we do not know the full of God's instruction, ourselves. Our tender garden was mystery incomplete. Was our leaving easily the shared Eden evidence of the same?

Must innocence be relished then sacrificed to our youth. The dark powers of our benefactors, however loved, owned all fences and secured all locks. We relinquished ourselves. And we came home. And we prospered. Aspiring not to forget. What was not a dream. Not ours to forget, but our gentle walk across the Main Streets of America. The songs remain. God's art. Ourselves. Now the keepers of the gates. Owners of the fences. What explanation can there be not to return? To a place of Light. Delivered from the darkness. There is no excuse. No tolerable explanation. Once respondent God beckons again. We will return to the answered prayer. Ourselves. What choice is left? But apology. Eden lost to the darkest sun. Revelations. Not God's dream. Our success?

I wish I could sing enough for someone to listen. I don't know. Can't ever be sure specially if you are. Is it words or people that get in each others way. Can hear the music? Singing quietly forever dreams.

*

Here I am living in Persia Iowa one lifetime short of just turned sixty. Back to the Washington Post. Remembering almost the first conversation with John Anderson in 1981 or 1982.... Dying isn't easy in a war it's lonely, exhausting, often terrifying when you have to kill while waiting to die. The families sad. Everyone more alone. Sadness doesn't recede the burden continues. Love persists as pain denied of purpose.... Your heart, your lungs, your stomach are thrown into to garbage at Da Nang Air Force base. And your vacated chest cavity is filled with pure opiates to be delivered to America in specially coded coffins. What words explain that aren't awful themselves. Where's the love Eternal that lingers by such deeds. Who hides such love that is not hidden? Whose apology forgives this love that love be still?

A nice nineteen year old comes back. Killed then violated after spending six months being afraid. How does such unkindness end. Where? The opiates brought back in your best buddy's stomach and chest cavity.... Children die of an over dose, a pregnant woman. A police man is hurt trying to stop a crime. A teenager is sent to prison for to ten years for using the drugs. Whose crime is this what forgiveness thrives? What response will breath our souls. A fellow soldier a brother a son a husband. You can't commit suicide. You feel you'd be cheating. Your running nowhere catching up to the words. You close your eyes to breathe. Ten years later waiting has become a bad habit.

Is there another word for understanding when you can't. All that I'm about to share with you took us what twenty years to gather. Not just memories, conversations, the libraries but the spherical vapors from a cemetery rising. The darkness waits discovery. Know the darkness claim the Light. One word then the other forming patterns. Memory hangs like an anchor. Please understand I'm not looking to identify bad people. Blame. Forgive. But continue the search.... The darkness your going to hear is about intersecting patterns. About flow. Our current accruing-acquired selves..... Images, patterns, history, a cohesion of logic. You determine the value. Perhaps you know more. Don't search for criminals. They are our neighbors tax payers, merchants, soldiers, teachers alike. Spherically we are. All inclusive darkness. Know the darkness claim the Light. If our prayers deny another is not God denied. Should we live less than our prayer's request?.... We do our best reality instructs. I was concerned about becoming an accessory in my own murder. Some people kill after they smile. Some people have to hide in order to wake up. I didn't want compel a murder. It's about flow. Know the Light the darkness recedes. (I) also didn't want to be interrupted. Not easy when life becomes the interruption. We continue. Nowhere to go getting closer....

What in 1991 maybe a nice friend of mine Emile DE Antonio told me he met with a CIA person working at the United Nations. De Antonio was a writer and a movie director, he was nominated for an Academy Award for a movie about Vietnam "In the Year of the Pig." President Nixon put Emile on the President's enemies list. DeAntonio found out the name of the operation, the opiate hustle, "The Long Silver Train." How much later DeAntonio was dead of a heart attack. Perhaps. You might have paused to wonder why I'm still alive. Not always the smartest question to ask. You might get an answer.... The holiest words are I don't know. But guessing sometimes works the answer. Short of having a wife three children showing up to work on time. Short of remembering the sixties alike they never happened. "I" can't think of a better cover than 30 pounds of psychiatric records. When the cemetery made it hard to breathe I'd end up in a hospital. Much of what your going to hear by reading is spread "interrupted" across my (actually their medical records) as delusions. Sometimes people look through the wrong side of the mirror to find another persons reflection. The information, the darkness, came before the break down not after.... The birds outside. Dancing one tree branch to another. Singing never the same song. Another day in paradise. If I have your permission I'd like to finish this paragraph with a moment of humor then finish up the information with a rush. The chase the flow. There was this personnel officer interviewing a would be employee. An eye comes up toward a raised eyebrow. He asks. "Mam have you lived here all your life?" The lady answered... "Not yet." The Americans who hear this moment of humor laugh. Hustle another twenty-thirty years out of their smile. But a doctor from Beirut I met laughed shaking his head. He thought about what was imminent. Either way let's get it done.

Why the opiates what are the consequences? Interconnecting patterns more viable than our fingerprints.... Senator Church compelled the Central Intelligence Agency to sale their vast corporate interests. **Date?** The only checks and balances on this Agency are the funds provided by Congress. When these funds can be bypassed the Agency becomes autonomous. A power unto itself. No longer answerable to the checks and balances of funding, no longer concerned with Senate oversight intelligence committees. And the Congressional leaks that in the past have no doubt exposed the lives of agents to risk and compromised operations. Without their Corporate capital the Agency had to go somewhere else for funding during the Vietnam war. (Example). We were fighting in Laos and Cambodia. Hiring thousands of mercenaries many of them eleven years old. CIA's Air America was doing a million dollar a day bombing sorties. Congress and the American people did not know about these incursions. Congress could not fund, the Agency having lost their corporate capital... turned to opiates?

The darkening flow. President Kennedy is murdered in 1963. Prior his death President Kennedy had seriously considered ending the war in Vietnam. And had started returning soldiers stations in Vietnam to this country or otherwise reassigned. (The war in Vietnam is known historically as the CIA's war). And further JFK considered closing down the Agency and transferring intelligence activities to the military. Within three days prior to the Presidents interment at Arlington all the soldiers returned to America or reassigned to other duty

stations were returned to Vietnam. Vice President Johnson strongly favored the war. The war continued for another 12 years.

Five years later in 1968 John Kennedy's brother Senator Bobby Kennedy who also opposed the war in Vietnam was assassinated after winning the presidential primary in Los Angeles which most experts believed assured the Senator the Democratic nomination. The vice-President who went on to win the nomination favored the war. As did his opponent Richard Nixon. The death the opiates the war continue. Saigon was historically the transshipping center for opiates out of the Golden Triangle where a significant portion of the worlds opiates were being grown and processed.

Three weeks prior to the Senators killing Reverend Martin Luther King was murdered. A hundred and fifty cities began to riot. One of the consequences is that poor and disadvantaged Americans had substantial amounts of money from looting with which to buy heroin during the Tet Offensive (NVA and Vietcong attack American forces throughout South Vietnam) when the CIA's needs to finance covert activities increased.

The men who replaced or were assured election after President Kennedy and Senator Kennedy assassinations supported the war. The three murders and the riots had a direct effect of continuing the war in Vietnam by terminating opposition to the war. And consequently the source, the method and the need for opiates. Again Saigon at the time was the transshipping center for the Golden Triangle, the major opiate producing area in the world. Noting that many soldiers returning from Vietnam, who were not tested for drug addiction on returning stateside, were indeed addicted to heroin. Less than 5% percent received treatment at VA hospitals. A parallel opiate economy is emerging involving the mafia and the CIA. Acknowledging to appreciate the great majority of CIA employees were not involved in these activities. In totality were not aware.

Over 30 known individuals who were witnesses or involved with President Kennedy's murder subsequently died violently. Muggings, falling out of a speeding car, suicide etcetera. An actuarial company in London estimated the probability of that many individuals related to one event dieing in through accidents and violence were a million to one. An editorial writer at the Washington Post Anderson not john put a documentary to together on this...what is the word?

The disabling addiction to opiates amongst disadvantaged Americans at a time of racial strife had the additional effect of compromising the section of the American population what might have engendered a revolution. A concern reinforced by the riots after Reverend King's assassination. And the war protests. Many of these individuals were either in prison, addicted or dealing in drugs. (ie) At the time of the Chicago riots in 1968 abandoned military bases were being concerted into interment camps.

Confirm dates please? Do you have any other information that we might of the darkness claim to ourselves the Light once a gain;

How many times do these patterns intersect, referring back to The Agency, sustaining the war in Vietnam maintained in part through opiates. Beyond a reasonable doubt. There are no criminals no prisons, but ourselves. We are a nuclear family. Resolve the darkness or deny the Light.

Opiates become a parallel economy administered by a Federal Agency and mob crime families. A relationship that likely started when Lucky Luciano assisted the Navy during WWII from prison prior to the invasion of Italy. Mr. Luciano was subsequently released for services rendered. Relevant to a parallel economy. Supply and demand are controlled relevant to need. When an addicted individual steals from another in order to finance their addiction the financial losses are incurred often by International Insurance Companies or insurance companies that adjust their premiums relevant to losses not the Federal Government. Therefore the two economies are not conflicted but complimentary. And indeed the parallel opiate economy provides a stimulant to the countries economy. When an item is stolen and sold to a pawn shop many of which are owned by mob for much less than reasonable value (requiring the repetition of this dynamic) the item paid for by the insurance company has to be refinanced, reinsured and repurchased from retailers.

Check amounts... pure opiates converted to street quality in the 1960's. Why weren't soldiers returning from Nam tested for drugs, were such tests available at the time?

Finally allowing speculation. Secrecy relevant to certain needs in the nuclear triad could be maintained more effectively within the aforementioned schematic. Further speculation. One of the operating models for a winnable nuclear war: The country that rebuilds first and goes conventional wins WWII. How do you maintain order amongst a work force of four million individuals. People in shock, suffering from radiation poisoning or afraid they will be? The ideal treatment for the pain associated with radiation poison is an opiate patch. Is the ideal behavioral modifier. "Pick up the shovel or give up the patch."

MIT

Professor Noam Chomsky

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Dear Professor Chomsky,

Thank you for your correspondence of two years past relevant to the work with John Anderson of the Washington Post. I have enclosed a two-page synopsis of a mural that unfolds the substance of this information. At a certain point patterns (possibly) transcend the evidentiary standard of reasonable doubt. Obviousness speaks. It has been helpful to sustain patterned logic conjoined with historical information by way of developing

the enclosed construct while not becoming concerned with political criminals. And any request concerns about justice. Also safer.

The refrain persists. You can't have an enemy without being one. Yet thinking persists: Without revealing self while trying to ascertain truth solitude yields to alienation. Moral irony accedes to political certitude. Does not the darkness reflect the Lights fullest reflection?

If I may conclude Professor Chomsky...with a request. comfortable knowing that the lady or gentlemen reading this correspondence will be able to determine whether to burden you. My phone calls to MIT relevant to a concept that I have been developing for years have been unproductive. (A concept inspired by a geneticists work at MIT in 1987). I was referred to Professor Davis in the biology department. There were sixteen. An artist at MIT named Davis politely assisted directing me to a Professor Larry Van Sant. The charming secretary at Purdue University explained Professor Van Sant had been deceased many years. Frankly Professor I am easily confused by people who work in institutions. As you observed two years ago I am over extended. I've enclosed a synopsis of a book completed a year ago. If this concept has applicable potential it should be in more capable hands than mine. Any direction you or one of your associates can provide Professor Chomsky would be a relief.

An incriminating mural

A cohesion of pattern-consequential choice

-Political rage War opiates and murder-

...A mural that enfolds in its word and images...a snake consuming itself.

...An unfolding of art that gives new and clearer perspective to an undercurrent of American history that has altered this country's direction. And spirit. The mural delineates motive. Suggesting new evidence that establishes a cohesive pattern of complicity around five themes: Assassinations, the Vietnam War, a parallel opiate economy, the corruption of government agencies. Meaning willful individuals.

Image... (1). Saigon is the transshipping center for opiates in the Golden Triangle. A significant percentage of the world's opiates come from the Golden Triangle.

Image ... (2). President Kennedy considers ending the war in Vietnam. He's assassinated. Before he is buried in Arlington all soldiers returned to USA from Vietnam were reordereed to Vietnam. The war & opiate trade continue. Vice-President who replaces JFK favors war. (War continues for 12 years). A pattern is established that will be repeated...same consequent results. Murder-war-opiates.

Image... (3) Opiates being brought into this country by government operatives. Headline articles Eight Air Force Sergeants arrested in North Carolina bringing coffins full of opiates. (Articles Winston Salem Times). Disposition of trials? One source indicates The Company uses mortuaries in Europe to facilitate drug trade.

Image... (4) Soldiers killed in Vietnam...internal organs excavated- disposed of ...pure opiates, which can be cut many times, introduced into open chest-stomach cavity. Coded coffin returned to America. "The deal was dead-dead is done." Emile DE Antonio, activist movie director, meets with CIA operative...determines this operation coded "The Long Silver train." Three weeks later Emile dead of a heart attack. Perhaps...

Image ...(5). Martin Luther King murdered (why & when) during Tet Offensive... American forces were being over run through out South Vietnam. Covert operations increased. 150 American cities riot. Poor have money from looting to purchase opiates. The CIA's funding needs increased...Congress would not fund additional troops. Opiate trail becomes more essential. (Vietnam is known as the CIA's war).

Now. The snake aimlessly passes numerous sentences. Senator Church forced the CIA to sale all their corporate interests. Compelling the CIA to search for other forms of financing. Paragraph. 2. The checks and balances on the CIA are funds provided by Congress. If this funding can be bypassed the CIA by passes Senate over sight Intelligence Committees. And leaks from Congress that in the past have exposed agents to danger and compromised "legitimate" CIA operations. Example: CIA was fighting in Laos and Cambodia hiring thousand of Laotian mercenaries many 10-11 years old, CIA's Air America was spending a million dollar a day on bombing sorties. Congress did not know about this military incursion. CIA finances?

Image... 6. Several weeks after the assassination of Martin Luther King Bobby Kennedy is murdered after winning the California primary which likely assured his nomination for the Presidency. Senator Kenney opposed the war in Nam. The Vice-President Hubert Humphrey assumes the nomination... supports the war. (As does his opponent Richard Nixon). Suffering in Asia suffering in America. **Note the progression.** Three murders, one attempted murder. Same consequential result. Corporate-military-political triad. Fear-hatred of communists. (Vietnam not the only need for covert finances).(Note... more than 30 violent deaths o associated with JFK murder -documentary- Anderson Washington Post. Actuarial Co...London estimates probability 1 in a million.

Bursting images. Background the war in Vietnam . Soldiers screaming. Killing to die. Bombings falling next to ascending burning draft cards. A village on fire a child plays in the sand. Chicago riots. Saigon Tet Offensive Vietcong suspect with a revolver to his head. Kent State college coed holding wounded friend in her arms. Poor sharing a needle. A soldier in the fetal position. A woman's hand placing a flower in the barrel of soldiers M-16. Body bags stacked next to K- rations. Fading back drop Arlington. Two Kennedy's (relevant images) Reverend King dead Wallace shot. Vietnam war memorial 3 million names. Policeman shot old woman robbed.

Image 7. Presidential Candidate Wallace is shot, his candidacy ended. Assuring Nixon's victory for the White House. Wallace was drawing votes from Nixon in the South. If Nixon had lost Democrat who strongly

opposed the war would be President. War continues. Opiate economy the same. Further secured due to lack of treatment centers, including ten's of thousands addicted Nam veterans not treated at VA Hospitals.

The snake enfolds: A flurry of sentences encircles the snake's head. Parallel opiate economy. And autonomous government Agency. (All elements of an economy operational, except controls by elected officials). International insurance companies pay billions on property stolen Pawn shops pay 10% on value. Insurance companies pay on full value on items that will be replaced. Economy stimulated. Everything factored, including-excluding the war, what are the economic implications? The poor are unable to lift themselves from poverty through conventional means or revolution because. Millions in prison for drug use, trying to avoid prison or drug addicted. (Half of black youth in major cities have gone through the criminal justice system. 70% of worlds illicit drugs used in America.) Less than 5% of opiate addicted Vietnam Veterans treated in VA hospitals. Crime, ghetto riots, war, assassination, conspiracy protocols, stimulant corporate profits. If peace protestors and disadvantaged had not been drug invested?

A mushroom cloud falling down. Over the mural. "Balanced hypothetical" : What other "activities" did the parallel opiate trade finance that might not have been approved by Congress or been exposed by Congress to the public.. (Postulate)..... The prevailing model for winnable nuclear war has been the country that rebuilds first and pursues war conventionally prevails. 1 element. How do you maintain order amongst a selected work force (radiation). Currently treatment for radiation pain 3 day opiate patch. opiates. Ideal behavioral modifier "pick up the shovel or give up the patch." (?) **Aside:** During cold war Soviets -USA trying to defeat one another...defense expenditures. One of numerous reasons why the classless Soviet system collapsed. Americans had an edge, the autonomous parallel opiate economy in all its implication. A closed society Soviets kept drugs out. (Prefer Vodka). Consider please: Questions that create a cohesive-intact pattern, coupled with available evidence and history, offer answers that are inferred beyond inconsistency. Last image. Photograph of female protestor inserting lilly into barrel of soldiers rifle.

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What praying word's enough. Engaging the aforementioned inevitably becomes confrontational. Can you climb this mountain without being consumed by the darkness. Perpetuating the same.... The near of four years ago making phone calls. The cemeteries surfacing. I spoke to John Anderson at the Washington Post. Now relevant and abiding in Istanbul. I hadn't spoken to John in nine years. After 911 the aforementioned seemed..... But the darkness festers timeless, I do not know. The evidence the darkness we continue. The thought interrupts memories pattern. I will almost always remember (forever doesn't take as long once you get older) Curtis protesting betrayal. Charlie "What do you have against opiates." (I) laughed to breathe not laughing. Protest is another man's thirst. A year went by leaning against two. Curtis at a book store showed me a copy of, "Politics of Heroin South East Asia." (Might not be exact title). Again one last time for the first time. I went to see the sheriff. Secure my efforts I wouldn't be interfered with. All or nothing includes nothing.

Nothing is something or it wouldn't be a word. Remember we know by not knowing. Displacement yearns the motion in our lives. Again death stalked as I stalked death. Four years numerous incidents peripheral. Like the police and a gunman across the street. Two years ago death's hand touched getting closer. I would go to a Convenient store on the inter state. Selectively talking to people. Whispering desperately. Karma flows beyond conversation. One morning called 3 or 4 a.m. I noticed all the lug nuts on one of my wheels had been loosened. Turning them with one finger. Politely less the nights sleep I walked up to a young man and asked for help. Both of us standing under the stuttering neon lights. Smiling the young man spoke his hands explaining he didn't speak English. I nodded and thanked his smile with mine returning to my car with a pair of pliers. The good Samaritan perhaps from Europe saw to understand. And came over eagerly of kindness with the wrench to resolve my disadvantage. My lasting friend Eternal of a few minutes bent over the tire. And began the harvest. On his t-shirt the words explained my smile. "You're Still the One." Is not love unexpected the tenderest love. Often it seems delivered when needed the most. A stranger. A memory. A kindness. The eyes hold the moment allowing breathe. The night became the day. The day the night. Continuing love's lost labor seeded as love's waiting. Alone desperate of good intentions the stars attend. The success we know less the success we claim. And words will blossom deeds to purpose. Celestially what embrace we deliver compels delivery as response. Allowing dispositions sway our linear garden and the approaching Celestial are both as one. What labor births such joy. Such simplicity. No language known as language. Though language foretells. And love heeds words response. What instructions less ourselves distracted sing the song before it is heard. And as such we are less ourselves preferred. What handshake am I less another hand? What embrace less another heart? What kiss not as kissed? At the uncertain juncture we turned around alone to greet ourselves. Destined. As love well loved before birth. And after the irony of death. The many years I was desperate. Prayer be purpose. Ourselves of God not be lost. Do you understand? We're still as one. We can acclaim, deny, succeed. Hide and be hidden. Love be loved. Forgive and promise death to life. Yet still the Light is our author. We sleep the plan. And instruct the day. Karma knows before knowing claims less. Will I be less myself preferred. Thus Lightfully invested. Patience hesitates. Knowledge is in the waiting. Now please let's continue. Never stopped. Not yet started...

What wisdom is solitude unvisited real by others? What matter the directions source if the path is intended. And pain instructs love's need. Not love defended. Remembering as embraced. Each non-casual realization delivered well of circumstance derived speaks of one. The precognitions, sleep, luck's direction, tender enlightenment, the conceptions of birth and death the same...A community of one. By whatever greeting contempt or love you are no longer linearly displacing. Light beneficent. Not less choice the same. What faith decree is fate's instruction. Destinies garden known's your flower. What love is this that I am alone? But your love intemperate. When in loving I am loved does not isolation speak to listen. God waits for us waiting for ourselves. Am I alone destined lost in words traffic. What recognition love's a man who denies his own respect. God need's no explanation. Except in worship's fraternal reality.

I began this brief words journey writing Tammy. A letter delivered to myself. Understanding destiny speaks not less labor wrought. Destiny the Light each one of us the acquiring Godsoulprint. Linearly we forgive, dismiss and thrive. We die. Salvation begs. And death explains life curious. Ours is a Cosmic interruption. We are resident in a Spherical Universe. From which we are constantly emerging. A divine communion reciprocal otherwise by choice. Destiny's karma flows as your acquired self. Each word's deed accruing. No delegation past, but everlasting. Infinity prevails Eternal. Ourselves the same. God's one instruction?

Yes destiny speaks not less labor wrought. Heard as spoken? Yes the kindest thought simplicity as clarified. We are the timeless memory of ourselves. Our Eternal presence. Beyond languages folly, not blissful sounds surmise. Infinite thus Eternally all is inclusive. Nothing excluded. The one question abides in wondering our next choice will we acknowledge the darkness or the Light? Will we displace the Light Ever presence to the preferred linear flattery. While revoking the same. What rage we are that we must confirm our own reproach to validate our abstaining neglect. Our one defining protocol makes sense...everything that begins ends. The mirror that reflects our Cosmic absence. Everything ends-how else could we tolerate the unbearable irony. The enduring distraction of our linear reality. Thus war makes sense. An exaggeration of our despair bonded during our ironic ignorance. And secured through death's void life's abandonment. Our neighbors dieing lonely of need. While we indulge excess needing more. Financing our extinction. What darkness are we that we must blind ourselves to see the Light. Always hungry never starved. Our birth and our death we must acknowledge form our summation. The two confirms or denies God's timeless memory of ourselves. God's child active Godsoulprint. Will we harvest this Eternal formulary. Will we reap ourselves Creation's exclusion. Correct us right or wrong accordingly love us. And as such seeding ourselves ofby the Light. Yes be no that maybe be otherwise. Claim the darkness to the Light. Affirm beautifully our imperfection without which choice is not. And without choice....Your eyes smile God's breath your sleep choice enough. Less life explained as choice communing. Eternally we thrive unanswered memories. Echoing God's timeless memory...Godsoulprint blissfully unfolding: God's witness. We are taught to avoid. What Temple needs God more than your attendance. Beautiful pain God's whisper. Acknowledge your Godsoulprint, birth's instruction death's affirmation... thirsting Eloquently the Light.

Wakened let us claim flower to deed's intent. Divine brick not gun. Do you want to hear a curious understanding once again? Very curious. What prayer worth once not worth repeating? No more curious than that.... Churches you understand. All Holy Temples are **the only** institutions from which we do not graduate. What gracious linear trap is this? What Eternal glory imprisoned thus. Oh dear oh dear simplicity once again hides God's garden. (I) remember once upon a space not in tiome my dearest lady friend Sarah, gently-determined of purpose a Methodist Pastor, asked her parishioners what words her sermons spoke last week. No lips moved that silence be rested otherwise. The same again we mentioned earlier. The search continues

plowing God's timely orchard. Several years past today not the future (I) sent a poem you read feverishly to several hundred ministers, priests, reverends and theologians. Speaking this mystery. The next year twice as many not the same. The next year twice again. The response was underwhelming. Yet certainly God does not subtract. The first year James Dillette Freeman wrote back. A gentle of nice God inspired poet and writer from Lee Summit Missouri. The gentle man encouraging his kind love to mine. God blossoming our love as one. A rabbi called thinking me a minister, concerned my Church vacant and recommending a book "Conversations with God." Is life's birth a conversation. Beyond our own explanation's haste. Whatever it takes not taken. As many as one still one repeated? Such is the Temple so is our lives. The third year smiling I heard from more ministers and priests who had received an empty envelope than I heard from those commenting on the contents. What corresponding Heaven is this? Before beginning this embrace I wondered cautiously if I should include my name and address. Yes I realized while walking the alleged ones you have to give them both residence. You have to let them love you or kick you to injuries desire. Appreciating that at times it can be difficult distinguishing one from the other, but simply on this planet it's the deal. You love yourself take the chances. Otherwise you love yourself less God expressed.

I told our dear friend Norman the recent day if someone asked me, "Charlie are you afraid of death?" I would answer. "If your giving me a choice I'd rather have a pizza?" Aren't those extra toppings a little expensive? Allowing prayer's sway may we examine the great curiosity violence on this planet. Terror enfolded to darkness. If I may let's us change the manner of the fruit. Sometimes the fruit is more in the harvest than the seed. Is the word a parable. I'll look up this meaning or I might harvest the fruit less the seed. We begin not ending. A woman steps into my house. (I) offer to wonder a woman- that the lesson's understanding be the most unbearable. Providing the truest lesson. The woman is angry of purpose less of self. Strained of loves life's opportunity. Holding the saddest metal designed a gun. The ladies intent is that I die. And once dead cooperate accordingly. What tragedy is this less love's permit. And God's allowance. The linear instruction whispers intent complete as concluded, the concept of a pacifist. Nobel undertaking most curious. Understanding please not forgive I have already beseeched this woman spare our life, yours unvisited God's and mine. The woman insists. Her dues are violence. Violence is due. Now as a pacifist I raise my arms to either side like our brother Jesus. The gun is fired. Falling I take life to death and pain with me. Does it matter by the fraternal Light that I lay dying on the carpet or you? And what of God's life last we see? The woman we encouraged invited be our murderess. What absence of violence is this? What love uninterrupted? What seeds not displaced. If opportunity allows better to risk pain intended. And disarm the woman of her contempt. If the weapon flies the air discharging. The gun is God's the bullet the same. Otherwise this dance assuredly at no serious harm to the woman. A visitor in your house. Both of guests in God's house. But if it appears no such defense allows opportunity, suicide is a lesser burden to God than murder. One dies. Not one damaged as two. More than two. You know the sad story. Our ideal hidden as justice. The woman is arrested at risk. Except for God all in blue

and black. The children real must visit their mother's pain to there's in prison. Her Mom and Dad innocent of love the same. And if you need be practical. All maps navigate by that design. You are dead determined anyway. Might as well lead the way. And not stop to pick up a hitchhiker. Makes sense to me. Good I live alone. And the alleged ones claim no enemy but chance. Of course it always helps not to become an accessory in your own murder. Behave accordingly. Otherwise so behave so deny. Be polite kindness follows. Even by Eternal death's invite. Most assuredly or else pretense instructs. And words our song less the Light.

May I offer once again for the first time. It takes two to make a thief. If you waken to the burglar in your house. Treat him well the hospitality of your love. Or he might not return. He can not steal what you were willing to share. Thus by opportunities kindness esteemed as love to God's. Sure invite him back for Christmas... Also true the thief in your house might be yourself. Aren't our greatest thefts of self.

May we offer our love to you? Expressed as offered the same. The question unfolds the answer. Yesterday a dear friend . (Isn't it curious that the word friend remains the same word with each different person). We spoke I learned. This friend walks five miles to Church thus prays. Five miles home God delivered. He is eager of loves good intentions. More explained than expressed. His mind is an avalanche. Eagerly of good thought interrupts. I explain. If you interrupt another's incomplete thought you interrupt yourself. Am I right preferred as wrong? Am I right less this friends fraternity? Right when language is an interruption? On this planet we live the nuance of degrees. Incrementally. Learning patience impatiently. Life abstained to death. You know the rest. (I) reminded my friend of a previous conversation. Each of us holding a small plastic clicker. Whenever the other explained the life of our conversation as exclusionary the clicker would speak. Exclusionary of God is all. "I" sense not yet counting the busy clicker expanding our linear conversation. Approaching the spherical. Perhaps thus assisted the fewer varied interruptions. Our words less tested of each other.

Why do people talk to each other? Interestingly unlike other voyages the destinations, the passage can be a surprise. Do you agree that it would be good to determine the intentions of an individual before conversations flow. Sometimes, right, but certainly after. But it seems unusual for people to evaluate a conversation. Even more rare to update a conversation.... The conversation: Once again both guests in God's house. Words torrent forest fire or wind chimes embracing. Sometimes the better conversation is a smile. The offer of a cookie. Silence presented as embraced. Reminding how often the good ideal of us completes in silence. All conversations thus. What kiss needs a word. Hug the same. Birth and death laurels silence. Memories a symphony of silence. Anticipation's silence. The war ends silence breaths. The prayer ends as begun. Silently. Meditation the same. The falling leaf. The falling star. The rising moon our neighbor's sun. Our eyes embrace silence. Babies speak as we sleep. Silently. The guitar, the violin beautifully introduce silence. Is laughter silence remembered. Where was I remembering? Yes (I) mentioned to a friend that I had stopped cutting the lawn. Because I am concerned about running over our cousins, the grasshoppers. Our friend

offered that once the little ones are interrupted they go to another dimension. Interestingly sometimes you hear the words. And feel a different sound. The thought unfolds. There is only one dimension. The Light. Which we fragment into more three designed as form. Ourselves each one denied as one. Length-width-depth converge as form. Yes form feeds the Light. The Light feeds form. Given that the Light is all inclusive-un bordered presumably early of thought the Light can not respond as its own response. This is casual linearity. Infinity thus fragments. The sound symphony harmonic and the Light. Form and sound the same. Light's bequeathal. Bequeaths form the Light informed as sound. Music Light its own response. The Cosmos expands void of distances haste as space not into space. Into space would suggest a presence, a Universe, an activity prior to God's Creation. Might this be the darkness? When God speaks we can only pray to listen. And wonder what response ourselves not enough. Can a woman or a man know God the better of themselves? And not deny conversant form thus God. Conversant and life the same. Man-woman can not know all and remain the same. What search then the Light? What nurturing? What activity life? Interesting do you agree? "I" wonder what Tammy is doing in the right of now. And Jim. And Kara. Elenita and Duncan. Alex and Walter. Dearest Wendolynn and Rodney. Sunny? My mother and father. Deceased not abandoned beceased the better sound. We continue. We smile to feel wondering where we will end up. At a Methodist Church in Persia listening to Reverend Drake inspired and his lovely wife's song... Those nice folks praying, the butterfly holds the wall. Beauty's memory resides. Not casual hence the Light. Our smile. Oh well love foretells. Wherever we will arrive we will recognize ourselves surprised. The last thought I expressed our friend rose to his tired feet...soul well searching. Listening to my tired voice. The anagram to "share" is...he she hears. God's travelor said, "That's interesting..." Then disappeared into God's embrace. Silence

Can we review, unwind, remember something new. Approaching another door nearing us. The nice Professor Einstein's special relativity explains the following...time slows down as we approaches the speed of Light. The ever-present Light (not less its own disposition ie infinite) time no longer factors as an issue of diminishing dislocation. (The Eternal is manifest). Let's wonder in expressing what happens to these observations when speed becomes presence. I mean to say where would we be without motion, without being able to influence motion. And material essence becomes non-casual sound...Form becomes interactively resonant not displaced, casually ironic. (Resonant spherical causality). If we view these conceptions not linearly, not as the Cosmically inconclusive linearity effect of speed, but as a melodically self refining sphere. Possibly a pulsating mass that contracts-expands refining as space not in spite space. Infinity becomes an active condition status. Interactive. Not a movement based on its own dislocation's intent, a direction ambiguous ill defined limit. Infinity becomes the Universe's capacity to grow as itself within itself without displacing the same, without invalidating-wasting itself. The Cosmos does not concede to itself. The Universe does not abide death cessation. The termination of self. God's Universe does not have to be reinvented, replaced and redefined.

God's Universe is meant to be experienced as God's Universe. Not the human alteration. The human preference. The earth people's tragedy. How could it be otherwise unless it be naught...

...As we approach the speed of Light time slows down, known and consequently experienced as time dilation. Since our experience is linearity based and relevant as dual opposition. From all perspective ours simultaneously time speeds up time slows down hence time cancels itself. The exact beginning or non-beginning of the Universe is not born in time or through time. Such an observation would suggest that God experiences the Godself by displacing God. God opposes God not necessarily ironically, but the sequential separation is nonetheless inevitable if we are to accept that God is a timely affectation. It is also possible that God created a mysterious contrast to the Godself as the Universe. A birth... a release from self. (Evolving-Refining). Such effects would suggest motion. And lend themselves therefore to the irony of time, experiencing God's material through its displacement. Creating a potential profound dissatisfaction. A separation from God. Constantly altering the material world, damaging the same becomes understandable. The ending of such a life, ironically separated from its core, becomes inevitable indeed enviable. What follows is life defined through its negation. Which is illogical it's silly. Most particularly when this self materially ironic process is sustained through an entire life. Defining our altered relationship with God and Creation. Hence Heaven does not reside our midst. Heaven is only evident and experienced after our profound dissatisfaction is resolved completely. Actually absolved in death resolved while alive. Birth is not because death is... Now that's quite a deal. Set up that offer next to a child's lemonade stand and you would have to borrow from the children to keep this operation going. The operation is called life. Is that what we do we borrow from our children to keep this life going. Can this be God's work? What God we praise through our repeated prayers? What God is this? The earth people's God. One correction please through the evidence of your consent... Gods not one. When the Cosmic fruit rises-falls the same the fruit becomes the orchard Graduate from your Holy Temples. Greet your love to one another. Reclaim the planet earth to God. The Cosmic God your origin Source. Agree and do less thus the darkness claims the Light. The time of now is forever. You think otherwise so you feel. Look about to the companion machines you have created. Dragons.... Menacing designed extinction. The end of death... or. One in all in God's Creation. Your Origin as Source. One God one tree the orchard seed returning never left.

Not only time, which most of us must think is the most consistent variable in our lives, not only can time slow down, but when an object starts traveling at half the speed of light the object get's smaller. A space vehicle traveling at half the speed of Light will be about six seventh's its size than when stationary. Which brings us to several thoughts we have developed. Which this insight will help clarify. Remember the gentle Professor Einstein argued at the speed of Light there is no passage of time. And it appears given the previous equation of thought suggesting as we accelerate the essence of form becomes diminished. Our earlier suggestion offers that at the absence of time from becomes an issuance of the Light. In the absence of time you no longer have the ironic casual relationship between length, width and depth that explains the nature of form. You have gone from

those three dimensions to the one dimension the Light. Referred to on this planet as the fourth dimension. Either form has become an issuance of the Light or harmonic to the Light. No longer relevant as evolving disintegration. In the absence of length-width-depth you have also resolved linearity in favor of the boundless sphere, the infinity Light or the infinite Light compatible. Remember form in and by its own nature does not negate the Light. The status of a baby suggests this. Yourself when you are non-linearly asleep the same. The ideal of meditation approaching the same. Your influencing and determine status while dead or emitting uninterrupted cumulative DNAsound the same. We displace the Light through language though not inevitably, through choice when displacing or altering in nature which includes destruction and the linearly displacing death. Killing to die. Remember to appreciate that all activities all choice accrue spherically as the darkness or the Light. Cosmically when you kill another you become the person you kill. (Displacement resolved as the darkness clearly with Cosmic material implications or shifts.). A profound linear indebtedness is created. So be so... several relevant insights speaking to form status in time- not all language, not all choices are displacing. Form through its own nature is not ironically displacing, but how form is engaged can be displacing, fragmenting as the darkness is not the Light. (The journey is not only in the destination). Suggesting the mere presence of form is ironically displacing (intrinsically a dark manifest), argues that the designed materiality of the Universe is contrary to the Omni sense of God. The Omni present God. God becomes the linear opposition of God. Which is what the earth people have done. They select a God that indulges their preference, their irony. When most often they do not prefer themselves, they are unhappy with their choice of self. This is curious and it seems illogical. Do you agree? Most assuredly not to say or pray that one evolved God should supplant any other historical-cultural adaptation. Thus God be displaced. But rather that each is God the same. Culturally relevant and revealing. Light unfolding. And should accordingly be available in each Temple. Otherwise God is not that woman-man be so. We worship ourselves through God and are relieved the relevant effort through the promised death. The practice of death. What relevance is this that is not God Eternal temporarily worshipped. Blissfully ideal by abstaining the worship unto death. What mystery is this.... What mystery is this that is not. Yet mystery still. Very curious.

God's lemonade stand prospers? We die of thirst bragging our demise to God. What God's love is this that voids life while denying God. Oh dear... Oh dear. You must die-en... the expression of your life which exists as Creation to attain your ideal bond with God. How did people get away from Eternity? Right they came up with time. Preferring their time duration to God's Eternal.

Clearly the above mentioned insights are understandable. The nature of an intact-bordered form that is dependent on this arrangement to maintain sustenance can not be in two locations without leaving the first respectful of the limits of form. You can't materially be in two places at once. This separation in the interest of efficiency and order (specially once community and technology became involved) had to be measured against an independent and objective standard. We came up with the idea of time. We literally fabricated the idea of

time. Time was not materially evident in nature but devised. There is a difference between time and duration, one is relevant to (part of) the material change the other is not. Remember according to the Super String Theory and the invited Logic “time” is the only non-material in the Universe. And we agreed that time was a temporary earthly adaptation appreciating that when we died we would Eternally be free of this bond. Don’t you think people must have found time a little curious since it was temporary and fleeting in nature. Allowing time’s effect people could be late, out of sync with themselves, through evident displacement measured as the dematerializing of the environment all the earth people have done was change location. Without time we can live or die on our terms. And strangely time is the only thing we give up upon death, surrendering to the Eternal. Also killing is quite a bit less excusable if we accept ourselves as Eternal beings. Time is verified as termination, pardoned because we separate Heaven from earth-consequently ourselves from both And revealed “compensated” against numerous developed conventions of self (ie) culture, institutions, government, religion and death. Compensated because we equate the loss of time with the end of our lives. We just didn’t have enough faith in the Eternal...meaning God. They remained the same linear person simply altered, anxious, more comfortable... suffering the further displacing consequences of being late in time. Meaning the future eventually becomes the linearly irrelevant non-casual past. Time came to permeate our entire experience including our relationship with God, when we ran out of time we would go to Heaven. Giving up our denial of Heaven which we realized through time. Meaning that through time we deny our Heavenly residence therefore our Heavenly responsibilities. Not understanding this accommodation completely people were asked to accept these suggestions on faith. Which was an acceptable way of saying we don’t know. Important people were in charge of faith any deviation from this ambiguous standard could have serious consequences. Ceremonies were organized, still popular today, whereby anyone who challenged the faith (the prevailing unknown sometimes perpetuated as knowing) with a curious idea...their preferred lives would be taken or devalued usually in front of the more obedient others as a reminder that not knowing was preferable to wondering why. The dominant and repeated theme was “having faith in God.” We would come to know God by not knowing God or knowing God uncertainly. On our terms. Actually more pragmatically-others would know God for us since the nature and limits of faith were determined by others. This structure is elemental to the experience of religion. We were willing to let others do our thinking for us. Experience God for us based on their instruction handed down to them, in turn they are displaced from God. A judgmental (sometimes spoken as non-judgmental) system was created revealed through which we forgive ourselves who we are.... A subtle or not at all subtle inquisition if linear ritualized belief system was devised to settle any concerns about knowing-awareness and perception by invalidating knowing to faith uncertain-displaced knowing. Strangely reinforcing knowing as being presumably without limit, but in actuality knowing becomes limit itself. Indeed the suggestion by an invested elite was that most were unable to know.... Till this day not knowing embracing your distinct relationship with God, your Godsoulprint, was delegated to the act of listening to a self determined

authority with a specialized education. Obliging sustaining our encouraged celestial absence for an entire life. The truest meaning and expression of God would be without dramatic consequence while we breathed God's gift ourselves. We would have to wait for death's rejection of our incomplete and inadequate lives. Allowing us to sustain our mischief and mayhem in part necessitated by our frustrated and unnatural inadequacy which spiritually was revealed- validated and further sustained by our endless willingness to forgive ourselves our own efforts. Forgiveness... our humbling acknowledgment of God was and is actually the opposite. A dislocation denial of our love for God. And God's love for ourselves? (Must we forgive love it's proof. Must we forgive ourselves to God our investment in Creation). Hence people did not graduate from their Holy Temples, they kept the faith. Accepting that "true reward" to the faithful would come after the end of their life. Not through living. Not fully appreciating that your birth was God's miracle to you and your parents. And those that you would come to embrace. Most often if not in variably the decision of these various uncertain "conventions" were in favor of keeping and securing the faith. Again not knowing had value and was reassuring. These determinations represented our displacement from the Cosmos which further legitimized time. Indeed made time essential. Beyond question. Like breathing you could not question time without denying yourself. Without time you did not exist because you could not function. Please understand this temporal structure permeated the entire human experience not only religion. (Religion offered the most therefore denied the most). There were the exceptions who scratched their heads and wondered why. They were either displaced through execution or most often they assumed a linearly consensual relationship between follower and leader that displaced both as a another time based consensus or even another religion-also secured through faith. Is all this essential to our species I'm not sure. Let's continue our search. One the suggestion on the planet earth is that "you can't take it with you." Actually you do. Yourself. More on this later if later speaks to time. *Please allow yourself to understand "I" am not being critical, "I" am not saying people are bad. I'm saying gosh. Also whatever the true meaning of our lives is beyond our complete valuation, but not God's. Though we prefer God to remain a fragmented, linear mystery to ourselves, we are no mystery to God. Do you agree.*

The same community currently explains our getting together to share a war around issues of knowing. Which actually meant the opposing side brought us to a the collective rage of individuals that as an individual most often would be unacceptable. We opposed others "because they didn't know." And if they knew we would be compatible, but not knowing is what we shared. Rage was our need...a response to the profound dislocation of self. Which we needed, did not understand, could not deny-except to blame others for.... Whether people had a right to do what they choose based on what they knew determined the destiny of individuals through their government. Believe it or not the defining concern was essentially whether people had a right to know what they didn't know. Since what they knew was realized through displacement of the same. And in the ideal temporary and relevant to your having faith in your country. A country which would most likely only come to know you if you became a problem. Stood up and explained that you wanted to know. Because you had develop

the concern that the people who were collecting money from you taking your sons and daughters to fight a war actually didn't know. And if they did why were ten thousand people killed last week. It is not surprising that unfolding the meaning of the material property, the term patriot again, is "I Tap "the" Riot." Of course casually this process is developed before the war becomes inevitable for reasons that no longer appeared to have much to do with knowing. Separation became more essential and timely. Timely in the sense that we were running out of time. Which is the ironic displacing nature of time...there can only be more time if there's less. Time is a diminishing experience its only constancy is the past and a faith in the future. Not surprisingly the ones who satisfy this ideal are the ones who have assumed the status of corpse. If indeed the aforementioned is the essential seed of time (to void time through death) its not surprising that all religions insist that in order to attain the ideal of yourself and confirm the religions value you have to run out of time. Meaning die. Give it up to time. Numerous factions of one religion Christianity insist that this will be a global event called "Revelations." That God's Creation will be saved through its annihilation. This is God's purpose the total destruction of what God created. This speaks to an incompetent God. A mean, unhappy and uncreative God. And the curious children of God who acknowledge God's gift through its unequivocal contamination, through destruction extinction. Acknowledging please the whisper of one more thought. And that is that humans are not the only species on the planet earth. Not surprisingly the unfolding of the material term or property Revelations is...Reveal all the Nations. And the anagram for Armageddon is...Are "we" done "with" God...damned-mad...If I might point out I'm not pessimistic just a little tired. You might consider doing the anagram to your name. Linear and spherical. Spherically?

The lessons and rhythm of time began to permeate the community. (And were evident given the nature of form before time became the preferred determinate). How society would be displaced defined the society. Whether religion would be allowed. Whether there could be rich and poor. Whether there could be slaves. Whether one society could absorb or displace another through conquest. Whether a society had a right to kill it's own people in order to prove to the survivors that they were safe. Cause and effect, displacement, irony. And death as a shared ironic expression...Of course we knew about "death" before we agreed on time. We were invested in cause and effect before we had purpose. We appreciated displacement when a baby was born. And eventually the baby would die.. The decisive cycles in our lives we could not determine-influence. Weather. Several seasons. Night and day. Injury and disease. Also cure or recovery duration. The menstrual cycle. Sleeping- awakening. The duration of a pregnancy. And life became death. And events seem to have an initiating juncture and a concluding one. We converted the rhythm of harmony into time displacement. We had a sense of God because we existed. And weren't sure why. We realized that we were not the authors of all we witnessed. Except ourselves. We looked at the stars and we agreed we understood. Knowledge became knowledge of ourselves, knowledge of Creation and the environment was on our terms. We had come up with our own cycle...time. We choose time. And moved on. We moved on fragmenting our Cosmic future. Our

Light being selves. Agreeing on a past. Witnessing enforcing the now. Anticipating a curiously influential future. Always wondering what we knew. What we were supposed to know. Concerned about our lives while displacing the same. Given the defining dichotomies time made sense, it was predictable and we accepted the consequences wondering why. Accepting that eventually we would find out.

Could it of been different? Less desperate less anguished. Not so displacing and conflicted. Can life still as safe as it is beautiful. Ourselves the same. Let's whisper the rest of this paragraph. The way lovers do in the dark. And frightened soldiers pray . Praying on opposite sides of an earth people's war. Praying for the same deliverance. Currently the planet earth is relevant-revealing as separated. Fragmented and exclusionary. The many countries. The preferred God. The methods we use to maintain these separations...guarantee the separations. Understand please the planet earth is not separated. One planet created by God. We have separated while fragmenting the planet earth to suit ourselves. And these ironic separations are reflective of the linear displacing methods and patterns we create in our daily lives through our choices. The borders between us and ourselves. Consequential choices we faithfully accept because we have been taught that there is a good and a bad based on exclusion. We accept that there is life that leads to death. We accept that death is an altering material end point. Followed by an after life which we know through faith. We sadly accept our lives are essentially imperfect. And live to prove and benefit from the imperfection. As little children we are assigned an intelligence once assigned to the tester, institutionally reinforced as initially displaced through linear language instruction, thus informed in a significant manner our destiny. We attend our exclusionary Holy Temples for life to listen to another human speak about God rather than seek out God ourselves. Not to learn how to listen and speak to God. Be divine. Any Godsoulprint questions are delegated to faith and redundant though ritual. Meaning simply another person.... Be with God the sole benefactor of your singular self.

Let's offer a couple important point, like the near of everything else on this planet there are good separations and bad separations as a friend suggested. Separations that deny and separations that give. Balanced separations and uneven separations. Fair and unfair. Also some appreciation of separations will most likely be part of our experience on this planet. Birth is a separation from our Mom's. Goodbye isn't hello. Waking up is a separation from sleep. Fall from a ladder or climbing a ladder. But whether the separations are going to be good or bad, God loving, fair and even becomes a choice. And determines whether the separation confirms our linear irony based on irony, dislocation and fragmenting or the separation is Cosmically affluent. How many times was that word, separations used in this paragraph? What's another choice? Also from now if you don't mind I'd like to spell linearly ...that way. I'm not sure why? I remember right now somehow my former brother in law Miles shared a moment of humor. Did I tell you before. Sure I did about Andrew Jackson. But get the reference former brother in law. Another affectation of time. There are many ways that we crate separation, crate termination other than death. Death applauds we bow. Anyway is the way. According to some historian President Andrew Jackson said...had to be in the oval office. He's a pretty determined guy who I think had his

first duel before he could read and write. And was taught how to write and read by his wife. Right...he said.. Here's another one. A bumper sticker. "Don't steal this car its allready stolen." Another t shirt. "Life after death why wait?"

Let's look at one of the current separations. Yes there will on this planet always be contrasts and as such accordingly separation, man-woman, day-night, life-death, healthy-less healthy or distracted, aware on a subject not aware on the same; but these contrasts do not have to be experienced as exclusionary conflict. Conflict the linear contempt- separation (fragmenting self) that linearly entraps individuals to the lesser irony of themselves inhibiting their Light communion. Their Light affluence. Individually, community and planetary, Cosmically. Yes a current exclusionary separation between the nice Mr. Darwin's Theory of Evolution and Intelligent Design. (As opposed to God's unwise design?). We cannot differ about God without denying God, we can argue about God, hopefully lovingly and not deny God or ourselves. Both are wrong because they are right contrasted against each other. (Hence both are correct though not accurately so). Beyond the defining schism in our linear language capacity we affect exclusion that distorts the value that is potential in our efforts. Ironic process becomes substance. The argument inhibits the search. Denies the inherent value that is evident in all material or potentially as material process. Do many humans prefer contempt? What happens to the human without opposition? Will the individual be left with fearing himself-herself. What is peace without war? (Does a war become the near of inevitable as a response to our accrued spherical dark choices). Linearity of purpose encourages, often it seems insists on, opposition of selves and process. The conclusion is acceptable and relevant if our choice deviates (even in degree) opposes the initiating juncture. "Linearity is a disturbance between two points." The question is answered. Ideally the answer will represent an improvement over the question. (Curiously devaluing the question). Even if the answer is visiting harm on others. Consequently and inevitably we have to live in a constant state of dissatisfaction. Either immediate or inevitable. Beyond the foibles that affect all our lives. Falling down the stairs. A hurricane. Someone else's war. But let's understand these realities speak to a linear existence we have chosen measured in time and experienced through displacement. A casual linear process that can only know good based on bad. Believing and encouraging that those associated with the bad they call good are bad themselves depending on your perspective. Understandable in an existence defined by that one protocol...everything that begin ends and as such (the everything our lives) evolves in opposition to itself. **Example:** Diseases and cures that might not have the value of the disease. (Noting in the infinite ideal there is no duality hence no cure relevant as disease). Death realized as an unwelcome random end point resulting in decay, absence and non-communication. The accrued ideal and consent of a peoples (ie) government posturing, affecting death and property destruction as a linear communication in order to suffer the same. Rarely are wars started simultaneously. Though peace only works as such a simultaneous non-linear effect (ie) harmony. Until the separation between countries and the methods needed to maintain these separations render confusion inevitable. Faith in not knowing. Understandably a

peoples behaving so curiously through collective choice and willing to sacrifice the individual birthright would find having one God an unbearable contrast. Worship often would be shame.

What speaks the Spherical consideration. An option. We began discussing Mr. Darwin's Theory and Intelligent Design as a linear contrast in conflict. (Noting the evolutionary intelligent design (ie) refining predates the planet earth to the presumed inception of the Universe). How would these two material process be experienced not linearly but Spherically. What would be the results in process? In consequence? And the effect on the participating individuals and others. These two material issues are already experienced as we anticipate. We later their initial essential status, their Cosmic origin, to suit and satisfy our chosen irony. A multiplicity of displacements which we spend our lives trying to resolve to a norm whose nature evades us because we experience the same as process not presence. Relying on methods that themselves insure the separation, the conflict or the displacement. Meaning of course our language based on inconsistency, further displaced through inter personal limits and further dislocated through the vagrancy of institution. At some point, already suggested as the spherical matrix relevant to the anomaly of insanity, we are going to have to devise a language that is much more intact and expressive of our origin source the infinite materially continuous Universe. Casually refining not conflicted, Timeless not displacing. Clearly this language would be spontaneous in nature not sequentially linear. Not dispersed and subject to differences and equivocation. Well one step at a time said the man nervously walking down from his own gallows....Prior to the materializing of the planet earth in their material ideal therefore God's, the two variations of Creations were one. Because there is only one God. We can assume God would not create a Universe in opposition to God. Supporting this assertion is the Cosmic ideal, the infinite Light un conflicted-all inclusive and un bordered, these two were one otherwise displacement would prevail and the infinite Eternal would be compromised and potentially eventually invalidated. Whatever their refining status, God's unknowable intent, the two were source as one. All is materially infinite not separated or separating, not casually invalidating, but rather the Light evolve God's work. God's timeless memory. Materially real whether this be the Garden of Eden, Evolution, Intelligent Design, Relativity or your next date. All material spoken as such. And God's memory prior to expression. Yes God's timeless memory. Which we personalize to our lost Cosmically displacing selves. Heavens no wonder we argue. Were asking for direction. And were afraid we might receive them. The only Cosmically relevant directions God's venue-directions to self. If we are unable to own our own lives, unwilling to try for most there is no other choice but to point the finger elsewhere. Further inducement to displace. Separation. Schism. Even in alluding to Heaven the ideal is disconnection. As if the planet earth were other than God's Heavenly Creation.

Engaging a spherical language suggested by the conversant spontaneity of intuition, our understanding as luck, precognition, miracles...would require than we become other than linearly displacing-but rather we would need to be spherically attuned. Cosmically residing beyond the ideal of meditation and sleep. The initial

suggestion is of DNAs sleep or DNAs meditation. Possibly involving more than one person. Thus profoundly resolving the basic linear displacement on this planet.

Given that we are constantly ironically linearly displaced and only marginally attain unity with one another through the embracing ideal of silence (love resolved) we only can argue while anticipating relevant response (spherical resolution) through God. And so we argue. Explaining God to one another. Not harmonically sharing God's gift life, but awaiting the ideal of death relevant as understanding revealed through faith. Similarly given our chosen dual opposing displacement of self, the only Being we can join as one without separation is God. Evidenced as precognition, luck, some surprises, some inspirations, coincidence, sleep, miracles, prayer's choice, yourself born, yourself mysteriously dead. God embraces. God intervenes. God facilitates. God will not forget. Once Eternally thus embraced merrily we go on. Arguing with self neighbor alike. Nervously waiting for death while displeased with life. Most unbelievably curious. (I) am at a loss for words I say still writing. Not lost enough we continue thank God for your company. Otherwise? Well we are intended. Beautifully so. Do not your babies resemble you? Preferring hope to faith we continue. Continuing wonderfully approaching God nearing us. Do you disagree? Heavens why? Join us were already together why be apart. Why be less the Celestial bond our origin. We need not sing the same song that singing thrive. And love flourish as direction. And most assuredly you will have a better idea. Excluding no one the better of yourself. Thank God the origin of the idea. Yourself God's source. Less so less yourself less God only through your choice...

I like carnivals. I like cotton candy. I like wandering around wondering why. Not much choice is a choice. What's my point? Myself... I can't get lost. And return home after finding somebody else. I'm gently wrapped around this durations body. Body and soul are one. (Unless you have different purposes for each). Still I anguish less anguishes purpose. Curiously still myself I have expectations. Meaning to say what gentler displacement more compelling than future plans. Specially when your past has already left you behind. My qualifications are few. I am lacking before I arrive. I'd have to lie to get a job at an Inconvenient Store. I've never married. But I sometimes feel divorced. Understand please I'm not complaining. It just wasn't what I expected. But either is expecting. Everything on the planet earth has meaning, except meaning. More or less if less is not more. I wish people loved me. But I don't know anyone who'd protect me. I wasn't who I expected. After the war in Vietnam "I" spent six years in mental hospitals over twenty five plus years. Strange is curious they have hospitals for everyone on this planet. Except for the ones who need them the most. The hungry, the homeless and lonely criminals stealing from themselves that they might steal from you. Yes those starving to stay alive. Waiting for us waiting for you. I wrote Professor Parsons at Bridgeport University, a nice and gentle instructor who cared about his students: I have no complaints. I get three meals a day. Medicine clean sheets if I'm inclined. An agreeable roof with windows and a portable piano I like to look at but can't play. Eyeglasses and an easy wallet. I've had a few incredible girl friends. They seemed to just kind of showed up. And then just

kind of left . Leaving memories behind alive like beautiful garden fountains. I'm sixty years old probably actually maybe quite a bit older. I'm kind of used up is what I'm saying. I've been writing for thirty years. I'm unpublished, actually they mean (my-our) work. People don't get published books and articles do. Not so the labor of our work I like words. Some of them get away. People who pass me by leave the both of us behind. Some people prefer me from a distance. God loves me they know better. You know the deal. No problem. I love people so I smile. I tell people words that make them laugh. Sometimes as often allows that's as close as I can get to love. I could use some companionship. And I wonder why. It seems easier to love all the people if a few don't get in the way. You can only go with what's available. Only go with what you've got. I have no complaints. God knows me I'm still awake. Dreams keep me up during the day. Sometimes I sleep at night. I prove it by waking up. Where do you go if your missing. And you know where you are. The alleged ones love me. I easily love them back. I wouldn't mind a couple of handshakes. I seem to still be learning. I know the difference between why, because and perhaps. I'm going to die disappointed. But that just means something more to do. And of course those two points depend on death being a stopping place. As opposed to kind of a brief one way street back to yourself. God prefers me dissatisfied. It's hard to end a paragraph if your still alive.

You don't run out of strange. But you do run out of credit. Yesterday's last night I felt self conscious writing about myself then (I) realized I'm out of place. Like "I" was leaving myself behind. Not necessarily going anywhere. Maybe not.... It's hard to figure out when your suspicious. And you can't figure out the source of the suspicion. Duality in the guise of opposition can be distracting. I'm guilty because I'm innocent. Linearly (I) don't oppose anyone, I try. Whatever form they take. Just myself. Well the question becomes what to I replace opposition with. Anxiety is not ideal, I'm kind of opposing myself. You do what your supposed to and learn... I can love my mugger while wiping the blood from my face. I'm not impractical. And I am out of shape. I might wait till he's left. I'm always on time for my disappointments. "I'm" rarely late sometimes only if (I'm) on time. If (I) know these wondrous thiongs to share. Why don't I feel shared. I understand the contradiction. I'd be displaced. If you know where you live. Doesn't mean it's your address. I've heard people talk to each other. It's very interesting sad and happy, specially when they sing about their children. But I'm better off desperate its who I am. I'd better go with what got me here. A thorn was handed to me and (I) understood the flower. I only have one fear. Extinction. The rest is "on the way." Away the other way. If I were otherwise. We would have arrived too late. It's almost seems like I'm famous. Without the fame. I'm very lucky in a very desperate sort of way. You can only arrive with what you carry. And what you carry explains your fate. I'm incongruous. I'm an earth person lost in Heaven. With no credit to my name. If you read the next to last sentence. Shouldn't you wonder about your own fate?

Given that you are God's timeless memory of yourself, the bond between your earthly self and your Celestial seed can only be displaced-separated through your choice. You can not wait for your destiny. Your destiny waits for you. Meaning you can repress, delay, distort, but not deny your destiny. Waiting is a time

constraint that negates-compromises your timeless Celestial seed. Your Eternal self. This cohesion of logic also speaks to the validity of Reincarnation and Resurrection as functional junctures from your Celestial seed to your human form. And as human form interactive and otherwise you maintain a linear and spherical bond....

Claiming the past. Hiding. Changing your name. Attaining wealth. Killing yourself. Being forgiven. (Does not sever this bond). The bond between yourself as the accruing darkness and the Light is Eternal. And Eternally manifest and accruing. Lincerely this is what Christians call Judgment Day. Not an allegorical ceremony after death. But a daily awe. A Celestial drama. Heavenly bereft and enlightened of all the Main Streets on this planet. Each human. Each alleged tree. And alleged River. Each supposed little kitchen. And mysterious yawning puppy dog. Creation magically unfolding. Could be God remembering God. The Godself whispering lovingly to God. How could someone not feel curiously famous. So lovingly Universe attended. Without explanation, introduction or restraint. Were out of place. Not born out of place. We can reclaim our seed's caress. Love rather than forgive. And cause no harm to Creation. Be polite and all will come. You can not wait for your Cosmic destiny. God waits for you.... Just say yes. And politely disagree if disagree you must.

Yesterday we spent an exciting and mysterious time with Curtis Slama and Buckminster Fuller. (I don't mind being wrong I can see more of the planet earth if I am less distracted. And please again understand I'm not bragging, it leaves me short minus "a" missing sentence of myself. And eventually wondering who I'm talking about. But it seems obvious to me that Buckminster Fuller loves me though no doubt encouraged by Curtis's gentle ways. I would give anything twice plus seventy five cents for a cup of decaffeinated coffee if I could be a dog for a weekend running along side Buckminster Fuller, Rosie and the guys Stewie and Testular. Tuxedo impressed watching from the window. My God the answers we wouldn't regret. Our DNAs run together along with Rosie, Tuxedo, the One called Dog, Charlie, Which One, Which One not the Other, Amigo, Mike, Impending Charlie, Pogo, Cousin Bosco, Rue, Sharpay, Rover, Saint Louie Ghost, and brave Sweet's Alive also now Mr. Whiskers, Any Andy And, also Slow Blackie's grace, also Luke though we've never met each other. And of course the birds that come by and visit and all the other wonderful-amazing cousins. What a field of dreams the stars do guide us. I guess do have to with what you've got, let faith claim all the regrets. I'm still not sure about the faith deal. What are they talking about? They have faith in God. How is that possible? Faith is only relevant as assertion based on overcoming the lack of faith. Faith is a choice you can deny others or yourself. You can lie and call it faith. You need more than the shadow of one word to get to faith. You can have faith all your life. And still be left short trying to stare down your last regret. They build their God communion on this tentative foundation, no wonder they sell each other life insurance. And hide from Heaven on earth. I'm going to look up faith in the Thesaurus and see what they've come up with. (Acceptance, allegiance, truth, assent, assurance, dependence, constancy, hope, certitude, loyalty...and other words). Maybe I'm on the wrong bus. Those are pretty strong words. Actually very strong. Maybe for now I've got to rethink this faith deal. I mean we live in a casually self opposing linear world. Your almost constantly between the

disturbance of two points. You've got to hang on to some perspective until clarification prevails other than the forgiving your next regret. Please I'm not pessimistic. Sure good and beautiful times do happen. But there compared with nasty opposites. And usually you have to struggle to get to the awe of smiling places. And then their temporary, at least linearly. But the those gleeful tender places do exist. And sure you can be fine and easy. And that something terrible happens. Also temporary, linearly. But also you can be down in trouble on your knees. You turn around and some good incredible happens. But imagine if they weren't so struggled and distracted. Less displaced. Less casually linearly distracted. But much better-easy going. Less afraid. More understandable through patience. And love. What I was saying is that you don't need faith in God. God is and as such is so.... Faith is an assessment, a perceptual choice based on accommodation, often reinforced through linear instruction and intrinsically valid because it can be dismissed-devalued in an instant. You want to be with God(Inhale). Doesn't faith involve another, the minister, the instruction. Thus our displaced from self and God. And about the unbearable that happens. My father used to say, " it's always darkest before the dawn." And when all is said and undone the dark depending on your response can be the shadow of the Light. The nice and gentle Joseph Campbell offers, "When falling, dive."

We started the paragraph before Curtis... me and Buckminster Fuller saying it got mysterious. I was talking to Curtis in the presence of his absence. Even while watching St. Louis University play Creighton University in soccer. I've gotten good at that talking to people in the presence of our absence without moving my lips. People can get unsteady and helpful very quickly if you give them an opportunity to share the normal of themselves with the peculiar of myself. But thank God for good Samaritans. Who else's right? I remember when we bought this acreage in Persia (have I mentioned this) a lovely real estate lady Ruth Spencer asked what I was looking for. I said. "(I) want to be able to run out of my house day or night scream for help. And have nobody hear me." Do you understand? You are what you know. (I) get pleasantly inspired by talking to people, it's also companionship. (We all get lonely sometimes). There like a source. There nice enough to get something started. And it's always incomplete. And except for George Bisacca and Curtis I don't know anyone else who'll sustain a conversation in person. And Norman of course. Well also Tammy and Sandy in Boulder sure. Sometimes you speak to quickly before you get to the truth. And my family they've always been available even without a warning. And those un-negotiable memories. Easy to start counting backwards. Easy to complain until you look around. Where was I still here. Yes Curtis is given to excitable interruptions. And Curtis carries that washing machine with him wherever he goes. Meaning the cellular phone, if its not interrupting a human to person conversation your waiting for the machine to burst again. Obviously not encouraging of a linear conversation that is already got it's own design limited. Anyway here's the way. Curtis that same day had breakfast with an apparently intriguing lady. Any other choices are linear distractions. This lady wrote a book about everyone having a duplicate other on this planet. I asked trying to give credence to the lady's idea... isn't everything on this planet an issue of polarity. Should I of added polarity not necessarily in

opposition. Adding now particularly since we emerged-evolving from the un fragmented-a casual Light. Curtis pointed out that a railroad station someone stepped up to him and insisted Curtis was somebody else. Of course Curtis being who he is pleasantly disagreed explaining that he'd been himself for quite a while. And had no problem recognizing himself even on short notice. I'm being a little bit funny for relaxation purposes. Curtis and I sat there talking like we were trying to get direction to where we were. Which you can imagine might get confusing. I mean how would you get there. And who would you trust to ask? But before we get into the duplicate place of self too much I'd like to discuss something with your permission that like Curtis and I you might find interesting. We were talking about events. About celebrity. About the media. What's all that about again? What's really the deal. Part of our interest was because this lady self published her book which I thought was pretty industrious. And self respecting. What we were saying is that all these reported events are linear and reflective of peoples preferred displacements. Like particular murder, missing people, war and some of those self talking politicians. It's really unbearable. It just hurts that's all. I mentioned to Curtis several months ago (I never heard a newscaster person use the word sad. You understand like, how sad, it's so sad, I'm sad or I'm so sad I have to stop. The reporters seem to be nice and sensitive who also have to emotionally survive the news against time. Should at least say regrettably murdered if they can't get to sad. Shouldn't they saying about those missing people... missing "somewhere." And get better details. Not just a car as stolen. But more like an insured car was stolen by a family man or stolen by a handsome felon. About wars I don't know you just let the tears evaporate. And wait for another day. And about wars and other events they should point out that often they are only reporting from their cultural perspective. Not the whole sincere loving truth. Wouldn't be interesting to have impartial reporters from the United Nations. And shouldn't we go back a week later, a year later to find out how the hurt or suffering person or family is doing. I was saying about events being causally linear. Most often our collective displacing activity intersects. But spherically, within the inclusive rule of the Universe it would be more correct to say. Jesus we murdered another one of ourselves again. We were stolen from today. But we have a lot left. Were looking for ourselves today so someone must be missing. Sure I'm being a little bit different in thinking, but (I'm) getting to what might be a mysterious point. What if the event wasn't linear, what if it were spherical. Well on a planet defined by form that wouldn't work there'd be no origin no cause and the effect would be harmonic with the whole or the Cosmos. Straining linearity leaning on the Spherical, it would be very hard to murder someone in a non-linear culture without written permission from the victim. And of course the actual murder would probably take an Eternity and (I) would think become funny. Actually they'd have to settle for an attempted murder and a temporary death. So no the effective casual nature of an event in a linear world could not be spherical. But once the event was intact and complete what would happen if the response was spherical as opposed to reinforcing of the initial displacing intersect. (Which would be the near extreme of irony two displacing events colliding or intersecting ie reciprocal displacement. Likely desperate and failed-unknowing attempt at Harmony). Actually Curtis and I discussed a spherical event might

be created. (And of course George...all conversation lead to the next. Everything is relevant-revealing and connected). And what did that person say? See what I mean. (I) forgot not able to prove I've forgotten. Linearity sometimes all you can do is smile. These are inferred by notions of luck, coincidence and the precognitions. Remember these are realization events that are not caused or initiated by another human or a machine. Therefore these are non linear events spherical in nature. But how could you bring together two casually unrelated material activities, two events-without linear consequence. Bring the two activities together in an un displaced manner without creating a triangulated displacement, the intersect event. Interestingly on this planet everything does appear to be triangulated (ie) Two parents a child; past-present-future; solids, liquids, gases; birth-death-afterlife etcetera. Does this speak to cause and effect linearly requiring endless response. One of our last thoughts on the issue of a duplicate person, "I" asked Curtis if it wasn't correct that everything on this planet was based on polarity. As Curtis does on occasion he gave himself away to reflection. Buckminster Fuller knew better.

A brief aside obviously with your consent. The Universe is non-linear. There can be no cause and effect with one initiate to the other. Without displacement distance is not a factor. Spontaneity suggests as much. And in timelessness the dematerializing vagrancies (one of which is our affecting relationship with gravity) also either do not factor or do so less ironically (ie) with less displacement to the ideal of ourselves both organically and technologically. Further getting closer, a sound that is non-linear, suggested as the sound or status of silence is compatible with any element of the infinite Universe that is being assimilated- contacted (ie) refined. This sound is spontaneous in nature self intact or a causal (without causality) and as such is compatible with the timeless infinite Universe (ie) the Light. Any sense of motion even casually refining (space improving as space not into space or underplaying-un displacing space materiality) will create the sense or presence of motion and this motion reciprocally responding with the infinite Light will fashion a resonant materialized sound we have discussed as DNAsound. This can also be the sound of self sometimes referred to as enlightenment or the juncture of coincidence, luck, precognition, sleep and the current presumption of birth and death. And always one other.... Your smile. The surface of your soul. That's a lovely image to you agree. And yet one another. Your next self. And our awaited selves. And yet one more?

Am I remembering? Curtis, Buckminster Fuller at Memorial park. We were talken and walken. Buckminster Fuller chasing low flying birds. Like the rabbits with no ill intention ... A friendly run. I looked over to Curtis. I couldn't see what he was doing, holding between his fingers.

"Curtis you've never met Tammy outright have you?"

"No I never met the lady..." Curtis had a way of talking. Like he couldn't decide between talking and singing. Curtis usually came up with a compromise at no expense to either. But I must say like most people who are singing Curtis is not the most available listener. At the same time, whatever that means, I'm not the best listener myself. Now that brings up a potentially interesting question. If Curtis and I aren't listening to each

other who were we talking to? And how do we manage to respond. Another “and” how do we manage to keep the conversation going.

In the more of right now Curtis is up on a hill next to a friendly tree looking down in my direction. “Curtis I want to let you know I’ve already made the observation before this dialogue that you and I are not available listeners.... I have to say your capacity for interruption is considerable. You can interrupt the same sentence twice before I don’t finish it.”

“I listen carefully to everything that’s said...” Curtis answered with a little extra singing.

“Sure Curtis if you’re the one whose talking...” Curtis started laughing. An appreciative laugh. “That’s a good one...” Curtis looked taller on the hill his arm raised over his shoulder adding another laugh. That one mostly for himself. Curtis is skinny-tall with a beard. Not a fancy organized beard just intentional.

“Curtis you remember we were standing next to the Omaha Healing Arts Center. No actually we came in from the rain sitting in your van. You said God was in the computer. And I said actually God was more in the ephemeral between you and the computer?”

“What are you saying?”

“I’m not sure Curtis? Well one of the unrelated things I’m saying Curtis back to interruptions, besides life being an interruption. I’m meaning to say I don’t see how if someone interrupts a thought before its completed how they don’t realize what their doing is interrupting themselves.”

Curtis didn’t say anything. He was examining an acorn. Curtis is an outright scholar person like I’m sure I mentioned. A non-sequential mysterious human being. Curtis was supposed to go to medical school, but he went the other way of life. I waited a little longer for a response out of respect for Curtis and the silence. Buckminster is doing fine...

“Curtis that Sandy is interesting to me. I’ve written her numerous times how many years now, but she’s never responded. Do you think she might know what’s she’s doing. You understand intentionally. I mean in her situation she’s obligated to make sense.”

Curtis said something I didn’t hear. We were back in the van. The rain was hard. And I was potentially distracted. “I like the way she moves that Sandy. You know motion. She seems to get to where she’s going before she arrives.”

Curtis looked at me slowly then smiled before he completed the observation. “I wonder if God gets wet in the rain.”

Curtis is talking I came back paying attention. “I never told you Charlie one of my spiritual brother is W. C. Minor late in the nineteenth century he was sentenced to life for a violent crime. While in the mental institution he was allowed to live comfortably within his means. And he spend his life making contributions to the Oxford Dictionary.”

“That’s interesting Curtis. Its funny though they say sentenced to life then they go ahead an set it up so that you don’t have one. Curtis why do they say cruel and unusual punishment. I mean why do they combine them. Are they saying cruel isn’t unusual enough. It’s maybe one of those don’t knows because whose the source, right?”

“Charlie I have a word for you to look up...” While spelling it out slowly Curtis wrote it down on a piece of paper. “I g t r o e n i c...”

Did Curtis say g or a... I forgot to ask him. I got distracted while thinking about something else.

“Your going to start on anagrams aren’t you Charlie.”

“Maybe almost Curtis but not directly. Actually I was just thinking about what that nice lawyer in Harlan asked about anagrams. “Do they hold up in other languages.” I didn’t have the answer...But you know Curtis some questions are too good for answers. Buckminster is running- jumping a happy half circle around Curtis. The three of us started up the hill. Mostly Curtis and Buckminster Fuller Curtis and Buckminster Fuller are in good shape. I lagged behind them and the hill. I stopped to breath as a precaution... I call Curtis the negator alligator. Curtis knows. It’s not like I’m thinking behi9ond his back. Curtis will take any idea, specially one of those that is intended to have some consequence and invalidate the idea outright. People do that I know. Do you understand what I’m saying? I mean he’s graceful and interesting. And he always seems to have good reasons, but that’s the problem you never know. Because the idea is not tested out. It’s limited to one o0f those awe shucks conversations. Of the many ideas Curtis liked two. I’ll tell you about them later. But it’s probably the way of non sequential people. Curtis is probably just protecting himself. His non-sequential status. You know non-linear people who walked away from the linear awe. In one word...success. Maybe they used to call them rebels, outcasts. When you think about it were talking a lot of people. Folks who drink the alcohol excess of themselves. People who drug themselves away. Smoking people, folks who over eat themselves. You understand people who have burdened themselves. Not necessarily by choice. Also homeless people. Poor people. People who have accepted the offer of insanity or an available death. And decided to behave accordingly. Also isolated solitary artist, writer people and musicians who are somehow often drug dizzy or tipsy themselves. But what’s interesting, did I mention before, is that these incredible wanderers seem content at being unhappy. When you think about it tremendous resources of will, spirit and material are devoted to bring these people back to the linear deal. But very few come back. And like Dr. Wisman at Unity Church pointed out these people have a story to tell. After all their not contributing to our demise. But the irony is that a lot of these folks accept being convinced that they are the unworthy . Sure let’s be practical if your dizzy on drugs, homeless hungry or vomiting unexpectedly in the alleyway you are going to be distracted from your mission whether you know what it is or not. Because when your not part of the linear awe you have an opportunity not to be God distracted. But other than that concern I don’t see the problem. The unworthiness. What’s the value of offering unworthiness or accepting the offer. Also what’s the problem with opposing a reality that strangely

uncertain. Destructive you know that culminates as disintegration. Joining and sharing based eventual separation or exclusion. I mean it goes on and on. Actually it doesn't, Eternity does. A chosen peoples reality that separate Heaven away from themselves. There's a better way to say the previous sentence. People who separate Heaven from themselves. Where's the hope and prayer in that? And all of that before you get to your cholesterol level. I was being potentially funny about the cholesterol deal. You probably figured it out. We already got to the top of the hill. Curtis, Buckminster Fuller and I parted away from each other. Curtis disappearing around the corner, Buckminster the sitting co pilot. I walked away alone with myself. If I had somewhere to go I must of gotten there or I still wouldn't be here. That's how that works. And before you know it your alive again.

"I" might point out no doubt there are many who are linearly invested who struggle through their acquired reality. You need not be the suffering of yourself in order to question our uncertain existence. Yearn and contribute to the better day. Indeed life is often struggle. Our joys and nurturing successes are not lasting. Yet memories nurture. Do you agree most folks sense something is amiss. There is more. What else motivates inquiry. Seeds hope and anticipation. Our disappointments are also temporary. And they can provide direct ion to the better day. Human beings are incredible.

Getting back never left. We were almost saying not yet clearly said is that we the earth people are a process and function of form. Even when we are not engag3ed with one another. Simply sitting or asleep our organs have an actively displacing relationship with one another in order to create and sustain your living self. Even though the heart and lungs have a common purpose they are separate and they have to deal with external choices and activities. Like a puff of poison called smoke. Another beer. An alleged virus. A plate of spaghetti. Our fear while planning-preparing for nuclear war. In a nuclear war does cause and effect become interchangeable. The important question, its abiding importance based on your response, is whether this moderate displacement is going to be expressed destructively (expressing a reverence and awe for interpersonal death however sublimated) or whether our birth form is going to be realized harmonically-in tuned with our Cosmic origin. Our home and emerging source to which we are contributory through our choices. Thus giving accruing relevance to the Darkness or the Light.

Because we are relevant and revealing as form in some manner distance will always affect ourselves while we are alive. (Linarly alive and active). In order to cross the street you will have to negotiate one location against another. Distance can also be measured as duration, it will take you three to four years to graduate from high school. Distance can be measured as chance or probability. You can sit and wonder if you will make the basketball team. Whether you will score the penalty kick in the crucial soccer game. Whether the young lady sitting two rows over in your history class will go out with you. (First you have to cover the emotional distance and ask her, then the lovely lady has to respond covering a different but related emotional distance). Wondering, anticipation, planning, jumping all related distances in one form or another. And currently this distance is an

issue of cause followed by uncertain result effect that is never complete and will culminate with loss of purpose ie disintegrate. Cause ironically since you have to cause something to happen that might or might not or might occur in a manner not anticipated. The penalty kick? The date? Will you cause yourself to graduate? And linear is the distance between two points which is obviously essential to cause and effect, essential to distance. (Linearity also serves as a measuring gauge. And measuring is the essence of earth science). And even though not in anyway relevant and revealing of the Universe nonetheless dislocation measurement is currently critical on this planet. I mean the human beings version of this planet. But remember in the infinite Universe there is no distance because distance speaks to getting from one point to another, a separation, a sense of chance or probability that would invalidate the material essence of the Universe which is infinity. The uninterrupted continuity. The infinite Eternal. But the big question... do the distances we chose to cover in our lives have to be so uncertain, so tricky and dangerous. Can't we do much better? And if so how? Yes being polite, caring for one another, not hurting each other, loving ourselves and one another respectfully (eve3n if in spite of ourselves) all are critically important, but what we are discussing goes beyond ourselves being decent and kind. Possibly well beyond. Yet without this decency, without our choosing to be fair and loving our greatest journey (returning home) will not happen. And our failure will be unbearable. Dark and lasting. Yes our journey is one of incredible technologies. Great unbelievable adventures. But more the journey is one of self. One of spirit. Ofby the Light. You can not experience and validate your divine origin through the source bankruptcy of our gathered selves. You can not arrive in Paradise carrying the weapon of yourself. Paradise would become displaced as other than Paradise. Do you think to winder you will recognize to realize the awed surroundings if you are a menacing, damaging person. Your Light invigorated self chosen otherwise... armed with invalidation (self to others) thus you will not arrive as the Light divine of yourself expressible as paradise. You can not thrive ofby the Light while denying the same. You can not prove your great vision through self inflicted blindness. Experiencing the Light as the darkness. And as such you have not come to know God's Creation the planet earth.

If you'll excuse a slight diversion. Might not be a diversion. Anyway I somehow remember talking to Tammy about tickling. Actually Tammy and I have had this conversation several times. I told Tammy I had become concerned because their didn't seem to be over the years a sharp reduction in ticking. There just didn't seem to be much tickling going on. I'm sure there was to be a lot more tickling going on when I was younger. A child younger. I mean people only touch each other for a couple of available reasons. Violently that's one. Affectionately like a hug or a handshake. I don't know if sex should have its own category. Also working together in some good or bad way. Like medically helping give birth, maybe building a house or picking an unfamiliar wallet. And then there's tickling. When you lose one of the four or five opportunities human beings have to touching acknowledge each other...it's serious. Maybe a crisis. Also most of those touchings are done in silence. Acknowledging our non-lionear selves. Our Cosmic selves. Tammy assured me their still seemed to

be quite a bit of tickling going on. Specially with the little children. But I don't know that one I might disagree with Tammy about. I hope Tammy is right, of course. Just have to wait and see.

Let's continue. Let's sing and get it on. When the choice becomes clear. Beyond fear and the haste of words. So true truth does not have to be weigh-argued to be considered. And the love you need and deserve is yours without the asking. And what we write is only an echo's portion of what you will know. The mysterious more you will know by engaging the Eternal magic of yourself. Then you will know because in part you won't have to. You don't have to think to dream. And you didn't have to wake up to prove dreams are real. Let's be proof less the linear evidence of ourselves. The better prove of this is you. The dreams are without end disguised in shoes. And still alongside Moses, Buddha, Jesus, Mohammed, Mother Teresa, our Mom's and Dads. Alive or otherwise the awe of God nonetheless. How could this be otherwise? Life is interesting and that's without knowing what's next. Forgetting is a pretty special deal. You can't prove you forgot. And then you turn around and remember. Spontaneously. Unwillingly meaning without effort. Your effort. All the people you hugged do you remember letting go of any of them?

Imagine if high school wasn't four years. If high school was so incredibly different. Can you believe your teachers give you a test you can fail. Now that's silly. (I've carefully avoided the word absurd and nonsense, silly is enough). Remember the journey is decent be kind.... If Jesus, Mohammed, Mother Teresa and Buddha so labored beyond love bravery's call we certainly can. Why certainly because were still alive. And they gave us an example. Memories path we can follow. And loving so improve. For ourselves. Our neighbors all. Including the Determined ones, Krishna, Jesus, Buddha, Mohammed, Mother Teresa and our mothers and fathers when you needed them the most. Yes a test you can fail there's another word for it and that's displacement. Why do something in order to prove you aren't doing it. Imagine only good grades. Not bad. Spherically grading only you and your teacher can whisper to understand. Finally only yourself. As yourself. Imagine figuring out your own "intelligence" based on following your dreams. Not being told what you can't do by people who don't know you. And can't. Imagine never leaving high school. Isn't it curious (where's the mystery) never graduating from Church, the Temple or the Mosque, but completing your education when your eighteen years old. Graduating from high school and college. What's going on. Imagine going to college because you care. And are willing to work beautifully. Not because you can prove somebody else didn't fail you. Imagine going to college...loving so much what your learning (and how) that failure isn't a concern, an obstacle. But a perspective, clarity, direction to the next beautiful intensity therefore not failure at all. Growing and aspiring. Imagine going to college because learning is your spiritual entitlement. Realizing "better" is what you do at no expense to others. Imagine going to college because your effort as yourself is priceless and Eternal. Not because your parents are willing to go in debt. And you will graduate owing \$50,000 dollars. Now that's got to be one of the most incredible displacements. If you don't got da money. You can't learn. (Now that one is absurd, its violent).... Dream and aspire while proving yourself the same. Imagine going to college. And never

graduating. Making yourself available to a learning life's devotion. How can you graduate from college or high school? Complete an education. How can you be told you failed college. And that proves you were there. I'm not complaining. I'm not even dreaming. I'm wondering. Imagine attending high school with Michael Angelo, Mohammed, Jesus, Elvis Presley, your Mom and Dad, Lee Harvey Oswald, Golda Meir, JFK, Richard Pryor, Madame Curie, Abraham Lincoln, Judy Garland when they were your age. Right now I think its called a library, but we can do better. Get interactive. Get holographic...the duplicate DNAs Universe more now that later. Maybe have a private careful helpful conversation with the sad young lonely Adolph Hitler or Lee Harvey Oswald before he got lost and unhappy in thie angry. And of course the conversation is only complete when it never ends. ("I" have to interrupt a little, its easy to say somebody's no good, its easy to pick an enemy, much easier than to convert an enemy into a friend (is it really), but isn't it strange how easy it is to recognize the bad in an other person. I mean on the other side miracles need no translation, but you would think if you want to condemn somebody you should take your time. Specially if your going to damn them for Eternity. Accepting God's Creation is Eternal, timeless...its never over unless you want it to be...that it for the interruption). Courting another reality and continuing. Searching the separations. The lost-defining-anguishing displacements. The troubling cause to the pained-futile effect. Can you imagine college being so pressured, desperate, unexplainable that many evolving, the hope in God's children committee suicide. Where do you go to scream and cry if its unbelievable beyond the words. There's only one place you can go. Planned as delivered born to greatness. You are beyond so. Denied always first by others. And always temporary if determined you are so disposed. And may so be so. No not displacement of the same. Would you rather be loved or be temporarily forgiven. Would you rather prove yourself self worthy. God determinate, cherished and alive or deny yourself as the proof of somebody else's preferred defining failure. Your life is your own. Don't give your life and God's away. Is not good...good .The bad...bad. And the difference obvious. Why would you rather be the bad of yourself self displacing than the good Cosmically aspiring? The answer thrives the question wonders.

Now somebody is going say. What a utopia? "Not again," as my nice and incredible nephew Stuart used to say..... Amongst the earth people allowing life continuity there will always be contrast. Irony and chance. Form instructs and delivers itself so. There will be a mother and a father or one less so still less one once two. Children's pain, the loneliest challenges can be the most God accompanied. Lesson's meanings your and God's not just yours as desired. Two sides to the street or more if a vehicle hits you while trying to get to whose other side. We might find a better way than time, but you will still arrive confused with lipstick on your collar. We can say anything we chose about death, inspiring, logical, even offer proof. But when its your turn you'll probably still say shucks and hesitate. Specially if your falling past the eleventh floor with twenty more floors to go. Would you prefer fifteen floors. "When falling, dive." Patience is faith waiting for knowledge. Your worried that it might get too good. And what about struggle. And if you can't oppose someone else you might have to oppose yourself. And its in our genes. And social Darwinism. The only variable that is in your

genes is yourself waiting for who you are. No it won't get too good. You've got seven seconds on the twenty five yard line. You've made the call. She's almost your girl friend is watching. The pass is in the air. A chance for glory and chaos. What more could you ask for? And you're worried it might get too good. You know the deal. It's a struggle from the day you are born. And no we can't save the world. But that doesn't mean we have to destroy Creation to prove it. Let's keep going. Let's continue. Let's join hands. No need to wait for who we already are... Eternity in a smile.

If I may with your permission I'd like to talk about what earth people call making love. Becoming love "I" prefer to say. You will understand. When you're waiting for a knock on the door you want to say it one more time. I know people like to have sex. Sometimes it just happens. And people are very busy. Also it's a lot of fun. A very private experience. The ideal awe of silence. And that's how babies are introduced to themselves and their Mom and Dad. Thank God for sex, literally. But (I) do find it somewhat curious how people tend to repeat themselves. Meaning the act of sex. Specially once older. Almost as if they're looking searching beyond desire. And the orgasm seems to me to be a little bit curious specially in a war zone. But Dr. Weinstein once told me there are limits to the curious. Sometimes what is is the only way it is. Anyway is the way. Sometimes the better way. I just want to share my preferred union. Our agreeable way. Nourishing memory the poetry of silence. Perhaps birth remembered. What I'm saying for me what's left of myself...once a month. Not honey let's do it the potatoes are in the oven for another half an hour. I'm saying every way is good. It's human and unique to the partners. All roads lead to where you already are if you're in love. Can't wishing be enough? We are together. Our day of becoming love. There has been several days of preparation. I bring a breakfast tray to our lady. (I don't like to say "my" better ours thus God's). Our favorite fruits. Whole wheat bread. One egg. And coffee. All sprinkled carefully with rose pedals. Gathered from the night before onto an apron placed carefully under the rose bush. Why separate the rose without permission? Each day of becoming love Angel Joan and I will make a permanent change on our garden. A pear tree. Mysterious flowers. Each time our love acknowledged an addition to the garden. If Angelica and I are using condoms. These devices will not be tossed into the toilet. Our fluids are holy fluids. The condoms will be buried in the garden of waiting. Each day of becoming love. We will spend several hours helping someone to learn to read or walk or eat. You know helping to love someone else with ourselves. And as such ourselves the more to God. Next we will go to a small stage like the one at St. Mary's College in Omaha. "I" will have written a twenty minute play. About the mystery of me and our Dr. Joan Maureen Daughton. Joan sits up here eyes alive smiling hesitating not to laugh. Can you hear Joan laughing. On the stage Charlie and Dr. Daughton. A therapy session, but what mischief is this that can sing such truth. The stage testifies God is witness. Charlie is curious nineteen years old people like to say. An our dear doctor is fifty nine. Let us be kind that reality can sustain love's license. Joan is forty nine very much the woman. Strangely attracted to the young lad. But before the angels can sing and cheer their free admission the play never ends, but is complete. Joan will thank me with a cherished kiss. I responding the same. Then we

will sit down with the other Joan with the other Charlie and discuss life on which stage. While eating Chinese food. We will talk about the mystery. Curious right whose actually there. I mean two Joan's and two Charlie's wearing our cloths. Three written about before the second two arrived to the surprise of one. Now actually memories six of us at least, the two nice actors are thriving of themselves. Memories embrace us that we live. We even look alike. Which is an accomplishment since sometimes we don't when were alone. After finishing our meal and our lovely visit. We hug each Charlie and each Joan goodbye-hello and thank you. And there will be a library of music, recipes for our day of, "becoming love." Sure then we go for a circle walk. Feeding the alleged birds. And our cousins the squirrels and those happy hoping along chipmunks. And we will conduct mysterious experiments to complete from previous days, "of becoming love." And recreate famous experiments from the past including the ones that presumably failed.... Now were sitting down leaning on each other. And the sun. Resting people like to say. Kissing easy once or twice. A whispering kiss. Rested driving carefully in a car were on our way to "I" think they call it the Planetarium at UNO. The University of Nebraska in Omaha. And on the ceiling a nice graduate student has caste all the stars that were about and unfolding on the day that Joan was born. Maybe in the day conceived. The nice student will tell us Joan's star lust story on the day the Heaven's delivered her. If UNO isn't available the whole panorama with music could be put together at Dundee movie theater. Preserved lovingly from the 1920's. We'd leaving behind mysterious gifts here and there. And at every phone booth on the way to our day of becoming love we'd put a couple quarters in the slot. Jane of Leonard's Echo taught me that one thanks Jane. Doesn't matter if your sometimes rich or sometimes poor almost everyone checks those slots. With Christmas anticipation on their faces. Now its getting slightly dark. Nobody's surprised. Only a few complaints. And Joan and I are on the way home. Stopping to visit and smile with the previous place of becoming love. On the day of becoming each other's love as one Joan and I will need help from friends who love us. Pulling into the driveway.... Snow flakes falling kissing the tree limbs white. Touching Joan's cheeks blushing warm. Smiling I can feel Joan's smile. Now over there. Around the house. Past the fence past the leaning tool shed. Near the creek. Is our dinner table. Candles lit their flames dancing directing us closer. A bottle of non alcoholic wine. And we will sit. And eat politely. In awe of God. The rest will be a surprise to both of us. But not to God.

T I sense to politely insert a letter written to a beautiful woman at Church who was anguished by love. How can something as effortless as love be at times so unbearable. "I" guess without the answer love wouldn't be a question. Eternally thriving like that garden outside your window. Garden of stars and flowers. I wonder what my lovely niece is doiong today? What an interesting question.

January 2006

Dear Mary,

“I” would like to begin this response while the aura of our conversation remains fresh. But before “I” give the limitation of words to purpose I need to acknowledge... every love encounter is distinct to its own opportunity, Godsoulprint. Confusion, pain fears uncertainty suggest a common “repeated” love experience. Love do you agree Mary in its aspired potential is as simple as generous is divine. Uncertain need as shared compels pains confusion, the sense of redundancy. These insights are subjective, each love’s challenge is unique as suggested because we are often disappointed by love. Meaning by ourselves and others. Love itself remains uncompromising and beautiful. Suggesting the responsibility for love’s disappointments resides elsewhere than love itself. Love’s sphere, the Eternal place of love, does not deny our love’s lesson’s opportunity-we do. Unquestioned love our impending divinity.....Love’s pain is the emotional displacements which directs us to what we need to learn in order that we evolve to an ideal of love. I continue cautiously as qualified questions preferred to answers. Tuxedo my dear friend, the alleged cat rests balanced on my chest and lap.

Why in the ideal do we share love? Why do we stop loving? Why are love and pain seemingly inseparable? Why must love be consciously expressed?

We are most often in a state of dislocation, displacement . We delegate an event to the past; we anticipate the future influencing the immediate... and we give credence to our love through forgiveness, doubt and resentment. We are either often engaged as such, trying to avoid the same or in anxious anticipation. The divine ideal of love easily suffers our opportunity. (Explaining our current self opposing casual linear life). Currently does our divinity reside not as love, but in spite of love as expressed? Consequently are we asking to much of love? Why is love lost when it’s alternative is least preferable? What is left that whispers the Light?(I will be as brief as a heartbeat is Eternal). Remaining within our linear chore.

First the ease of a suggestion. Acknowledging again that language is profoundly limited and designed as such. Noting that love is a divine feeling that directs our wakened dreams. Indeed love is best and truest not as words promising-soliciting the better words, but the deed embraced. (Is our capacity for love proportionate to our capacity for pain?). Not the endless irony of word, but the kiss we sigh to breath. Embracing. The union within. Walking by the lake. Trusting in all the same. And the memories whispering the cherished silence. Acknowledging even when we are not actively expressing our love, needing to be loved, we remain the soul print of all our love experiences. Desiring love always that life allow miracles our companionship.

Love is the many ways human; verbal, cause-effect, linear, pain expressed, denied, desire and hope less more be the same. But the expression of love in its ideal is not-verbal, not casual and as such not linearly displacing. Our silent conduit to God...our desire are as such Lightfully imbued. Therefore in it’s ideal love is not consequential. In loving another you have been loved. You need response? Love is not negotiable as love.

Language is loves necessary ghost. Yet we aspire our nature as growth thus we dream and explain our search.... Mary a suggestion...one modest device before loves sentiment is tempered to further words

explanation: A list perspective. Mary and a relative. Mary and a lover. Mary and a trusted friend. Each make a list of the 16 words that identify, celebrate who you are. Certainly this might require several days of reflection. At an opportune moment you exchange your lists with your partner. Each examines and after reasonable deliberation both of you will politely scratch out three words on your partners list. And substitute the term you believe is the truer expression. Seem superficial? Yet imagine your lover of several months... when you take the term love near the bottom of his list-draw one line across this word and interject the term *deceit*. Allowing a sincerity of effort this certainly will allow for a sustained insight. Perhaps taking notes. (Why do humans attend a seminar of weeding a garden -take feverish notes, but delegate the development of their relationship to the foible of chance, life's uncertain intentions and uncertain linear memory). The related list is for each partner to make a list of 9 words the each feels defines-celebrates the relationship. How many terms would the partners share in common?

Our conversation at Church Mary was feverish. And given the limitations we accepted while we spoke, you might have sensed an insistence, certitude, in my expression. Giving anyone that impression I find distracting and disturbing. (Uncertainty in love promises. Certitude distorts-denies. We are imperfect living lives we can not often decisively influence). But this also leads to a second insight. How and under what conditions can individuals speak ? We were interrupted perhaps eight times. And of course when not interrupted we awaited interruption. Accepting such a disturbing inconsistency when we were trying to give clarity and credence to the irony of our conversation limited our effort. Perhaps added to your pain. And encouraged the despair suggested by my verbosity. (How many conversations are compromised because what was said or not said was influenced not by sincere desire, but the conditions under which the dialogue occurred. Creating a disrupted sharing when a calm of patience was needed the most?) Are there other manners-methods of language (of inquiry) that will encourage loves lasting. Of course the question is harvest to the answer, but I promised the fewer words.

If "I" may I'd like try make several points, under the guise of questions. (1). Why do people have to learn the same love lessons many times? (2). Why are we (often) not aware what the lessons are? (3). Why do folks either behave or suggest (often unknowingly) that the answers to their pained confusion is going to be delivered to them by someone else. (4). Why do some people put more psychic-emotional energy into their shared separation than they did into trying to give credence to the love they have agreed to share. (5A). Why do people experience themselves as lovers, but when the union is suggested as complete, other than friendship can persist and eventually defines. Does this not suggest that their love was ironic to intent; their love was preconditioned to uncertainties tension. (When one says to another "I love you" potentially as much good as risks exposure can be suggested). A difficult curious balance I understand since our lives divinity, shared or solitary, is based on resolving our encouraged linear inadequacy to the Godsoulprint ideal of self. Growth suggests a quality of dismissing since progress on this planet is based on invalidation. But in a love growth

relationship who is dismissed one, partner, both or the ideal of love. Ideally we persevere and learn.(5B). Given the previous thought... when people begin to examine, try to understand their love ...it often seems they are actually speaking to not understanding themselves. And as suggested wanting the partner (or an ideal of relationship) to answer questions that are unique to themselves. Love invites- requires expression. As flowers do moisture. It appears amongst the uncertainty of themselves or love (why are they not the same)... love requires little understanding until offered or accepted. Love is never the dilemma we are...if we continue loving we remain in love. Life insists on much understanding and love unnecessarily becomes part of this irony, our displacement. The question persists.... Is your life one of love or does your life limit your willingness to love others, love yourself. And presumably be loved in turn, though these three perspectives do not necessarily follow-connect with one another.... Does love determine the nature of your life? Or does our life diminish love....Whatever the answer questions and uncertainty will arise, but understanding the origin of the questions appears to be decisive. Whose questions or issues are they yours, your lovers or you love awareness? The answer "all three" is ambiguous. Both you and your lover? The confusion, the anger, the doubts yes, but the questions-answers most unlikely not. The chances of two lovers having the same unique questions are remote. The questions and answers can be shared, but their origin and as such their initial consequence belongs to one... (eventually the benefit to both). (6). Why do people persist in apologizing, forgiving one another when this convenient accommodation profoundly inhibits learning...Can love between two on a troubled planet be sustained as nurturing without the awe of learning. Constant and cherished surprises. Which forgiveness stifles not encouraging inquiry. Why do humans experience their relationships rather than develop them? Imagine Mary if in a love relationship, any relationship, one partner covers his face in exasperation. He's blushing. Upset, turning into a half circle he protests, words tears and anguish." "I can believe I'm apologizing for this again. My God's it's the third time and it's only the second week in March." Accordingly the young man takes a leave of absence. And does not return to his love challenge until he has resolved this irony to the truer decent purpose of self. (I) am saying why are people willing to legitimize, sustain their love for themselves and each other through forgiveness. Forgiveness is not love. (Forgiveness is invariably anchors, legitimizes hurt, doubt, anger and inadequacy...what paths are these to love). Love's forgiveness is other than love. Forgiveness devalues love, particularly when forgiveness is seen as the road that invigorates their love and becomes the superficial door that repeatedly keeps people from the inquiry and self-introspection needed to sustain the awe of love. Forgiveness validates love as weak as other than divine. Forgiveness is for those who doubt the value of their love, the meaning of others love and their relationship with God. (I am aware Mary this suggestion is ambitious given that Christianity is based on forgiveness).... "I'm sorry. And you're forgiven." Are obituaries to love that sustain our linear dichotomy? Would you rather be loved or forgiven? (They will forgive themselves their understandings. They will call this learning. And abundance. And they will call this love. Until their love is forgiven again).... (7). Why do people allow pain to define, direct the ending of their relationships.

I understand the initial response, but many people seem to give themselves to this accommodation sometimes for years. Whether this pain is anger, sorrow, bitterness, and conscious deceit as opposed to eventually surrendering one self to love. (Does not certitude and satisfaction stifle love's potential more than doubt)? Why such anger, such despair. People get together and love or tried to love one another do they expect something in return other than love? What is love without the humility of pain? Do you agree Mary love doesn't explain why people get together? Love requires no explanation. No apology. All that love requires is life. (8). Tuxedo wants to know why some people are taller than others? We all have questions. (9). People perhaps expect a union in love that is denied them in their linearly displacing world. Two are in a relationship not one by whatever inference of poetry, weakness or understanding. But this duality can become confused. An example if I may. The man cheats on his girl friend. The girl friend is shocked and betrayed, the reaction can be extreme, even resulting in suicide. First you can not cheat on another person you can only cheat on your understanding with and of them. In the same sense I can not *be wrong* I can not *be right*, I'm Charlie. No one can know me in totality at any given juncture during my life including myself... except God. Secondly the man can not violate his girl friends values, her ethics only his own. He has therefore primarily cheated on himself. And the relationship. Yes she is hurt. But the betrayal is of himself much more than her.... Love is not entirely dissimilar (the notions of oneness can be misleading) yes we nurture-encourage each others love, but your love is yours, his is his. We are separate in love, but not apart. (The partial proof when he dies your love continues). Should she not feel peace appreciating she has learned this man is other than the once aspired to an embraced. (The lessons needed have been learned). Love without pain is vanity. You want the love of another you will be hurt. Even when love is idyllic his pain will become yours. What is the alternative? Is not the ideal of love without motive's cause, effortless. Pain becomes debilitating when it is intolerable as unacceptable. (When love is without purpose therefore without direction and as such not nurturing). Love is understandable, enriching and acceptable when it is tolerable. Pain is made worse through denial, guilt and the sense that when pain occurs something has gone wrong. Again it helps to be able to distinguish between ones pain from that of others. (Helping the other when help is asked for). Pain instructs loves better day. And we can be certain that if we are uncertain we are on the right path. And your reciprocal love will satisfy duration's seed.

Our lives will always be incomplete and ironic. Yet we live to love as if this should be otherwise. We love as children (the ideal of love) when we are adults. As babies we are without the linear entrapments of choice, of language, we are aware of life not death, our relationship with God is one of being; consequently our love is one of self as self without calculation, caution or contempt. As adults we want to be loved as children are effortlessly innocently loved, but as adults love has become a reciprocal experience in a troubling world. But if we can love, as we need to be loved (without explanation or apology) the distinctions becomes mute. Though our reality, a manifestation of adults, will often intervene presenting irony, conflict and at times render love difficult; painful or seemingly impossible. At times being able to maintain these worlds apart becomes essential

to maintaining the God benevolence of love? There is a time to love. And a time to weed the garden. They can overlap and nurture, but they must also be kept apart. Two cannot be one. But at times they can be as one. Love can not be trusted, love is trust. Love can not be promised, love is promise. Yet we cannot look to love for all our answers. Because we are incapable of lasting answers ourselves. And when you need more answer than love, likely you have become uncertain or distracted and lost your investment in love. If love is the abiding answer the only question should be the evolution of self while loving. (Also answers like ourselves are imperfect and temporary when love is timeless). Most of our insights are born after the fact, not during or before. Patience is fate knowledge is waiting. If you are capable of love and you are not loving you are denying, afraid or otherwise distracted? Compatibilities preference sought and expressed denies... love does not. If we are love wise (effortless) compatibility would require no understanding. Compatibility becomes the ironic framework for understanding, explanation, proof-all often subsidized by uncertainty...fear. Suggesting a vagrancy of vanity and deceit that suggests we are supposed to love some more than others. We can love each other differently, but the love offered true of kind purpose can be the same. We are all deserving of each others love, we are therefore all love compatible. Love... don't stop loving. Why would you want to convert love to disappointment, usury, anger or fear? Like a child do you need to be loved in order to love? If so love becomes qualified to conditions.

In loving (the ideal divine) giving and needing become indistinguishable as deed and gesture, but not as word. You cannot ask of love. You can only ask of yourself that love be so. And learn... anticipating that eventually you will be both the effortless-happy benefactor and beneficiary of love. Unencumbered, unafraid and smiling. And so this letter ends. The sentence ends I'm corrected. This letter continues the much better hopefully by your reading. I'm not sure I ever got to go out with this Mary person. Love is interesting specially if your alone. Oh well...if it weren't for life I don't know what I'd be doing.

*

Could be maybe I shouldn't have included this letter, I mean don't you get the feeling that if your talking, writing and wondering about loving your actually more like looking than doing. Can you look without watching yourself.

What solitude is less anticipation's purpose? After the 3 coincidence presumably relevant to Vietnam. I remember writing a poem at Yale University Psychiatric Research CMHC. Amidst the pain distracting, writing, not writing this poem was "the ease." What other words I don't know. Beyond dictations pause. The poem was delivered beyond any ability I had in writing poetry. Allowing leaving behind a trail of bliss. Later I learned the word epiphany. I did not sleep for five days reliving this poem, entitled, "A quiet hope of death." This was in 1976. I mention the date trying to understand the chronology. The 3 coincidences were 8 years later, earlier evolving. The configuration (I walked into) of the three World Wars pivoting around the numeration of 9 was perhaps 1977. Two-three years ago another epiphany. "I" had developed a "relationship" with a Colonel from

Offut Air Force Base at one of the Churches (I) attend. This nice gentleman was part of 4CI at OFFut. These are the people who will coordinate or try to avert an accidental nuclear war. Gregory became interested in DNAs. Particularly one essay. Over several conversations "I" mention to Gregory that he might consider "running" DNAsound to some applicable conclusion. Listen I don't tend to talk that way around people, specially if there listening. You never know how long they'll listen do you? And of course there will be most likely be a response. It can get pretty confusing. Sometimes more confusing when it's not. The delay result deal. Anyway still be the way. "I" finally got around to securing the understanding with Gregory. And he said, "It's your choice." It was interesting that moment unfolding. Because (I) really didn't feel it was my choice. Again that kind of nowhere moment like at Yale Psychiatric. Not nowhere bad of course, but beautiful. Weightless kind of...an epiphany. The presumption of death might be that way. What's my point? Maybe none yet. And of course these words might have evoked experiences in your life. Were together right? I just got back from seeing Tammy a while past. Nice. Mail some letters. Witness experience Tammy and God. I'm not that somewhere evolved where I can feel around God alone the way I do sometimes around other people. Sometimes what we call ideas. Maybe I am? The nature of our evolution do you agree isn't necessarily up to us. If it's not up to our neighbor why would "our evolve" be up to us. If your wondering what happened to the Colonel. Gregory left the Air Force for San Antonio with his the credible of incredible wife. People disappear. That's what folks say. Actually we disappeared together from each other. To tell you the truth I think I had a head start. Being reality prone comes with skills, some of them curious. Which seems to suit me. Yes one of the issues "I" discussed with Tammy today is soon I will be going beyond the limit of word to deeds. Action you understand deeds might be too much. But I do think of deeds divine. Anyway getting closer the other way. "I" mentioned to Tammy, did I mention it to you, that I'd like to go to Kansas City where there's a lot of old and new money in this one neighborhood. And go door to door. Nicely dressed and polite. On behalf of Charity for the Rich. Spiritual disobedience you might say. Opening passageways ofby the Light. Also "I" remembered chatting with Tammy about when I went to see the Priest at St. Mary's in nearby Portsmouth. I don't remember exactly the words I'm sure I didn't say outright breaking into your Church. Maybe I said I'd like to politely break into your church and put some bandages and band aides on Jesus cuts and wounds. It's painful for me so much pain. And anguish. And of course Jesus couldn't reach his own wounds. It's unbearable. Really why so long two thousand years. I mentioned to Tammy that the Priest and I also discussed that Churches lock there doors. And that's also unbearable. Most certainly unfriendly. And the nice Priest said they used to keep their doors a open until some unhappy man called threatening to burn down the Church. It took me several years to figure that out. At first the Priest I realized was saying that he'd rather have the arsonist person loose amongst his parishioners than in Church. Then the other day we developed the dilemma one step further. I think the nice Priest was saying that he'd rather have the arsonist loose amongst God's children that in the empty Church. The Priest was very nice to talk to me. Kind hearted and polite. We also talked about a T shirt (I) supposedly came up with. "Is God our

gift to Offer.” Father Paul, I think was the Priest’s name, did pretty much completed a double take one that idea. Might of even gotten to be a sensation. Understand “I” know when (I) go out there and begin to act on these words. Specially with my background. I mean “I” should start by escaping just to get to practical, but there’s nowhere to go. Non sequential right? A very nice and incredible lawyer named Ms. Hanson advised me not to bother the right on Holidays. Ms. Hanson said, “They’ll shoot you in the head.” Why do these people always say “they’ll shoot you in the head.” Can’t we just tone down , even a little, actually a lot. Why not say, “Be careful, “They’ll miss your shoulder and grace your in the ankle.” Why not, “They’ll shot and miss your head.” If someone want to give you a break they would whisper, “Hey dude you’d better go see Tammy.” I know. I’m not fooling anyone like myself, I think that’s what that one means. No if you go off and try to upset the natural disorder trouble is likely. What are you going to do. **Can’t do Has to.**

How does what begin inby the Light yield to dream’s wakening. Relevant to the epiphany’s. Remember when I was in High School I scored a goal in a soccer game. My team mates were happy. Joy knew no better faces. And words. “I” looked around the field and half the boys on that soccer field were unhappy. Did the learning irony of my “our” journey begin then....Meeting Marion Wendolynn Lucas at Norwalk Hospital psychiatric unit CP2. We became the dream of one as two can be. Wendolynn introduced me personally to God. Well of word. And feverish beautiful example. When Wendolynn was diagnosed with cancer. Brave of self in God’s good company she took care of the problem with prayer and macrobiotics. Demonstrating to all near and to God words dear of God are so, deeds brave of love toof God are Eternal. One describes the garden the other is Eternities flowers. Marion and I had moved to Omaha twenty years ago. Making harvest of life that life be so. Then death’s embrace. Myself uninvited Wendolynn showed me about her funeral. Assuring me all was well. Love persists. Do dream’s knock on prayers door. Do prayer’s tap on dream’s awakening. Self conscious I continue. Searching myself more the less myself. Preparing already through? Not certain these words will float beyond their own fever. Their own fence. Secure as such I continue. Why am I self conscious. Because I am not? Displacements riddles “I” know. Of which (I) am but one. Like yourself. Yet the one from which all other Light displacements evolves. And this absence “I” attend. Wise of circumstance not self. Licensed so unlicensed (I) continue. Unfolding the leaves of two poems. The One at Yale Research. Since this words gathering all “I” have written I’ve signed...and Charlie Woram and....The second poem to Wendolynn. Written in the language to which (I) was born. The teacher offered, “Poetry speaks to sound not sense....” Resonance smiles.

There are no past lives intact and complete as such. These assimilations suggest a causal human linearity. And further speak to displacement, fragmentation and separation that would invalidate the infinity. The Light is continuously refining... not the same while the same or displacement ensues. What expressive memory awareness a human maintains upon assimilating as the Light to the infinite Eternal, I’m not certain is currently knowable. Though the all inclusive nature of the Light would such that there would be no loss of

memory-awareness upon death. This also is the nature of Eternal memory or God's memory. And is further suggested by the presence of "deceased one" in dreams, the assimilation of ghosts and other activities. Acknowledging that all is material and as such materially active in the Universe, except time, therefore concerns about awareness, memory, past lives, ghost after "death" are not an issue of materiality or presence but rather the nature of the material action. One further possibly relevant observation from the nice and calm Dr. Chopra a nice lady at church told me...and that is that forty generations of your family speaks to several million people. Potentially this represents an incredible harmonic "pond" of DNAsound that might be potentially compatible with your own linear DNAsound as timeless memory. Remembering we are part of the Cosmos not the reverse. We are part and partial of the Light. Our linear understandings of Reincarnation and Resurrection might speak to this Cosmic flow. And perhaps literally shed some Light on these issues that "I" have not been able to embrace. More later that later thrive.

First on the right hand corner the words read themselves. Yale Psychiatric Research CMHC, Experimental Psychotropic drugs, 1976, Dedicated to Nancy DOA X 3. And so this gardens orchard begins wioth that door's opening.

"A quiet hope of death"

Speak to me of God

Is Heaven where prayers are answered for the asking.

And pain is always a memory gone.

Yes is sin a word contrived to deny my love?

And guilt bastard brother to my conscious...

can guilt be forgiven by just one word?

Are these words heard somewhere.

Must we invite the end to hear.

Are these words heard somewhere?

Where better sharing is happy conversation.

And love the idle joy of all.

Is such place of God?

I believe it not to be here.

And here God pervades and touches all.

So I hear from an honest friend.

Who am I?

That does not concern me here in full.

Dandelion and Oak will nourish me in any Spring.

But yes...

Yes what of love?

I speak of love what else can swallow death's appetite.

But understand I carry no beggars cup waiting for passions fill.

So I pray.

And if praying brings love to me.

Will there be any cups left to fill?

The second poem enfolds as rose pedals fall to rise. What words guide our dreams instruction, when dreaming predates our conception. The Eternal Light our origin destination mysteriously of intent displaced. We are compatible, poetry sings beyond words folly. Even in a foreign language to some not God, the flowers can hear the song. Consenting...

“Te Busco Wendolynn”

—

Solamente se

La verdad sin lagrimas

No importa.

Wendolynn

Ojos de mis ojos.

Te amo mas que amo...

el amor.

Sin Dios te encuentro

En Dios conozco tu amor.

Enojada tu sonrisa

Ayer fue...

adonde esta hoy?

Sin tu

Que es la palabra

ahora de amor.

Adonde estas

En mis suenos me despierto

de mis lagrimas no me gueires....

En mis sueños te despierto
La hora de esperar.
Si...
las estrellas nos ayudan caminar.

Porque te mueres?
Que de Dios conoces
que te vayas.
Espero y espero...
Pero no me dices.
Ayer eres mañana
que silencio puede cantar?

Wendolynn adonde voy a buscando hoy.
Mis ojos me ayudan?
Que son mis lágrimas sin tuyas.
En Dios te encuentre otra vez?

Contigo te perdí
perdidos...
Adonde voy buscando hoy.

Palabras de morir no más que no
adonde voy buscando hoy...

Preferí tus besos
sin tus labios...
Conociendo adonde eres.

Adonde voy buscando hoy?
En las montañas escondidas
buscando hoy.

Te amo mi querida
ayudame con Dios.

Thank you for your companionship during these words. Your kindness is appreciated.(Your accompaniment actually right? Otherwise words they remain). Amongst these searching, these yearning, the question comes to mind and heart...who are we. Born of by the Light we live distracted-displaced from the Light. But as dependant form we are essentially distracted and displaced from our Origin-Source the Light. We are separated from the Light through language, institutions, inter personal relationships, our organic nature, our self limiting linear relationship with God, our practiced belief in death, our birth to two parents, our inability to resolve war to a preferred God activity, our straining relationship with the environment....Heavens no wonder we come down from our full height to pray and acknowledge God. It's not easy being human. It is reasonable to conclude that it is not supposed to be. But must we struggle unbearably. We have made numerous suggestions. Our prayer's persist gently like the wind touching all Creation. But what more is there to search, learn, that speaks to our potential benevolence. Understanding to acknowledge if we can so say we can be. Our prayer's we are. Our imaginations lead us. Our prayer's caution us. And these things so we are. And more truly be. The children, once ourselves, still ourselves as memories gardens speak...know this beyond hesitation's proof. May I one more turn on the dance floor remembering... Sounds.

As reason allows question reality excuses sanity to its better judgment. The curious numbers way. Thinking of Dr. Daughton and myself. More wakened dream than thought's permit allows. Straining the folly of romance as (I) smile. Currently I am twice the age of our good Doctor. I explain sixty years counting. The young doctor if I may say of beauty's sway is...twenty nine years old. Allowing the excuse of a few months in five years I will be sixty five, our doctor thirty five. I will no longer be twice the age of Dr. Daughton. What miracle is that reason cheers. As I approach agelessness Dr. Daughton is aging faster than myself. Suggesting the Light Eternal whispers to the whimsy of youth. Who waits for the other? Let's concede love is Eternal. Reality know better. In lieu of our breath's kiss may I offer...If I get any better at solitude I might start collecting rent on myself. Enough for now your companionship poem enough. I guess not maybe so. I miss Tammy. That's interesting isn't how you can miss someone? And there doesn't seem to be a lot of difference in the missing if you haven't seen them in a few weeks or their what people call deceased.

*

Yet the question lovingly persists, who are we. Who are we beyond Creation's gift, repressed. Hastily unwrapped. Beyond God's attendance. While we wait for our prayer's response. As these non-linear resources blossom as our eyes, the answer's reflection is the most immediate to ourselves. Better so by your insights. And Eternal love. Do you agree we are with whom we are. As memories embrace or immediate visitation. Including the fraternity of ourselves. Who we choose to love. Who chooses us to love: Claiming us as God's gift. How

we love and who are they the same? Not entirely so. Forgiveness's and promises can be more seed than garden. I had wanted to write about my family. Mom and Pop. My sister Terry, brother's Chris and Tony. My nephews Stuart and Rodney, my nieces Emily, Suny and April. Tio Bruce...hello again. Mysterious cousins less than I. What decency I am. You know them. My smiles Eternal breath their kindness. And my friends whose sum of whose names you've heard to feel. What family less of friends still God's intent. What grateful I am. I am by them. And the alleged ones? My eyes are moist that my memories eyes can see. If I could bark and meow and shake like a tree (my) riddle would be complete. No partial to our good God companionship is rest and satisfaction. Know the prayer of the day the limit of the day. Faith is my alias I sense I can do no better. Except for the next word always incomplete. Perhaps reminding (as smiles can wait)everything on this planet is perhaps except perhaps. Perhaps. Lincerely of course. Otherwise sleep, luck, coincidence, sometimes pain, miracles, answered prayers, precognition, remote viewing, clairvoyance, unanswered prayers, your next inspiration, unanswered prayers, the list grows we breath, our birth, our continuity called death. God of course. The Light. Darkness? Can you think of any other.

Once more upon the irony of forgiveness. Apology not the same, which one the shade not the shadow. Why should someone ask for your forgiveness when they can ask for the love to which they are entitled? Why would you rather be forgiven than loved? Love and forgiveness are not the same. Is the linear transgression deemed inevitable that forgiveness must caution love it's self inflicted wound. Is a not all love. Otherwise encouraged. Does not love heal injury the better than forgiveness. Does forgiveness warn our approach? Easier to ask for forgiveness than love. Easier to offer forgiveness than love. Forgiveness can know many words. Love sincere only one, yourself. Would you rather be forgiven than loved? Must our love be made credible by it's forgiveness seed. Apologize confirm an imperfect world. Be forgiven you are, one less the other denied as validated. Be loved both are...

Now I would like to share a moment of humor. A few Christmas tree decorations. The merriment of grown children. Could be (I) should pray. Actually both. Smile today. Pray for us tonight. Actually this Unity Church has taken to having someone call me once a month to pray. It's taken me several months to understand the opportunity. They don't give there name that I remember. I'll have to ask them about that...If they say we can't or we don't. Well that will be a nice conversation that might mellow into a prayer for both of us. Prayer's without trust.... Maybe a couple of moments of humor by way of smile's relief. And welcome companionship. The first one you might consider a little severe. Maybe I'm just getting myself ready for Spiritual Disobedience, like calisthenics of sorts....Please proceed with caution... I remember once in Church I asked this incredible American woman for a date. I mean in person. She said, "no." She was impressive. Very convincing. Somewhere along the way "I" decided on a fantasy. If that's what these material places are. Anyway it was the same lady the beautiful American woman. So there I am in "my" imagination. Trying to walk out of the fantasy. And the beautiful "no" woman isn't that pleased being in my fantasy of all places she could have been. I sensed

something tricky was coming. I'm being potentially a little bit funny. The lady didn't know the Reverend was standing behind her. And you know what does she say. Apparently not aware she was still in my fantasy. "Charlie are you any good in bed?" I breathed once before answering, "No not really but I'm hell on linoleum..." I hope you weren't offended. But then again offended has its place, it proves your still alive or should be.

I'm bad I think that's good now. But like I said it's good to be ready when these people show up in person. They can be very convincing. And sometimes as you know they travel in pairs. My God even in fantasy's apparently. Here's another one, the little theater of the mind or fantasy if you prefer. I'm sitting alone at Mcfoster's restaurant across the Three Brothers Bar in Omaha where I was kicked out for real in person for kissing a woman on the way to Vietnam. I still haven't gotten over that one. Actually eighteen years later I moved half a block away from that 3 Brother's bar, it took me several months to figure that out. Maybe memories wait for you we call it forgetting. And it was like the near of forty years ago that Marie and I got kicked out. And it wasn't like I was breathing heavy. I loved Marie Paule from Belgium. (Love in the past tense how is that possible?). And they kick us out for kissing. But you don't get kick you out for helping kill, hurt and scare other people in somebody else's country. I wish I could sing whistle and spit. Anyway back at Mcfoster's Vegetarian Restaurant. I'm sitting minding what's left of own business with encouragement when who shows up. This incredibly beautiful woman named Katarine. A mysterious nurse I dated very well. Another American woman. And people want to know if God's got intelligent design. I should say Katarine and I broke up. I didn't see why we should break up we were already together. Katarine is sane and sometimes normal, Katarine did the separating deal. It was very curious actually because I think it took Katarine at least a year to break up. But that's after the fact. Hine sight is twenty- twenty if your not married. Well some fantasies should have updates available. There I am still at Mcfoster's eating my vegetarian lasagna for my birthday. And who shows up uninvited to my fantasy. But Katarine. I hadn't seen her in a very long time. Not in a public fantasy anyway. And you know what Katarine says. All the beautiful of her. Understand I'm innocent and perplexed. Katarine had this way of looking at people in person. You felt a little bit witnessed. And its not like Katarine is trying to cause damage in the available fantasy or anywhere else. She says smiling not mean at all... maybe a little friendly mischievous. "Charlie I knew if I ever ran into you you'd be alone." Putting my glass of water down I said. "I'm not alone Katarine give yourself some credit." I think I told Katarine that fantasy over the phone once. I got the impression she was glad she missed it. I tell you I am lucky that I have the people to miss that I do. The goodbye permanent absent ones. Tuxedo just joined me which is nice. There should be a reprieve every three years. Where people who are permanently apart can get together. And regret each other if that's what they want to do. A remember time with a gentle kiss from five feet away. What's wrong with that. You never know people might get started all over again for the first time maybe. But I have to tell you something. Because its the truth. And I'm not here to hide. Without the truth well you know the rest. But Katarine is

married. I know its an unbearable mystery. I tell you if that apology has to be made it shouldn't be made more than once. Preferably not at all. I still breathe heavy about it eighteen years later. But I learn. And I try. Like I said before. The apology forgiving deal on this planet is unbelievable. Imagine if you did something pretty bad. And realizing what had happened. You grab the top of your head. And say, "Oh no..." Thinking to yourself as you turn into a hard circle. My God that's the third time I've needed that apology and its only April. So you go somewhere and turn yourself in to the questions. And of course you move back into the past of your life and seed the riddles blossom current to this day. Imagine if people every time they ran into the same apology the second time instead of arranging the exchange, you wouldn't settle with yourself until you were almost certain you wouldn't have to opt on that apology again. Do you agree the changes would be foreseeable. Like I said would you rather be loved or forgiven. "I" know forgiving is very important on this planet, but why stop at a halfway house if need be where you go right to the main event...love. And you know I just realized there are people going around everywhere forgiving themselves. And I bet it's usually a fast forgiveness. I'm for the inquiry. I'm for the search. You notice people never get together and discuss their favorite forgiveness's. There's more I just realized some people apologize and get forgiven by someone who wasn't even involved like a psychiatrist, a Priest and the other God representatives, sometimes the person sitting next to you on the bus. Maybe they say softly, "Don't worry about it" or "it's ok or God forgives you." Very interesting very curious who needs a magician right? But what I had started to say before is that "I" do try to learn. And (I) do try to apply. Acknowledging the consequence after the fact. So when I saw Tammy for almost one of the first times. I moved not immediately but carefully fully aware of myself that Tammy was married. So at the opportune moment. Both of us in person. Alone and together in the Post Office. Aware and on purpose. I looked at Tammy carefully and I dropped to my knees. Then I asked Tammy if she would leave her husband at her convenience. Tammy is incredible it only took her what two weeks to say no. Of course I knew Tammy was being polite and magical she doesn't seem to have much choice, she wasn't thinking some kind of maybe.... And that's two weeks counting the time it took me to get up from my knees. Finally Tammy leaned her smile to one side and said. "Charlie I took the marriage vows with my husband. And it was till death do us part." I asked, "Which part." It's not that funny anymore. But on short notice when breathing doesn't help a smile comes in handy. It's incredible where does that libido thing come from. Is it imported?

With your kind permission the modest flurry of another poem. A poem with the potential of an audible smile. Very unusual it seems you can't have a laugh in the middle of a poem, the wind chime will collapse under your own weight. The whisper of things can take much longer to learn? Anyway where's the way? "I" might point out I used my name in the poem to protect the possible sensitivity of anybody somebody else.

inGratitude

Dear Charlie

cherished friend

don't be dismayed
by your weight
one breaths
all wait
it's just your way
of getting closer to the rest of us.

Well that's enough poetry. I guess people write poetry because knowing isn't enough or maybe because they believe it is. The thing about knowing is that you can't know everything you know all at once. Certainly can't express it either. But love you can. Specially if you don't need a compatible response.

*

Death doesn't bother me that much. I mean it is inconvenient. And usually a surprise like a curious costume ball you weren't invited to, but there you are greeted by the sum total of your entire life. Otherwise displacement factors, time defines, rather than the Light infinite Eternal. But to tell you some of the truth I'm pretty sensitive about interruptions. In part maybe because my life seems to have been an interruption. I would worry about the alleged ones. But practically speaking you can talk and write a lot about death, but really we don't maybe can't know. Hard to know the flavor without the taste... Somehow "I" thought (I) would have enough time to finish this work. It seems I sense I almost have. Five months maybe I don't know. Sure I'd let them cut, poison and radiate me if my chances were what fifty-sixty percent improved. But not five percent. Unless the alleged ones need more time to find another home. Otherwise I wouldn't give up my last five months. But you can't be sure about death. Like a good friend death can change from day to day. But I'm pretty sure to be sure enough. You're surprised you smile a shrug. And move on until you stop. There's one thing that stays with me lingering around me from that war. Not bad really. No not bad at all. Did I mention it before...death in what's left of my opinion is intimate it's personnel. Also how you die has bearing like everything does. Probably not going to happen that way I mean personally intimate. People will get involved in just about anything. I remember a couple years back I had to do a hernia operation as part of the nice and busy of mysterious Dr. Fitzgibbons hernia study at Creighton University. It was a controlled study I got stuck with the cut. Their now wondering if hernia can heal themselves. So a lot of those surgeries weren't necessary. Progress again right? Anyway I told the nice surgeon I wanted local anesthesia. I explained politely, "if I died I didn't want to miss it"... Start with an involuntary smile therefore non-casual. Should say starts already started. In the context of death I gave or loaned my beceased body to University of Nebraska Medical Center. Once the young medical students have completed their work they cremate all of us together. I mean the deceased amongst us that are together. I like the companionship. Including the homeless people they pick up inconveniently

without permission.There is no death. There is something. Still hard to know the flavor without the taste, but do you agree we're getting closer. I mean good a bad its hard to believe we haven't gotten a real good idea. (Out of context maybe I'd like to say "I" don't like to say she or he or them referring to someone as a pronoun, specially when there standing next to you and they always are it's unbearable to me, it's a violence. Just the way "I" feel). The point (I) offered is that infinity is not a consequence of cause and effect. Which renders the concept of cure as displacing or ironic. Actually in the infinite Light displacement becomes materially irrelevant. Yes we've proven our casual displacement can be relevant and revealing effect in the Universe, even if this occurs counter to the Cosmic intent. Otherwise we are unequivocally separate from the Universe and the Universe from us. Not interrupted, not a function of dual opposition. Therefore the concept of disease relevant to the ideal of cure is flawed. And ironic. Earth people tend to get off and board the airplane after it crashes. Either in planning and psychic anticipation. Consequently also in design the plane is designed acknowledging the crash and the other varied anomalies as certitude measured in probability. People pick up something a alleged viral or bacterial activity-a process that begins to disable them. And eventually ends their life. Nice people can't stop the process, heal the patient the determination is made that we are in the midst's of something bad. Something bad-nasty that seems to be spreading. Even in the 20th Century the process is not entirely dissimilar from the Salem Witch Trials. (A vague random fear resolved through eradicating the assigned source repeatedly)."I" think what really happened. Women who might have been practicing reasonable witchcraft on their own time were actually suspected of being independent self sustaining women. And were unbearably executed for being willful women not witches. Isn't that the way it happened. Let's get back please to the alleged cancer. I mean if death is not as we accept then old age and disease whioch lead to death are not as we experience. Clearly in substance or the refinement of the same the material identified and experienced linarily as cancer predates the materializing of the planet earth or we wouldn't be able to currently experience the same. The pre planetary material cancer existed spherically before it became a linear reality and consequently irrevocably displacing. Exclusionary-dislocating and dematerializing or deadly. But remember we are part of the Universe not the other way around. Actually the communion is reciprocal, but you understand yes? We are out of synch with the Universe and are accordingly defined. This unbelievable inconsistency is our choice. Our choices based on flawed perceptions which we perpetuate daily. Nothing new its our deal. Now you might have suggested to yourself while reading that cancer is something that is unique and reflective of our self damaging experience. Smoking, ingesting synthetics. Altering Creation to suit the displaced irony of our own contradictory image. Of course cancer is consequential to our chosen self determining process, but none the less the cancer in material fact or potentially material fact had to of existed prior to materializing of the planet earth. It had to be part of the beginning or non-beginning of the Universe. But because this material cancer was accordingly Cosmically manifest and Universe relevant the cancer did not exist in dual opposition to itself. The cancer was not disintegrating in nature, dematerializing yes. Cosmically the cancer was not bad because the

cure is good. The cancer is good always unless engaged otherwise. But if experienced otherwise then realized as such. (I) suggested like I said to that cancer is not a disease. "It's information...." And within its inherent non-linear or Cosmic origin the cancer is not localized. Unless treated as such. The cancer is only terminal if the patient dies. Interesting thought right? As God intended do you agree? Within our understanding that death is an issuance of other materializing, not decay, separation and de materializing. Otherwise the cancer is there to provide a wealth of information relevant to the status and integrity of the human body that has been appropriately visited. The information offers, something is seriously amiss. And this concern is not limited to the immediate self contained body. But those who share the same space and activities. Conceivably for this and other reasons the "favorable assimilation of the cancer" does not necessarily have to be limited to the one affected human. The benefit's the answers functionally and organically might reside beyond the individual suggested to be "sick." Furthermore...may I for a moment be practical. If a nice person is dizzy, vomiting, bleeding and otherwise distracted by pain and fear. Does he or she really have to be given assigned disease. Isn't the nice person distracted enough away from themselves without having to look forward to a nasty explanation. Why do we have to spend so much time with the bad. "I" mean often near always were talking about a choice, right? Anyway this is a nice way. Why? Because the perspective and the assimilation of the cancer option has now become a spherical protocol. The origin, the essence of which (since our death's are not our own) is Cosmically derivative. Non-linear. Not process secured and revealed through the inevitability of exclusion. The cancer is here to guide, to prevail relevance upon life. And if you die there are likely several linear reasons. One is that you weren't paying attention to what your body was telling you. Also like the Universe if accordingly acknowledged the cancer is non localized. Not one location. Remember if the Universe is one location how can we relocate. Our focus is ideally not relevant which also suggests your not utilizing other relevant resources to happily resolve the presumed cancer. But the most abiding reason is that you died because this was intended. And this death like your death are not the designs of your own choosing. And if you've been pronounced dead and you experience nothing. There is no spontaneous-embracing bliss. You are not the God evidence of yourself. Don't be too disappointed, it likely means you are still alive. Doctors like the rest of us make mistakes coming and going. Is it not mysteriously curious that cancer in a petri dish in a laboratory is referred to "as immortality in culture." If cancer is the yin what's it's yang. We near the always miss something besides ourselves. What can (I) say that saying hears. We pray for a reason. Would we pray if we weren't in trouble.

Relevant to the body bequeathal deal, "I" thought of a bumper sticker. Some get it some don't. It reads. **Organ donors. When you die. You only need one kidney....** I mean and children, young and old, are dying because people want to take both their kidneys with them. Talk about displacement. Children, (I) mean God's children.

While we were not on the subject I remember asking the lovely Dr. Daughton. We had been talking about placebos. And I asked outright intentionally. "What's the maintenance dose of a placebo?" Dr. Daughton smiled the way some people breathe after one beer. Actually Dr. Daughton laughed now that I almost remembered. Laughter isn't encouraged too much amongst mental health providers, I think people suspect someone might be making too much progress. I'd like to make a potential correction on the death deal. "I" don't want to suggest what I'm tough, I learned a long time ago tough is not having to be tough. Death is more than an interruption. Death can also change like I said from day to day, hour to hour. But when all is said and not done if death were that bad it wouldn't be so easy. Now you might be thinking there's nothing easy about five years of cancer. That's not death that's life. And remember there's no death. Also the presumption of death is like the reversal of the Quantum riddle, it's like timeless memory...once you get into it's not there. Trying to casually integrate death to our ability to understand and perceive, it doesn't work unless you're already dead. And when you turn around and stop to think about death, it's not your death. It's God punching the last hole on your dance card. Can you imagine the smile on your face when you realize you're not dead. Can you believe those nice Doctors and nurses pronouncing us dead. What do they think we're stupid? I didn't mean to interrupt with death. Can we get back to the clinic deal.

I must say those people in that clinic should have a picnic every year. But there are way too many relationships that aren't. People stepping in and out of each other's lives functionally. Nurturing exclusion. Giving substance to alienation. And it's just as hard on the nice healers. It's cancer in a way. Maybe harder. No I'm for a picnic. Bring your crutches if you're nostalgic. We can have bandaging contests. Teach CPR. Teach the very little ones how to dial 911. Play badminton and goodminton. A few more final thoughts if that's what they are. When I say it's cancer. One of the problems with linear effect is that understanding origin is the near of impossible. (After the plan crashes right). But if you begin to engage the opportunity of the cancer spherically, as a non-casual DNA sound, the evidence, the information becomes profound in its clarity. Prevention becomes secondary to welcomed anticipation. Indeed the cancer which is Cosmically unique to the individual can be interpreted acoustically. Remember the essay on pneumatic resonance Curtis? And once this is affected the realization becomes obvious. The cancer was never the problem. The individual's life was, his-her choices...which include investing in the bankruptcy of disease.

I remember I fell and injured my leg awhile ago, our dear friend Norman agreed to help me to the clinic. Norman came over with some borrowed crutches. Walking the way he does, you know, like smiling and getting to where you're going is related. Norman has an extraordinary smile. He doesn't need much warm-up at all. Norman's smile gets to you before he does. So there I am pain annoyed. Each sentence I thought or said seemed completed by the pain deal. Pain's worse when it involves a loss of balance. Because you have time to think on the way down. Not that I have anything against gravity. But also once you're down, it's the get back again deal. Well Norman and I made it to the doctors. I'm standing leaning against a wall, balanced on the crutches. And

sure the nice nurse lady person is asking me those questions. My name, my age...then nurse asked. "Are you still at rural route one in Persia, Iowa." I answered holding back a smile impatiently just before she finished. "No I'm right here give me some credit." What's the deal with the questions why can't they wait till your pronounced dead. And they get repeated sometimes briefly in the extreme. I mean a guy get tossed bad from his motorcycle. I mean its bad, you can imagine, the tossing, must be incredibly quick against cement bouncing. Finally you've almost stopped with the final bounce. And what's always the same question. "Are you all right?" Well I guess you've got to say something. But between you and me I'm not all right on a good day while I'm asleep. Too much is going on. But when all is said and undone as you know not all repetitions are bad, people almost always can be very nice and helpful. People can be very loving, its nice. I mean specially if your dieing suddenly and unexpectedly its nice to have someone nice to say goodbye to. Hello is not too bad either.

(I) want to "develop" a spherical appreciation of a linear problem in a moment. And that's what were approaching spherical language-spherical scholarship as opposed to self negating linear language-scholarship based on an appreciation and application of a "progress design or model" that is relevant through its uncertainty and its eventual dismissal. But I want to get back to love. Assuming we ever left. First "I" want to point out again that (I) feel awkward and self conscious writing about myself. I feel presumptuous. Out of place. And conflicted, but not entirely sure who I'm in conflict with....We've talked about the concept of we. Yes beyond the irony of form. If we can not thrive by displacing the Light our communion changes. Our Godsoulprint. We each of us become a "Community of one." Cosmically resident. And emerging. Reminding if I may... each person is the unique limitless riddle of self, Godsoulprint. Possibly each a dimension unto themselves relevant to the assimilation of the Light. If it were otherwise our Cosmic communion would be ironically redundant. And linearly this is the case. We spend our lives redundantly displacing the Light: Rethinking, researching, redesigning, remarrying, relocating, reinventing, rebuilding. The only thing we functionally do once in anticipation (unless we kill someone) is die. There is Cosmic method-purpose in our linear world. We each have to identify our divinity. Our Cosmic place. At the exclusion or inclusion of no one else. Our Godsoulprint. And accordingly thrive. Reclaim the darkness to the Light. Neither agree nor disagree. But reflect. Infinity at a glance. Is liove really a word. Eternity the same. Reminding to remember. The near of every time that the Eternal Light embraces a human being. (Material realizations that are not derivative, do not enenate from another human being or a machine.) This an occurrence between just the one child of God and God: The mystery of coincidence, luck, sleep finally, birth and death the same, precognition, remote viewing, healing, inspiration, whose smile graces your face, whose dream embraces you the night. These and all the more not yet are the occurrence of one on one. You and God the Light. Only your body soul opens this door. Your breathe. Your choice. You breathe the Light. Your acquired self searching. Yes some spiritual groupings of earth people as you know consider that body and soul are separate. An understandable accommodation if you have separate purposes for each. Otherwise body and soul are one. If not displacement thrives. And the darkness of irony

prevails. When you kill, damage another's body. You have injured the Cosmic Godsoul. Your own as the darkness or the Light. Is the function of the darkness to deny the memory of the Light? Can the Light become the darkness? Does the Light yield to the darkness? The spherical residence the spherical self. How could this be otherwise. Do you need a prayer more than yourself. When you are God's prayer on the planet earth.

Let's introduce the dance floor to our body souls one more time. The dance floor turns with us. Repetition again for the first time. Spherical line dancing one more whisper the same reflection. More by your Eternal song. What kiss twice kissed the same kiss? Please change-add-contribute that the embrace be complete. By your kind allowance please read these words gathering as you might consider the warming Light of an anticipated memory. Less a linear progression as a concentric tapestry. Considering what application of concept that does not include the application of self. Some of these words you have heard, but as the Greek philosopher offered, "You can't step in the same river twice." A linear concept, yes?

... There remains no argument Mr. Einstein offered. The Universe is timeless. Infinity suggests as much. (Infinity the material uninterrupted continuity). Meaning that time is a function of a casual linear displacement process, the application of materiality invalidates the infinite continuity of the Cosmos of which we are resident. And accordingly partial to the emergent continuity. Through the application of this incongruous perception we alter "our shared" environment. Through time and linearity we measure trying to effect, control our erroneous perceptions. (Earth science is based on measurement. Expression is reflective of measurement). Accordingly one abiding protocol defines our exclusionary lives. Everything that begins ends. Through the casual application of this vagrant protocol we separate ourselves ironically from our Cosmic Origin- Source. We perpetuate time irony, sustain linear causality, give credence to measurement and enable the self defeating fallacy of our lives. Linearly esteemed as silence. God denied through linear worship based on the devaluation of material life practiced and encouraged as death. A non-continuity in a continuous Universe. Paradox in the Cosmos is our need to believe in order to legitimize. Paradox is measurable belief, causality at its near fullest. We hide-paradox ourselves in many ways: Time, linearity, causality, death, linear worship, belief, progress, illusion, consensus, paradox are a few. Language is another. (One of us wrong yet we remain intact, the flawed continuity sustains paradox). The hidden can be politely exposed.

...In the absence of time there can be no dimensions (ie) form. Form like dimension is an extension into space, but in the non-linear non-casual (accordingly) infinite Universe extension or linearity is not materially plausible. Otherwise casual fragmentation would ensue and infinity would be invalidated. The Eternal (hence Spirit) would be a temporal irony rather than infinitely continuous. Uninterrupted except by our explanations. We assume. Suggesting Spirit and body form are not one speaks to a schism of purpose in the Universe which is otherwise as Eternal. All is Spirit. Assimilation of spirit appears to vary. Given that the Universe evolves (refines). Spirit communes the Cosmic garden grows.

* Time is the earth people's adaptation on this planet. *We are therefore out of sync with the Cosmos where we reside. And from which we continue to emerge.* The material implications abound. We should understand. We do not reside on a planet. We reside on what we have altered into planet that reflects our unequivocal investment in disintegration. Everything that begins ends, while ending. Heaven after death non-conversant dematerializing not while we live as God's gift to ourselves and earth other.

.... Without altering the material world our current existence is not plausible. (Cause and effect based on diminishing duration). Through our accepted practice of time casual displacement we ironically- alter our material world. And live a conflicted contrast of our Universe essence. Our resident neighborhood. Witnessed and affected through disintegrative dematerializing... a reflection of our attempt to sustain linear time. We live aimlessly attempting to transcend linear displacement in a Universe that is neither linear nor timely imbued. Advanced mathematics offers, "There are no straight lines in the Universe." A beautiful woman named Isabella Threlkeld, an artist, explains that this is the nice and gentle Einstein's observations. Of course the nice professors varied dispositions including "his" brain predate the materializing of the planet earth as intrinsic potential. Like love isn't credit better when shared. What is the esteem of others without love? Yet there are on the planet earth, part of the Universe, therefore linearity is tolerated in the Universe once assimilated or resolved.

How do we casually and ironically displace or separate ourselves from the infinite all embracing Light? Language, mathematics, institutions, interpersonal relationships and our abiding and practiced definition of death. (All cause and effect sequential process experienced through the irony of sequentially displacing time). This life process is experienced as conflict, randomness, inconsistency, irony, and death. And the ironic-displaced Spirituality on this planet. **(There is the Cosmic God and the earthly adaptation which is displaced through language, the preferential Temple, the martyred example, death not life revealing Heaven)**. The aforementioned displacements if not in the immediate then potentially so. Time is our earthly contrived machine. We are its self-designing gears. Within this chosen schematic we live in opposition to ourselves. The pain and danger in our lives resolved through death suggests as much. This human adaptation denies our Cosmic origin. Which is one of an interrupted continuity (ie) the infinite continuity.

The Cosmos is a boundless refining function of the Light Eternal. Earth linearity is evidenced when one point is materially altered or negated through casual separation ... functionally leading to another material point. (Another definition of a straight line or linearity... "a disturbance between to points." Time and linearity are formulations through which we measure our existence. Currently measurement assimilation is essential to our experience. We are born to die; our lives on earth are a linear process in conflict with the Cosmic materiality. The Cosmos is not evidenced as a displacing-linear process, but as presence. (Ever presence). Not as our ironic sequential, but as spontaneity. Appreciating that what is sequential process (a fragmenting series of separations) denies or distorts the essential nature of the Universe that is an uninterrupted continuity therefore

spontaneously infinite. Noting that “the Light is the material of infinity” is unbordered, all-inclusive therefore without the fragmenting process of separation therefore spontaneous accordingly infinite. (Further potential evidence that our earthly dematerializing adaptation witnessed by our inconsistent -conflicted lives ending in a dematerialized death is not reflective of our Cosmic origin, but rather the result of our fundamentally erroneous and applied perceptions).

Process self-displacing choice explains our causal self-opposing material reality. We alter creation accordingly. Our ironic redundancy. Hence duality, Yin and Yang, displacement, opposition and causality. We spend our lives rethinking, researching, reinventing, redefining, remarrying, reevaluating and relocating (the simplest question abides... if the Universe is one location how can we relocate): **Given the sustained irony and suffering defining the earth peoples chosen existence.... One question flourishes. Can the spontaneous un-conflicted harmonic Cosmos be conjoined with our displacing-altered-dangerous and conflicted choices-most expressed through the current technology... a reflection of the ironic self?** (This paper will develop this possibility). If we are not actively endangered, lost, afraid, deceived or deprived of self- we are so inevitably through disposition. If we are not suffering we anticipate suffering. (Death commands we submit). Our choices are historically witnessed, culturally determinate and institutionally reinforced. We are legitimate and self-tolerant through an ideal of progress that is based on invalidating previous accomplishment once deemed the essence of progress. Supplementary testimony to our ironically futile displacing reality. Acknowledging that even amidst these burdens we love well. Desire better for our children. And our earnest plans for the future are beautiful and kind. *Acknowledging we cannot chose what they are unaware of...But we can be affected by what we are not aware of. And affect the same...*

Interestingly one material process we do not appear to linearly alter, casually interpret in order to assimilate on this planet is music. Experiencing the harmony of music requires no altering casual response. Unlike the world we have created. (Music is its own response). Therefore music is non-casual, not displacing of its own intrinsic nature. Music is suggestive or reflective of timelessness.... Understanding that form, particularly when interactive through our ironic choices negates-alters or displaces the Light, the Cosmic essence. Form creates borders and is exclusionary. Intriguingly the presumed sound of silence is also much like the Light ...all-inclusive, unbordered and once engaged through form silence like Light becomes defused or rendered otherwise. Conceivably through idealized subjective silence (DNA sound) all form can be spontaneously assumed with infinite non- casual Cosmos. Resolving irony, conflict, randomness, dematerializing (displacements) to the reciprocally Light beneficent Cosmos. Understanding and consequently applying the material essence of the infinite Cosmos is difficult given that the process through which we would do this (language-mathematics- ourselves experienced in time)...invalidates the effort. A functional appreciation of memory will allow us clearer insight on how to give bearing to non-casual...non-linear timelessness in our exclusionary displacing timely imbued world. And how to functionally apply infinity to our

reality that exists through its de materializing negation. Interestingly memory is like music, silence and the Light.... **Only God can remember an event as it happens. In timelessness the memory of the event in all its potential functions are one and the same (until subjectively effected) because there is no cause followed by uncertain effect in timelessness. There is no separation, randomness, no inconsistency, no displacement within and through infinity** (A perspective on the “infinite possibilities” spoken in physics). If there were dislocation based on disintegration... time would begin to factor. Infinity would be fragmented against itself; the Universe would be chaotic. Yes the memory and the event are one and the same. (potential and event are inter changeable). The trip “I” can take next year already exists. The subjective nature of the trip does not. This speaks also to the cancer, the birth, and the death that are perceived as exclusively intimate to the singular form.... Our organic nature, one also of interactive form, is not compatible with the un bordered nature of the Light or infinity, therefore we must introduce ourselves while acknowledging the relevant irony of our limitations. (ie) Whether the trip will be taken. Adequately designed and prepared. Will the effort be competent and not influenced by mischief. Whether the trip will be in accordance with the harmonic timeless un displaced directive of the Universe (that is within our potential) or will the effort be materialized in the casual opposition of our Cosmically displaced self. Which is the current limited adaptation.

A cautious observation.... Some individuals are distracted, befuddled by allusions to God however respectful. Relevant to the ideal of observation meaning logic, comprehending the near totality of God is not possible in a world where the legitimacy of perception is its displacement developed through the designed inconsistency of language which is further devalued to the material point of futility through the institutional-interpersonal angst. A God experienced in time can only be ideally relevant through the denial or casual displacement of the same God. Which is the experience on this planet. The suggestion of God in this essay speaks to the Origin-Source. Not a subjective preference based on institutional instruction actualized materially through an allegorical death that denies God’s creative effort...meaning life. The suggestion more simply embraced: Woman-man cannot know all and remain the same. Appreciating that when we examine the Light, The Cosmic Creation and God through linear language we are not dancing on thin ice, we are already under water trying to drink ourselves back to the surface. But we try. And we continue. Presumably different forms of language will emerge.... Interestingly our Holy Temples are the only institutions from which we do not graduate. And if we don’t learn to graduate aren’t we attending pretty much the same service. Specially when we forget most of the previous sermons. If pilots learned that way they stay on the ground.... Of course if you have determined the reaching of your God maturity, graduated, you can stay in your Holy Temple. You can come back and visit tell your story about your God determined experiences. What we do is what we do. We are born free as God’s gift to ourselves. Freedom not defined, bequeathed by others, free as the wind, free as your breath. Otherwise our linear accomodation (ie) freedom given is freedom twice denied.

A beginning

.... The inference in linear science accommodates the aforementioned logic?

.... A geneticist at MIT apparently for his own amusement in 1987 took the DNA code of a fish and placed this design onto a standard musical scale. The result. Melody of a fish. The same approach a leaf. The result. Melody of a leaf. Next this Asian gentleman took the DNA code of a cancer. Eventually played it backwards. Result.... Mozart's Funeral Requiem.

.... More conventionally the Super String Theory which some believe will unify all the field forces on this planet into one applicable theory...GUT the Grand Unified Theory. This research offers (1). The one non-material in the Universe is time. (2). There are up to 29 dimensions one spoken of as magical in nature. (3). Below the subatomic is a world of sound. (Other studies reinforce). Noting if all sounds assumed in a factory over weeks were to be experienced in one compact moment a grievous death would ensue. The opposite result is suggested relevant to harmonic sounds experienced under idealized conditions that speak to other than linearly chaotic casual displacement that explains our lives. In substance or anticipation.

.... Another source, a book *The Science of life*, written by a conventionally educated biologist at Harvard and Cambridge. This gentleman's offering, "There exists a field that functions irrespective of time and space that has its own acquiring memory." This protocol suggests the non-casual timelessness of the Lioght. Which touches our lives in spite of our linear resistance. Evidence of this presence, realizations or influences that are not machine or human derivative, will follow in a few paragraphs. (ie) This concept has been corroborated by numerous independent studies. In one such study the author of the aforementioned text taught alleged rats numerous behaviors in America. Different alleged rats learned the same behaviors ten times faster in Australia. Again irrespective of time and space. A field with its own acquiring memory. (Are luck n' coincidence elements of the humans acquiring memory). The term alleged is a personnel courtesy. Humans are species conversant. We can't possibly have an interactively kindred knowledge that allows us a near absolute knowledge of the tree, stars, dogs hence alleged.

...Note we are departing from linear science. "For every action there is an equal and opposite reaction." Is a linearly displacing effect? The nice Professor Einstein volunteered, "At the speed of light there is no passage of time." Speed is displacement or dislocation reflective of man's conditioned nature which is one of constant displacement-relocation. Measured and revealed through time irony. But if we need think in terms of speed, uninterrupted presence, an ideal of speed (ie) everywhere at once. This status, compatible with infinity, is simply altered to reflect man's irony based on Cosmic perceptual preferences that are reflective of their own organic status, which is one of form. And as such currently form process. Also reflective of earth technology.

We are considering an energy bond a casually sympathetic... not ironically dematerializing not random. A spontaneous assimilation.

*Noting all in the Universe whatever its material nature is unique motion... that defines its own material nature as motion or energy, this motion create sounds that are unique. Sounds that are either reflective of our

displaced reality or sounds that are harmonic with the Light the infinite Cosmos. We have entered the material language of this world of self-sustaining non-casual non-linear sound. Having done so resolving our own casual irony. Consequently the Universe expands not into space, but as space. The expansion a **refining** activity, not altering, not linearly dislocating. As such not ineffective dematerializing... an infinite harmonic continuity. The Universe is it's own response.

-Non-linear accommodations-

... Why is everyone taking the same aspirin when this medication can be made sound intimate to the individual? Efforts to assess and treat these parameters (disease relevant to cure) linearly acknowledges the material essence of the disease as a displacing-casual process reinforcing the human conflicted irony in a non-localized Universe that is without defining duality. But in a non-casual spontaneous world the cure is the disease. Both are relevant concerns excluded by current perceptual modalities as evidenced by the Quantum Riddle. **Consider:** (The viral-bacterial status of a hospital can be identified as an ideal DNAs any variance can be easily determined and adjusted. The same principal applies to effecting security at an airport). Through relevant and revealing un displaced DNAsound the "healing" approaches an inclusive evolving absolute. Seemingly as far as the immediate patient is concerned diagnoses becomes harmonic resolution. The same protocols (harmonic spontaneity verses displacing casual irony) apply (ie) education, transportation, art, and technology. Noting the practical linear inference is that often the source is not origin to itself. Therefore harmonically engaging the HIV virus with a polar opposite sound might not be the answer since the essential source or nature of this virus is not itself. We are also discussing a causal non-localized material formulation. (Cures that are potentially damaging are temporary and displaced responses). Identifying sources would allow the actualizing the appropriate DNAsound and provide an abundance of information. Humans are disposed to solving a problem once the vagrancy is experienced and consequently identified. (We tend to deal with inconsistency or disaster as elemental to the research protocol and design plan accordingly. Casual linearity renders this perspective inevitable). Unquestionably a limited protocol. Through DNAs (non-casual assimilation of information) the substance and nature of a problem can be clearly anticipated before the event. Whether this be the drug use. The discharge of a military missile. The criminality of a person. Though any subjective intervention would require consent that is functionally intrinsic to DNAs. Non-consent is displacement-rendering DNAs other than feasible. Trying to artificially create consent would suggest a foreign element to the self relevant all-inclusive DNAs. We are discussing a process-presence more subtle and profound than the genetic make up of an individual. Indeed the difference is beyond measurement given that measuring is a linear-casual effect. A compatible (not casual) spherical bond that is Cosmically emergent. Accordingly reciprocally attuned. Given that the mere presence of organic form compromises un bordered Light we are discussing the reversal of the quantum riddle. Meaning that the exact nature of the spontaneous assimilation we would be able to experience, but not influence. And only be able to perceive as probability.

... Though the singular life form would be represented through a unique DNA sound given the composite-inter active nature of form material, its DNAs could be fragmented into relevantly specific sounds or DNAs. This is true of all material whatever its status. A few examples: The aging process. Aging alterations to individuals basic DNAs can they be identified as a distinct DNA sound and reversed while the individual meditates or sleeps minimizing infirmity and aging. (The aging DNAs both organic and environmental. An absorbent organic acoustic pad can be warned that will register all the distinctly adverse sounds-some unique to the individual- experienced during the day). The same cancer. Much easier resolving cancer of the pancreas as a sound through a sympathetic melodic sound (at the exclusion of all other sounds in the Universe) than the current displacing process that is not intimate to the individual and potentially interferes but does not harmonically acknowledge the attitude, respiration, digestion, and the circulatory system and brain activity. One's unique capacity for life. In a sense melodically the cancer becomes its own response. (Cancer is not experienced as a disease but as information that transcends the organic limits of the individual and the cancer itself...spherically encompassing in nature not linear). Within this context a grievous result would be displacing and not possible. (Cancer is only terminal if you die. And if death is functionally other than currently practiced...there can be no worst result relevant to the individual). Presumably so sensitive is the suggested non-casual activity that harm to the cancer would suggest harm to the individual. Further is it likely that cancer, bacteria, virus have their own acquiring memories irrespective of time and space and are adapting to the abrasive linear incursions suggested by modern medicine like antibiotics which as a matter of process are losing their effectiveness. Note 100 units of penicillin would remedy a problem when I was in high school now several thousand are needed for the same presumed illness.

... DNAs coded jewelry (jewelry changes color, shape and texture relevant to the conversation), art, music change form relevant to the creative work and the participant witness.

.... The same a specific capacity or behavior assuming consent otherwise displacement ensues. (ie). Maximizing intelligence both functionally and idealized to process, criminality, psychosis, nerve disorders. Improving skills in all relevant regard through DNAs, like flying an airplane, playing a piano, digestion, meditation, love making. Interstellar travel becomes feasible when destination and departure are resolved as a non-linear spontaneous one. An accommodation suggested by a Quantum Corridor. Gravity is accordingly accommodated since gravity no longer factors as the inverse proportionality between two objects relevant to the squared distance between them.

A recent study at Princeton University: A machine was designed with a fifty percent probability one of two results. Like tossing a coin. These researchers realized that who engaged the machine influenced the probability. Further determined that two individuals who “were resonant to each other” affected the probability favorably. Appreciating to understand that the all-inclusive Light includes the displaced notion of machine or technology. This study correlates with the aforementioned studies including the Super String Theory and the

patterned cohesion of logic suggested by this paper. And further suggests that the human even when displaced through technology remains compatible to an acquiring memory of which the human has no knowledge or influence. (A field whose characteristics are suggestive of the all inclusive presence referred to in this paper as the Light which can be engaged through idealized sound or DNAs). Currently technology is an ironic reflection of the conflicted-Cosmically displaced human. In a non-casual non-displacing world the machine, the task and the anticipated result are virtually interchangeable-approaching spontaneity. If not in engineering certainly in result. We are organically dependent on form; a sublimation of this materiality is inescapable. The issue again becomes one of application, of process. The initiating juncture and the concluding result will invariably be form related. The space vehicle will be initiate departure and substantive to arrival or destination, the process of relocation will be entirely different.

A spherical self-sustaining model relevant to psychiatry. A Sphere...(This would be the nature of other non-linear accommodations that would not be displacing of our Cosmic Residence, but reflective and sympathetic. A new formulation language of self beyond essential inconsistency). Currently this field is elemental to disease linearly adapted. The illness or malady is not localized-the entire person is experienced as diseased. A concept that is institutionally, chemically and culturally sublimated and reinforced. So intrinsic is the incongruous dedication to disease that the motivating premise could be reasonably be interpreted as, "you can get better if you stay sick." A disease is defined as "an invasive and putrefying process." An inhibiting rationale of treatment is carried throughout the reciprocally compromised duration of a person's life. Involving all the displacing-conflicted vagrancies that certify as essential the flawed irony of self to a futile extreme. Language, the interpersonal inconsistency, the institutional entrapment, chemical intervention, familial irony and motive not always conscious ...realized against all the unfathomable variables that result from an effort "developed" over decades. Insanity is divergent experience that is relevant in its contrast to the norm. It's resolution as contrast.... Meaning for insanity to be ideally resolved denies-distorts the norm (ie) in the absence of insanity does sanity become even more ironic...therefore self effacing and unproductive. This science strains the limits of linear neglect. Hope and contempt become the near of interchangeable, yet this experience also testifies to the patience, the kindness and enduring persistence of human beings. Often love knows more disguises than love's purpose.

Imagine if all these inconsistent protocols, varied self defeating parameters, conscious and unconscious determinations were not fragmented over thirty years, through the foible of memory, family and the debilitating indulgences of disease; but rather all these elements could be assigned... a designed evolving multiple coefficient DNAs that are spherically nurtured and developed against a norm actualized through an evolving wealth of relevant and revealing factors unique to the individual (one of which identifies the DNAs of the individual as perspective presence without disease)... all these non-linearly developing factors in their final formulary become a non- displacing DNAs language totally unique to it's source input. A non-verbal language

format that is exclusive to that which defines the individual as a functioning protocol. Both in substance and process. A language whose verbally reflective non-linear design is more spontaneous in its effect than one of long term causation based on the sincere improbability of disease model that is relevant as failure sustained through designed limitation. A language-communication experience whose evolving-consistent-un conflicted totality would be affected in the immediate. And be further influenced by the evolving immediacy of self. A non-linear language, once designed as intact DNAs, would automatically translate current communication to its idealized formulation...a shared personalized artificial intelligence whose nature as DNA realized as sound would not be mechanized but more within the formulary or an organic cloning of information. Appreciating that all material in the Universe is life unless ironically altered by the human. A new language whose evolving structure would be based on the detailed consistent- inconsistent history (past-current-anticipated) as provided by varied sources and methods.... **A spherical matrix** sustained as designed while cultivating and responding to the immediate human experience. Appreciating that the suggested DNAs language like all material could be converted into different formats to facilitate understanding by family, the patient or the staff. (Each bringing a different perspective to this evolving experience). A panorama of sound converted into imagery is one example: This spherical model would be so consistent that once engaged and responsively sustaining it would create its own harmonic junctures beyond the anticipation of the humans involved. (Suggested previously, as the reversal of the Quantum Riddle, but this element would also occur within the linear manifest). Reminding we are discussing a material representation more relevant and expressive of the human than their genetic code. Noting a baby is born without language, choice, free of institutional-interpersonal dilemma...this variance can particularly relevant to the troubled human as a refining reference juncture or axis. This entire formulation becomes not an ambiguous esthetic intellectual niche sustained within the limits of language and memory over years, but an exacting active self perpetuating "entity"...a contained design that is not dependant on inconsistent ironic causality (ie) thinking to sustain its non-linear integrity. The design formula in question would likely be sustained as a "non-linear computer." (Another essay) Understanding we are in the functional midst of inferred timelessness, minimizing casual inter active fragmentation beyond perception but not beyond valuation. The past becomes less displaced more consistently referable and can be tested against the current self (ie troubled individual) to create viable perspective in terms of understanding the past and giving credence and viability to "future plans." This parameter or protocol need not be limited to one linear option. Further this parameter can be developed and accordingly assessed when "significant other" individuals are introduced into the dynamic. The spherical entity can be correlated and measured with or against the conscious impressions of doctor and patient. This concept or formulation might appear cumbersome and vague, but understand please its nature and potential would be experienced-assessed through a new and more efficient language design.

When human dignity is experienced as its own sustaining ironic value rather than as a reliant contrast to unkindness, contempt and disease-the human self becomes evidenced more by love than forgiveness.

*A nice writer's lovely thought on the nice and eager to know Charlie Rose's television show. Allowing the polite paraphrase. "There are no inadequate people only inadequate perceptions of them." This insight dynamic also speaks to the individual's relationship with self. Imagine this concept not measured-experienced (assessed) through the designed limits of linear casual exclusion, but through a self-sustaining and perpetuating DNAs sphere. Meaning as a relevant and revealing intact whole where all relevant information is tabulated simultaneously, but at given junctures available linearly. With and without relevant subjective inconsistency. Imagine as each embracing sound of self (DNAs) is inclusive of the entire person elemental and acquired different aspects of the person can be harmonically identified. Acknowledged, engaged and developed. Whether this is a persons heart disease, their ability to drive a car (the entire person as separate and identifiable DNAs). Obviously it's essential once identified that these "representative sounds" be actualized within their own Cosmic nature that communes with the infinite Eternal as opposed to ironically or casually. Meaning a realization of ones spirit or Godsoulprint if you will. Imagine (a Sphere), resolving all irony and inconsistency conscious-unconscious shared unresolved or otherwise as in the sphere relevant to insanity...but this Sphere speaks to your spirituality. Your spirit. You and God. A spirit when tempered through language or the best of intentions becomes ironic or potentially to intent and as such distracting. Otherwise fleeting. In the ideal a conscious partiality of self.

. -What evidence warms the Light ourselves-

What evidence is there of "the Light" in our lives. (Appreciating that all is relevant and connect, Cosmically revealing) (These are sensations that are not derived from a human or machine). Precognition, clairvoyance, luck, coincidence, sleep, the presumption of birth and death, consequential mediation (meditation), xenology, available self, sleep. The exact juncture at which a human falls asleep is not casually-willfully determined therefore sleep is a function of the Light. Sleep is spherical not linear. While meditating you are not language displaced, not dislocated to institution, without motion (the anagram for silent is listen). Meditation is an issue of presences not process. Potentially spontaneous not linearly sequential. Hence spherical not consequent to distance or separation. And as such potentially assuming-resolving of the linear irony.

Understanding to comprehend these Light sensations are not conversantly reciprocal. Conversant languages are two way realizations once experienced become even more displaced, flawed and inconsistent. Indeed this is the designed status of language before its expression. Currently we cannot have a sustained intuitive conversation. Maintain inter actively a precognitioned moment with another. Again the reversal of the Quantum Riddle. All these realizations we are examining are non-linear no-casual Light manifests. As suggested our current capacity through language, mathematics, and linear technology disqualifies any effect or influence we could have in a non-linear spherically holographic world (ie) the infinite Light. We would not be

in control. We could initiate DNAs relevant to the desired event, but the material formulation of the event we would have nothing to do with.

Noting when two individuals can identify a common (meditative sound) two can mediate (meditate) in the harmony as one. Once the human acquires the un-displaced sound of self-causality becomes harmonic. Appreciating all linear skills are learned contrary to the status of the birth child. Humans are born Light affluent. Without language, incapable of choice, not aware of death, not bonded to institution, the beautiful baby's relationship with God is not one of knowledge, preferential Temple or ambivalent choice but one of Being. A baby is born not linearly functional, not separate from the infinite Eternal Light. The same distinctions can be made about the conception of death giving further credence that death is not a dematerializing effect, but other materializing. A Light affluent shift. The same birth. Birth and death the two self-defining material events that are not self-chosen.

There must be a better way to end your life than dieing. In the absence of time ironic causality, form becomes an issuance of the Light. The casual linear link between length, width and depth is absolved. (When form is no longer time functional- causality, duality, displacement, linearity no longer abide...form becomes an issuance of un displacing Light, not based on ironic dematerializing. The 3 dimensions yield to the fourth). Infinity reasserts. Accepting that death is not time active, not time engaging death (and life) are no longer a causally displacing function of form, not linear ...death is a functional issuance of the Light. Death is no longer an issue of decay dematerializing, but of other- materializing. (This dynamic speaks to all form). When an earth person assumes the active status of a corpse, they emit uninterrupted DNAs (the sound motion decay of one's genetics structure). When a human "dies" they don't go to Heaven. Going speaks to process dislocation, displacement that would make death time relevant and reinforce our separation from the Cosmos (one all inclusive whole) of which we are resident and emerging. You don't go to Heaven you stay in Heaven. We are resident of the Eternal Heavenly Cosmos. Not separate and accordingly denying. You don't walk through Pearly Gates, stepping onto streets paved with Gold or in the case of our Moslem brothers and sisters-greeted by seventy virgins, the gates, streets, virgins are casual-fragmenting-inter active forms the active nature would negate the all-inclusive un bordered Light (form fragmenting borders). Upon timeless death form is assumed by and as the Light. Upon death you become Heaven. The Light from whence you came.

Comprehending *whereas there is no death there is extinction*. Once a God species becomes extinguished, yielding to their accrued darkness, the spherical Light-sound communion (carnatio0nal flutter) has been severed. "The day the music died." The darkness prevails the Light. Note dark matter has no frequency, therefore any sound or vibration. Perhaps the one memory function of dark matter is to deny the memory of the Light. Extinction...the death of death.

Accepting death is time active, death is not time engaging therefore death is without ironic linear displacement expressed of a form with a separate past denying of it's material future hence death speaks to the

infinite Eternal. Death with no past no future. What grave we pray politely smiling mourns life. But ourselves denying the Eternal through death preferred as living.

The determined grasp of these words are a continuing valuation of their own inference. Their potential is in their flaws. And the reader's response. Appreciating that in the Light these conceptions are as much yours in the reading as they are mine in the writing. The Origin n' Source are God's. We wonder. Ask questions. And by some mystery answer. Explaining our need for prayer. And the gift of laughter. Otherwise displacement ensues and irony prevails not the constantly assimilating (all-inclusive) presence of spirit. Spirit cause to it's own effect. Spontaneous thus non-interrupting unless interrupted. Spirit is material evidenced by the sound expressed. Otherwise beyond the grasp of our assimilation. Expression and yearning. Seed material flower word the same. Stilted, displaced through ironies observation. And conversation. There is no void inby God's creating. Even by our avoidance. Spirit is. And as such is so. Thank you Louie, George, Curtis and the gentle others who is not of all...for your companionship during this words gathering. This sentence in its own space as far as I am aware has no meaning. Therefore possibly the most essential sentence of all.

* * *

In loving another you have been loved. If my love for another is based on their response linearity prevails. My love is the dependant cause of another's ironic effect. A curious manner of self that can go on for a lifetime. And does. And so one day comes a week then a month love strains explanation to the past forgiven. And a curious sense of repetition. In loving you I have been loved by God. Correct me if I'm wrong preferably if I'm right. Meaning to say that praying knows love before the prayer is spent. Need you relocate your body to pray. Can we not as prayer be. There are no disappointments in love. Unless you prefer the disappointment to the love. Prayer's the same?

We realized this morning's last night that I love Dr. Daughton in the most mysterious immediate sense. I must breath twice to say her name. So enduring is the impossibility. Heavens where does this inspiration reside once begun while left behind. Fences are built that love speak elsewhere. Of what generous purpose is a word whose truest value abides as denied. I know a dream when I'm awake. Yet impossible is only a word though well fenced. And much attended. Does love forgive language its better thirst. I have great news a little cousin by what discretion called a bug has just recovered. I escorted the tiny one from my shirt to the table, I was careful. The recovery seems complete. Love should have no casualties whatever the disguise. Love's promise waiting is disguise enough. Let's confess the facts before they deliver us denied. I am sixty years older than years allow. Fatigue instructs. Dr. Daughton is twenty nine. The years gently and beautifully determined. My self politely otherwise. Oblique and parallel. If truth is not a rumor I am old enough to be Dr. Daughton's deceased grandfather. My condolences to the family. My examples should be more tender. Love labors its own explanation. Whatever the introduction, biopsy, chronology or coercion soon I might be dead. More than life the proof will be compelling. Thus encouraged still alive and love attended (I) continue....But do you see what

garden unfolds by the flower of my own neglect. What fool am I that twice I must be introduced to the irony to my own remedy. In loving I have been loved. What kiss enough proves solitude companion. What hand do I hold that one of us no0t fall. What promise am I not best silently offered. Thus introduced beyond words allegory. I surrender. I am a foolish man proof of myself. Truly (I) am thankful for the perspective. Otherwise wise I would be the better friend to others than to God. I am a fool. Whom can "I" love more by caution than awe's desire. Smiling odd-sequential I am. Thus well loved by God what is the need seek better evidence. The need itself loves learning all. Giving is my gift. Linearly inept spherical astute. As intended what lover well that does not struggle proclaim. I also love Dr. Almeida divinely the grace of India beyond beauty's folly. But the lady is married. "I" politely surrender. What more is love if as love denied? Asking I implore. What better dream deprived than loves folly. What kiss denied still not the better kiss than the one you waited your life for unknowingly. I live in the world of the impossible. Rarely on cue never why explained. I can spell impossible, I can. I am possible. Must we sleep to know whose dreaming.

In lieu of realities accompaniment will you allow the brief shadow of a few insights. Sounds whispering behind bold words politely hiding behind those sounds.

Eternity submits.... We are left behind. Key door the same. Unquestionable selves. Forgotten memories kindest service. Spherically we smile. Beyond lips territory. Exchanging eyeglasses without identity we thrive. Laughing separately. Now apart. Your jewelry no longer anchors harvest. Amidst and amidst ourselves we are. Anchors float. And float we talk. Heaven's seed. Love's permit. All is well by manifest misspelled. Patients carry malpractice insurance. Heaven and earth one passport.

Caution abides interruption. The devil is dead. A suicide in El Paso, Texas. By last breath he said, "Why persist by love they do it without me."

There is no riddle to this remedy. I loved Tammy and Dr. Daughton before they were imagined. I hesitate whose disguise. "I" love everyone I'm just not to sure how. Practicality survives one teaching. What sight without two eyes still one vision. Old man's shoes young man's hesitation. Ambulatory dreams. Dr. Daughton yawns. More education than aplomb. Sincerities sweetest voice. Will love's truth soon succumb? Speaking she hears God's whisper. "Mr. Woram have you heard of transference?" I stumble an answer worth hearing. I smile between breaths. "It's a restaurant near Las Vegas."

*

This is curious and alive. Twice in the last four the near five years I have sought the darkness to the Light. The Washington Post, the curious CIA and death sublime. Unaware the other way the only way preferred, the Light embracing the darkness. Each time the patterns spoke beyond words foliage. The first time I sought the dragon be whose friend (I) asked five women for a date. One last kiss preferred Eternally to more down the line. Awaiting death softened Eternally by one last kiss. Each woman said."no." As if "no" had yes for breakfast. Two years later (I) asked seven women for a date. Each said , "yes." Then said "no." "I" wrote

friends. Called others. Meaning to pray the pattern spoke before I did. (I) am alone. Better for this story. What love needs two when death is near. What conversation replete when two as one not one the same. But God politely interrupted. So I continue. Well loved alone, lonely only missing God. Alonely....But the wonder of us... wonder us be reminded what could have been. And as such Celestially will always be. "I" have no complaints, but that one kiss. What is a complaint that could have been a kiss. (I) love all well and hopefully of God in the presence of your absence. Blessed otherwise than alone my prayer's would be answered less their explanation. (I) have no karma our survival. "I" give my word (I) am my word. Should that incantation of been we. Thank God again memories have emotions. By loves caress so I reside. Wendolynn preferio tus besos sin tus labios conociendo adonde eres.

The personnel officer looked from the paper work and asked. "Miss have you lived here all your life?"

"Not yet." She answered . Remembering, reaching... "I" told my good and dear friend Marvin in the nursing hone after several weeks of reflection not wanting to cause unease. "Marvin you've gotta stay alive or you can't worry about dieing?" Marvin laughed and laughed well of heart and soul. He slapped his knee and missed . Why does death come as a surprise. Because its not our death, but God's willing. The same our birth. Neither our choOice. And God does not concede by our consent. Yes we can deny God once we are full of word and vigor. But this does not mean that God is denied. I remember we do I told Dr. Egbert another minister of love's silence disguised as a psychiatrist. "The imagined woman said to me. "Charlie there is no God." I respond politely which I acknowledge is easier when I'm alone. "How can you deny the existence of the presence you just identified." Oh dear the magic of language. (Yes is no and maybe isn't). May I interject a thought somehow related. As everything is relevant-revealing as connected. The question and answer of abortion troubled me for...why count the years. Finally I breathed to respond. I favor abortion for women. But not for babies. " Acoustic DNAs cloned uteral bequarium."

On the miracle of women on this planet I would like to offer and observation while looking over my shoulder. I'm exaggerating though I know people on this planet can go from anger to rage without reloading. "I" find it curious that women on this planet want to be equal to men. Should it not be the other way around. Can women invite men to be the equal of themselves. The gentler hand. The tender heart. Women must compel men to put down their weapons. Themselves....Or we will lose our lives as lost.. What miracle is proof. When we are none to witness. There is no death. There is extinction.

I must interrupt potentially with something more of the truth. Acknowledging that sometimes the truth is not what happened. But what was said to of occurred. Sometimes people fabricate. Sometimes people must lie to themselves to tell the truth. What innocence defined as the lesser guilt of self. The only escape from prison is to redesign the prison of yourself. And there are rumors. And other assorted consignments of ourselves. Not to say a rumor is not true. But to wonder what a rumor is that so harvests. Meaning to say while prayers wait. About the time I was finishing the Washington Post thing I walked into the Post Office in Persia. Tammy

hesitated while blushing her eyes warning. Tammy had heard that I stepped inside somebody's house. Offered to help somebody I didn't know paint the inside of their house. The lady said no. I next asked for a sweater. And proceeded to masturbate on this garment. I laughed loud enough to scare away the mice in the Post Office. Never witnessed so many nice ladies allude to masturbation in so many cryptic and mysterious ways. After my involuntary laugh I began thinking. Everything is relevant-relevant-related. All is material except time. And there are a variety of memory lapses. I started thinking about parallel Universes. Parallel to what? I mentioned to Tammy an appreciation for the girls in high school who were abused with rumors. Their high school years made unhappy. Curious thing about a rumor is that you don't know who to respond. Except as yourself part of the rumor. But you didn't start the rumor. A week or so earlier Tammy told me she heard I'd been arrested for impersonating a plumbing inspector in nearby Minden. How do you impersonate a plumbing inspector? Several days after the masturbation deal Tammy told I'd been picked out or a police line up. Of course that helps because in both instances, whatever the integrity of memory, there would have been paper work, judges, lawyers. And some kind of judgment. I never heard of a shared memory lapse involving lawyers. Next Tammy heard I'd been in a car accident. My car broke down on the inter state that might explain. Finally Tammy told me she heard my home was up for sale. If not sold can I still buy it back? If you buy your own home can you make a profit without selling it. Maybe with all the conversations about the CIA informational ghosts were released. Excitement and disappointment unresolved as one. What truth there resides relevant to the Washington Post thing is not exact at this time. Likely the never more. Sometimes people mistake truth for hope. **Linarily likely the ever of never. We are not beyond the Lights valuation. Reciprocally the same our offering to the Light.** More a cohesion of pattern and logic. What I'm saying how information flows in process, nuance is impossible to track. Not easy being human. Specially if you can't proof your not a rumor. I was sitting on a bench outside the Big House restaurant in Persia the recent past. A little girl near faraway stopped while pausing (her eyes scared blue or green of innocence) the little girl turned right behind the parked cars-walked well past me and then back on the sidewalk. Oh dear we live and wait what truths we tell by not knowing. Children wait the most.... I'm concerned to whom might I protest who would compromise us both by understanding. Breathe be thankful for the sun. And always love to appreciate the little children who know God best as God the same. Protect God's children protect God's planet earth.

A good night's sleep perhaps. The rumors relieved of their own weight. A friend keen of spirit and good intentions suggested I sue. Hard to widdle a smile on wood with a dollar bill. How many several weeks or days later I stepped into the Post Office breathing heavily I asked Tammy. "Can I join your aerobics class." No Tammy smiled relieved of word. I didn't ask why. When no is enough why bargain for less. Another day in Paradise, health insurance helps.

Do you remember a couple of little while ago we were talking about destiny I think with Curtis and those duplicate personalities. Curtis friend had written a book. Well Curtis had asked me or suggested that I

was a prophet. Which surprised me because I sense Curtis over the years prefers me unprofitable (Curtis first suggest to a friend that I was a savant, then channeling some entity, then some curious prophet deal). Finally Curtis and his friends couldn't understand what (I've) written in four years on time displacement DNAs and the related concerns. Curious if the living were that patient we wouldn't have to be pronounced dead. (Possibly there is a misunderstanding sometimes called an understanding). We spend our lives displacing one another weary of our self displacement). But to tell you the truth as opposed to whatever else is available I'm not sure (I) know what a prophet is except maybe they forecast the future. Specially bad things which is another way of saying... good news we have a future. But don't forget to dress for calamity. Sometimes people get a little intoxicated with what they know or say they know. The big problem of course with being anything other than... "Hi I'm still Charlie may I ask your name?". The linear entrapments never end. The displacements. The linear hustle. Once a prophet then no not a prophet. Then a bad prophet. You get compared to other prophets. An inaccurate prophet. A prophet from the wrong religion. What's the prophet motive? You might become famous which certainly is a distraction. Talk about being displaced. But the question I've heard a lot more than whose a prophet is..." have you taken your medication?" But they never say where. It's curious isn't it people knowing you who don't know. Prophet is like the Nobel Prize ...in a spherical world you can only be one by not being one. Sure some linear entrapments are necessary, but so many always short another. People getting in the way of themselves, the Light potential. Now if you and I were at dinner. At this point I would say again, "Do you get the feeling one of us talking too much?" Right and I'm the only one talking. It's scary. Remember the dance. We spend our lives listening to others thus we are silenced of God. Now adding clarity...we spend our lives talking to others thus we are silenced of God. You know what also amazes me in Churches, Temples and Synagogues I've been to-everyone is looking in the same direction. I guess it's the listening position. There might be some other reasons. There always are some unknowable. Well for one thing its harder to evacuate. "I don't know if it weren't for life...I'd like to finish this bit of a jumble of a paragraph with an observation that really isn't a correction to what "I" just said because I had virtually no idea what I was doing. (I) like to say "I" walked into an idea. Because for this idea there was no previous structure, no information that foreshadowed what we came up with. And people like to say, "it came to me." That's interesting do you agree? Anyway and some tacos for lunch...if being a prophet is forecasting the future like the weather then (I've) done some propheting. Some people call it planning. You could just as easily called it ignorance. I'm amendable its either that or linear. However you call it the sensation or realization was interesting. We can accept if we do that numbers are less displacing than words because there less ambiguous. I mean your not going to have too many opinions about 3 specially if its three dollars and you owe. The confusion when it comes to numbers appears to become evident when the representation of a number is converted to language. Discourse, impressions, prejudice, opinions, error and deciet follow. What else? Well here's the spread I was living with my brother Christopher in Shelton, Connecticut in 1977. "I" think I was walking out of my bedroom when I sensed it. Not

all, but yes the numbers once “I” laid them out, then I went to the library to get information on Hiroshima. The more I read the more I’m not sure. But I didn’t read on Nagasaki. There’s only almost so much breathing you can do to catch with the pain. The darkening. Well anyway...there’s no other way. The numbers. If you take the culmination of WW1 and WW11 then Nostradamus’s projection on the third world war 1999. You add or subtract any of these dates from the other you invariably get the summation of 9...Which “I” found out is the number of beginnings and endings according to the concept of numerology. Which “I” think is the language of numbers. And nine within its own linear flow speaks to the same ideal. Beginnings and endings. Then there’s the library the witness of the book. Virtually all numbers relevant to the collective death (our extinction impending potential) are 9’s or the sum of 9. The height of the mushroom cloud. The weight of the atomic bomb. The percentage of homes destroyed. The number of medical people killed. The scientist flew in plane number 91. An unbearable redundancy of nine. The list went on and on. Even the anecdotal information. Mitsubishi corporation sent technicians to Hiroshima a day or two before the global explosion. They were ordered to leave and the nine technicians were sent to Nagasaki the day before....What is this telling us. What we already know. No sad magic. But its different when you see the writing on the wall. In your own handwriting. Meaning ours. The numbers. Well we didn’t have a nuclear war. Why? For the same reason spherically, our accrued darkness did not deny the balance of the Light. Again relevant to infinity the Light, the uninterrupted continuity, there is no past. Being forgiven doesn’t mean you didn’t punch your friend. Everything lasts and sums. There’s more something missing (I) sense.... The search continues reciprocally. Meaning the flow, the acquiring memory, the Light...did you value the words you experienced today? Did they value you? Please note concerned about the Y2K computer dilemma resulting in an accidental release of nuclear missiles in 1999 the Americans and the Russian nuclear war fighting officers joined in peace and regard for God’s Creation...working to avoid the nuclear calamity. **Once the Light is availed conjoined from the dark the Eternal infinite assumes our embrace without limitation we know as irony, displacement, distance...**

If you want to get into the flow. Roll between the stars. Your smile the only distance in the Cosmos. The only linear anchor you need to let go of while revealing is your name. If you’ve got twelve category designations including that X husband X wife deal. Which might mean linearly entrapped in the past. It will take you ten years just to empty your pockets. And say goodbye to yourself. The absense of your presence right? But that’s just (my) perspective. One Godsoulprint. All spherically equidistant. Each the linear mystery miracle of ourselves. When you over eat the kitten doesn’t burp. When you fall off a tree your cousin isn’t bandaged. When you introduce yourself to God you are. Not anyone else. And also not the one you think to know you are introducing. We are what we do. We are what we don’t do. As we think. As we fail. Try and succeed. Respond dream and wonder. And the Eternal more. Not knowable as perception thrives. If you disagree then you agree. Spherically the same by not.

I've been meaning to ask you. I've got this thing for banana nut bread. If you've got an uncomplicated recipe I'd appreciate it. I told nice and beautiful Linda and the nice Dr. Fernandez from India at their over weight study. Someone asked me in the presence of my absence. "Charlie how'd you put on so much weight?" I scratched my head while answering. "I'm not sure I think it's something I ate." This one might be better. Obviously you are welcome to try it. You know how earth people are incredible and potentially mischievous. If you've put on thirty pounds you don't have to get imaginary. Within how many days somebody is going to step up to you and say. "My God Elizabeth you've put on thirty pounds." You look at her in disbelief. Grab your stomach with both eyes both hands. Shocked feeling your face while turning around trying to look at your buttocks. You get it. Thirty pounds like that's something you over looked. Aren't we incredible. Now for the other one. Now if I spent more time outside. You know amongst the people. I wouldn't have to wait so long. I'm saying I'm reading next time somebody says to me, hopefully on a moving bus. You know how it goes. His face gets a little hard. The smile doesn't know what to do next. Before they say, "Charlie there's no God." I ready right. I gasp. My mouth my eyes are large. I'm covering my face. My hands muffle my scream. "Oh no...." I turn around perplexed asking anyone. "Why didn't somebody tell me two weeks ago?" Of course the imaginary or the real person hears you. And laughs you know how people are even when imagined. You notice that no one seems to die while their laughing. God waits until you've had the last laugh. Mark Twain heard himself say on behalf of hefty people. "Did you ever see a fat man leading a riot?"

I just realized your imaginary to me. Am I still to you? All my friends were once strangers. Doesn't mean were not real and together...individually-substantially so. Now more together clearer understanding. If you're sitting by a pond keeping your lady company while you imagine your unborn daughter she is also material. From a different perspective there's no word for this yet. (Unreal doesn't mean non-existent) . The place of not yet not necessarily the future. The Light material refining. Not entirely unlike ourselves we also are from the place of not yet. Myths, allegory, ghost stories and the like are in their own way more curiously material than we are because they are not defined as displaced. (Many questions remain. We do not have to know answer to hear the question). Remember in the infinite continuity God's timeless memory the presence in all its material predate any particular function, any event process or presence of itself. You are material before you were born. Patience in the Light material is waiting. Is that where I think I am. Waiting. Self conscious. Aware. Missing in action lost as found. (I) realized yesterday why I'm writing these words. Not to you. And yes to you. To clear myself out of the way. Approaching the silence, the linear spiritual mischief. Karma flows less our instruction? Accept that I'm alone. Any desire to the contrary is an echo sublime. And will remain alone. Accept that we know things. And their value is and as such is so. And this value is not reliant on acknowledgement. Even if these words are read by no one else. They remain clear. And material. They opened venues. Like yours the same unquestionably. There's no need for me to talk to others. This is the same in a different way. The prayer existed before the one who prays. Reverse the same. These words are incomplete.

And God is active and involved. God is the only one who remember an event while it happens. The memory of you. Of us. Unless we chose otherwise. If we remain a mystery it doesn't mean God is not aware-involved. Our form's desire speaks to God's involvement. We can not know all. And remain ourselves. We are currently as ourselves because we answer our own questions. We are because we regret. Searching ourselves in the past. We are because we have claimed the future to ourselves. We are because we go to Heaven already there. We are because we kill. We are because we hide. We suicide. We love and wonder why. We beg for life then ask to our lives be forgiven. We are because we are not. And wonder why.

And still amidst all this uncertainty we trust each other for directions. And get to where were are going. Were not alone. Even me I'm not alone. "I" write together we are writing. No flower less the pedals fallen . True as seed we are.... In loving (I) have been loved. I know these things myself enough. Were going to go with what we've got. Shadow words reaching for their shade. Our dreams. No I'm not alone. Tammy. What words deny their origin. You can look into another's eyes. But you must offer your own. A soldier do you agree doesn't really give his life to his country. He gives his death. You give your life to your wife and your children. Your neighbors and friends. The friendly loving alleged pets. And yourself....To your smile and the next dream and prayer. What words avail God smile's better knowing.

Brevity and infinity have become the more apparent interchange. "I" find it curious when some don't understand what I write. Sometimes more curious perhaps when they do. Of course consequence is displacement. The need for others response the lesser spherical need divine. Though without some linear response we are left with our own reflection. Which is not a serious limitation if you know who your not examining.... (Time will tell what we tell it to tell time. Prayers need prayers answer).... Our talents exceed linearity, the encouraged-sustaining deceits. Our linear successes are our Cosmic disappointments. Evidence of the spherical self: We dream as our dreams. We understand our prayers. Miracles require no translation. We mourn the living. The precognitions including luck. We laugh without instruction. We die until we are born reciprocally. And we are the near constant disappointment of ourselves.

The essay that seems to have affected people, eyes speak what reflection denies, was The Approaching God Cosmos. **Logic becomes more telling of reasons purpose. (Either).** The God exists in contradiction of the Universe, therefore the Universe in contradiction to God. (Both consequent as God's resolve). **Or** both the Universe and God are good, not contradictory, not realized as inconsistent to one another. Each the reflection of the other. And as such we accept that God is nurturing, the proof of the Universe abides. (There can be no other proof to the contrary other than the ironic indulgence of self: Ones conversation with self at the exclusion of the Universe. Which is linearity. One example is killing another. Another is feeding in excess while another hungers. Another is explaining God to yourself. Rather than allowing God the privilege).

Linearity speaks to casual exclusion of self and God, like the Universe exclude one exclude both. Similarly the planet earth partial to Creation's Universe. Any contradiction to this divine identity is both a

Cosmic and earthly contradiction. (A God inconsistency or intent is currently not knowable). A divine invalidation of self as source. Let us please consolidate. God is either good. **Or** God is bad. And your life by whatever effect of self (including just thinking) is proof manifestation of one or the other. Accordingly you embrace yourself the good of God thus divine or actively preferring yourself as proof the bad of God. Any accommodation on the good presence begins to yield yourself as linearity to the bad and invalidates good as process inclined to bad. (Presence is spontaneous process is linearity). What is the proof beyond the hush of word? People know whether they are divine. Or are living a life of whimsical anticipation. Perhaps the final linear absolution is not to seek fraternal consent, sometimes disguised as respondent love, but rather proceed alone. Undistracted of others good intentions, rarely good enough for them-why would they suffice to another. And of course this is how miracles occur (alone) whatever their allocation as language or linearity (luck, coincidences, precognition, birth, death, sleep, laughter, non linear inspiration). All non linear a casual realizations of self that are not reflective of a preexisting body of knowledge including machine or the generous neighbor. A conversation with other than God is not a conversation with God. So the questions begs itself my purpose. Why do I write? Am I lazy coward to my smile. The Holies words I know are (I) don't know God knows. We create the burdens we resist by carrying. Do we create the need for our own prayer's necessarily?

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(I) know I repeat myself, but each time it seems that "I" come up with something else. (Who am "I" that does not speak to the many linear kindness of others. Spherically inestimable). You really can't repeat yourself not linearly in time, right? You can't step in the same river twice, the nice Greek philosopher said. Unless your swimming up river. No that doesn't work either. Did the nice philosopher mean with one foot, how about jumping in with both feet. Nope I guess not. Maybe unless you swim in a circle ended while begun. Walking on ice? I'm not going to think about it I don't like swimming too much unless I'm going somewhere. Unless you drown that must be the answer. What did a nice person offer the trick in life is to die before your dead. Anyway approaching the other side some call the end. What I was getting to your driving along and you almost hit one of the little cousins, don't worry he's alright. But what's the question your buddy invariably asks you. "Did you hit him?" The male gender deal again. Never "did you hit her?" You notice that it's more than hard to talk or write about God with getting to the gender deal. Now accepting that God is omniscient having one gender excludes the other, it's a displacement of the Light. Does omnipresent mean everywhere at once, including the river? With God rules are probably detours? Nice place to stop for a polite smile?

Do you get the impression I'm writing about myself. Sure walking or swimming there's no way around it. I'm not sure that I have too much of a choice. I'm alone. Except of course for the alleged ones and the phone calls from my family. Other than that its kind of karmic ally sympathetic. Like anyone I come into contact with pretty much gets an invitation to leave me alone. I'll take patterns over explanations. One friend leaves town. The seven women. Two years earlier the five. The former therapist who started making sense involuntarily. One

way friends. The falling leaves. I know several hesitant Reverends who seem to be trapped between prayers. Of course I'm not the easiest of friends I've got a pretty high short of proof potential. I'm easily distracted. Alone works. Not that I don't like people. I think there incredible every one of them magical. I wouldn't mind a lady friend. A lover who likes being alone when she's with me. Is that a double negative or is it me. Someone to kiss, hold hands, I'm a champion hand holder from way back in high school. And sometimes someone gets friendly. And I'm partially stunned trying to figure out what's going on. For example several months ago I was at that Unity Church in Omaha. Did I already tell you this? Swimming up river. Several people started reading a few of the essays. All of almost a sudden several women who had made a minor science of avoiding me like for years became friendly. A couple of hugs believe it or not. One was so good at avoiding me I thought of asking her how she did it. If I could do as much for myself I might get a good nights sleep. An alias is ok if you know who you are and look forward to meeting the people who are looking for you. How can someone go from avoiding for years to a hearty hug. Without a change of costume. People are who they are. "You shouldn't step on someone else's karma," the nice lady in the book offers. I'm not complaining. Strangely I'm not lonely. Even if someone comes to the house uninvited. I only think about loneliness in terms of missing God. I know that's a little curious because in part I'm not sure exactly what that means. But a little is not a lot. And there's the waitresses. Talk about angels hiding behind cash registers. I'm not exaggerating I don't think I would of gotten to myself now if it wasn't for the waitresses. All over the world. A Priest, a Reverend, a girl friend, a therapist, yourself-you can't be guaranteed a good handshake or a hug, but a waitress's smiles a lot, quite a few of those smiles on the move and unsolicited. You can assume when you don't get an available needed smile that the waitress or waiter is distracted under an emergency of some unfortunate kind. And you get a meal to boot. Plus you get to leave a generous tip which I've always found exciting. You want to talk about Heaven on earth good bet to start with a waitress. I'd better stop I'm getting tearful. And of course there's us. And there's Sunny, Emily, Stuart and Tammy. And Norman. And Ben and Curtis. The ever present Chris, Tony and Terry. And me why not. Now Rodney waiting for us smiling forever. Which is always mysterious and wonderful. I am who I'm not and will thrive accordingly. I am alone. But I'm not entirely still sure what that means. And I'm very good with memories. Yep it's impossible to prove you forgot. And that's one thought I'm not going to forget. Sure just go somewhere like by the creek and wait for a memory. And sure enough. A couple of minutes and your smiling. How can anyone get alone out of all of that. As a matter of fact the only obstacle to being alone are other people. It's confusing isn't it when you figure out all these people your talking about and you're the only one around. Does that makes sense to you? What does making sense mean. If you have to ask you already know. How do you introduce yourself if you're a missing person. Oh well if it weren't for life I don't know what I'd be doing. Actually that's not entirely true. We're moving along do you agree?

I'm writing to clear the way of myself. I never feel alone writing. Waiting search for the unknowable us. Less unknowable with every turn of every word. Unless you need an explanation... prayer's are free. You can

only pay by borrowing from yourself. Preparing. Acknowledging all is and as such is so. Relevant and revealing. All is God. And God is so. And as such is so. And may so be so. Forever so. All is the truth lies included. Unless you prefer the lies to the truth. Be cautious be fair not afraid evolve as loving. If you are a woman or man in a linear world sensing Cosmic lean go with the flow and you'll always end up where you already are, it works. Lean away and don't regret the linear folly. Cosmically all anchors float. You are only alone when you deny your love to a stranger. Sometimes you're the stranger alone. All my friends were once strangers. And even then your only a shrug away from the best hug in your life. Not trusting is also an opportunity to trust and love accordingly. Folks talk quite a bit it seems about unconditional love, but not about unconditional trust.

I am without a resume, but a curious life. "I" know the way. Denied linearly assigned by God like many others. I am wrong because I can accept the risk of being right. Both are temporary neither is not. Relevant when less than revealing. Does God prefer me disappointed. All I know and worship unknowingly God accordingly acknowledged. I can surrender to the next thought. Yours or mine the same. I am because I breathe. Not because I know that I do. Our cousins the trees and squirrels the same. God breaths we inhale with a little luck exhale. I am ready. Because "I" am not. Can I start without ending. As God witnesses "I" will see.

These words are maps our eyes doth see. (I) have written the words. Refining spherically the physical world to ourselves not less God. (I) have written the words that amend our organic selves not less the opposite you to ourselves. We have delivered the Cosmic God not less our worship. (I) have returned time's reflection to the mirror. Birth and death the better seeds you know. (I) have written the words that will shift the world economy to the better self of God. Who thus am (I)? I don't know. The Holiest words I know. Are I don't know. God knows. "I" am blessed. Not understanding so. The curious irony of being linearly entrapped while sensing the spherical, the Cosmic bond...you are as you are not. In the presence of my absence. Am I qualified because I am not? In speaking and sharing do (I) deny what I offer? How else to love, but on loving love. We create amidst Creation...the Cosmos. I am answered thank you God.

The planetary economy before.... Be patient please briefly now "I" will write as people fall down stairs. Quickly in a dream without injury. Facts on the planet earth like God are relevant in their application. Eighty percent of the people in this planet are from 3rd World Countries. Most of these countries do not have a welfare system. No unemployment, food stamps, retirement benefits, social security as in America. For this reason and others most of the people in 3rd World Countries are more dependant and survive through family. The models for this concept are Costa Rica and Indonesia where the average income is \$3500. Though interestingly and kind of love Costa Rica has no military, free medical care and free University education. My brother Tony and his wives and children live in this country. Effortless in its beauty...Let's return never left. A Mutual Fund from Canada appears on the scene. And invites two brothers, three sisters, a couple cousins and Aunt to form a family bank structured over four generations. One secured the Mutual Fund offers our brothers

and sisters \$2.9 million dollars. More money than they would be able to save or earn in how many lifetimes. Why would the Mutual Fund make such an investment. Because this company owns 11% of the Bank. And insures the lives of the original benefactors for an appropriate amount. Collecting on three quarters of these policies. The Mutual Fund will also remain as a partner on any services and products the Familial Bank wishes to commission, the Mutual Fund collecting 4% on the initial investment value whether the investment is real estate, purchasing cars, facilitating legal services, purchasing and managing over sea properties. The Bank or Mutual Fund is further secured because they have secured customers for four generations. Unless determined otherwise. Reminding that the Mutual Fund is invested in the validity of this enterprise because it owns 11% of the Bank. And accordingly will provide consul... **Consequences:** The change in the families potential is obvious. Becoming a prominent presence in their country after four generations while a few of the original benefactors are hopefully still alive. The tax base of the country increases. Regional stresses are reduced (ie) there have been over 500 hundred wars in 3rd World Countries since WW II. And most of the nuclear war red alerts high deathcom between the USSR and the USA resulted from the conflicted relationship these two major powers had with these undeveloped countries. The Familial Banking concept will also help the 3rd World Countries redefine their relationship with developed countries which tend to be ironically self serving, compatibly displaced. Often currently the raw materials of the undeveloped countries are exchanged for weapons increasing ionstability. Also relevant to this relationship a decisively significant new market is being developed. The greatest in history that will be mutually advantageous because the 3rd World Countries will rely on developed countries for goods and services in far greater quantity (ie) cars (as electric solar powered cars assume efficiency), computers, televisions, medicine, University-college education. The aforementioned creating a spherical intelligence, material and spiritual pool that will make inter stellar travel feasible. These changes in world economy coupled and conjoined with the shifts and changes inferred through the anticipated development in the DNAs ethic. Affecting education, travel, medicine, computers, language facility, new forms of imagery math confirming-examining DNAs audio, artificial intelligence that is not mechanized but rather more organic (ie) the cloning of DNA as non displacing sound. All culminating in a peaceful God inspired outward migration, the Cosmos. But this you have known for many years. May (I) propose another web site, the ideal planetary democracy, set up to complete work on inter galactic travel. More correct to suggest transmutation.

Let's walk across two letters one to Mary a healing person from nearby and El la ja actually a lovely nice lady named Alva. Sometimes I hear correctly sometimes I don't either way I do. The same raindrop another perspective. Thus another vision. The same eyes? Please add your dream's words that we dream more. Please appreciate by tender patience the name El La Ja was my first attempt to memorize Alva's name. There are so many names. And people move. Perhaps that is not the reason. Ray and Maryann two church names two

beautiful women took nine years to memorize. Is learning memory? Whose? Not to say their beauty was less by my limitations witness. Each time the mystery less a name. Not God less, but God more.

Dear Mary's song,

The night yields to day. What sounds earthly mystery unfolds the Cosmic Light. Both God's Eternal whisper that love be heard as promised. The sound of Mary. Cosmic symphony. Earthly denial. No less God's seed. Dream's allowance anticipation beckons. What Mary sings unheard. Still anticipation's song. Thus we wait. God's seed our garden Mary.

May we enter the door the one more time. We are born God's child less our parent's labor. The same themselves not their own parents. Linear thorn Eternal flower. Mary Light affluent wellspring of by God. Born without language, choice, institutions hold, death's instruction availing the preferential God. Oh dear oh dear linear echo's we become.

Knowingly we "spend" the ideal of our lives trying to duplicate our sounds Eternal Light. We kiss as kissed moist reprieve. We. Embrace. Holding whom not ourselves the other. Feeling God's breath shared as one. We sleep trusting God our wakening. We couple that God hear our heart's sincere. We dream that we know ourselves. God's children. And we deny ourselves that we understand waiting.

The above speaks without linear word. Less times instruction. Thus Eternal thus brief. So God's memory reminds. Us to ourselves. Until we return to our world not God's. Reprieved less ourselves. What curious is this Mary the mirror is not the reflection. What words my smile (I) see the Light. Thank you for your kiss Eternal. Mary music of the spheres. Mary approaching Mary. Who are you? We?

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Mediating a second Sphere. When the human being meditates they are reclaiming their Cosmic self. A living presence without linear anomaly. The Cosmos avails. Distance no longer separates. In by the form moment of ourselves we have changed measurement for communion: Choice, institution, language, the interpersonal no longer define. We have exchanged forgiveness for love. We are light equidistant. **Accessing the meditation Sphere** A Community of one. Residing fraternally amongst the stars. Light companions of Krishna, Buddha, Jesus Christ, Mohammed, Mother Teresa, your ancestors. And the Light seed origin of yourself. You have come home. Confirming our residence God's beautiful planet earth. Place of contrast. On this planet we are dislocated. We learn as learning allows. Transitory value. We are the presence of our absence. (Rules, rulers and slide rulers). **Meditating:** Sit down as you know your body. Or sit not. In your bedroom. On top God's mountain or underwater. Your meditation is complete unto yourself. You are resurrected the reincarnation of your self. Remembering the solitary laurels... life, death, miracles, coincidence, now meditation; not resultant of another human being, machine or a preexisting knowledge. Yours is the meditation you are. All mediations spherically good unless bad yourself you prefer. All while meditating meditate as one as One. (Is mediation a patient coincidence?) We spend our lives listening to others. Thus are we not distracted of God. Yet we assist.

And love one another. With your permission a few sprouts. Hoping that by your kind effort you will of them nurture the better orchard for us all. Thus God. And the Light accruing. Identify your DNAsound. Isolate the sound that emerges during meditation. An refining synergism. Sustaining guiding. Resolving the earthly anomalies. Of which you are formulary. (Taxes, taxis and whooping cough). When you start meditating you start, stop you stop. Your home yourself. Acquiring memory less your timely self. Displaced distracted.... Meditation is not a place. It's you. Though the place can lead to you. Meditation, attending the Light. The meditation flows past your body. Expectations are distractions. Remembering the reversal of the Quantum riddle. (Is mediation the reversal of the quantum riddle)? Don't expect be expected. Needing help meditating watch a tree, lovingly. You knew the rest not knowing. Whose permission do you need to walk on water.

Floating Light. Mediating our displaced existence. One perspective whispers. Meditation sphere. Resolving the conflicted spheroid self. A sphere is defined. "As a solid geometric figure whose surface is at all points equidistant from the center." (A resonant sphere spontaneous as it's center?) Meditation flows. The frame is not the painting. Thank you to the nice people at Random House Webster Dictionary. We are guardians of God's words. You have isolated your unique DNAs. (Upoin death your undistracted forms uninterrupted DNAs communes with the Cosmos (ie) interchangeable with the infinite Light Eternal. The near of sleep meditation the same, subjectively). Any materials or process materials that are in conflicted with your DNAs, your Light seed, will inhibit your meditation. Your cloths, furniture, the acoustics of your meditation room, jewelry and devises (ie) eyes glasses, dentures, tattoos have to be sympathetic with your DNAs intent. Mediation like the Cosmos is non localized. The room, your house, your family, alleged pets, heart pacer meditate with you. Remember one gene of many millions that constitute the integrity of your body can determine whether you will be blind, be cancer distracted or paralyzed; your DNAs is an immeasurable formulation...this acoustic presence connects you to the Cosmos. You are potentially transcendent. Intuition, luck, birth, death, clairvoyance, laughter, music, sleep are other transcendent experiences, relevant to your availability. Meditating...you are becoming conversant with God's timeless memory of yourself. Relevant n' revealing reciprocally. Noting a timeless memory is inter changeable with the event of self or displacement would ensue and the Light memory would be negating. Only God can remember an event as it happens. God's nice smiling Professor Einstein, "If mass is concentrated enough the curvature of space becomes infinite." The concentration of your mass (form) is the willful resonant application of DNAs to the presence of meditation (a Light impending location of self). And as timeless memory the meditation and the one who mediates become the near of interchangeable. The curvature of space speaks to the approaching ideal of your body. And body activity. Infinity is the Light of yourself. Clearly mass, curvature and infinity become interchangeable "harmonic" or displacement-conflict defines the mediation event. **Your** meditation. **Ours** when we assume the Light. Relevant to identifying- utilizing your DNAs (and the component meditation DNAs) we are developing a sound status that is in the nature of silence, not a melodic series of related notes though such a melody can be

applicable as far as refining your meditation. An un displaced, un bordered **sound event** that is sympathetic to the Light. As such without exclusion the **Meditation Sphere** can be translated to imagery, numeration, a yet to be finalized spherical language. Or aides like a personalized wind chime that Light sparkles while you meditate. Spherically all sense are one, Cosmic distance the same, subtlety is the near beyond measurements response. Any variation from you meditation DNAs would register on the Light sound wind (idealized to your DNAs potential) chime as a distraction, a sound apparent to yourself, though consciously you might not be aware of the deviation. Several seconds later, the time variant to the unfolding dynamic, the polar opposite sound is realized on the wind chime. A near endless linear response variations conscious or unconscious are possible. Complimentary chime response is possible. Given the intrinsic irony of our lives no two mediation experiences will be the same. Nor the consequent result. The wind chime in question at its basic is suggestive of David Thomas's box devise at the Men's Group at Unity Church or your water crystals Alva. Also as in the Music Sphere's acoustic necklace other meditation aides are conceivable. Also meditating in different atmospheres that are DNAs actualized. Acknowledging a correlation between different spheres. Once the ironic community is resolved the Sphere is One. Or a dynamic to several mediating. Meditating to a time constraint is displacing. You smile involuntarily startled pleasantly you return. The meditation sphere returns never left. We do. Until we are available again. Finally not finally at all. You have reversed the quantum riddle. When you are in byas the Light you are no longer the irony of yourself. You are the casual response to yourself. Thanki God literally. Light affluent. Smiling the surface of your soul.

We are only separate and apart in time. Allowing the spherical bond that predates our birth and is only otherwise by conscious choice these words in there expression are not only as much yours in the reading as they are mine in the presumed writing, but there source-origin is also communal. Not only Cosmically, but by linear intent. (I) am writing our sense of you. These words are not written and limited to me. This would be the most compelling of displacements. Linearly the anagram for share is...he she hears. (Spherically already heard?) And additional language. You might like to do the spherical anagram to your name. What spherical astrology beckons? Forty generations of your family is several millions people, is that possible. Either way what a wondrous genetic pond, music of the spheres. Beckoning awe. Evident as aware and otherwise. Yes the linear, but also the spherical. With your permission more on this later. First please let's leave the stars to come back. Beckoning logic our companion. Appr4eciating that logic unlike other forms of language is in its ideal self contained. The near of its own response. A logical thought is complete unto itself. Unlike other forms of language expressions linear irony appears to be resolved.. There seems to be a sense of knowing that is intuitive. (Words needing words to explain themselves by their own designed inconsistency). Once you reach a logical juncture you attain a sense of non-casual exactness that suggests timelessness. A linear epiphany you might say as opposed to the Cosmic or Spherical epiphany. Yes leaving the stars. Already left. Appreciating that once spherical distance in all its form including disintegrating is no longer a variant. We are knocking on extra

terrestrials doors. Acknowledging the first logical juncture. If you and your wife have a child born in another Galaxies is not this child the extra terrestrial sibling of your earth children. Next logical juncture. Appreciating that your essence materially and non-linearly predates the materializing of the planet earth are you not (in material origin of yourself) an extra terrestrial. The next question persists. Within our current capacity to perceive and interact are there other life forms in the Universe. Of course the ideal evidence is in the handshake. What a lovely image Tammy what words describe not borrowed from the rainbow, always the poem Lorraine Hansberry's flower, Kathleen's distant dream always near, Hebrew's word for heart and mind the same, Vickie the same, Marcia, Jackie, Jan Marie, Priscilla words breathe remembering, Janice Lawrence, Zulma, Anita, Tia Ana their spiritual well spring. Wendolynn words wait Eternities consent, Dr. Almeida sipping tea with an extra terrestrial emissary. The tea being poured by Curtis accompanied by Buckminster, Rosie, Tuxedo, Which One and Which One not the Other intently watching. Actually not appearing that surprised. Just dreaming while awake (We are extra terrestrial to them our neighbors, yes?) "I" can assure whatever my testimony is worth that dude wouldn't be eager to leave the tea party. Anyway to the left then the first right turn back to logic and extra terrestrials. We understand to appreciate that any shift, any growth, any transformation whatever its material consequence or culmination in the Universe is a non-linear evolution. Distance and measurement do not factor you are the extra terrestrial you've been looking for. Waiting for a rise meant to say ride. "I" suggest evolution (Creative or spherically intelligent) to qualify the distinction between process and process and also be able to suggest direction and growth. For the earth person to acknowledge movement relocation or growth as being other than a process is almost organically contradictory to self. (I) am explain that life on the planet earth culminated or coalesced as a linear manifestation. No.1. But the Cosmic activity, presence-process (refinement), that resulted in that linear life formulation itself could not have been linear, but rather spherical. No.2. And within its own nature the spherical essence or element that resulted in earth life had to of been Universe representative or the spherical source would have been self displacing, linear in nature and the entire scheme other than infinite. For these two reasons it is logical to conclude that there is other life in the Universe at various stage of refining development. Those communal beings who had evolved their technology as a spiritual extension of themselves and had the means with which to create a commence of thought and spirit with us would be wise to hesitate our temperamental company. (I) wonder what our extra terrestrial neighbors call the Planet Earth. Politely so of spirit as quests they would call our residence the planet earth. The third reason is the simplest. If we can experience in thought, imagination or dream extra terrestrials this further evidence to suggest their presence since the imagination, the dream capacity, the thought processes of which we speak are Cosmically predated and therefore Cosmically representative of source and consequence. Meaning to say what is the value of imagination without the one who imagines, what is the value of dreams without the dreamer, spherically they are the same materially or potential thereby. And yes what of God without the one who prays. And meditates (ie) meditates. Valerie and Marion Lucas taught as learned. Thus loved and by

discipline demonstrated. When we pray we talk to God, when we meditate we listen. And when we listen to one another lovingly we realize both.

Do I remember while remembering is an interesting question to ask. It's also interesting do you agree that people on this planet ask themselves questions when their alone. Very interesting. Actually "I" wanted to relax and be for one of those moments be less serious. I just remembered while remembering the moment of humor, the strangest image...a guy on his knees praying with a cigarette between his fingers. I'm not sure but I think to feel I might call someone. Maybe you or Curtis. Maybe Amy my Amy. Another human, its very strange, meaning unexpected, but I'm starting to feel lonely. Very curious "I" have no interest in being lonely. I mentioned still searching for the clearer words. I only have a sense of being lonely within the curious context of missing God. And that's a little confusing. Which suggested (I) had a previous relationship with God. But those insights might be a little theater of the mind. I am not sure. Sometimes it's hard to think if you have to think to think. (Yes relevant to a reciprocal intuitive conversation (ie) the absence linear casual language displacement of the Light is most likely not possible).

Anyway be the way is our way I told Tammy. Anyway (didn't take long) last Friday. I'm talking to the nice imagined lady explaining that I cut my own hair. She looks around a little then asks. "How do you cut the back?" I answered not hesitating. "I turn around." Did you laugh? But it is curious do you agree. The mystery alone thing. Difficult and curious at this late date since I've got such a head start on being alone. Then "I" decided enough of the little theater of the mind. And here I am getting a hair cut. Not really a problem. "I'm" sure I'll get to where I'm going. Since I already seem to be there. It helps not to expect results, consequence is causality. And once you're given to that effect linear entrapments prevail, the Light is frustrated. Sure nice spending this time with you. And thank you for spending your time with me. (I) love you effortlessly. Obviously our companionship is not linear therefore spherically attuned. Do you think "I" should be afraid. If I get anymore human and normal "I" might have to prove myself. Even risk success. (I) told Curtis I might like to go to Europe. I have international flight status with the American Air Force. (Funny how easily you can create a machine like sentence). I'd like to be in a country where I'd have to ask directions in a language I can't speak or listen. People in Europe seem to be polite. They must care more. Imagine kissing a woman in a foreign language. I mean neither can speak the others language. If that kiss wouldn't be a miracle it would be very close. I just thought have there ever been two miracles at once next to each other. Sure if someone sees a miracle, they must be part and partial to the miracle. It's not another language of self you don't understand. Like a baby is born appreciating music without any awareness of music except prior to conception. Why stop to ask if God would be the only one listening. That's it I'm going to Europe if I'm alive in a few months. If I'm not I'll stay in America. (That's almost a modest attempt at humor). Of course either way I'd have to take care of the alleged ones. I'd didn't tell you Rosie had her leg amputated a few months past. Saying some things takes to long or not long enough. You know what I mean? Anyway the nice lady Rosie handed the challenge very well, I

like to think we both did. Helping was a nice loving veterinarian in Omaha Dr. Coleman, the 24th Street Animal Clinic. Maybe Curtis and Buckminister can help. Heavens I just had another thought in a few months “I” might have one other another friend. Whenever someone asks me. “How are you doing?” I always say. “Alright so far but its still early?” People laugh specially the incredible young ones behind the cash registers. Eventually one nice person told me, “You know it can get better.” I had to stop to get to where I was going. I’d forgotten that, but its true. If I’m available to luck soon I’m going to be spending more time with flowers than with words. Of course you start by trying to figure out what exactly is a flower. But this time I’ll be smart and patient, I’ll not talk and ask the flower. Meaning to suggest given that our chosen reality is casually interactive doesn’t a flower have to acknowledge you before the perception is complete. You know what else I forgot for twenty years that when people pray they usually ask for themselves. What they want right? I remember talking to this incredible off-duty psychiatrist about this to Dr. Wisman at one of the Churches. I think he’s the only one I’ve seen outside of an office. The nice healers don’t seem to wander much. There doesn’t seem to be much difference, its nice. Divinity knows no disguise as kindness thrives. I’m relieved of course.

There is more, if “I” may, relevant to “the day of becoming love.” There should be a library of music. Our much preferred music over the many years. Includ9ng for me, “Under the Boardwalk,” “The Happening,” Monday Monday,” “Adios Muchos companeros de mi vida,” “Divine Gypsy,” from the nice and gentle Self Realization Fellowship folks. I don’t have the music memorized. You understand files, disc and cassettes. It’s not important. Yes everything is. I don’t know one song from beginning to end that doesn’t make sense. Except for Happy Birthday but that’s more of a chant. And I know Happy Birthday in Spanish that it. I’ve got to take care of that shortcoming. I’m excited by my shortcomings, my inadequacie, there that’s kind of a map of what I have left to do. I’d like to learn “Impossible Dream” from Man of La Mancha. And “Born Free.” Also on the day of “Becoming Love” there should be magic. Somehow the assistance of butterflies and those flying birds. Well that’s already taken care of... Yes also “I” would like to write a song for the love of our partner. The beauty is I can’t write songs. But “I” like there to be one of those I can’t do things carried over from each Day of Becoming Love to the next. And maybe it would get better. And better or worse. Either way love. And mysterious. And of course the incredible love mystery is our ladies response. (I’m very troubled by saying “my” you understand... “my country”... “my hope”... my love”... “my lunch”... “my life”.... Ours right God’s... ours. Yours as well of course if you’d like to join us. We’ll join you either way the same. Do you get the feeling were short a couple of words. It is interesting do you agree that people want to succeed. Sure succeeding is completely encouraged. No one goes out to fail. What riddles, magic and mysteries have we denied ourselves. Hidden from not going our for a good failure. Of course not for anyone to get hurt. But get together with a friend for a complete disaster or a gentle one like getting lost. What is there beside success and failure. Part of the answer is love, right? Do we have to know the consequences of what we do to know if wave failed. Like paying taxes. Praying? No it’s not possible there can’t be a failed prayer. Like the nice Rabbi said,

one embrace is not enough, "Prayers aren't answered. They are the answer." Do we wait for prayers or do prayers wait for us? What is the question to the prayer? What is a failed prayer? What is the next evolution to prayer. Meditation during sleep? Is God awake while we sleep. Maybe not. Could be both and something else. Sometimes we don't know because we do. Interesting that you have to wake up to prove you were dreaming. How can you forget a dream. Does a dream forget you. Put you on hold. Isn't not knowing wonderful. The unending miracle. Be nice if we could sleep together. You understand, (I) mean DNAs sympathetic sleep. Travel in the same dream. Assist each other through a nightmare. Go fishing for imaginary fish. You know what I mean put something on a string like bread connected to a bobber. Feed the fish without hurting anyone involved. It's also exciting seeing the bobber going down. I hope that's not predatory, you also have to know when to restock the fish line with more bread. I like feeding the birds. Also the insects. Back to meditation: We must meditate together since meditation is a casual no-linear therefore resolution of distance. Meaning space that is apart because were separate. Meaning that when we meditate (I love the misspelling mediate) we are without choice, without language, were non-localized and our causality is not linear. A day of Becoming Love. Why not sometimes go solo. Certainly and of course. Get up in the morning and love yourself. Have a get ready list. What the trees in the neighborhood might need. Your neighbors. Maybe paint a couple of mail boxes. Obviously with encouragement. Bring some special treats for the alleged ones at the painful dog pound. My God everyday. Now that's incredible talk about obvious and of course. One day of "Becoming love" for your partner, the others for everyone else. The wind outside singing. Praying for the people and the alleged ones scared and hurt by the hurricane Katarina. God has a way of reminding us who we are, if not whom Sears Roebuck. And who we are not. And that it's purposeful love we need from one another. But (I) don't know to think, speak or dream by what manner of presence God I abides. There is the darkness there is the Light. Both accruing, interactive, unbalanced one less the other. So the evidence's logic seems to speak. Currently ourselves. Years past I heard a statistic that three quarters of the people in Iowa believe that the AIDs epidemic speaks to God's wrath. I don't know to breath a God as such. An angry, mean damaging God handing our diseases. Self defiling Creation's self. I was silly in my reaction thinking myself smarter than somebody who else when they have to smarter roles smart than somebody else.... that this can not be so. Conceivably the unhappy intimate behaviors of the earth people over the many years accrued (less lives purpose) - the darkness acquired as such delivered AIDS be our caution. DNAsound can conceivably resolve the HIV presence as linearly cure is preferred to disease, but the cure is not the answer. Inevitably we are. We prefer ourselves as cured. Because we prefer ourselves less determined and influenced by disease. Possibly the ideal validity of DNAs is not to resolve inconsistency, trauma and disease, but to track origin. This would make sense since once linear displacement is resolved your dealing with something that is non localized. (Identifying the event behavior to my back problem provides pain's resolve and the lesson learned). A presumed disease presence becomes informative. And certainly the needs of the virus or bacteria (also God's life forms) should be

attended. Yes conceivably the darkness has its own acquiring memory. Returning unhappy-poisonous fruit to the dark seeds we have planted. The dark acquiring memory of ourselves. The Light acquiring memory of ourselves. One Eternal the other less so. There is no death there is extinction. Can't take a chance saying maybe to that perspective, motivation. We chose love or we chose less. Choice is not the burden. Our choices unfold as we approach the new language of ourselves approaching us. Any emotion other than love is love denied.

-If you don't know where your going you might already be there-

Understanding to comprehend these Light sensations are not conversantly reciprocal. Conversant languages are two way realizations once experienced become even more displaced, flawed and inconsistent. Indeed this is the designed status of language before its expression. Currently we cannot have a sustained intuitive conversation. Maintain inter actively a precognitioned moment with another. Again the reversal of the Quantum Riddle. All these realizations we are examining are non-linear no-casual Light manifests. As suggested our current capacity through language, mathematics, and linear technology disqualifies any effect or influence we could have in a non-linear spherically holographic world (ie) the infinite Light. We would not be in control. We could initiate DNAs relevant to the desired event, but the material formulation of the event we would have nothing to do with.

A 3rd Sphere: Recalling music is it's own response. Music does not have to be altered or translated in order to be assimilated. As such a minimal casual displacement, not intrinsically linear therefore Cosmically sympathetic. Musicians speak to "keeping tiome." Though earth music is ideally cosmically reflective this acoustic formulary is nonetheless sourced through earthly anomaly. In an ideally spherical musical event the experienced becomes virtually non localized, causality becomes limited to the organic of form. Audience becomes participant. Presumably the audience and the musicians would rehearse before the final gathering. *Why is each musician playing the same trumpet.* Not only can a musician, like an F-16 pilot, become ideally compatible with their instrument; also the instrument should be **a design unique** to the individuals DNAs, their Cosmic birthright. The theater arena is acoustically adjusted **during** the music gathering. The audience wares DNAs necklaces engaging (resolving) the conscious and conditioned need to displace, distort, devalue an event. Seating of audience is acoustically referenced. This event becomes potentially a reversal of the quantum riddle. What happens in the ideal can not be expect4d. Not anticipated. Additional effects. Animation instruments on stage. Ideally the audience on performers rotate in opposite directions. Spin and span. Audience-performers share in royalties. This gathering convening assumes all senses sequentially, at times spontaneously as one. **Flashes...** involuntary images would likely be evoked. Attuned to the music event or surreal, cultural, mythological, spiritual, historical. An other than displaced incidence, Light event, in the manner of ourselves we call "coincidence." An organic capacity the human form is attracted to and has expressed through intoxicants and hallucinogens. But in this instance the participants would not be impaired. And the event gathering would

be both individual and communal. The images are real, material and interactive. Parallel Universe speaks to displacement. Audience and the musicians have created **a sympathetic duplicate Universe. A musical Sphere.** Presently music is the incomplete of our incomplete selves, completing.

Relevant to spin and span. Noting one definition of span, “The past tense of spin.” Meaning that the past in time has been given a current status as a specific motion. (Specific to the unique event realized as DNAs). One the past is materially realized the immediate casual linearity has become spherical. Resonant time displacement has been attained. We are discussing the essence resonant non-linear motion of a spontaneous event. One example inter galactic travel whereby destination and departure are not realized separate as a factor of distance. How about spun, I can’t find a sustained definition on spun. And spanned or spunned. What do we have three different past tenses on spinning.

“I” wrote a friend writing you. Now us. Spherically the fruit as the seed the same. No distance, but explanation after the fact. Asking for directions once arrived. First please a lovely image. Attending imagination attending me. Remembering again or being remembered by the memory. In the moderately lit linoluemn hallway Dr. Daughton and Dr. Almeida standing next to each other. Myself approaching uninvited except to dream. And “I” thought or did the thought think me...by my memories service there has never been two miracles next to each other. (Actually three as a miracle you know the language or miracles). Simultaneously the Light of awe. Yes sequentially one different days. The same beneficiaries. But two miracles next to each other? Now three. What is a miracle that which happens not by choice. Do you agree. Sweet birth sweet death are two. Another your offering a smile to a stranger. Interesting....Miracles whisper the Light Eternal undisclosed. One less not the other. And you know us. We’d think we got a choice. Those more industrious would try to sale one miracle to the other. Two miracles next to each other whisper’s the Light less Eternal. What conversation one is all. Though miracles we are thriving otherwise. Anyway be prayer’s garden, Dr. Almeida and Dr. Daughton next to each other. God’s bridge waiting for love’s silence. Two miracles aside one another? Of course how can you know to witness the presence language of a miracle unless you are one yourself. Thank God for repetition. Not repetition at all. Loves hope God’s reminder. “I” want to ask your impression on this activity called proceeding, the word we know as proceed or proceeding. I don’t understand. How can you proceed without leaving yourself behind. An imaginary bridge over a non-existing river. I mean are people proceeding into a non-material future while maintaining the status of the immediate now that evolved from a dormant incomplete past. How can you get [proceeding out of those conditions. Is this something about faith I don’t comprehend. Maybe I should first settle for figuring out the push and pull deal, I’ve been in this country fifty years next year and that push and pull deal still obstacles me. On the issue of challenges. “I” mentioned to Dr. Daughton last week that I was worried, “about the west smile virus.” It’s good to get a little ahead of these quest viruses with a pleasant greeting. You can’t be a good host without preferring your own good attendance. I devote much time to making people that’s as close to loving them as they will allow me.

Also there's nothing wrong with being cautious in the face of success. Curious the maintenance dose for some of these drugs is the same for all humans specially if the dose is near lethal. Getting that information is somewhat difficult. Curious again that the near of everything in the Cosmos is a motion of pulse, spontaneously spherical in nature, also suggestive of the motion of our lungs, our heart, the motion of an ameba, the totality of our lives...why doesn't linear medication levels pulse. Reverend Holloway shared this one during a sermon. A little girl wrote God. You can see her sitting down with the pencil in her hand, right? "Dear God," the little girl writes, "It's incredible you love the whole human race. There only three in my family I don't see how you do it. We'll wait for you to stop laughing before we continue.

Companionship its not that bad specially if your with someone else. I should jump over to another paragraph and hope I land on both feet. But first I'm thinking. What I said before. All my friends were once strangers. Tuxedo just jumped on my chest. She is familiar with her reasons. We do a lot of writing that way. Yeah about strangers like Duncan, Angelica when I was a child, Andy, Tyler, Tony and Elenita on the soccer team, even myself from before....They really can't be strangers if you knew and loved them from before. Isn't remembering loving. I mean how much harm can you do remembering. I don't recall having to forgive a memory. We get along memories and me if you give them a chance they can be pretty cooperative.

Now it's hard very hard to write a good enough poem to get you arrested. But to get someone to fall the full height of themselves in love with you? On the not likely side of impossible. If folks knew how they fell in love or why.... Born we were already nudged in that direction, do you agree. Could be maybe unconsciously since she's involved in that place. If I were to bet I would say I'm wrong. I made some inaccurate observations. But then again I'm not wrong as I explained to Tammy and Dr. Daughton now you...in loving someone I have been loved. If I need more then we're into negotiations. And what you renegotiating what's allready obvious. And when the negotiations are over a week or twenty years later usually someone comes up short. Sure our qualifying-more disqualifying your love based on another persons response. You become love selective. Love exclusionary. It can get pretty endless and ironic.(What are you going to do. What are you not supposed to do. If they love you. If they don't love you). The list can get very long repetitive and eventually becomes strangely available. And what your really saying is that God's love isn't enough for you. Because in loving someone your offering God's love to them. And that's not a love that has to be negotiated. And of course an negotiated love that means you either love everyone or your on the way. Also the reciprocal is true everyone else's reaction to you good, bad, mean or "get out of town" is also God's love if that's how respond . Sure remember...any idea is a divine idea if its divinely expressed. Even if its not divinely expressed by someone else you can accept their expression in a loving way. Now that's a very important lesson to me. Makes complete sense to me. But you can see how ironic and potentially distracted I can be. Oh well I thank God for the disappointments. There a form of companionship you know. I'm very lucky when I don't stop to think about it. I'm in love and I'm dissatisfied. But long term where's the credible (in) incredible on that deal. Anyway how

can you be rejected if your already alone. Isn't that redundant. You'd think someone would need a warrant of some kind. Of course goodbye proves you knew someone doesn't it ?

I hope I didn't make too much sense. Let's like lock and unload. We went through this one more time. Let's get non-linear. Forget intelligence, the IRS and the rash on your shoulder. Remember when your getting spherical your remembering what you already know for the first time. You're the cause of your own effect. You don't have to wait for the reflection on the mirror. Together our first sphere. Not a linear therefore conflicted-depleting assimilation of information, realized and structured through thinking and expressed through language. Valued as remembered. And given the aforementioned linear design, the memory presence becomes other than timeless n' Eternal. But rather ironic. And reinforced through memory collectives like books. Audio tapes, movies which are gathered in time and require the expenditure of body time in order to integrate. "Body time" there's a new one. Meaning the use of our body or form capacity within and through the displacing irony of time. The individual, allusions to an unconscious, decades and substantial amounts of money whatever the source. Curiously though insanity is in these ways approaching non linearity the experience remains spherically divergent. A relevant-defining contrast to the norm. If insanity were resolved to the ideal norm would sanity become strained without a contrast? This science strains the limits of linear neglect. Hope, contempt and hopelessness become inter changeable. Yet this fraternal experience also testifies to the patience, the kindness and enduring persistence of human beings. Often love knows more disguises than love's purpose. Remember we create the burdens we resist while carrying them. Often identifying the burden to an event that occurred in the past and can only be resolved as an uncertain future. And if the burden is excessive in nature often the integrity of "the solution" is someone else's assessment rather than the person burdened.

Last night the time after the before of writing this section "I" remembered a near incredible moment of humor "I" shared with Curtis. Our friend seemed to pause then breathe to laugh. I said, I'm being out right serious for dramatic effect, anyway I said. "Curtis I have never discussed this with you. I've only talked to my doctor about it. (I paused to hear myself breathe). Then I said. " I've finally decided to have a sex change operation.... I just can't decide which sex."

Did you laugh? Where were we approaching results? Imagine if all these human inconsistencies, varied self defeating parameters and protocols and unconscious determinants were not sequentially fragmented over forty years through the foible of linear memory, the debilitating application of disease, the despair of family; but rather all these elements could be assigned...a self designing multiple coefficient DNAs that are spherically formulated-nurturing (consequently) developing an actualized evolving perspective that would provide a wealth of information relevant to the needs of the individual. (One of which as contrast perspective identifies the individual as a presence devoid of disease). All these non-linearly consistent non-displacing factors in their spherical formulary are a DNAs language that is totally unique to the source input. A language whose verbally

reflective non-linear design is more spontaneous in its substance and effect than long term inconsistent causation based on a disease model that is relevant through failure and is ambiguously sustained through designed limitation. We are examining a language communication experience whose evolving-consistent-unconflicted totality would be affected as information in the immediate. And relevant to the immediacy of those involved. A DNAs non-linear non-casual language Sphere that would automatically translate the current displaced irony of self to the idealized DNAs formulation which could be translated to linear information. A shared personalized artificial intelligence. Not mechanized, but more in the nature of a informational DNAs clone. The sounds of your DNA as they apply to this particular experience linearly identified and developed as insanity. A new language, a spherical matrix, whose evolving language would resolve displacement inconsistency while responding to the immediate human experience. Appreciating that the spherical language like all material can be converted into different formats to facilitate linear understanding. The spherical model would be so consistent and self sustaining that once engaged the model sphere would create it's own junctures beyond the input and anticipation of the humans involved. Reminding that we are discussing a material representation more relevant and expressive of the human than their genetic DNA. We have in a sense tapped into the timeless human. An non-linear information base that predates the planet earth that is compatible with the infinite continuity that exists irrespective and in spite of the humans capacity to displace, alter and destroy. We have tapped into the relevant and revealing acquiring memory of a specific non-linear material activity (cancer, insanity, inter galactic travel) before this presence is subjectively altered or displaced to satisfy and confirm the human irony. This entire formulation is not an ambiguous esoteric intellectual niche sustained as denied or displaced over years, but an exacting self engendering-contained material designed formulary that is not dependant on inconsistent causality in order to sustain linear dislocation. The design sphere would likely be sustained by a non-linear computer (another essay). Understanding we are in the functional midst of inferred timelessness which we causally fragment beyond perception but not beyond valuation or benefit. Past issues become less displaced (distance-de materializing-irony) have been largely resolved and are therefore more referable. More apparently, less inconsistent to language, linear memory and prejudice. Similarly models of the individual's future can provide more substantive perspective. And can be used to give further viability to the Spherical DNAs model. Both models the past, the future can be used to provide insight clarity to the current dilemma. One option a uniquely individualistic video game can be easily designed to provide the troubled individual with pertinent activities, choices, dilemma opportunities to facilitate growth. Provide catharsis and relief. This game can evolve as the troubled patient responds to the responding video design. Appreciating that all forms in its ideal are Light essential. Each the complete timeless memory of their refined selves. Available spherically as such or altered accordingly ironically diminished and spherically dematerialized. Eventually one the same. (The dark beyond our chosen selves?) DNAs inconsistency would provide contrast perspective to the immediate and also avail insight as to the feasibility of consciously determined future plans.

When human dignity is accepted as its own ironic value rather than as a reliant contrast to unkindness, contempt and disease-the human self becomes evidenced more by love than love denying forgiveness.

Spontaneous something ion the nature of an intact consistent and nurturing memory. Maybe I won't include any of the letters. Not all anyway. I mean whose are they after you mail them. Specially if there not read. Whose are they while they are in route. No wonder you can't take it with you we'd live forever. And we'd still be double parking. We are inferring a reciprocally intuitive conversation, a spontaneity. And as such a non-linear non0displacing casual event. Therefore a language or conversation medium that can not be used to compromise, frustrate or invalidate. Once irony occurs the intuitive communication becomes linear.

Pacing the kitchen, chatting as thought delivers us, needing to bring a perspective of clarity to the previous paper on resonant time displacement -assimilating DNAs. The spherical. Our absence speaks. God linearly the same. Eternally otherwise by consent. Life forms are separate not spherically apart. Unless irony instructs. Spherically no one speaks that listens. Mysteries are not miracles. Origin and source the same. No one less. Not right as wrong obliges. The intent of this paper is event. Cosmically sympathetic. A new experience of self. Presence predominates beyond definitions clarity. Loving already loved. Transcendence and affinity one. Let's begin already started. Thank you for your accompaniment.

Spherically... Assuming your kind participation Joan Maureen one definition and two insights. The definition of a Sphere, afforded by the nice people at Random House Webster's Dictionary, "A solid geometric figure whose surface is at all points equidistant to the center." Also defined as "A Heavenly body." When the components that distinguish the geometry of the sphere becomes simultaneously then spontaneously functional resonant to one another, DNAs sympathetic or attuned you have a formulation that is it's own response. A Casual, measureless, not fragmented therefore devoid of distance and the related dematerializing anomalies including the vagrancy of time. Initially linearly the 3 dimensions have yielded to the 4th. Linearity has been harmonically resolved, meaning the earthly interactive displacing tranquilization that permeates the earthly experience based on our perceptual interaction. (ie). Three conditions of time; past, present, future. Three states of matter; solid, liquids, gases. A three dimensional world. We carry the tranquilization to Spirit; life, death after life. Once these tranquilizations, that actualize our existence valued through disintegration... as altered through erroneous perception, are converted to Sphere... a transcendence has been effected that revolutionizes the human experience. The second insight: Most relationships are sustained through the displacement of language, interpersonal ironies and the possibility of contempt and or violence as well as the erotic charm; our relationship is otherwise (the designed-disciplined near opposite) approaching a near non-linear preferred causality, conducive to the sphere we are discussing. A new accommodation of perception, language and self. Even the exclusionary duality of language is sustained through the eloquence and benevolence of silence. Curiously your patients arrive functionally life displaced as self (confused) compromising, but also organically

inferring the spherical potential. (Acknowledging physiology and spirit are one the same, though the nature of spirit is presently linearly fragmented-repressed). Your patients are reclaimed to some manner or degree of normalcy which is unfortunate given the true "spherical" potential in the described relationship. Suggesting that the idealized potential in your relationships with "a patient" ends when it should be beginning. Insanity resolved...not transcending the sanity the individualized insanity rejected...functionally, interpersonally and individually. Though the spherical modality would be initial to the relationship, optionally. Indeed through spherical interaction the patient could begin therapy without the therapist, this experience helping to determine a compatible choice for both patient and Doctor. As suggested in the previous essay. Is not the brain Joan a functionally separated Sphere? I'm asking. Also wondering...what is a question before it evolves to that juncture status. We're near of always assuming progress. But again intrinsic to our current sense of progress is invalidation. Everything we achieve, first as a vision, we eventually discard or dismiss. So again what is a question, ideally, before an after its distracted as a temporary answer.

Given the spherical nature of the previous paper's insights the suggestion is that your presence in these conversations is not neutral also not linearly active, but presumably spherical therefore a transcendence of irony to the preferred Light fullness expression of self. A harmony of being that "I" am not aware (I) can effect while alone. People speak of one person inspiring another (I) am suggesting something more profound, materially relevant-revealing and sustaining. Non-linear transference the words that might be suggested by your profession. Who less the other displaces the infinite as depletion's irony. (Ironic causality is an organic fragmenting anomaly we have convinced ourselves regrettably is essential to our person. So we are happy because sadness has not prevailed. We live because we can die afraid. Very curious.). Curious again that on this planet we create the burdens we resist by carrying. Celebrating this "displaced ideal" of self as self can only perpetuate the encouraged dislocation of form, thus frustrating dislocation of spirit. And as rational evidence we offer our own despair and shared inadequacy. We have twisted Creation to our own image. And are proud of our apology. But we prefer good to bad. And are happiest when we love each other. And we protect our children as the memory of ourselves. We are good or desirous thereof.

(The numbers typed (i's o's and numbers) amidst words are not intended). Why did "I" repeat that thought. Well if what we do isn't always intended then we aren't either. And if we aren't then what is our active status. And how is that other than conscious status different from disease, specially the offered insanity and death and sleep....Interestingly our first humanoid ancestor suggested by the fossil Lucy did not have a voice box, conceivably our distant cousins perceived and possibly to some degree conversed through numeration. Certainly they must have been aware of the relevance of three saber toothed tigers as opposed to one, acknowledged-interpreted-shared the assessed relevant information and determined their next behavior. Given our organic limits compared with other predators we must have had some form of insight communication.

Currently joining language to numeration can help develop our current manner of speech more clear, more revealing of self. Less linear more spherical.

By what virtue do “I” write? What education sponsors me? From what authority do (I) derive? I am a non-sequential man. Circumstance evolved not wise or enlightened. But lost and wandering. I am my own virtue. Insanity has been my sponsor. God my authority. Linearly unaffiliated. I politely rejected my assigned incompetence. And politely denied other’s contempt as defining. Of either. I am alone undistracted. Except myself God and the alleged ones. My family has been kind as generous. I am without violence. Laughing I know. I am in a constant state of rejection, how could be otherwise while approaching-being approached as the opposite.? As otherwise I am unfinished. I love not needing to be loved. While desiring love. (I) learn by contradiction not affirmation. “I” ask question of the questions aware answers delay. Until the better question persists. “I” don’t have an IQ. (I) sent it back. I live by the kindness of strangers and I am thankful.... I am aware of God, not needing to believe. I am not as I am. God spoke to “me” in Vietnam. (I) listened less the preferred offer of disease. Karma is God’s motion disguised as ourselves. Patience is faith knowledge is waiting. Godsoulprint. The words we dance together. You can’t have an enemy without being one. As prayer we continue breathing that prayers hear. More than one I in a paragraph could be maybe your looking in the wrong place. You keep bumping into yourself.

We are encouraged to rely on one another to legitimize our “linear perception” validating our casual identity. We are together less one the other. The possessive irony becomes functionally defining. Even through the ideal of independence our casual nature is determinate. Independence can only be realized if we acknowledge and accordingly engage the one we are not dependent on. The currently defined survival of an individual life speaks to this prerogative of the prioritized self. We are defined through a relevant other (ie) another person, a lifestyle, an institutional niche, an idea, an ambition. (Yet life perception evolves from the singular self. And we are born and die alone. Our organs similarly function. Sleep alone. And presumably whatever the integrity of interaction in their final form thoughts are our own). In spite of this dynamic solitude our lives survival, our intrinsic potential is a linearly casual experience. We are born derivative of two parents. What we “need” to learn will be delivered unto us. We acquire love’s interpersonal skills, develop respect and integrity. We are compelled by community rules that are not our own. And we acquire work skills that will further secure the linear anomaly of self. But this question begs of itself...are these interactive protocols all linearly casual in nature. The singular road of self. As is our nature have we perceptually erred during our formative evolution-explaining our current irony of self, our destructiveness our profound imperfection. Consequently developing identities and behaviors based on confirming observant conclusions about ourselves and “our” environment that were conducive to survival, perhaps inevitably, but we are none the less inadequate as experienced and congruently defined. And eventually we are lead tragically from our ideal potential. Once hunter gatherers evolved to a life in a destructively competitive society fragmented by

mechanized time-resolved through fear that became the dichotomy to our Cosmic origin. Lost unaware in the midst of our inadequate success. Our best linearly remains Cosmically our tragedy. Acknowledging we could only develop skills and insights based on our own reflective ironic reality. We could not respond to a perception of which we have no awareness. Also an awareness that denies our own. Victims it appears are essential to our mystery. And this communal sacrifice is integral to our identity. Including victim of self are not our greatest thefts of self.

Attempting to resolve the irony of self through a functionally selfless benevolence rather than sustaining the defining ironic-linear ideal is a discouraged aberration. Such a seeker will be distinguished, dismissed or extinguished. By whatever laurel (saint, psychotic or heretic) the aberrant will be silenced that the communal displacement of self continue. The perception to the rule of form is so fundamental that it requires no expression. We are limited to the material status of form. We must abide the organic needs of form. Other than the prescribed human (is a reality ideally limited to the stage). Even in jumping into the pond, 9challenging the instinct of form to save a life, however beautiful and heroic a deed, still perpetuates the irony of form. The activity is a linear and casual one governed by uncertainty. (We have come to accept that we must casually acknowledge and resolve the perception of ourselves within our designed limits). Even selflessness is a subjective offered -acknowledged casual integration. The benevolence is ideal as acknowledged and that which is being generously denied as offer must be consensually acknowledged and engaged. Please understand I am not devaluing our reality. The humanity of self. And the partnered selves. Form dictates consequences. There is good and there is bad. And each motivates integrity of choice and result. Most often inter actively. However influenced. Clearly there is a pronounced difference in healing a life as opposed to harming a life. (I) am suggesting a functionally different formulation of our material reality, therefore self. Less prone to ironic limitations. A non-casual therefore non localized and spontaneous realization of self. Accordingly experienced. Not measurable in time. Spherical not linear. An identity that transcends the borders of expressible form without alteration of form or form process. The opposite most evident currently through dislocated Spirit and technology. We are amiss. Bravely lost aspiring of God's direction. Prayer's answer tentative as heard.

A new language of the material. Evident as ^perception other than our current insecure interactive linearity. A linear parameter that currently can only reveal success materially through the eventuality of failure. A dichotomy evident as dematerializing and our need to alter what we control. Creating a futile redundancy. A life of sustainable inadequacy spiritually revealed through the immense of death.. This linear entrapment explains our lives. And is incontrovertible. Life is risk and pain anticipated or immediate. Our defining uncertainty finalized and revealed through the allegory of death. (The potential for chaos determines choice). We accept in determined worship the only true solace is through death. Our redemption through negation of linear form. Causality finally resolved as a reality evident through spiritual linearity.

What God Creator of the Cosmos could stumble so ineptly? The answer would appear to be not God, but our “interpreted selves” which includes adapting God to our designed inconsistency. Why is this so? Because it is so. As evidenced. (But evidence of self however basic and defining is not necessarily proof of the ideal). We dignify and define ourselves by over coming the errors we create. Errors born from an initially flawed perception that became a conflicted parallel to our evolution on the planet earth. Resulting in an existence revealed through designed-intrinsically defining error based on displacing causality. (*Amidst the activity of form errors will occur, but need they be integral to purpose as purpose*). The nature of our initially flawed perception (and it’s fear unless it was fear itself) is not linearly knowable. (The spherical opens new venues into our historical and immediate self). But likely we attempted to resolve the initial flawed perceptions through the evolving utility of time eventually validated by science and technology. (The initial inconsistency might have been experiencing the material through time. The material became relevant as temporary ie the Cosmic contradiction). Which means inconsistency became essential to the identity of self, an irony further secured when social order became temporal. We recognized the value of experiencing the material including ourselves as fleeting or temporary. The material could be transacted through time. Material was assigned a non-functional past status (once the future) as the conditioned irrevocable utility of self. Linear inconsistency became as basic as breathing. And both relevant as irrelevant meaning again temporary. The material was rendered inconsistent and this Cosmic illegitimacy became further devalued and controlled through measurable time which was not guaranteed (not Eternal not infinite). Any alteration of form we determined was intrinsic to form-acceptable as necessary...whatever the consequences to form in order to justify the inconsistency that was precipitated by the acceptable alteration. Again this came integral to form, there was no choice. The inconsistency of opposing linear duality became as seed is to flower. Eventually the time-form inconsistency became the near of simultaneous through science and technology. Meaning that a material status or event could through efficiency and exaggerated consequence be delegated to an other than a casually limited interactive station (ie) revealed and witnessed through effected and acceptable ironic dematerializing. The irony of time material interchange through increased durability and exaggerated result became more tolerable, presumably less painful. Man-woman had not resolved their irony, they maximized....A winter’s gathering of apricots protected by spears became countries protected biological weapons. Also a “psychology” evolved the application of life as temporary and ironic was tolerable because invariably the human thought the defining futilities were someone else’s burden. The linear evolution of social order over thousands of years was determined on who shared how much of the defining futilities through whose determination. So much so that some were given the right of death over others. Institutions, depositories of inconsistency, became essential to the growing Cosmic dislocation. (Further increasing ironic intolerance the human developed a convoluted self displacing “mind” and spirituality through a conflicted-fragmenting integration of conscious-unconscious parameters reinforced and validated through their own negation (death, ironic spirituality, randomness, disease including insanity) in order to

sustain the inexplicable reality that could only be substantiated through denial-mystification, irony, alteration ironic dematerializing, grotesque institutional controls and death). Time became our ghost machine functional through its displaced devaluation as ourselves. We “experience” our existence through “the fabrication” the selected time protocol. (Time our artificial response to our initial evolved perceptual breach was a device (a deception) legitimized through unquestioned consensus. One distortion begets another). We could not only influence (organize) our lives through time, but the lives of others. Significantly we could also disorganize the lives of chosen adversaries through the time material interchange... a family member, a business opponent, an enemy, the environment, ourselves and the dislocated non-fraternal God in order to legitimize our capacity for order. (Actually linear disorder). Fundamentally further necessitating our need to alter, fragment Creation to validate our time identity. (again time the singular Cosmic non-material) Time and material dislocation through disintegrating dematerializing became interchangeable, otherwise time would disappear as inconsequential. Thereby further fragmenting our separation from our Cosmic root. Initially one such separation was the perception of distance as a relevant materially essential expression of time displacement). A validating science evolved that can only confirm what is altered through measurable alteration (ie) witnessed through linear math, language, error valuation, measurable temporary dematerializing (disintegration) and always anticipated linear control that would be more compelling. And of course linear “relevant” measurements are in the ideal essence inconsequential since linearity reveals itself through its own invalidation. On this planet we measure what we have already experienced. Other venues through which we effect the material-time interchange and render alteration-disintegration evident as dematerializing (often intended as a function of alteration in time) inevitable and self justifying: God experienced in man time. Memories realized in time. Intelligence linearly assigned. Life-death codependency (Another material time interchange that justifies effecting death on others, a determinant status that is only God’s. And explaining God to ourselves rather than allowing God the privilege.

These many ironic Cosmically displacing activities occurred often (not always) simultaneously, each often the unknowing influence of the other over the thousands of years. (A multiplicity of related not necessarily interacting linear activities). The irony and inevitable confusion propagated and perpetuated as by war, religious intolerance, plagues, non-objective historians (once technology allowed recording and decimation of information), mystification of fear and a reward system whereby those who sustained the prevailing linear irony were rewarded and those who did not were denied. Either effect a denying perpetuation of linear causality based on ironic displacement of the human self as being other than Cosmically pertinent and revealing.

Again material displacement and time became integrated- interchangeable- conversant as our communally unconscious chosen process. We accept death as a validation of life. (A non-sequential death evidenced as decay). {Presently the only “sustainable” all embracing, un bordered activity we are capable of is death}. Again the need for time was certified through the encouraged potential chaos which the human had to

accept as functionally inevitable to our existence. Once we conjoined Creation to our time fabrication (time the one non-material) an evolution of defining material inconsistency ensued. All became accordingly reflective as temporary, infinity had been excused in favor of our evolutionary ironic-other than evident variation. We could create within our altering limitations, but our control was unequivocal because we could destroy or devalue what had been offered because our material was only temporary. And only valid spiritually through material negation (you had to die to go to Heaven). The fleeting futility of time both justified and rendered these profound and self contradicting inconsistencies the near of inevitable and tolerable. The price we had determined of being human on the planet earth: An ironic form of self indulgent causality results. Control-effected chaos and randomness or futility were joined as separate and always functionally related. Altering form to sustain the irony of form became essential. Killing was one such alteration and certification of our acquired identity. When the nature of material was experienced as temporary and this status could be willfully influenced the materiality of life itself became inconsistent to its own infinite Cosmic nature. Material form could only be experienced through its dematerializing alteration which would like our bodies culminate as disintegration. The Eternal lost to our temporary time based reality. Rendering form only consistent to its own inconsistency. (Our evolutionary choice of which we were not aware.) **The one pertinent question persists. Does human causality have to be linearly displacing. Substantiated through dysfunctional disintegration.** If an infinity's materiality (the uninterrupted life-cycle of form) could be made temporary (killed or damaged) denying or alterable to the advantage of an insecure self the results became predictably understandable. And likely necessary in order to sustain the foible of time and the interchangeable material inconsistency (ie) vulnerability. Also the ensuing chaos became randomly sublimated while institutionally integrated therefore individuals did not (could not) accept responsibility for their part in this linear uncertainty. Much of life was no longer up to us. Our choices were accordingly limited and justified. Our spirituality similarly verified. We could prove we were in control by effecting order through force or alteration on a disorder we created but were not responsible for in part because we determined this disorder was essential and naturally reflective of our planetary experience. (Inevitability justified absurdity). A collective irrationality submitted as an irony of will. Cooperated as temporary. Endorsed as random. Verified as chaotic. And scientifically proven and measurable as intrinsic to form. Creation had become ours. We would answer our own questions. We became the cause of our own flawed effect. All reprieves were temporary. And were reprieves from self. Transference became our language. Irony our dictate. Our lives became a panorama of denial. Our time on earth was limited and desperate. And spiritually seeded to and through our absence. Heaven became another place not ours. God's gift our lives became death our reward. Heaven had been excused from Creation. Joan, Tammy, Julie please imagine if this painful-devastating convulsion were offered after a one week seminar rather than evolved over the many thousands of years? And if its spherical opposite were offered similarly?

We have agreed without efforts consent. We will be relieved of this self inflicted success when we “ran out of time.” Freed from our artificial contrivance. Our earthly entrapment would resolved to the and as the Eternal timelessness. Otherwise one material dictate determined all relevant as consequent. Everything that begins must end while ending. **But beginning’s flower is not it’s seed end, infinity insists as continuity abides.** What curious performance divine we are? Hence without the consequent material ending evidenced as disintegration... there is no sustaining material relevance. Process alteration, destruction, randomness-all relevant through inevitable dematerializing became inherent as the quasi negotiable status of the temporary ideal. Cataclysmic events like hurricanes, war, plagues, volcanic eruptions, floods, or simply the daily uncertainty of life could be influenced by mythic alterations of form. (Magic, human sacrifices, linear education, philosophical inevitability, anticipated innovation, prayer, blame displacement, redundant forgiveness and week ends off). Rendering these events less likely, more tolerable (ie) more temporary. Controllable....The material was everlasting because time we determined was infinite. (The Universe was expanding-displacement was acceptable. We entered Heaven upon the displacement of our lives). Failure proved the inevitability of form as temporary and consequent to its own opposition. Duality is our mirror. Original sin became understandable. Corruption and form became congruent, inevitably when form was spiritually validated through the decay of form. The essence of life became struggle against ones own innate corruption and fallibility. This the whims of nature’s decree we agreed. Body and soul were separate as two. The need of each was varied and potentially conflicted more tolerable as separate intolerable (unexplainable) as one. One speak life the other death’s consent. Linally distracted to institution propagated through further linally sustaining fragmentation (ie) managers, administrators, arbitrators, enforcers, scholars, those that delegate spirit and executioners. Indeed to a varying extent “responsible” citizens of the commune had to assume all these linally entrapping behaviors. We had excused the Cosmos God’s Creation from our maturity. This schism was further devaluing of life form encouraged a mentality and commerce of corruption. Including the corruption of war, inequality inherent to potential and perpetuating life chance (denial) as the best that we could do. Form we had determined dictated it’s own demise. And devaluation.

The intolerable became necessary and essential to the integrity of form. Love as substantiated through forgiveness. Inconsistency was bearable because it would be delegated to the past. And deniable as the inevitable growth anticipated in our future. We were in constant transition. But always ending up where we began-our in completed selves. Spiritual refugees. Lost as introduced. Cosmically wandering justified as anticipated (the linear fiction of now-material nonetheless). We could only confirm our worth by denying ourselves through a past or dismissing the immediate inconsistency as not relevant to a non existent future that eventually would be unauthorized as our past. Vague allusions to unproductive time were explanatory, but not productive. The time of the Gods. Not our time. Not in time. (Note the time imbued use of language suggesting the human inseparable from time). “I am late. I wish I had the time. I’ll never forgive her if she’s late. Left

behind by time. Am I early? He's always late. Don't be late again. I wish I had the time. Sorry I'm late. Isn't time funny. When did he die. The planet that time forgot." The list continues. Note the current use of time reference. Spirituality defined through martyrdom. Exclusion of one from the other became so intrinsic to ordered form that an individual could be born into poverty or slavery and live resident to these burdens. We became like willful Gods because we were able through self defining perceptions to use one another to our preferred irony. We became each others excuse, each others lover, each others enemy, each others communicable disease or functionally relevant as accommodators within these linearly adaptive schemes. Our only tragedy was that our tragedy was unnecessary. We had become the near equal of God because we could destroy what God created. And what we destroyed most was ourselves Unquestionably we are beautiful. Potentially divine. We need not suffer the linear separation of our Cosmic identity. We need not suffer ourselves to others to prove we were relevant and alive. Our love need not be determined by response. ***I am saying our ideal relationship of form is spherical.*** And this sphere is reflective of our Cosmic identity. We are God's galactic children.

When (I) suggest that in speaking with you while I am alone you are materially involved and influencing. And we can indulge this perception almost without exception. Error no longer defines opportunity, but becomes a shared and welcomed happenstance. Not the opportunity of weakness. But clarities guidepost. One voice enunciates Eternal not less self. Still you are. Still I am. Uncorrupted of designed intentions. And this is what humans desire and attempt, though the result is fleeting, influenced by fear, the interpersonal anomalies and fragmented through the current language. Tuxedo just climbed on my stomach reminding me that my stomach is not the complete purpose of itself. This silly test was to be done tomorrow. Distractions strain purpose. Another paragraph might help.

We had meant to write about science. Our final attempt to understand our invalidation. And a helpful perspective. Because the designed rules and consequent insight born from scientific inquiry are less linearly subjective. Errors do not validate. Inconsistencies are not acceptable. In the ideal science does not harbor death as a benefactor, but an opponent. Science politely excuses the linearly ironic worship of God from discourse. Science tolerates and compels error, but does not need consistent error to sustain methodology. Both error and process are subjected to sustained scrutiny and improvement. Science acknowledges randomness as probability but is directed by identifiable goals. Additionally the causality of science is further evident and contrasted and tested through dependant technologies. Finally most often the fruits of science eventually will be submitted to the judgment of "the people." But nonetheless science solves problems we create. And if ours is a flawed reality. Science and its technologies will eventually be the most abiding proof of our ironic intransigence. If science is our mirror not God we will only come to see what we have already proven as self exclusionary. Realized through exaggeration. And will need to proven again. Until we legitimize the juncture of self as error. Linearity is resolved through and as negation. And materiality succumbs as decay. (Whatever the tool derivative

of success (ie) the evacuated rainforest, the radiation detonation, conjoined viruses, bio weapons, global warming and the eventual convulsion of several of these devastates. All activities created and sustained through selected employment). But again sciences charm is logic. A precision of purpose and method that does not value result through a designed corruption of process. Meaning causality, linearity, death invalidation, dematerializing alteration and the chosen greed's of self... Let us please try to play this instrument of evolving mind-spirit to our purpose. Offering as caution another nativity scene. The next God child ourselves: Light bequeathed Light affluent. Physiology Eternal. Given that we are potentially Joan the Light seed potential of ourselves "all" of our limits need not be essential and defining. (Currently accepted as designed-influenced and assigned). We can each be the living resurrection of ourselves. Irony limited to happenstance. You... resident of the Galaxies. Companion of the stars. DNAs sympathetic you thrive awareness as you dream. Spherically attuned distance becomes less the distance of purpose. Your origin is your seed the Cosmos. Godsoulprint articulate. All is good as better. Death smiles life persists. Miracles whisper your name. You open your eyes once as twice. Infinity at a glance. "I" do not flatter the truth so abides our origin. God's residence the Eternal infinite Cosmos.

But before we can gather the flowers once stars into your hand we must clarify the barrier that is life. Try to arrive at a perception beyond the consensus of form. Can the current language of self which is a casual linear expression of our fragmenting separation of from the infinite...allow the spiritual transmogrify. Linearity suggesting the final word and the first whatever the expression is ours. Which of course is ludicrous since we are not responsible for our own materiality. Though we are responsible for its distortion. The seed essence of all form however repressed or deferred is a Lightfull manifest, accordingly infinite, not ironic-linear and defined as materialized. Meaning that everything we do has inherent within its essence the Light seed of our essence. Our origin derivation. Yes it appears that even through language we can go beyond the entry door of ourselves beyond the conditioned linear limitation of form. At least till we arrive at the Spherical entry. **No.1** The intent of language so speaks. (The initial impetus offered. "Whatever is realized by this written effort is as much yours in the reading as mine in the inscription. (Motive speaks). Linearity begins to yield. Causality and effect approaching as one. The suggestion to some might suggest generosity. But I am speaking to a material status that predates this planets existence. Indeed is inherent as intent-material-event we know as "the beginning" of the Universe. The suggestion that anyone should be appreciative of (my) gesture is curious. And invigorates linearity. Recalling the words Thomas Mann's words. "Life isn't invented as we go along its detected." The non-linear Universe is spherical all form interactions spherically the same unless ironic to essence. **No.2.** We've cleared intent from greed, the irony of form, now with your "encouragement" lets resolve our linear exclusionary process to the infinite Light flow. From spherical intent to the consequent Sphere. Given that the spherical denies distance and is not functionally dependant on material irony through effected DNAs ... we can create a non- casual transcendence between two humans. And materials or material processes. A synthesis of

form suggested by both birth and death which we spend our lives trying to recreate, within the limits of form's allowance. (Examples later in this paragraph). The linear evidence is that the knowing process is a denial of what is determined through the effort. (That which we attain as idealized insight value we displace or repress through the process effort of ourselves. Which "I" may remind is conditioned through learning and denies the material essence of our birth person. Which is a functioning condition of self that is without language, institutional displacement, not casually attuned to "our reality," initially non-localized, without an influencing awareness of death and the relationship with God is transcendent of casual form ...for these learning is a denial of what is attained as knowledge. And this dichotomy is reciprocally simultaneous. Further suggesting the spherical baby child responds to music prior to literate awareness. Clearly the essential and functioning nature of organic form, the human baby child, does not invalidate in total the Light presence of self. (The baby child is a Light presence). This essential baby presence of self can be identified and accordingly manifested and therefore expressed through the relevant and revealing DNAsound....The unique sound realized when form is in the intended or unintended motion of self. Cosmically sympathetic or Cosmically unsympathetic. The baby spherically not displaced or displacing therefore the DNAs created as of a child of the Light. (And can be the future focus point of an adult). We are examining the Universe confirming material status that previously was reserved through the presumption death as allegory). But understand we are discussing an adult who has accrued much materialized irony. And become reliant on linear entrapments. Language has been learned. Intelligence assigned. God instruction initiated. The list is a lengthy one and grows presumably intrinsic to and suggestive of maturity. We spend our lives trying to return-recreate the Light baby essence of our birth. An innocence from contempt, a linearly inarticulate baby once a function of divinity. Examples of the desired recreation: True friendship, anticipating the future, sexual union, memories, seeking spirituality, kissing, embracing, laughing, meditating, sleeping and the fanciful death. Interestingly all activities that tend not to be verbal, particularly in their culmination. Also not actively casual once culminated. And a resolving union of duality. And in their ideal curiously evoking a feeling or sensation of timelessness. And as such Lightfully attuned.

Can adults immersed in acquired irony, acknowledging life's permanent casual alterations of form, can such an individuals revert to the Light of self without becoming linearly inept or cancelled as suggested by death or sleep. Sleep and meditation assume the spherical, but are linearly active. Both sleep and meditation return to the source from which they are evolved. Spheroid reprieve is temporary and not ideal. Often more recovery than transcendence. Indeed these form status of self are spherical because they are not linearly engaging. And as such are not conversant, the casual linear exchange has been stifled. The realization experience of precognition, luck, coincidence, remote viewing are Light origin (not derivative of machine or other human linearly) but also are not linearly conversant. Unlike our current language effect we can not converse intuitively, share a meditation, effect or sustain a moment of luck, but rather once experienced these

realizations begin to dissolve or displace as we begin to “share” them through the displacement of language, our linear world-which includes the institution of contrived or assumed doubt and the interpersonal ambiguity. (I mentioned the typo’s o and i’s are unintended and seem to have relevance ...our sphere evolves however challenged). As previously noted knowledge through learning as thinking (like language) has value for the designed inconsistencies. The suggestion has been made that babies are responsive to music prior to any awareness based on instruction. This suggests a status prior to material form or conception previously spoken of as the Light which happens to be conducive to idealized sound. A variety of explanations might be offered based on studies. Humans are much given to proving each other wrong and as such ineffectual (ie) linearly relevant. The devaluation is to both the humans and their shared or individual effort of self (cumulative and immediate). The error preoccupation and devaluation appears to be inherent to linearity and as such becomes organically functional to the human beings. This devaluation becomes exaggerated through technology and the sublimation of institution. Which includes the institution of the dismissed past and the “anticipated” non-functionally displacing future. As well as the self negating and encompassing notion of progress. (All irony becomes tolerable “life” will get better). The confrontation invalidation (or resolution through compromise) at the expense of others is linearly designed-encouraged and acceptable. And believed to be intrinsically organic to the current human. Also extremely unproductive. (Being a compatible-shared victim is intrinsic to who we are, this is evolved but is not organic, but has become effected as organic through consensus, technology and the preferential worship of God). What is being suggested... an evolving nuance of right or correctness is much more preferable, productive and spiritually-spherically conducive than the current exclusionary vagrancy based on some variation of right versus wrong. Knowledge is obviously relevant, but a devotion to logic rather than trying to affirm current scientific precepts that are eventually going to be refuted is preferable. Logic is the ideal of “thinking” in its contained resolution. Meaning that a point of logic is intact virtually non-casual in its sufficiency and there is a sense of timelessness when this logical assimilation occurs. Logic validated as unsolicited love appears to be the first Spherical step. An awareness not entirely unlike waking up, embracing or kissing, inspiration or resolution catharsis or a good yawn or good laugh. Like birth or death Possibly junctures of “our” acquiring memory... “irrespective of time and space”.... God’s timeless memory with which we are in communion therefore spherically attuned rather than linearly disturbing. Humans seem to disdain logic preferring subjective truth often culturally and spiritually discriminating.

We might point out a thought from an earlier essay relevant to these concerns. **We do not engage the Light the Light engages us, though we can...** We have already mentioned that as casually matured life form our efforts to engage the Light through conditioned non-assimilation of self via language or math sustained and further defused through institution (the intemperate institutions of knowledge, corporate structure and the grievous process of right though wrong) is becoming more fragmented as linear technology becomes more dominant. A brief aside if we may. It is interesting that those individuals who through their chosen acquired

effort become Light communing. Human beings spoken of as enlightened often are given to the beneficiary of solitude. Self separated from linear success-linear inconsistency. And minable time invested. Their affluence is worshipful and alone. They are uninterrupted by encouraged benefit. Therefore available to the Light. And those who decide to step down from this Light hermitage are assigned the mantel of spiritual hero. We truly respect and sometimes worship these Determined ones. But first we often kill them. And our dismissal of them (ie) Jesus the Christ, Mohammed or Mother Teresa can continue for thousands of years (ie) we delegate our spiritual responsibility (our Light predisposition) to them. Rather than rising to the challenge. We kneel in awe and redundant subservience. We elevate them to deny our selves in order to maintain our linear ineptitude and form corruption. Further explaining why spiritual aspirants are not willing to graduate from their place of worship after maturing to their divinity. Again exaggerated and timelessly sustained through the indulgence of institution. Words are not deeds. And the promise of deeds are often neither. Historically any person or activity that might interfere with our consensual instability (our destructiveness) is disposed of or otherwise linearly remedied. Sometimes as suggested through love and respect. Our fallibility and inconsistency our mortality we have communally determined is the seed essential of ourselves. We were also discussing the impossibility of attaining the Light through the conditioned institutional self. Through the assimilation of irony that becomes self transcendent an individual can absolve the destructive causaolity through determined effort. Consistent and sincere. Choice really sometimes one choiuce. Noting that beauty and decency in there expression can also be corruption of there ideal. One of the question we are considering (is) can a spiritual realization of one be realized by two. Possibly ev3n more effectively experienced by two? And if so would the assimilation involve any loss to one or both? Given that our ironic conditioning is linearly self reflective denying in so many ways. **We deny Creation as ourselves.** And as previously suggested our acquired survival requires a devaluation of self which becomes organic to self and material to relationship and institution. Examining self through this linear self is difficult when the function of linearity is self negation, either in substance or as elemental to planning ie choice. Can two as a spherical one afford the greater Light allowance recalling the PEAR groups study on resonance. (Acknowledging one can frustrate their Light disposition through their reaction to another, certainly resolving the inherent casual separation between two would enhance ones accruing spherical ideal). Also suggested when resonant time displacement DNAs is actualized with any material-all derivative of God). What greater journey of two than such a God quest. Indeed the essence of infinity denies separation and distance as essentially determinant of form. And the resolving the culturally-spiritually designed (often insistent) separation between two would speak to the infinite refining acquiring Eternal. Further remembering that the Light communions of self in the past occurred between one and the Light. Yet the ideal we are attempting suggestive of the un bordered Light is conversant. Spontaneous not linearly sequential. Examples. Birth, death, precognition, sleep, laughter, luck, intuition. Reminding that once you become Light resident your conditioned self is no longer ironically relevant or presumably expressively interactive. (The Light is in control.

The reversal of the quantum riddle.) But we are adventuring one step further. Two Lightfully resonant as one. Each not yielding the integrity of form. Thus resolving the functional casual irony of separation. A union of self we repeatedly attempt to realize through brief love efforts (ie) kissing, embracing, coupling, sleep, laughter or anticipation and need of the same. Two the love of one God. Once two accordingly Lightfully resolved the possibility of effective intuitive spontaneous conversations increases appreciably. We are in essence discussing a new language between two. A new Creation response being of self. (All occurs within Creation as Creation including the denial of Creation). And there (I) am pacing the kitchen Each the absence of the other. Are you alone Joan, Tammy, Norman or is it me? Hence who speaks not less themselves. Timeless memory abides and foretells less our explanations. Trying to attain a linear communion. Consequent credit and respect are defining and sincere, thus a spherical inclination. The language of one prior to birth or as birth. Non-linear consensus suggestive of intuitive union. "Music of the Spheres." Motion music the same. Luminosity witnesses not less its own perception.

A departure if we may on about during this time of Christmas. Speaking to the next Transcendence. Relevant by your words and deeds: No one speaks that others listen less themselves...& ^ *

...& Speaks to the linear Biblical imperative. ^ Speaks to transition. * Speaks to the Spherical. The following is incomplete. Spherically incomplete able thus the Eternal thrives refining. Acknowledging God is not derived individually thus collectively from the communal instruction.

& "**Love your neighbor as yourself.**" ^ Neighbors love one another in spite of intervention. Example apology-forgiveness-consequence..* Love all beyond encouragement. Cause n' effect the same. In loving you are loved.

...& "**Love your enemy.**" ^ Love your enemy that your enemy love you. * You can't have an enemy without being one. Thus the Light resides. And the darkness yields.

...& **Turn the other cheek.**" ^ Do not turn the other cheek thus avail a second blow devaluing both. Embrace your foe and love holds you. * Know your assailant before he approaches you. He is you. Karma is God's motion disguised as ourselves.

...& **Forgive the sinner.**" ^ Love the sinner that sin be otherwise, but loves challenged opportunity. * What saying that saying hears. Language denies as spoken. Any acknowledgement is commerce of the same, inhibiting-tempering loves deeds divine. Seed flower your Eternal hands the same. The truest of our love is not near the fullest flower of our blossoms potential.

...& "**An eye for an eye.**" ^ What eye not God's vision. * We reside in the infinite Cosmos. All word's deeds accrue spherically... Eternally. Blind one blind all. The darkness the Light. Which you are you know as done. Words and deeds the gardens flower.

...& "**And through me you enter the Kingdom of Heaven.**" ^ * Entered never left. Resurrection Reincarnation the same, otherwise as disposition. You are the door you claim as death. The door opened you are

told is birth. Your parents God's the same. You are no less the equal of your Godsoulprint, except as by linear choice denying. Thus twice denied.

A nice gentle man nailed to a cross. Linear accruing memory acquired divinely derived. No Cosmic harvest here but murder. Darkness remind Light's shadow. Jesus becoming an accessory in his own murder, condoning violence. (The evolved karma of our planetary time). You can't have an enemy without being one. (Less yourself less God). Spherically they who speak God listens as spoken. Bravely one must not become an accessory in their own murder. No less a violence justified, the darkness, visited as accruing spherically. The karma of the time evolves, ourselves reclaimed that the Light lessons prevail. What Holy documents are these the Koran, the Bible, others denying-devaluing women the equal of God's children, God's love revealed through violence (ie) martyr and crucifixion, Heaven revealed through death not God's gift life, the Bible culmination in the devastation of God's labor (ie) revelations. What song is this that sings God or the earth people. What Holy violent jihad still Holy not as God denied. What God disciple denies God's creations as evidence of God? As proof of Creation's worth? Consider another execution...

Witness the gentle man on the cross. Two thousand years the eyes beckon. Your gaze. Now the Nazarene's. Communion's seed. The soldiers feeling Mary's tears, rise. Her sons warm blood. Bold of kindness, we rise. Lowering the cross. Delivering Jesus back to us still breathing. Healing wounds love's caress, his mother gasps our deliverance. Sipping water Jesus smiles. Is this not the better resurrection.

I will stop to wonder. Hesitate....

Clarity reflection's: Spherically in slapping another's cheek both are violated to the ground. You can't have an enemy without being one. You can not forgive the sinner without acknowledging the sin.

You can not enter the Kingdom of Heaven. It is from Heaven that you came. And Heaven where you reside. If you disagree you do so through the proof of your own denial. Agreement less is preferable to disagreements franchise.

An eye for an eye. You can not kill another. Without spherically sponsoring the accruing darkness. What goes around comes around never left. You have damaged Heaven. Linearly affirmed in the extreme you are more invalidated than your chosen victim. You will spend your life trying to spherically resolve this deed to the darkness or the Light. You can not kill another human being without linearly affirming the darkness. The time of now is always forever. Yet forever is times labor. There is no death there is extinction we should assume. And as neither the Eternal eloquence. Refining form.

When the solitary one communes the Light of self to the self of Light. The union is spherical linearly all embracing. You need not know the love that loves you. Linear seed Spherically God the same. The birds the trees the flowers do love you the distant neighbor the same. Allowing the same you are. And if not beneficent awaiting so. There is no bad. But the shadow of good. There is no bad that is not the chosen seed of good.

(I) want to thank us. You whispered to purpose “I” listened, grandiose affirms. Each door’s exit entries permit. Unrestrained (I) am proceeding that dream’s may walk-no longer grandiose, but together. Hope resides our purpose. Faith restrains fate abides. Spherically music we are. Smiling souls our soul. Body mind soul the spherically same . Displacements enfolds waiting Eternal flower’s hold.

May we please turn to our other companions. First I want to bless in thanking Tuxedo for sharing the love of ourselves balanced on my stomach and chest while (I) type. I love to appreciate of the alleged ones down stairs. Our lady Rosie Dale. And the other two alleged ones “Which One” and “Which One Not the Other” fromof whom I have tried to learn love. Their patience to my impatience love learns God’s tools. Also the alleged mysterious trees outside. Their divine waiting. No greater motion than stillness. Silent motion God’s. And our Eternal self. For allowing us to knock on Your door. And once again for the first time mysterious Tammy- you and our next self... whose words conceal melodies silence that songs be heard as promised. What words seed not flowers imagined.

I’m supposedly thinking right now? “I” thought (I) would like to play hiding go seek one more time. Anyway be the way. Whatever be the way is the other way. You don’t have to get lost if you already are. Where weren’t we. Yes the funny companions. The toaster, the computer and the machine gun. What’s a machine? Not you that loves. Remembering to embrace. The infinite all inclusive Light includes the formulary of machine and technology. The current machine concept is an ironic reflection of our linear self expressive of our many linear Cosmically displacing anomalies-realized through linear time based dematerializing sustained through the pained protocol of self. We are introducing the era of the resonant machione. A breach form convergence reflective of the Cosmic ideal. The combustion divergence is ended? Micro chip ideation only infers the spheroid. You do not have to insert a micro chip into” you” babies brain to prieve her a child. Cause and defect linear intent becomes rationalized and endlessly sublimated as probabilities certitude. A duplicate Universe that infers origin as source. Cause result not effect consequent to probable response. Probability is assumed before initiate cause, not factored as process, relevant only in human application. Probability does not define. Probability and error are currently inter changeable. Infinite possibilities not qualifying probabilities. The spheroid does not speak to process or intent, but event. Anticipate: (Symbiotic synergism, sound cryogenics, acoustic osmosis, pneumatically imploding spin-span, gravity sphere).

The current machine and the initiate technologies exaggerate and confirm the humans rejection of themselves. Currently all earth science is linear. The very seed of our science can only be redeemed by invalidating that seed. This is progress. This is dematerializing causality effected through ironic alteration-witnessed as uncertain temperature, mass-density variance, distance factors and forces such as torque. This is our lives. We can only prevail by denying who we were. Validating the past as essential seed. Asserting ourselves based on who we will be. Spiritually, materially and organically. Is exclusionary dislocation necessary to a defining extreme. We can effect a spheroid reality. A breach of perception less profound than our

willingness to alter the material to a temporary advantage secured by devaluing and eventually “losing” what we alter in order to legitimize our perceptual errors or error. We are capable of a defining transcendence decidedly a formulation less ironic than our willingness to destroy our material identity in order to prove that we are deserving of that identity. While dreaming (asleep non-linearly in tuned) we are compatible (as) our dreams. The same our ability to witness miracles, meditate, assimilate luck, coincidence, the precognitions and sustain blissfully our dissatisfaction. And love one another. Whatever the glance we relive our non linear baby’s year-loving that true be so, embracing that we are better held. Kissing when whispering does not suffice, coupling that two be one and rebirth reflect the Eternal infinite, praying that we are finally heard and hesitating anticipation’s death. We can evolve beyond the opiate of dichotomy. Our prayers guide this direction. Our science spherically the same as prayer. Torah, Four Fold Way, Bible, Koran, slide ruler, your dream’s child the same. Otherwise displacement fosters irony. And hope begs forgiveness less loves purpose.

Not surprisingly no current field of science can be explained and sustained without the effect of measurement. This linear reflex is the inevitable when material consequence of linearity secured through temporal alteration. Measurement is an attempt to linearly reinforce our knowledge base as process through controlled content. Also to control the distortion of form that is reflective of the initial perceptual errors; likely enumerable events-non events not necessarily perceptual paralleling our evolution (ie) the public consciousness of myth, archetypes, genetic memory, the accruing spherical darkness: Creating a diminishing dichotomy. One futility begets a greater futility validating process as consequent are (ie) disintegration tolerated as dematerializing. Measurement is essential to observation. Our attempt to understand our initial temporal material breach. Suggested by language, mathematics-devices essential to our current ironical scientific formula. Intent is limited by approach. And approach frustrates intent. And this inconsistency is determinant and renders current earth science an evolving sometimes improved redundancy. Different perspectives on the same perceptual anomaly. The question sings as hesitation waivers can we engage without altering form?

What other examples of a Light event beside luck, coincidence, precognition, miracle, answered prayer, sleep, birth, death, non-casual remembrance, intuition, remote viewing, non-casual inspiration, the not yet known....Allowing the following “experience” by the credence of your insights. Not “I” but (we) once Light in tuned. In 1977 thriving amidst my ignorance. (No word offends that love permits). The following pulse of information. At the time unaware of the non-linear relevance of numbers....The culmination of WW1 1918...culmination of WW11 1945... Nostradamus’s projection on WW111...1999. Add or subtract any variation of these three dates from each other... all configurations factor to 9. (Nine is the number of beginnings and endings). Clearly a nuclear war did not materialize. Two considerations: Nuclear war, CBW warfare is occur rent as you read. Devising the weaponry, the willingness to use, human beings giving their labor through taxes to subsidize the ungodliness...all accrue spherically and are relevant-essential to the detonation. Further noting the vast majority of information on Hiroshima reinforces the spherical configuration

9. (The weight of the bomb, the height of the mushroom cloud, scientist flew to witness the mission in plane no. 91, number of humans killed-number of homes destroyed-number of medical personnel killed or injured all 90% plus of total, Project code “Great God K(9 letters), project location Los Alamos (9 letters) New Mexico (9 letters), Manhattan Project (9 letters), the list continues at length, even anecdotal information. Mitsubishi sent engineers to Hiroshima the day before detonation, he nine engineers were reassigned to Nagasaki the day before detonation at this city. Nagasaki not researched. The aforementioned a different perspective determinant of what we already know (ie) we have developed-sustained and nurtured the willingness and technological capacity to effect the 6th spasm extinction on this planet...Armageddon. (The first resultant from choices and preferences of one species). Congruently we examine...World War 3 did not materialize in 1999. Why? Logic infers if understanding allows. Prior to the end of 1999 nuclear war fighting officers from the Russia and America joined together at various locations around the world trying to avert an accidental nuclear war relevant to the Y2K dilemma. A significant Light casual event. Noting when the Light is actualized, the un bordered, all embracing therefore a casual (the non linear ironic anomalies like distance and displacement do not factor)...as such the darkness yields to the Light. Life preferred extinction denied. Eternity avails the Eternal unfolds. Do you agree with this assessment. Will you please check the potentially curious information on Nagasaki. Sometimes I run out of myself.

Allowing a brief clarification. Timeless memory (ie) spontaneous memory is the near interchangeable “compatible” with the event that is represented by the memory. And the inter change under ideal conditions is reciprocal or spontaneity would be negated. (This includes inconsistent form through time displaced DNAs). A condition that occurs upon the assumption of death, but currently not otherwise given our limitations. Further the timeless memory of the event (or a time displaced event assumed to a specific intent) represents all potential variables relevant of the event or displacement would ensue and spontaneity would be invalidated and possibly linear time would begin to factor or some other non-material ironic anomaly. Another more precise formulation to this concept is our nice neighbor Professor Einstein’s observation. “If mass is constricted enough the curvature of space becomes infinite.” Now we have a material process activity related to infinity. Again the mass form, the curvature activity and infinity at a certain juncture become sympathetic and interchangeable or the transition to infinity would not occur. *But the insight was not brought to application spiritually, medically, technologically and otherwise.* Again this inter change is reciprocal. Further these transitions can be effected harmonically (ie) DNAs. Clearly this transition, this transom-transmute can not occur linearly through time. We would likely have a fusion like event. Though another of the gentle Professors insights suggests the reciprocal transcendence we are discussing. “At the speed of Light there is no passage of time.” Perhaps the insight speaks-reflects on our acquired limits. The suggestion is that Light has speed therefore Light is linearly sequential as opposed to spontaneously infinite (presence verses process). And relevant to an earthly linearly effected event Light “speed” appears to be a reasonable and a necessary conjecture. Necessary because the

observation and the consequent validating practice reflect and reinforce our casually displacing linear material reality. (And undeveloped repressed unreality). Spherically through relevant-revealing resonant spin-span DNAs transom transcendence becomes possible. A sympathetic acoustic resonance. Both of the Professors insights have been joined and potentially given to application. The resolving resonant (time absolving) sympathetic irony of motion speaks to spin and span. Span you will remember is the past tense of spin. Through a symbiotic of motion, sound cryogenics (non-displaced sound), we are able to give past motion (the past) a current material form, resolving time displacement and as such casually opposing linearity thereby effecting the Sphere relevant to the desired event. The mass curvature becomes non-localized and we have a light sound event or occurrence relevant to a specific materiality or material process. (Note the definitions of spin and span explaining a variety of intriguing event activities. (ie) **Spin**. “To whirl rotate rapidly. Twisting bit by bit ...to fabricate...to create or derive from something already existent.” **Span**. “ The full extent or reach of something. A short period of time. Extend reach across. The distance or space between two supports.” Thanks again to the nice people at Random House Webster’s Dictionary. And as noted span the past tense of spin.(Again one other source offers. Span resolves a past event to the immediate. Intriguing we are discussing the resolution of linear dislocation through time). Can you sense the resonant transmogrify enfolding between two event locations otherwise separated by distance and our wanton dematerializing linear inclinations. Mass constricting resolving until its non linear curvature becomes infinite and accordingly timeless (ie) not measurable, not factored by distance, not casual, reflective of the infinite not displacing not ironic dematerializing. In the final resolve the transition is not perceivable therefore not explainable, but do you have “a sense” of the transition beyond ourselves, but not excluding ourselves. (A Cosmosus). Can you see whereby these insights on spin-span in context would allow a “flying saucer” to manifest profoundly irregular linear flight patterns. Appreciating flying saucers are material manifestations whether they are “ real” or myth). The aforementioned, inferring a meditation sphere, an inter stellar journey, a music performance sphere, the psychiatric sphere or harmonizing a cancer to the Light origin of itself without materially altering (harming) the resident cancer or the human companion. Remembering a Light event is not the effect of the human, (except as tolerable improbability) beyond human perception -the reversal of the quantum riddle. But also not beyond our valuation as suggested by the various Light events (ie) coincidence, miracle, luck, death, birth, placebo, divine intervention and your next potential choice accordingly influenced by your spherical availability. And beyond value also allowing further insight into their potential reciprocity (intuition-precognition-remote viewing-intuition become interactive) suggesting the spherical non-linear language in question. This idealized evolution would include our new technology and our evolved spirituality (indeed the entire effort is a spiritual one) or displacement would assume a different exclusionary nature, evidenced by war, the funding of wars and the resultant inclinations. Human beings are capable of considerable mischief and ironic self justification. Over thousands of years we have altered God’s environment to suit our ironic disposition based on likely sustained

perceptual errors and other “reinforcing” (not necessarily consequential) parallel self reflective dematerializing anomaly which we acknowledged and spend our lives trying to understand or resist. Very curious we have assigned ourselves the burden we resist by carrying while trying to influence the burden of others-often adversely...a disposition sometimes acceptable to others as part of their institutional responsibility.

Appreciating that spherically you can carry the weight of the world on your back acknowledging love sensing no encumbrance, but our karmic mortality. Currently the only deliverance from our linear temporal burden is our dematerialized death. (We become the accrued linear materiality of our ironic burden, we know as exhaustion, ineptitude, disability, retirement, old age and death).

Our celestial identity has always reflected two worlds. We are aware of the mystery. Knowingly or unknowingly our journey defines direction. We will arrive. Distracted we never left while leaving. Lost on the planet earth, we remained resident of the Cosmos. Let us continue our journey beyond our acquired linear irony....Do you understand? Welcome back we missed you as ourselves.

*

We read to feel and think a different intensity of language. Write and dream the same? Each orchard is different the same each gathering of person. And word's intent. But now I would like to return and write as if “I” were talking to Tammy, George, Dr. Daughton, Sandy and Sandy, dear Amy, Curtis, Wendolynn or myself. Friendly and easy as if I were introducing you and myself to the wind. And beyond these varied melodies we don't live on the planet earth. Our primary residence is the Cosmos. Where everything is and as such is so. Being so spontaneously without exception, Evermore...

If I may I'd like to catch up to ourselves. Not left behind. So let's call it looking back to where were going. Spherically no distance as suggested by the uninterrupted infinite continuity speaks to no past, no future as one separates from the other. Hence the Eternal now refining. If we need to think in terms of time, then the future of the future. Not less a past. Not left behind. Always catching up, beautifully. Catching up sure because you know how we are...we wont know to accept until were shaking the hand of an extra terrestrial. And the lady smiles and nods easily for the first time on this planet. And then politely begins a conversation about God. Isn't beyond the near of amazing to wonder what the spiritual perceptions and disciplines might be of our shared neighbors the extra terrestrials.

I sense you will find this progression of logic interesting. One hundred and twenty years ago one out of nineteen individuals married well of life eventually sadly divorced. Now one of two married that hope be purpose do separate divorced. When your child is twenty years old one out of one married will divorce. When her daughter, your granddaughter is thirty years old more than one out of one married will divorce. Meaning to say that your granddaughters contemporaries will be getting married for the same reasons that our peers got married. Is this a logical progression. “I” can't believe to pray that this will happen. We're wiser of love than this...For quite a few years I've been thinking of a game, “Called Marriage” you turn over the game it's a game

called divorce. The name of the company is, "It's not a game." Your welcome to develop this concept if you wish, of course. You can start with each partner writing down the 23 words that best exemplify, celebrate, identify who you are.... This might take several days of reflection or longer. When the list selections are completed you and your partner exchange lists. All this is being tabulated by a computer program so that the game become intimate to you and your love partner. Anyway is still the way. You each look at this list and make five or six changes on each list. This can create profound shifts in the nature of the game. Imagine you read the word "love" on your partners list and you politely draw one line across it and replace the word love with the term "deceit." I just heard that forty two percent of Americans are single. Single what? Oh dear oh dear. Certainly other games can be developed. "Enemy soldiers." "The parole officer and the inmate." You understand transcend language inefficiency..."Me and me"... "You and God...." Most certainly not a game. Also a game. I mean if you can't laugh and enjoy amidst God's companionship...." This experience might a get a little spherical. More a bit later.

I just got a telephone call from Rosie's Doctor Coleman, our Doctor right. Dr. Coleman nephew plays for Creighton's soccer team. The doctor is a gentleman whose kindnesses are deeds. Word and action the same. Well assisted as we are all.... We are incredible. The human beings. What indecipherable joy God must be (wise as we do breathe) creating a human species charmed by struggle. Dignified by hope and gentle deeds. Choosing friend or foe. Yet knowing which one not the other. Preferring friend. Accordingly praying that forgiveness be love. And hatred be explainable as peace.

Tuxedo got off my stomach and lap a few minutes past. We were writing Damion in Mexico. A child we help through the labor of these nice people, World Vision. They wrote me explaining their work with Damion's community had been brought to a happy conclusion. And Damian's and my relationship was ended in the way of ourselves. I understand to know. But knowing do not always understand. You love as much as you can. An move on. Hoping nobody get's left behind. Including yourself. But it's a funny thiong about being left behind, the back of the bus is the best place to see the w2orld. And of course you can't be left behind. Unless you agree. I understand if somebody cuts and spits on you... writing a poem about love isn't going to stop the blood flow. But then again if there no other options a poem might just be enough. Is God's poetry Creation. What do you think to feel? Write in your answer alongside. Wow what a great idea, like a symphony an orchestra deal.

I remember one of our most incredible friends Eric. Talk to dreams about one of God's devoted and sincere pilgrims. You want to introduce chance to hope meet Eric. We were talking once . "I" suggested that the Bible might evolve into another document. That if we grew in our awarness of God the Holy documents that reflected God's intent would also grow and accordingly change. Eric was shocked. Eric impressively quoted the words from the Bible. Explaining that the Bible was the final and lasting word. Lasting of course. But final? "I" suggested to Eric relevant to the quote "that God can change God's mind." I really don't like to say his mind or

hers. Because “I” don’t know. I’m not sure it’s knowable. Well Eric became excited. Blissfully so when he sought out to express and explain God. Which as I said he did beautifully. And with more disciplined devotion than myself. (I) learned from Eric. I am thankful to God for introducing us. Any way be every way. Eric insisted that the mind of God could not be changed. Not even by God. We talked about omniscience. That we could change our mind. And God was omniscient and couldn’t. Eric agreed tentatively. But still concerned talked to his Pastor. Who knew authorities words. Eric’s search and mine ended. Eric seemed pleased. The silence must have reminded us of God. You need to believe in believing in order to be believable. Apparently the process influences their choices. Is it rarely the other way around. From (my) perspective everything has meaning. Except meaning. Which is a linear process. Yet the process meaning of our lives has effect. And accordingly is relevant and should be respected. Of course all is God’s however incomplete. Our imperfect inconsistent perceptions-awareness’s speak not to our limitation’s but our potential. Our better God tomorrow. Your previous moment clarified. Knowing the spiritual answers to our preferred questions seems to close the door. The door ourselves. Linearly not knowing seems Eternal. “I” might point out before I get too all out knowing, Eric might have a different recollection about our conversation. If Eric does I wouldn’t be surprised if its an improved recollection. I hope his brothers ok? I should have mentioned this way earlier, maybe I did; “I” write without holding back, certain and for sure, I’d rather be completely wrong than partially correct. Also being wrong suits me very nicely, I kind of think to feel it gives me a bit of a head start. On myself who else well other selves. Which includes ideas. I remember we used to sing in Miss Pringles class at Ponus Ridge Junior high school, “you can’t get to Heaven in a put car cause a put put car wont put that far.” What does it mean? Miss Pringle said I had trouble with my octaves. But she didn’t tell me what they were. Mister Roose said I didn’t have the teeth for the trombone. What does that mean? I tell you sometimes I feel like a I came in second in a one man race. Did you notice all those I’s. They should change shape a little, those I’s, every few times they get written just for a little relief. If there’s no relief in sight A little distraction helps.

I’ve got to share an emergency moment of humor that just came to mind, thinking about Eric. Our dear friend Eric would get upset around notions and words about homosexuals. If too much was said about homosexuals in excess of Eric’s limits, Eric would often quote the Bible protesting. “It says in the Bible a man who lies with another man as he lies with a woman it is an abomination. “I finally said smiling, “Eric don’t you see what the Bible is saying. Try a different position.” I don’t remember if Eric laughed, but I think it was close. If I remember correctly Eric’s smile held back his laughter then he started laughing.

What got me thinking about Eric. Now about Carl Zimmerman of California. At different times Carl and I were talking about the offered instruction in the Bible, “Turn the other cheek.” If I may “I” politely wonder. If we’re slapped or someway conveniently violated. We are spiritually encouraged to turn the other cheek? Thus encourage our assailant to further devalue himself. And damage us yet again. Isn’t this offering curious and lovingly impractical. It be better after the first slap to embrace your assailant. Until he calms.

Hoping neither of you has fleas. Carl like George another timeless friends. Carl was supposed to take over the Washington Post thing if I went down. But what understanding are words when death instructs life's purpose.

One more offering if I may? About the last chapter in the Bible, "Revelations." I mean no disrespect, but I'd rather have a pizza. Why do these people get so harsh in some of the holy documents in this planet. You want to do a few more anagrams. Linear anagrams becoming spherical. But let's stick to the linear spread. We already did "patriot, silent, time and a few others, right? The anagram for "revelations"...reveal all the nations. Anagram for "Armageddon"...are "we" done with God. Also factor "damned" and "mad". Can you see any others. What's the anagram to your name? Sharen is a real good one...she hears as she hears. Curtis gets real upset, he says I don't follow the rules. "laughter" all gather true. Curtis goes, "oh no oh no one L only one L." "I" finally said, "Curtis rules are detours." Funny thing is Curtis isn't a rules kind of a guy. But sometimes easy go luck non sequential people, well, they start making fun their own rules or they take a rule break. Curtis got trapped when he was very young I'm sure somebody told him he was very smart, its too bad. I mean like I said, there really no smart people on this planet only smarter or less smart almost always at the same time, right? I mean to say you can only be as smart as you've been assigned if your smarter than somebody else or less smart than somebody else. But they really don't encourage you to be smarter than yourself because those iq deal their not supposed to vary more than like five points. I mean you can learn more, but you can't benefit getting smarter. You can get wiser and nicer, but they discourage you getting better at trying to proof it through a better evolving intelligence. And they never come up with a shared IQ have they, your know, like two people who care about each other and what they are sayi8ng and become more patient and sincere. Funny that's way I say. And where can you go protest this kind of stuff. Thank God twice you don't need permission to laugh. But you know what I was once kicked out of a bar for laughing too loud. It wasn't like they were having a special like a wake or anything and I was probably almost sober. Last twenty five years or so I don't drink alcohol unless I plan to become intoxicating a bit, actually I don't. Maybe twice almost three times in the last ten fifteen years. The third time it been so long I'd forgotten how much beer I needed to go all the way so I had to cancel prematurely. What's my point? I don't know. Not yet anyway. When the president gets drunk on purpose is the chain of command alerted to get into take over in case the president is a little long on his intoxication? Funny children aren't allowed to drink, but adults are? Not that I'm against drinking. I'm not against anything. I don't want to get in the way of others wondering. Also if you get too good at oppostion can draw vigorous attention. I'm not afraid of people if I'm alone. Mostly men as you know they can get nasty in short notice. And without explanation. Even after a beating or a strangulation. I mean people get strangled by strangers. How exactly does that happen. You'd think at least they'd introduce themselves. If someone is going to go to all that trouble you'd think they'd want to be appreciated for their effort. Maybe not appreciated, but acknowledged somehow. How can two strangers fight and strangle each other, it makes no sense at all. But it even makes less sense if you know your available victim. You ever notice in a lot of fighting situations these people call each other the MF

word or is it words. Are they accusing the other guy of being their own father. Somebody else's maybe. What did that nice man with white hair say on tv yesterday about soldiers. "Wars are mostly fought by poor people." Oh well enough of that.... Once as your I a war zone isn't too late to pray? Never too late, right. Well some things can't be undone. When your praying for forgiveness, your probably allready one prayer short.

Somebody else's insight just came to mind about the Ten Commandments. One of them offers," Though shall not covet your neighbor's wife." But someone observed they never say, "Thou shall not covet thou neighbors husband." A lot was left out about women, even on cautionary concerns. With no mention as to why. And certainly no mention about today's incredible women. (I) really feel. Really feel as much as prayer feels that if the writer's of the Bible can add Revelations then a couple of updates can also be added. About how Jesus is doing today. And about the other Determined Ones. Spherically in the Light as One. Not separate and apart that we may be so. And a very much a lot more about women. The women of God. Why aren't Holy documents updated. They just get challenged and replaced by another religion upsetting people. Creating sustainable exclusion.

One more for now never enough. Sometimes its impossible to respond. It's not always allowed. People are smarter. And their response is final. You can talk to rules and laws, they wont talk to you. People sometimes don't listen. At times your one of them. Even while you speak. And sometimes smiling you settle for fatigue. And that's o.k. do you agree? Also I've learned sometimes its more effective if you respond indirectly. Even maybe curiously. I'm alluding to what I've heard several times. And that is that some quantum physicists believe that, "The entire of humanity is a machine." What do you say that praying hears?

The darkness enfolds denying. The Light unfolds embracing. Twice in the last four years (I) walked into the darkness looking for the Light. Not clearly aware the only Light is ourselves. The first time cautious. The second time less. The first time assisted by friends. The second time encouraged alone. The first time stopping after the 911 mystery in New York. Continuing seemed insensitive. Historically anecdotal. I heard about the tragedy in New York City. (I) felt to think about the radio show "War of the Worlds." The second time I didn't stop. Until stopping stopped me. The second time the walk into the darkness began when Curtis showed me an excerpt from a book. I breathed to foretell. Organizing gathering. Now "I" remember stopping to breathe one smile. No let's get it on smiling can wait the better favor. What's my point? Just moving myself along until I get to where I am. Remember this information rose like a cemetery going back to the reporter John Anderson of the Washington Post in 1982. What initially had become "what's the word" the use of dead American soldier's bodies to bring opiates into the country, now had spread like a timeless forest fire engulfing the past-grabbing at the future. Not a forest fire. Not the CIA. People ourselves. You need an enemy engage yourself. Now eleven years later I'm in the Sheriff office. Doors closing behind me. Polite not wanting to be an accessory in my own murder. The darkness can only be sustained as individual choice, effort.

Where are these words going to deliver? What am I going to do? I don't know. But the deal is "can't do has to." Perhaps "my" trail is spherical not linear. Hence what cause am "I" to what effect. Flow just flow and fortitude. Living to learn. And learn to live. Dr. Weinstein said patiently of kindness, "Learn." Dr. Egbert said, "You have purpose." Dr. Elaine Schwartz waited not less herself. Mary Luminoso kissed me on the cheek. And I smiled to breathe. And the cat in the alleyway smiled. Shifts, opportunities. And the stars drew closer. Everything is relevant revealing and connected. Words are words. Necessary is one of them. Silence is Eternal. The Light whisper's silently Eternal. Who am I? Who asks that deserves an answer more than God. God and (I) are one. Less myself if I answer why. Less my next choice. I understand. Appreciating that by understanding we do. Do we?. (I) am in a linear world. My body is proof. These words the same We embrace each other. Eternal we are linearly explainable. Will "I" always wonder. Look to see. Search to find. And finding search again. Must I choose to prove (I) needn't choose. To whom do I surrender if I'm my own worst enemy. I have no enemies. Nor am I enemy to myself? Why do I ask for directions? When like yourself I am the only direction. Can we be more than ourselves? Waiting to be left behind. Yes you shouldn't become an accessory in your own displacement. Yet because "I" have no enemies desiring none does not they wont desire me. Takes two to make a thief.

Approaching getting closer, closing down. A nice man I'm sure Heinrich Zimmer heard himself say. "The best things can't be said." The second best. "Are misunderstood." The third best. "Are conversation." Do we understand if by understanding we must. Do you agree. Join the Chakras as one. We discussed before the parallels between birth and death. By each assimilation not chosen. We are without language, non-localized, without choice, our relationship with God is not the linear of cultural instruction. One difference beyond the others you might ascertain. Upon birth we have no awareness of death. Upon death our awareness of death, of life? The Universe is infinite accordingly inescapably continuous. As such what discontinuities escape is death, what initiate separation from continuity is birth. Memory is timeless all inclusive. You are the continuing memory of yourself. Eternal...Accordingly birth and death are not the exclusion of each other. Except by your temporary life insistence. The force of yourself is considerable. The good of substance much denied as well. Allowing linear insight about a non-linear presence. While alive awareness is based on perception, observations secured through linear casual instruction after being organically being formulated in our brains (then) expressed through the designed anomaly of language, shared and otherwise. (Do people complete sentences during "their" dreams?) Do you agree we can accept that upon death we maintain memory knowledge of our living experience otherwise death would be a displacement from life and life from death. Both accordingly displacing as such would invalidate infinity as fragmented not the spontaneous continuity Eternal. The same true of both. And as such we live yearning God's company. Searching, desiring often dissatisfied. Upon death hence we return from whence we came. Never left except by our distraction. Our awareness once beceased spherically or deceased linearly is no longer time functional. Our memory knowledge is not time functional. Memory and event of both

life and death are one and the near same. Can we commune interact with the living others. By praying I listen. Linearly "I" continue. Timeless memory is as such, all-inclusive without borders restrain, all-embracing, unconflicted. Logic explains. Love whispers. Do our dreams so testify. Your lucky coincidence. We have already well of thought inspired advised... upon death you become the Light. The light sound motion embracing instruction of self. Does the refining in by the Light explain the distinction between the unbordered all-embracing Light and these distinctions not identical. (I) don't know. God is and as such is so. Knowing and being the same. What then speaks of past lives, of resurrection, reincarnation. Time dislocations of each other. All are one. Otherwise God less than Creation less as God. Past lives are a linear time perspective sustaining form less the Light. Past lives are not past lives, over, complete and done... but current realization of ongoing lives that are currently being experienced. Reciprocally if your available, God's refining memory of your accruing-acquiring self. You are God's memory of yourself. Of course this a linear explanation reflecting on a linear Cosmos, the infinite Light affluence. As such incomplete. The truer mystery no mystery at all. The notion of former lives (past former yet continuous as form) also is a time reference suggested as not displaced when form is displacement. Hence the spherical anagram "former"...me "the" error of form. The Light can engage us. We can not engage the Light. In engaging we alter reflecting our alteration as form. Be available accordingly thrive. Love is only optional if you are. The silence can engage us. Can we engage the silence...DNAs? Are we the myth of God's dreams? Ours? What happens to our dreams after we die?

May we give ourselves that thinking be less the Light our splendor: A few word's echo. A timeless non-linear Universe can resolve this planet's casual form's displacement linearly realized, witnessed as measured, confirmed through death, inconsistent alteration dematerializing. Expressing the human disposition. The fewer words caress. Spherical a profound affinity.

The human's integrated material reality is based on perceptual inconsistency (ie) an evolutionary determinant effected error based on time anomaly. We are separated from our derivative essence. This inconsistency is realized through conflict, chaos, confusion (confirmed through applicable measurable time). Our lives irony is sustained through the alteration of form realized and expressed through death, destruction, eventual progressive dematerializing. Sustained through and protected by designed extinction. The culmination of irony. Separation inconsistency. And the final evidenced that time is a non material human diminishing contrivance. (In the absence of humanity time becomes mute).

The Cosmic God is experienced as an earthly adaptation an ironic worship through self. Explaining the preferential God not one the same. Revealed as a non-spherical knowledge base which separates material and spirit, engendering a self deception. And destruction pardoned in the name of God. God's Cosmos is otherwise affluent.

Our selected reality is not the intended ideal. We are incomplete. We are Cosmically ironic. The earthly experience is one of linear process therefore separation, intent realized through endless cause and effect.

We have become the effect of our erroneous perceptions, the cause of our own incongruous effect. This formulary is perpetuated as all that is human except for our aspirant capacity. Humans compromise-alter their lives environment to validate this profound inconsistency. Our spiritual selves, technology and knowledge thus are Cosmically insensitive.

We will remember these words because we will forget most of them. Even all inclusive timeless memory we limit in time to past memories. But the place of forgetting of the forgotten thrives and influence. Waits. Just beyond language. And time. Spherically attendant.

How is this Cosmic schism resolved? Bravely of heart and soul we began thousands of years ago. Yearning and praying that we be heard, forgiving misdeeds that love prevail, nurturing our children the better of our selves, desperately giving credence to death that life prevail. How brave of love's pain we reside. Always waiting. Searching thriving anticipating our first greeting. Currently subsidized as death. We have prevailed as denied. Alive of God continuing delivered as not forever.

All form in its ideal is infinitely refined not casually altered as purposeless dematerialized ie disintegration. The only non-material in the Universe is time. Only time can be forgiven to time. The stars the trees ourselves our Cosmic home. The Universe does seem to separate and dematerialize, but purposefully. Not less itself. Not less the separation. But more...

We know what we have done preferring not. While awaiting deliverance. What delivery less ourselves. Now let us politely prevail reciprocally God's witness. Godsoulprint conversant. DNAsound conversant, resonant time absolved. How so that so be so forever so. Not less ourselves suffering. Dangerous and hateful. Wealthy as impoverished. Eternal not extinct.

What spontaneity speaks that infinity listens. There is linear knowledge. There is spherical scholarship. The quantum riddle testifies, the Cosmic usion not fusion otherwise accrues. Our uncertain lives Eternally preferred less life: How to join what has been rendered apart? Forms shared soliloquy.

What infinity speaks that spontaneity listens. The Light and form's silence is all inclusive, un bordered. And unordered. Already spoken to as such by God. When you identify the unique silence, Godsoulprint, God light intent, the DNAs of each separate materiality. A profound affinity materializes. A mysterious merging as Mike suggested. Cause becomes effect the same.

Birth and death the same: Inbyas the infinite duality does not explain. What earthly choice Celestial language sings. The Eternal does not whispers less God's design. Linear intelligence less intelligent life?

Can we promise more and love less. Otherwise infinity interrupts itself less infinity. All lasts Eternally thus death speaks. Upon death life sums awareness speaks. You are Eternal less your instruction. Profound affinity all less our explanations thirst. There is no death that waits, but living.

Death cannot deny life without opposing infinity. Consequently death does not end life. Thus death uninterrupted sums life continuous and aware. Our timeless death is sympathetic with the timeless Universe as

such upon death we revert to the all inclusive Light. Currently death's decay is our apology to life. Merchant's avarice we buy and sale each other less God's investment. Wrong proves right. What auction is this nothing bought as sold.

The Universe grows not less itself. As space not into non-existent space. Hence what life allows death that is not life itself as death. Death is timeless thus alive. There is no past except in time. As such what death mourns life. Seed the flower's garden. What greater theft than theft of self. Beyond grave's rebuff. There is no death there is extinction. Our self designed extinction persists. The end of life. The death of death. Love is life sometimes not. Ours is a Cosmic struggle.

Humans perceive as they are denied. But there is no choice that awareness does not allow less itself. Thus a life delayed. Progressively invalidated. Life tolerable as intolerable insists. Witness love life your birth and death Cosmically configured. Stars your neighbors love your home. Life without death's instruction. Hence whose enemy your soldier. What hunger's child not your own. Seed orchard the same. As promised Earth and Heaven one residence. Do you prefer otherwise?

So we continue. We take turns living. We take turns dieing. We love each other. And wonder to explain why we don't. We are human beings. Incredible alive no mystery to God. How could we be otherwise. We will prevail. God's offspring, the child always yourself, the trees, dreams, rivers, squirrels, the flying frog. We are family.

And there is wondrously more. Have you sensed the Galaxies anticipating. We are who waits. Haven't you always known? The day would come less the night's fever. And living would make sense beyond our ability to justify death. Didn't you always know your prayers would wait for you until you were ready? All prayers are answered are they not. God does not deny. What Creation subsists accordingly. God less God still God? Sure must be so all prayers are answered. We sometimes don't listen. We misinterpret. What prayer heard as spoken not less our linear expression. Some pray that darkness be delivered. What to say that saying hears?

Vickie Salmon and I were talking the other day. Waiting politely for each other at the sentences intersection. You want proof of God more than your need for proof. Follow Vickie Salmon and Sandy Chamberlin around for a week. God sustains amidst adversity. Stop to realize you've been following yourself. Isn't it true. What curious riddle we are. Creating the obstacles to our own encouragement. Vickie and I agreed. The next ten years can be our best. Make a list. Challenges and chores alley cats and pretzels. You can't choose what you are not aware of. You are what you do. Not exactly. Did "I" hear the police officer correctly. "Stop and I'll shoot." You get the idea. Better off with an idea than the cautious-generous "promise" of ten years. Though I'm told they are related. If you wish. When all is said and undone. You are the only one who can spiritually report yourself missing. Because you're the only one who knows where you are. If you are dead you know it because if you didn't you'd be dead. Your no longer missing. Your better of learning than apologizing. (Apologizing-forgiving inhibits learning). I know forgiving is very popular. Second only to apologizing or it the

other way around. Which one is the other I really do get confused. Like push and pull. The next few words might trouble you. But it's the imaginary woman again. I really wish I could meet her. If I could would she meet me. (I should mention I don't have an imaginary woman problem. If I did I wouldn't. Did I mention I think in dialogue, it's friendly and companionship) We'd sit down and I'd be smart enough to listen. "I've been imagining you for years it's finally nice to meet you." But I'm listening. And she's talking. You want answers. When the only answer you can wait for you become. Those are just words you might say to whisper. So are," I love you." So are, "load your weapons men." And. " The missiles have been released." And. "Your daughter is born healthy your wife is doing well." So , "your dead niece to meet you we've been waiting" Can you imagine your when you realize your instructions on death have been inadequate. The silence of your next few words interfolding. Well I've gotten carried away. Am I the one whose carrying. Tuxedo is watching a squirrel. Unbelievably. Anyway is enough I had started to say. Your better off learning than apologizing. The imaginary woman said to me. "I need you to apologize." I breath to say, "You do?" She answer demands, "Yes." I ask imploring. "Are you sure you need me to apologize." "Yes." Again her eyes before her voice insist. I answer the way Woody Allen smiles. "Fine where would you like me to put it?" Strange how that works. Why do people sometimes prefer to laugh than understand? Are they second cousins. I'm just going on and on. Somewhere. (I didn't sleep well last night. How's that possible. Asleep or awake not my choice. Who was I with? Strange of nice do you agree... your wife was imagined before you met her. When you saw each other for that first time. You didn't seem to need an introduction. Not strange. No not strange at all, spherical. I wish I were a deer like Bambi. Which one of us would be imagined. I wish to be a vegetarian. Of all of life and Creation I love. Accordingly I am.

What to say while praying hears. Walking into the darkness denying the Light? Is our Light alternative (need) proportionate the darkness we seek? That seeks us? If you are relevant as kind (otherwise polite whatever the provocation) are we still responsible for the dark manifestations of others? Must the darkness be acknowledged as engaged that the Light prevail. And thus prevail though conflict result from our peaceful inquiry. Does devoting ones life to the Light of way naturally as karma is flow absolve the darkness to the Light? The meditation of four thousand for one year in Washington D.C. reducing crime by 25% percent suggest yes the darkness can be determined as the Light without consternation. Without battle. You can not have an enemy without being one. Even if as enemy you are to yourself alone. Spherically the willingness of one as enemy is the enemy of all. Thought, planning, motivation, gathering weapon resources including word are all material. Dark compliant. Accordingly thriving. Any battle on the planet earth or plan thereof or bloodletting is a Cosmic injury. Is still walking into the darkness weapon of self. If those of dark rehearsal respond as violence thrives it doesn't matter who pulls the trigger. And who falls. Darkness claims the day to night. And the Light mourns it's own recession. The question's have been posed. And politely answered. One last fruit's caress. Acknowledging the divinity of your own orchard of which linarily I am not aware. And of

which Spherically (I) am blissfully beneficent. Eternally attendant. The one last fruit trembling in our hands. If you are walking only with walking intent and violence claims your path, then you understand. Karma whispers before we speak. We can not know all. And remain woman and man.

Understandable dream's awakening if you are one of peace your reading words of darkness delivers them to the Light. Amidst the darkness and the Light there is no separation, no distance, but our choice. The silent music is it's own response. All is relevant immediate and revealing. God the same. You wait, doubt yourself not God thus believing thrives.

Can we return to the gentle walk. Both stroll and path unfinished. We on this planet are given to attending our own funerals that our presence be felt complete. Through death proving life's worth. "No greater love has a friend than to lay down his life for another." What love preferred is this that mortally ends denying your next life sustaining kiss. What love's friendship prefers death's hold to life's embrace. We risk our lives. How strange. We execute another that death speaks well to life. How strange. What flower hold's such love less the tenderness of your hand. We fall to die not fallen. We kill the burglar or the soldier. Becoming payment to our death's impoverishment. How strange how sad. Lincerely one living denied one dead not less life continuous. Spherically we abide. One commandment sighs: You must not kill each other.

Curious do you agree on this planet death esteems lives' purpose even amongst the gentle. And enlightened. We can only choose from the flowers we know. Thus learning from alleged flowers the more. Jesus the beautiful Nazarene died on the cross. Still dieing. The cross bleeds' our invitation. If the word's instruction is true of deed's purpose then Jesus anticipated, did not deny his own murder. Claiming death lives purpose less life's need. Anointing the Roman soldier's murderers. And the Rabbi's distant brethren complicit unaware. Mary still on her knees. Apostles in our shadow's. Abandoned of Jesus' love's instruction, Judas hanging. Long Ginus approaches. Pontus Pilot clean hands dirty water. Jesus the Christ suffering till this day. What Cosmic nativity is this. What love as torture nurtures. What Calvary garden blossoms as children play. Death, murder, betrayal, torture, anguish, deceit. Jesus became a violent accessory in his own murder. The acquired karma of the day? Still? The mirror has spoken our reflection. Jesus died for our sins. Yet we have no surrogate but our birth. Jesus rose already risen. A dark day light's (seed) extinguishing. Not so radiant we inquire. Jesus lives. Mohammed, Buddha, Krishna, Joseph Smith, Mother Teresa and us well accompanied. What killing that life prevail as birth intended. Life is our home by God's consent. Our path is God's. Our life is God's as choice we are.

Godsoulprint

A timeless Universe resolves on the planet earth the casual irony of form lincerely realized, witnessed as measured, confirmed through death, alteration inadequate dematerializing. The fewer words... Approaching the spherical Eternal we...

Current earthly-Celestial map: “Our” integrated material reality is based on perceptual inconsistency (ie) an evolutionary determinant effected error based on time anomaly. Acknowledging the non-linear Universe is Timeless, we “live” in time, therefore we’re out of sync with the Universe. We are separated-compromised from oOur derivative essence. This inconsistency is realized through conflict, chaos, confusion (reflective-measurable through linear time). Our lives irony is sustained through the alteration of form realized and expressed through death, destruction, dematerializing and designed extinction. God is accordingly experienced. Explaining the preferential exclusionary Temple, Revelations, body-soul dichotomy, love deferred to forgiveness, Heaven-Hell, fanciful spiritual allegory and destruction condoned in the name of God.

God’s Cosmos is otherwise affluent. Infinite and beautiful. Uninterrupted

The profound affinity seed and flower are infinitely inseparable, life and death Cosmically the same. Our selected reality is not the intended ideal. We are incomplete.

The earthly experience is one of linear process therefore separation, intent realized through cause and effect. We have become the effect of our erroneous perceptions, the cause of our own ironic effect. This formulary is perpetuated as all that is human except for our aspirant capacity. Historically we alter our lives environment to legitimize this profound inconsistency. Our spiritual selves, our technology and knowledge base are accordingly Cosmically insensitive.

How is this Cosmic schism resolved? Bravely of heart and soul we began thousands of years ago. Aspiring, praying desperately that we be heard, forgiving misdeeds that love prevail, nurturing our children as the better of our selves, desperately giving credence to death that life be tolerable. How brave of love’s pain we reside. Always waiting. Searching thriving of disappointment anticipating our first greeting. Currently subsidized as death. We have prevailed as denied. Alive of God continuing delivered as not forever.

Infinity-continuity the same thus what death ends life. Not the Light our births the same. Resurrection-Reincarnation the same. Cosmically resident we abide.

All form is infinitely refined not casually altered as disintegration. The material Eternal confirmed as actualized. The only non-material in the Universe is time.

The darkness less the Light all spherically accruing. Only time forgiven to time. The stars the trees ourselves our home. Otherwise as choice.

We know what we have done preferring not. While awaiting deliverance. What delivery less ourselves...

Now let us politely prevail reciprocally God’s witness. Godsoulprint conversant. Intergalactic ally bound.

How so that so be so forever so. Not less ourselves suffering. Dangerous and hateful. Wealthy as impoverished. Eternal not extinct.

What spontaneity speaks that infinity listens. Currently on the planet earth all material is interactively ironic. Measured as confirmed in a Universe where measurement compromises the infinite. The quantum riddle testifies, Cosmic harmony otherwise accrues. Uncertain lives. Eternal life preferred less life? Timeless spontaneity. How to join what has been rendered apart? Forms shared soliloquy.

What infinity speaks that spontaneity listens. The Light and form's silence is all inclusive, unbordered. And unordered. Already spoken to as such by God. When you identify the unique silence, Godsoulprint, God light intent, the DNAsound of each separate materiality. Thus a profound affinity materializes. Cause and effect the same.

Birth and death the same: What earthly choice celestial language sings. What institution foretells. Upon birth we are not aware of death. Upon death awareness all, summation's embrace hence the Light, otherwise infinity less displacements sway. The Eternal does not whispers less God's design.

Inbyas the infinite duality does not define. Cure not revealed through disease, but as information abides. The Universe is one location transportation the same. Death less life invalidates the infinite. Intelligence assigned intelligence deceived.

Can we promise more and love less. What love promises not love? Make sense of death and love affords life better. Infinity resides all continuously. Otherwise infinity interrupts. Hence all lasting less Eternal. Thus death speaks. All not less God's purpose. Upon death life sums awareness speaks. Otherwise life-death the same apart. Infinity forgives God. Profound affinity all less explanations thirst. Light allows after death's summation. God not less God's intent. What death tree, child or sparrow brag's God's Creation.

Life organic Cosmic all not less Godandall. Yourself Eternal and temporary the same. There is no death that waits, but living.

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Death cannot deny life without opposing infinity. Consequently death does not end life. Separation between death and life infinity is invalidated. Thus death sums life awareness continuous. Death as form resolved becomes a casual all embracing Light imbued. Timeless a casual all embracing death, irrespective of time and space becomes it's own acquiring memory. A casual memory only God can create memory as it happens. Death Life conversant. Death God's consent. Not man's harvest. Life's decay death's apology. Merchant's avarice. Death uninterrupted a casual DNAsound. God's sings our chorus decay.

The earth people hastily construct. All on the planet earth ends as designed. Next word the same. Your next kiss not his. War ends as started. All explained mirror's deflection. Inco9nsistency proves inconsistency compels. Hope bargains less hopes desire. Faith ignorance thrives benevolence. Death forgives life's apology. Wrong proves right. All bases covered. Buried underground.

Dead dormant or asleep. Consider a building lives. Earth DNAsound compatible. Resonant smiling. Responding to each season. Structurally sympathetic to the surrounding buildings. Earthquakes understand go

right on by, structures creating a DNAs vacuum. The eye of the storm two eyes. More that less be otherwise. The building feels your companionship. Consent brick intent harmony one. All is God's realtor your permit. Going home the building sighs goodnight. Ocean's rivers yourself the same. Cause not interruptions effect. Families in love neighbors together. What more need be said. Families in love neighbors together. What dream less bricks design. Miracle's witness miracles astride. What words understanding words enough. Allow this evolution your car, your home, your life, your intelligence, your love, your worship.

The Universe includes your death, the Universe is infinite continuous all inclusive...death the same not less life. The Universe which includes the planet earth "eventually" becomes non casual, not linear less the initiate juncture such as life taken by death, hence all infinite refining affinity allows The Universe grows not less itself. As space not into non-existent space. Hence what life allows death that is not life itself as death. There is no past except in time. As such what death mourns life.

Currently death is a separation from life one denies the other non-conversant. We separate death from life negating spontaneity that does not allow separation. Death assumed and active is not linear, not cause to what effect, death is timeless... not time engaging. Hence Lightfully aspirant un bordered all embracing Cosmically attuned. As such your death, the sum of your DNAs lives accruing, remaining active beyond memories haste. Beyond graves allowance. Beyond your family's lives denial. Reminding as there is the darkness there is the Light. Dark matter has no frequency. There is no death there is extinction. What Light our song without life's melody. The end of life. The death of death. Darkness lifelessness prevails. There is no apology that forgiveness thrives, but life less love.

Humans perceive as they are denied. What choice that awareness does not allow. What cause self without eventual effect. Thus a life delayed. Progressively invalidated. Death's decay becomes the understandable reflection of a life denied. (Body and soul are one otherwise displacement decries). But what unique genetic "decay" not unique motion's sound. Timelessly accruing. Spontaneously conversant the Universe way, God's melody. Our waiting argument life altered tolerable as intolerable insists. Witness love life your birth and death Cosmically configured. Stars your neighbors love your home. Life without death's instruction. All material immediate not bargains delay. Hence whose enemy your soldier. What hunger's child not your caress. What cancer not friend. What limit not seed orchard the same. Earth and Heaven singular residence. Is this not what you have been promised? Now choice allows.

Continuing as affinity allows. Caressing the silence.

Approaching the God Cosmos

Allowing a prayer's pause. Searching God we wander? Opening Spirits door... exit's permit. Spirit speaks all flowers thorns alike. Logic's contentment Spirit to form derives. We begin where Spirit we abstain.

The Universe is Eternal why aren't we consciously. Opening the Temple's doors. Appreciating Creation's fences. Not all of our construct...

There are no straight lines in the Universe relevant and complete as themselves; linearity is the consequence of ironic causality-- an earthly disintegrating dematerializing contrivance reflective of the earth people's organic investment in time. Linear-dual opposition is expressive of the human's attempt to create ordered perspective from a random-conflicted reality where distance is the disturbance between two points. Hence dualities opposition. Chosen forms displacement of the Light. Suffering so we live. Incomplete of Spirit. Heaven's residence our absence explained. Evidenced as death expressed. Of flesh and witness the same. Choices many not one enough. Institutionally secured as not. Organically perception is the subjective displacement of what is being observed. (Alteration is functional to earth's causal form). Currently essential to the humans dual-exclusionary reality. The earth people's linear successes are our Cosmic disappointments. A life experienced through conflict, the interpersonal imperfection, the designed flaw of institution (all) realized amidst the random foibles of a life defined through death... Death life's tutor. All chosen as such. Functionally evidenced through dematerializing form. This material anomaly, form revealed and expressed through its own dichotomy beyond answer impeding the earth dwellers relationship with The Cosmic God. (The origin-source). The Cosmic God. Not the earth peoples temporal, inspired, interpreted linear exclusionary adaptation. (What God presence Divine enfolds as pain's witness). If earth peoples do not experience God reciprocally God is fragmented as denied. Curiosity profound. The frustrated non-reciprocal mythological awe. Man prefers God less himself hence God less than Creation. The dichotomy begins while ending. May we approach ourselves to you? A perspectives reference...denying the creator of the Universe, our origin source is to deny- yourself.

There are three expressible-revealing materiality's thriving the Cosmos. The Light. The darkness. And their presence condition activity, memory. And the choice one not the other: The earthly derivation...a conflict to which daily we neglectfully aspire. The choice(is) a sequential self-opposing causal process expressive of form causally assimilated as the artificial contrivance of time. Evidenced as daily proof inescapable (ie) everything that begins ends while ending uncertainly. (Time is an earthly machine the humans are its displacing gears). Hence thriving lost the daily desperate of self. A punished life intermittent of hope. Heaven vacated while living. Understanding the causal time anomaly is the earthly manifest through which we revoke our Universe Celestial residence. While anticipating otherwise through imperfect words agreement. Disagreeably realized destruction follows. Dying while expressing life. Born aging to die. How curious the earth people know. While sponsoring not knowing.

The Universe unfolds whispering, "there is no time in the Universe." Accordingly the Cosmos is Eternal as infinite. God more the same. The infinite Eternal blooms spontaneous. Not causally sequentially fragmented. The dynamic essential to the affecting of time. What implications thrive? A Universe that is spontaneous-accordingly refining is God expressing. Not unstable ironic causal process. Perception as

perception's presence. Otherwise God reflected to man God less explanation's preference. The earth people must cause the effect be real, hence God displaced as witnessed. Thus earth people's reflection unfolds Cosmically incomplete. Life disappointed as life nurtured real. Explaining death life's reward. You know the truth not knowing. We are desperate. Pained and dangerous. If not planning awaiting so. Beyond our Divine seeds instruction?

What of the earth people story does not resonate the Divine Cosmos? Infinite otherwise not Eternal. The earth people's linear essential displaces the Celestial. Words sing less the song. Prayers beseech prayer's need. Flawed-ironically consensual the human temporal form. Displacing the Universe, therefore our communion with Cosmic God. The Origin Source Creator. The earth people are out of sync with the timeless Eternal Universe, hence God the same.

The earth people's vagrant choice blind's the Cosmos to self. Therefore living spiritually displaces self. Puzzling... a life legitimate by its negating absence. A distant non-consequential Eternity fosters the earthly chore. What Heaven could tolerate man's irony. Hence the death cult. Sacrifice of self. Irony follows as seed do flowers. The earth people optionally forgive their own love that loving thrive. And vindicate their flesh as sin that sinning reveal woman and man. Some proving the same by denying otherwise. This acquiescence is consequential to choice. Opposition's choice dualities harbor. Uncertainty suffers all-displacing the earth people from their Cosmic roots. Rendering God the preferential abstention of self through worship's devotion. Hence neighbor the same. Is not love enough that love need not be forgiven? What love forgiven love the same. Curious...transgression must be acquired to be forgiven. What love's utterance is this?

What God is this that so decries God's Creation? The answer is the earth people's God. The earth people kill explaining life. They hunger amidst great harvest. They torture-violence not enough. Revealing darkness. The earth dwellers have designed their own extinction. Please understand what inadequacy resides. No vile unkindness evoking the human self. Humans know the truth. And they do not. Their residence is not Divine Celestial. Will you understand? One cannot choose what awareness denies. And so instruction begs divinity reside elsewhere. What cannot be chosen as choice is not. There are only the flowers you know. Until flower you become. The time of now is forever. The choices are choices not. Whereas there is no death there is extinction. The earthly garden naught the Celestial seed's commune silenced. So the earth people unfold. Good Eternal of origin. Source of self. Dark of purpose. Waiting sustained so Heaven be not. What love forgiven still love. What miracles you wait not yourself. The time of now thrives as forever.

The question prevails Divine. Can the two aforementioned Universe material realities, "the infinite spontaneous" and "the conflicted sequential," be conjoined materially to the advantage of the earthly ironic temporal adaptation. Thereby rendering ironic dematerializing, perceptual incoherence, intrinsic conflict, God fragmenting- as being other than determinant. (Acknowledging a Divine reciprocal reality). Expressive of the Eternal Infinite. Where life is not life less living. Alteration is not affected through conflict, ironic

dematerializing. Culminating in the self-reflecting practice of death. Was man-woman born to live. While anguishing life. Displacing a conversant divine mediation through worship. What human spirit awaits the God Cosmos? What darkness impending thrives our midst. There is no death there is extinction.

The Cosmic catharsis occurring? How can the beautiful diminution evidenced as language, mathematics, art, music and religion transcend their own self contained-inconsistent and displacing nature. A current earth reality where exclusion even prevails as inclusion. And the current material all is often most valid through its disfigured alteration or destruction. You're out of sync with the Universe therefore with yourself. What origin-source denies origin?

Presently on the planet earth the ideal spiritually is displaced. Supplanted-ironically dispossessed. A shared negation of self prevails restraining. (God familiarity?) Faith only applicable as faith, thought abstaining. The logic is inescapable the earth people through life fraction God. They must cause what they effect, the irony of themselves, God the same. Their worship is a sacrifice to their Cosmic absence, themselves. Their communion with God is allegorical. Preferential thus conflicted. Legitimized as sin and reinforced as love sponsored through forgiveness. Miracles are random. Not conversant. Linear consciousness abandons intuition, precognition, dream's inspiration, coincidence and luck as not a reciprocally conversant assimilations of the Cosmos. The expressive origin-source immeasurable God (of) all Creation. What Spirit of self thrives that God be heard as witness. What deed of flower accordingly seeds. The question begs is God our gift to offer. Currently the earth people must of spirit fade to reappear that exclusion reassures. The Cosmic God on the planet earth is....Self ironic as form. Displaced as language. Deferred as choice. Deified as a life's duration's preferential Temple. Martyred against self. And relevant as revealed through ironic death. Hence what Eternal voice the same. (Yet Spirit speaks not contradicts divinity that Eternity elaborates). Any idea is a divine idea if divinely expressed. Idea of self the same. Destruction is human not divine. We are the blinded memory of ourselves. Accordingly we witness God explained.

Allowing our own method of language, duality resolved as inference, what world abides where objective is not attained through disturbance. Linearity of process does not exclude derivation. And culmination does not exclude wholeness. Amongst the earth people God is choice. The earth people worship a linear God not the Cosmic origin-source. Thus impeding their Godsoulprint. The nature of the Divine presence relevant to preference revealing, as process irony denying...incomplete subject to accommodation. Choice manifests through the inherent self-contradiction of life form, the negating institution and shared self-contempt. The human community. The inadequacy of the individual is not resolved to God, but utilized to sustain the Temple. Divinity becomes a Cosmic pretense. Explainable disguise displacing. How could the offered divinity not be God denying when ideal communion is secured by life negation, death's decay. A status the earth people determine is opposite articulate to the life God created. The irony becomes inescapable "we worship God while denying God." Churches, Mosques, Temples, Ashrams do not facilitate a spiritual self-maturing, self Light

conversant. The Temple can only avail Creation's Divinity upon death thereby not confronting their own causal irony. Liberation from the linear ritual entrapment of institution in the favor of a self-intimate relationship with God. While alive. The God like Temple explaining-availing God for life's duration becomes the aberrant ideal to the earth people. Born Light derivative beyond language, choice and institution. Children's lives maturing-displacing become congruent to the earthly Temple. Servants to the Temple worship. The truth speaks beyond arguments reason. The devotee leaves the Temple to return. And accordingly will return the same to leave. Needful of God through the localized Temple. Not herself. Not himself. Not leaving the Temple after years of challenged-encouraged introspection, Light astute magical. Eloquent so and availing to Creation. Not inofby God. But deplete, redundant, dependant, love forgiving. Divinely actualized as corpse. And as such Temple beneficent? The Temple sacrifices the divinity of its adherents to its own benevolence. The social order the same.

Understand to dream thus knowing, the God ideal of self speaks to self. And through you to others. The Lights evidence the same unveils. Prayer's answer as you speak. The prayer is origin derivative ofby the Light. Prayer's answer as process negates the inclusive Light. The prayer's answer is not cause to the prayer offered. The prayer is its own r4esponse. Otherwise the prayer interrupted as response would be its own displacement. Do we wait for God or does God wait for us? (Resurrection-Reincarnation spherically the same similarly refining as one another). Who waits for God, but the earth aliens. Eternity does not interrupt. The Temple defines-consents the miracle before the witness. A relationship with God speaks to one. Intuition, luck, meditation, prayer, sleep, memory, karmic inspiration, Nirvana, precognition, availing coi9ncidence, birth and death hold one not more. All-inclusive always not preferentially thus the light displaced, if wakened of choice you are available. God's light embrace denied as displaced life. Meaning to say you were born from God as one. So you remain. Godsoulprint. Unless otherwise you choose. Who waits for God waits less themselves. And so the earth dwellers have chosen. Acknowledging please. Beyond answers reprieve the Holy places of this planet are the Holy places. Accordingly nurturing thus defining. Witnessing the love inspired earth people often are searching beyond themselves, thus ofby God. (I) offer no dark acknowledgement of thought, but clarity of the Light. Aware any acknowledgement of God is a preserving acknowledgment of God. And it's truest meaning is God's to esteem.

*The mediation the spherical you. Meditating DNAs Light attuning. When a human initiates mediation they are alone. Not the midst of languages fever. Approaching non-causality. Eased of interpersonal haste. Impending non-linear. Evolving spherically. Distance one yourself the same Eyes closed less perception's witness. One location. Consciously asleep. Listening to the silencing (spherical séance reciprocal) of self. "incarnational" flutter. Nearing your origin seed Celestial. Form assuming the spherical Light attunement. Self sphere melodically (silently) assuming apposition. Resident earth alien you derive. Evoking your DNAs, attuned beyond forms casual irony. Distance yields the Milky Way accompanies. The human meditates

reciprocally a community of one. Life-death axis symmetry the same. Reincarnation-Resurrection's flow not end point juncture beginning the same, rather partial to the continuity suggestive of infinity⁷ of which birth and death are proportionate. Not form from form or from form to form as form.

Spherical material séance reciprocal what death not life, but form refining? Forty generations of one human life are numerous million lives. "Acquiring memory" Light of yourselves, spherical whisper. Can this be so explaining precognition, your luck, intuition, coincidence, your dreams the rest you know. Saying waits application's residence. What melody summed of gifts communion esteemed awaiting your valuation. What limit you are limit you are not. You are God's memory of yourself refining Eternally. Only God can remember an event as it happens. Spherically reciprocal. The angels do sing your song preferred. You are root to the Cosmic tree. Otherwise by motives application. Acknowledging wonderfully this planet predates it's own existence. Hence you are prayer light the same. Allowing knowing and application not the same.

Of death's appointment you hear that listening thrive. Death ideally lives yourself unfolding. Sleep-meditation affluent death the more. Not linear not casual temporal naught. Hence attuned the infinite Celestial. Conversant Light consciously Eternal. Joyously beyond words glory. Not fragmenting of self and others, emitting initially uninterrupted DNAs. What death remains. But your tears witness. Delivery and ironies consensus. Understanding that praying hears. There is no death there is extinction. Once a species no longer of self aspires, the communion Cosmic derides. Birth and death not one the other. Yet like flower and seed the same. God's consent deafened at dream's door. Do you understand? Your choice? Gods you know. Yourself.

For each Temple there is another not the same. One door opens God which God not the other. Thus divinities Celestial protocol excused. Confirming that the planet earth is God's Temple seed. What more door divine than your wakened eyes. Do you disagree? Hence you are...

Imagine as prayers breathe prayers gather God's memory accruing. A Temple wonderful, not docile displacing ritual, but resplendent of spirit's deeds. A residence of unanswerable self-intimate questions labored of by God. What love is this but miracles choice. NASA organizing approaching Mars. The Temple of spirit's purpose less? Kind researchers gently intervening cancer from life. A Temple's mission less that death abstains? When all is God. Children happy learning to forgive addition from subtraction. A Temple less that God be so? A man desperate once of crime God accompanied released from prison. A Temple knows no release but death? Mosquetempchapel good intentions door enough.

*Why do the Holy Temples lock their doors. As much by key as answer? Why do the Holy Temples lock their doors? What strange answer's miracle is this.... To keep the people out?

Logic's tender flower divine: In the absence of time there cannot be causal linear form de materializing that form be not. What ends unexpressive and indistinguishable in the absence of time? (The aforementioned sequential resolved the Light issuance prevails). Accepting that death is not time active-not time engaging death therefore is without linear casual form-consequently Light fully attuned. Other materializing Eternally resonant

as refining not de materializing witnessed as ironically defined. The presumed corpse enfolding continues emitting revealing harmonically sympathetic DNAs. Joining the lifetime assimilating expressed summation of self. Appreciating no choice lives gift is lost upon "death." The Light is all-inclusive thus un denying. Body and soul are one not two separate as displaced. (Slap your neighbors cheek soul the same, God violated. Turn not the other cheek, but embrace tenderly your assailant that neither suffer further harm). Allowing death's modest disguise is an issuance of the Light your departures juncture is determined byof the Light. Unless violence's darkness willfully flows. Continuing logic's divinity. Upon "death's" surmise you don't go to Heaven. You stay. Otherwise displacement resides, Light denied to form, thus God less Eternally. The stars well sung persist. What Pearly Gates, Moslem Virgins, angel's aflutter...interactive forms negating the inclusive all-embracing Light. No less the same, the same as more. Yes as hasty words retreat. Upon "death" you become Eternally the Light. You stay in Heaven. Heaven abides spherically articulate. Good deal you must agree.

Acknowledging logic's divinity beyond thinking's reproach. Inby the casual absence (times neglect) you cannot have dimensional form (ie) the casual temporary link between length-width and depth. Hence sequence or linearity abstained yields to spontaneity. The infinite Eternal. Upon "death's" consent causality becomes presence less process more not displaced, not exclusionary. No longer of timely form hence timelessly Light bequeathed. Comprehend impossibly what wit's reflection not linear displacement of the same. Cosmically spherically conversant Eternally so.... The Eternal and the earthly angst now harmony. Expression's holography once conflicted earthly seed. Now reciprocally conversant. Form's reference all-inclusive and un bordered. Hence Eternally infinite as articulate. Cosmic residence uninterrupted. The Universe is infinite yourself otherwise? Issuance reciprocally inclusive life-death the same the Light You dream as dream and dreamt you are. Refinin2g Eternally vibrant r3ecipocal.... a non-linear dimension while expressed. Three form's dimensions refining as one, the Light reciprocal. Sense your smile's resolve once embraced by anticipated death's dismay. Eternally you are. All the Universe material so. Thus the Universe refines less expansions haste. Space as space refining not into space what space? Man-woman think to suggest otherwise explaining death not life. Consequently altering that the same be preferred as not. Explaining destruction. Killing preferred to death. How does this casual irony unfold in a Universe less linear distance, separations way. So man-woman wait death's divinity avoiding Heaven on earth. What is man's that is not God's, but man's contempt of God.

And of salvation's concern? What God loves you less needing love the more. All upon death's blossom are embraced asuntous the Light. Truly otherwise the Light less the Light Eternal not love the more God esteemed. While alive each choice timelessly accruing. Hence the darkness. Hence the Light. And so the darkness festers. Assuming extinction's venture. Understanding apology forgiven not. Violence of any seeds explains the darkness throbs. War conceiving peace not peace the same. The darkness beguiles. One prison's

gate not God enough? Once extinction dark becomes Heaven silent Light extinguishes. Death un witnessed well of love. Graves attending graves. Loves- tears- ash. Birth no more death the same. The darkness now not the light. No prayer's heard. None be said. Eternity less our reflection. How sad unbearably sad. The fewer words abide: There is no death there is extinction. But true as birth and light the same. Each good deed of divine loves purpose timelessly accrues. Dark choice the same. No past convenient as forgiveness. Eternity provides less darks purpose. Revelations gardens the Light beauty's life affirmed. Sustenance God all affected. Heaven and earth one flower's child. Tomorrow not past the same. Glory sings Creation's lips. What signature these words need, but your eyes. Soul the same.

We die in time not in location's space. We spend our lives in by through time hence we exist in opposition to ourselves. Our Eternal origin. This we call success.

Yearning to explain death and life are other life approaching. Life Light's presence. Not forms process. Refining harmonically. Not causally dematerializing disintegration advantaged as such. Light full beyond languages folly. Beyond dualities opposition. Beyond thinking not beyond thought's valuation. Perception's presence. Cause-affect the same. Nearing Light eloquence. Not linearly sequential hence spontaneous. Spherically attuned. Born Light articulate death the same thus Eternal. (While living choice is your own). Divine communion thrives materially articulate. Hence technology not self-reflecting. Intuition-precognition speak conversant. Infinite as Eternal not temporal that form be less not divine. The earth people's choice as choice. The Cosmic God evident. The earth people's worshipping seeds dismay. Celestially otherwise. Awaiting our Cosmic birthright. Aspirant divine. Not killers. Of by God more than Temple. Temple Beneficent graduate. Spherical not linear ironically casual. Knowing death not dieing. Proportionately life resplendent. Heaven anticipates your residence.

What path the Light bequeaths. The blind man walks the cane. God's eyes watching. The Imam, the Minister, The Rabbi speak of God their voice. The minister soul life's silence heard as spoken. The parishioner devoted deaf as spoken. What Spirit foretells another's eloquence not God's. Temple and tomb door the same. The teacher, the carpenter of skills acquired -God opportune. The parishioner worships twice the same lost remembered. Once again our prayer's heed: Why are Mosques, Temples, Churches, Ashrams the only institutions from which the earth people (once acquired of God) do not graduate? Absorbing lingering redundancy. What worship endlessly God the same. What cause man himself enough. While the earth woman waits spirit's oracle. God's words shared not your own. Divine deed's waiting. Consequent-congruent God. Each graduate community of one celestial. Intuition's voice reciprocal. Beyond linear folly. You cannot choose a path chosen for you. We spend our lives listening to others, thus we are distracted of God. Your voice not another's. God we thrive. (Original sin what curious gift bestowed). At no loves expense forgiving. Embrace sin and sinner indistinguishable. Hence what sin, but thankful love's opportunity. Pain instructs. Love unfolds. The

Light less the darkness. Eternal redeems conversant. You can't have an enemy without being one yourself. Thus God denied.. Linear spherically attuned. The words your own once God's we continue...

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The response to our prayer's are spherically Light inclusive, embracing Mohammed, Buddha, Jesus, the kindly Jains, the Shinto's and others previously omitted as other by the cherished weight of my ignorance, Mother Teresa the good Light accrued of ourselves. Curious of thought did you ever consider the possibility of more than one reply to your prayer. Beside the blessing miracle of prayer. Our response in turn is most often displacing. Living we deny the prayer's gift. All prayer's are answered. Spherically this could not be otherwise. Duality fosters our consent as choice. Spherically knows only one the all embracing Light. The darkness does not define the Light. Though the dark denying hastens the Light less, not less Eternally. Through dark choices we thwart the Light essence of ourselves-our lives. Cosmically everything on the planet earth has meaning, except meaning.

In the Light the Determined Ones are One. The same ourselves Cosmically. What issues speaks refining inby-within the Light, beyond our linear affectation, (I) do not know. Noting the nice Professor Einstein's observation, "If mass becomes concentrated enough the curvature of space becomes infinite." What greater concentration of mass than harmonic silence. Your boirth, your death beceased. Your love given beyond receipt.

I am alone not less myself. Encouraged so. Linaryly least distracted (I) make choices. Choices make me. Alone available I am the cause of God's effect. "I" have but one credential divine (I) breathe troubled by the preference of myself. I have no acquired wisdom. I learn I breath. A soldier less a soldier I hurt no one. Easily we wash our hands. All soldiers hurt less loves kindness. Also injured less of God's intent myself. And my families and friends witness. I'm told I'm insane I smile. What offer is this less sanity not God? I've lied to tell the truth. I live by the charity of others. I learned. And learned again. Contradiction's affirmation not less another. I am a non-sequential guy by exclusion's temper not wit's intent. Loved least it seems I love all not least the same. I have wondered beyond speculation's whim. I'd rather hide than die. Available to you and me another day. "I" know words. Word's know me. Preferring less of each other. (I) have but one purpose. God's planet earth continuing. Life less extinction's journey.

What prison am I that (I) am free? With your permission "I" would like to put down a few words about prison. God bless us as we bless God. Spherically so the Light attuned. Including the prisons. Least blessed by us. I am an impractical man. My dreams are free as free inspires, toil and toll the same. Now we whisper as prayer's speak. American earth people spends more on prison than on education. Whose answered prayer is this? Prisons are unkind. Prisoner's the same. Love most the ones you love the least love God Eternally. May I please continue? More certainly by your reading than my writing, one flower does not fill a garden. Most likely you are a practical woman, a practical man. Accordingly ordered, decent and magical. The poetry ends yielding

the dream. Imagine a stranger our brother in prison. God's son like yourself. He has fallen destitute of spirit. And hurt our sister. God's Creation less the prison follows. Our brother is a skilled welder. During his inspired detention he will weld for ten years on government contracts that are not in competition with the private business. This proposal's accommodation will reduce your tax burden. Our brother will be paid two thirds of what he would be paid as your neighbor. Earning one million dollars over our detention. Given the juries determination relevant to amount our neighbor and sister who has been violated will be compensated. Ten percent is set aside to follow and encourage our sisters well being. Assuring her return to spirit's self. Unless our neighbor of course prefers her recoveries journey a private one. While detained our friend will pay taxes. Provide income to his wife and daughter. Who fortunately of good self purpose will not need to go on welfare. Except for the welfare God's prayer we know as life.... Our brother will pay for his own health care. Including counseling. Parole is open ended, our brother also has the option of remaining in retention beyond his term graduation. A portion of our friend's income will also be set aside to provide training and education to his partners in detention. An experience to which he will also contribute his skills as teacher. During retention he will accrue acknowledgements until he is able to work in the prison system as an administrator, guard or in a neighboring community as a part time paid volunteer. While still maintaining his retention responsibilities, including the welding job. Being paid a quarter of what our neighbor would otherwise have been paid. Upon release our brother or you or I (spherically one) will be released from preferred retention with a savings account of \$25,000 dollars. Paying for his halfway house meals and rent. If our neighbor and brother is fully employed in two years half of the savings account will go towards assisting juvenile defendants. If the terms of release are not satisfied the entire savings account is released to troubled child offenders. And we return to the Graduation Prison...

Makes sense to me. Spiritually practically. On occasion I've wondered about a museum. "I" sense I've mentioned our museum of the future. "Peacemakers Museum." Deterrence no there's a better perspective. Our collective choice, right, therefore individual in order to maintain our lives. A museum that witnesses and sustain our linear dignity, our safety and maintain our valuation of death while nurturing life. A living museum not just the awe of watching. This is difficult for me. You have to be in pretty good shape to hope. But as we approach the Museum of ourselves we see the garden of our contentment. Children playing. Flowers watching. A screen statute framed by green foliage. You run your hand over the surface. And of course this is a museum you can bring things to other than your celestial self. Once open never closes. A spherical history of near ancestor's (our current selves) medical successes. Progress thrives as progress not. Your hands in anticipation are clasped together: Scalpel's, radiation, restraints, lethal medications, hospital infections, lobotomies, abortions, cures related to diseases. Displacement finance, excess, impoverishment and bankruptcy. The lonely poor too hungry to speak. Times elapsed as their walking witnesses. And now your families smile. Stepping past a bird washing herself in a fountain. Over there another statute. God's family is sitting. Tammy's husband,

daughter and son pleasantly wandering watching assuring all unfolds as seed once flower. (Tomorrow's youth our hope ourselves). The awed sensation of ten theater productions unfold before the closed listening eyes of your family. My Fair Lady ends while the Iliad is completed. Timelessness embraces. Now the family dines. A meal DNAs compatible to your family. While watching a play about your families life. Funny, joyful and as a little bit sad as God permits. Finishing the images the family rises their dinner place. Together they turn past a large flowing peach tree. And the family begins to walk past the nurturing memories of their lives. Several mosaics. One gently bursting images of happily intended linear choices. Each family member the relevance of each image. The mosaic above a series of related and communal images. Music unique and relevant to these assembled images unfolds. The next mosaic one of happenstance. The results of the linear choices. The boy falls off the bicycle. Not choice happenstance. Each mosaic changing, like vapors shifting-responding to the person watching. The dancer joins you. Timelessly as surprise permits we return to choice. Life continues. Smiling eyes instruction. A sigh...As the uncertain images fade softly into the happy music of their lives.

The Museum continues waiting our witness response.. The children have been cautioned witnessing despair. The Moslem family rises from their prayers. Next to a Christian family completing the benediction of their prayer. The family steps slowly past a prison cell. Nine feet by eleven no windows no soul. The holographic image of the young man is one of pain. The hands are clasped in prayer. The head is bowed by it's weight. His face perspires, the pants show tear droplets. The small sign next to the metal bars reads. This twenty three year old man was arrested twice for using drugs available in a pharmacy. Under "the three strike rule" he was sentenced to life without the possibility of release for stealing a carton of cancer causing cigarettes. Remembering reminding caution persists, The man's name is given adding, "He died in prison age of fifty six our life's companionship diminished ." Buried on prison grounds in a numbered grave. The only attendants. A shovel two men and stone. And God.... Our family members slow cautions preference. Evolved aware-concerned-relieved.. The youngest child has reached for his mother's hand. Forty feet of dimly lit silence a half turn around the dampness of the past. The sign reads information's caution before the curtain rises. What you will see as your consent is our witness- a chair designed and maintained to conduct electricity for the purpose of sacrificing an individuals life as an example to the living. The ironic justice of the time acknowledges of the deceased mans innocence. Now innocence preferred guilot everyone's burden. Many more individual member's of races deemed unworthy by the prevailing race were executed. Those of preferred race and educated less apt to be executed. Ten years prior to the evolving end of death executions more women were delivered to execution. Children to young to drive also...(All of them innocent as God's love witness). Parents. Families, guards all suffered alive. The practice was stopped on appeal from God. Previously disregarded in Holy scripture.

The curtain is coming up, the family has already stepped away. The little girls grip is tightening. We are approaching an empty room. A vacuum devoid of air, sound and imagination. Both parents and children have

filled out a questionnaire which has been cross referenced to the DNAs of this family, accordingly the sphere will calm the stimulation from the children. Which the parents are unable to do prior to event. When the sphere senses that the family is ready and the children are amenable, a rotating globe offers a flurry of images, relevant convoluted sounds, olfactory sensations while evoking a mixed mood of mourning and danger. A metallic voice scarcely human speaks. Echoing it's own language against itself. "Wars were an organized effect whereby two or more collective groupings gathered in an attempt to destroy the personnel and property of each to satisfy an ill-conceived end. Hundred's of million's of God's children died, incalculable amounts of property were destroyed in an attempt to return the warring factions to a peacefulness lead to the next war." The voices changes to the gathered harmony of our own voice. "Prior to the Inception wars were common amongst the Earth People. More than one half of the planet's resources were devoted to wars, the technology of war, posturing war and the recovery from war. The poverty of war fought by the poor. The loss of civilian non-defendants lives, painful injuries...distorted loss of life amongst soldiers was legitimized through a war culture that evidenced death- destruction as meaningful. The validity of war was given credence through. Political celebrations and festive parades . Status determinations, pay promotions, decorations were assigned to soldiers who were the most efficient in killing while diminishing their lives. Decorations and further compensation was afforded to soldiers who had set an example through their own death or injury. The mentality of war was such that parents of soldiers felt honored that God's children would suffer distorted death and mutilation.... On anniversaries damaged soldiers, selected politicians, relieved or devastated parents would testify favorably in further support of their own destruction . Non-objective historians, journalists, dramatists, many spiritual leaders thrived justifying horror. Often witnessed as tragic, unjustifiable-accordingly justified. Throughout this brief-slow narration non-linear images, sensations once limited to dram and prayer are manifesting...

The fami9lie's steps have quickened. They have felt more than feeling allows. Pain instructs silence ensues. Both parents maintain a pace that will not leave their children behind. The husband's arm grips the wives opposite shoulder, the other arm caresses his daughter. The son has walked ahead, but slowed turning around while holding an outstretched hand. They have walked past spheres that read. Hunger and Starvation. Religion. Poverty and education. Nuclear war. Viruses. 911 assimilation response. Politics. Technology. Averted disasters. Past a young couple crying. Bureaucracy. Plagues...Nine other sphere's are shut down awaiting viewing consent. Three more steps. Now one. The family breaths as one. The children smile. The warming sun hold's their faces. Another breath ripples life across each face. Watching their children the parents are reassured. The father grimaces glancing over his shoulder at their ancestral past. The divine family now reassured. Peace is there's. Love whispers without word's permission.

Remember that in timelessness "everything" is real. Nonexistence, unreal, the deceptions, reciprocal imprisonment and other irrelevances were a few of the ways we hid while nurturing the limitless impending immaterial. Straying from our Cosmic potential. Reminding all material is ofby the infinite Light or we would

exist in opposition to the Light Eternal not as choice manifesting the darkness, but essentially so while Eternal. If we were not Light sympathetic we could embrace holding prayer's response, know miracles, yearn, be in awe of God, value luck-coincidence-precognition-remote viewing. We would not be able to evolve willfully as choice from the darkest acquired self to the Light glory of ourselves.

How can this be made to happen? The Eloquence. How can you become the uninterrupted cause of your own divine effect? The door that closes opens. We spend our lives listening while we speak. We learn much from each other of the sustaining mystery. Yet ours is a beautiful song shared in the singing of life. God the same that preparatory lessons be learned. We live anticipating deeds divine. Our individual Godsoulprint. Our communal Godsoulprint. God's Creation not ours. A presence process that can only be real between the individual you and God. Body and soul are one, unless you have different plans one from the other. Accordingly displacement thrives. Not displacement from each other. That we know and accordingly thrive deplete. But displacement from God. How many linear entrapments constrain? How many wonderful linear bonds hold? "I" remember talking to my nice-generous sister Terry several years past, explaining that one of my challenges, one of my burdens is that I am more loyal of loving toward (my) family than the stranger I will never meet...that my family is somehow curiously distinct in relevance than others. It's curious. And displacement. I need not love my family less, but love all other's the equal of my family. Accordingly loyal and true. God's family not less my own. Loves eloquent fraternity learned through my family. Not denying less, but loving more. How could it be otherwise.

Do you sense to understand mysteriously or otherwise comprehend these words are not proceeding in an orderly manner. Not the linear grove that is the encouraged and preferred custom of the written words. This quilt has no beginning no end. The center wander's bye, thus seemingly invalidating our ironic presence. Not reinforce the casual linear order. The doors we are knocking on are not being opened by our anticipated selves. The process of form linearly instructed suppresses the Cosmic thirst. We are together like the wind in a dream. Logic and proof can be one beyond unity. But proof's orchard is the more than one fruit shared as many. Let's be as brief as not writing. Not yet...Though approaching as approached. What is silence relevant and revealing of the written word. Is it true like the Light we can not engage the silence the silence engages us. Seemingly itself a quiet understaking. But what is silent that is not quiet. Let's not equivocate when we are wrong. Silence is not the absence of sound this would deny quiet it's status. Each word has its own permit. Possibly quiet is the result of an encouraged activity that is acknowledged in the absence of the action that encouraged the result we designate as quiet. Silence is not related to process as described, but rather is a status that is unique to itself. Not reactionary. Not causal. Not ordered, but order. Presence not process. More in the nature of spontaneous not linearly sequential. Which explains why the sound status of silence potentially conjoins us to the infinite Light. (The Light expressed as the sound of silence). Silence the melody of refinement. Silence the sound of that which not need be acted upon, be causally separated, displaced in order to be essential to itself. The motion of

the Light refining is the sound status of silence. Light, infinity, silence are unbordered, non-sequential, all-inclusive, without duality, hence without opposition and non-localized meaning one location. And of course these qualities explain why when we show up with our linear intentions that reflect our technology the aforementioned Light infinite silence becomes fragmented and defused. Why our space travel is based on distance, a linear process (contrary to the rule of the Cosmos) that consequently is manifested through ironic force and the variance of improbability. Witnessed and designed acknowledging exclusionary displacement (the variance between destination and departure) while paying serious attention to probability (ie) whether the trip will be completed without destruction. Which is the consolidated end point of disposable dematerializing or the ironic summation of disintegration. Later in these words we will develop intergalactic travel. Already evident as the timeless memory of itself-evidenced by a quantum corridor. Whereby thousands of light years can be resolved in the moments of a short distance. "I" became a little sidetracked. It is funny how you can get lost and still be where you are while still thinking you're in the wrong place. When someone can't find you are you lost... are they? Lost in a dream still asleep? Can you hide from others and not yourself? If you are a person without a capacity for being lost...? Anyway be our way were saying that each of us has a sound of silence. A material status more compelling than our DNA. And as a sound of silence devoid of the vagrancy of distance and as such infinite. The non-linear Cosmic self. An origin source. Can we pause to imagine what our relationship bond with God would be during (as) this undistracted condition. The conversant non-casual prayer. The miracle not separate from self. Hello Dear Tammy, Amy our Amy, Louie, Sandy, Joan, John, you always, Curtis, Wendolynn I hope you are well and happy.

Not an interruption you would understand if you had met Doctor Daughton's purpose. Should we continue approaching the beginning. The essence seed of self is not a planetary effect, not by the current linear estimation we practice. Interactively we are as a planet in all its substance potential denied and otherwise-materially predated. We existed in a different form prior to "time" that the planet earth assumed a material form. What does this mean practically whispering? We have been living by the planetary rules which we claim as author. But our rules did not result in the materializing of the planet earth. But rather the rules of the Cosmos of which we are an emerging resident part. Our "need" to replace the rule of the Cosmos in the favor of our own explains our dilemma. We have it backwards the Universe did not emanate from us because we are able to make observations arrive at compelling conclusions then offer as evidence of our sincerity our capacity to dismiss what we once accepted as true and valid. Follow by offering further proof of our dominance by altering, destroying and consensually accepting a non-interactively material fiction which is... that our future will be better. Thus redeeming the initial transgression. Our pervasive continuing dichotomy. This dislocation from our origin, our separation from the Cosmic God (our designed displacing linear dichotomy) transcends our entire planetary experience. We prevail by opposing our Cosmic residence. As you live in a nice house in Iowa, but your citizenship is American. We live on the planet earth, but the Cosmos certifies us, the Universe is our

home. Either in the ideal or in denial of the same. But we can not experience what we are not aware of...And consequently we are conflicted. Though remember as form not born as such. We are born without choice, language, no awareness of death, responsive to music and our relationship with God is one of form essence not linear instruction based on the preferential displacement of God. The Romans during the assimilation of Jesus had many Gods. The earth people continue to do so. Not surprisingly each time we initiate the choice of self, willful departure of self, our effort is validated by an unknown and conflicted result. This issuance of observant logic is confirmed by the earth peoples history to date. And will culminate through spasm extinction or The Intervention. Ourselves.

Form engaged linearly in casual opposition to itself can only be confirmed through conflict resolution, fundamental inconsistency realized through the invalidation of discrepancy as temporary which further perpetuates time irony. Compounding the irony of process through self negation as relevant and essential. Not choice, but the arena of self.... Given this encouraged-accepted life aberration it is not surprising the final validation of our lives seed is its material absense (ie) the practice of death. The end point culmination of an anguished dematerializing existence that bares witness to our one embarcing irony...man-woman can not claim themselves the sole determinate benefactors (the authors) of their own environment since the humans are not responsible for their own materiality. Nor the environment. Opposition to this insight can only be sustain through material self contradicton evidenced through God displacement as self irony, defining dematerializing, destruction, alteration assimilated and translated as death. Explaining why our intolerable existence is deliberated through duration. Not spirit. As we approach the invironment Cosmic approaching us.

I seem be alone which makes sense since there's nobody here except me, Tuxedo and the other alleged ones. "There you go," folks like to say in Iowa, but they never say where. Right we are alleged. In the near constant flux. The next effect from the uncertain-dissatisfied cause, the sequential that culminates in a near non-material future, emanating from an unresolved now which stems from the roots of an ambiguous future. No wonder people look over their shoulders. A nice black lady was executed and put to death in Texas yesterday. I wonder why they prefer people guilty. Insane, disgraced, hungry, dead. Why isn't lost enough. One of the churches "I" try to attend Unity of Omaha points out that you can't express a quality or state of mind without visiting the same in yourself. These metaphysical Christians seem to find me curious. And encourage me alone. Of course my impressions beyond my own frailty-expression and prejudice are imperfect. But people do seem to prefer those that are a complimentary reflection of themselves. Their love is easier of conflict and self irony. Their anger more forgivable. Their search more assured. I wonder to pray why do most earth people prefer the each other the un wanting of themselves. Isn't uncertainly displaced enough life denied through death, enough. Tuxedo insists on climbing onto and nesting on my chest. Which of course is agreeable. My understanding is that "metaphysical" means beyond the physical. Which apparently suggests spirit. This accomodation of thinking (I) find curious. What can be more physical or material than spirit. It would appear these consensual

Christians when they offer “beyond the physical” the reference must be beyond time through time. They are actually arguing their own absence while alive. Which is an ambitious undertaking in a linear world where they have invested their survival. And might explain their extreme devotion to self-ingratiating prosperity. Extreme in the sense that references, lectures and study groups are far more frequent relevant to prosperity than charity. Can not both being one? Why does a one-legged banker need twenty pairs of shoes. But “I” very much like the perplexity at Unity Church they like to ask questions. And seem to expect answers. “I” should point out as we approach the last furrow of this paragraph my perception about charity is a little more than a little different. I’d wanted to go to this rich neighborhood in Kansas City on behalf of “charity for the rich.” Door to door knock leave a thought and a smile. And leave. Remember the very nice lady lawyer Ms. Hansen advised me against this pilgrimage. Shot in the head again. I’m not sure what rich means. A lovely of nice Professor of Sociology at UNO told me rich folks aren’t willing to participate in studies. So it’s hard to say. And of course each one is themselves. But spherically wealth and the need for excess while others are beyond need’s resolution are one the same. Another T-shirt. “Too much is not enough. And more will never be.” Please consider by love’s enumeration’s wealth. An abundant life beyond today’s restraint. No nuclear weapons. Pains lonely hunger prisons need the same, a museum’s explanation. Life not defined by death. Heaven on earth. We travel unrestrained the Galaxies. Living well beyond current imaginations’ charm. But not beyond intended bliss. What more wealth than this....”

September 24, 2004

A shared inquiry

One not less all...

How lovely to be in the choral Light of your company. (I) have before invited that what “I” write is as much another’s in the reading as it was presumably mine in the writing, otherwise we are returned to the casual-displacement of God the Light. The offering unfolds. Given that the Light is all-inclusive-speaking to the omnipresence of God when one writes another are not both the source of the language, otherwise we are unhappily returned to separating God in the preference of ourselves. We try desperately to be together. Spiritually, romantically, socially. God’s voice aspired as One. Why must we try?

I write sharing and asking your help. “I” have tried to understand for years whether dwelling into what is the darkness of our spirit does not affirm the same? Particularly when the evil in question when confronted will likely perpetuate its own poison. Does the malignancy amongst us have to be acknowledged beyond recognition in order that we respond lovingly? Clearly the nature of our acquired body form speaks to the linear irony that frustrates the Light. Our organs are many harmonious or conflicted. Our minds are functionally fragmented. We have accepted that form breaks down naturally-accordingly we live to die and alter Creation’s

environment...yet this is not the way of the Universe. Have you considered a perceptual error? And we are convinced that spirit and body are not one, but a displaced two. And we prefer God by our absence. Meaning to fulfill our God ideal "we must die and go to Heaven." We live to die. And all this before we rise from our knees and inter act with one another through the many wonderful and dangerous opportunities we create. What strange shadows we cast not our own.

Given that we are functionally fragmenting of the light does it not follow that we are consequently spiritual flawed? Must we not acknowledge ourselves as such to celebrate God. Hence the irony. Can we in living a loving life Light evident assimilate the very evil that denies the Light and remain pure. With innocence are we? Complicit as taxpayers, worshipping God while denying Creation to others. And as voters redeeming our intended divine surrogate to the dark profit of ourselves. But the question is simpler. More complete. Promised over the many years divine. God's orchard is an individual harvest. We are born incapable of opposition, unaware of death's summation, not time distracted,... we are born divine Light affluent- God's child not man's. We mature distancing the Light by choice otherwise. Miracle of breathe... that returning to the Light, however dark our lives have been, requires no great scholarship, no prayer but one choice, acknowledging our Godsoulprint. A life of good deeds divine. When confronted by despairing darkness confirming the God of your birth- we give testimony to the light of self. Not to do so is a choice. A choice self denying in it's demeanor. Often preferred, encouraged... the institutional determinant. However sublimated always a choice of self. There is no reward but you. Your singular God totality... Truly do you agree all incidence of Light commune are singularly resplendent. Your sleep the non-casual presence harvest of the Light. Your intuition. The precognitive moment. Luck is not chance. Your birth and death in Heaven the same. The miracle touches one not less others. So many words unfolding lost map of ourselves.

But I feel closer to the place of quiet knowing. Where patience is not waiting. You see even prayer is a displacement of the Light. If the prayer's answer is the desired effect of your prayers cause, certainly this is a process of displacement. Displace God or yourself Creation's home the same. The Light God is all inclusive, without denying recourse, cause and effect the same. And more certainly beyond words estimation. Your daughter, so in, the hummingbird testify. Your prayer is its own response. Otherwise God is prejudiced as your waiting doubt. Wait for a prayers response wait for yourself. Anticipating God denies God. God is inevitable our breathe explains. You search for God because you prefer denied self. Divinity is no great majesty. Kindness to an injured bird acknowledges God. Loving when hatred is demanded evokes bliss the same. And greetings a child's smile with your own. What more prayer's laurel than this. When you are needful of the kindly intervention of others you have rested your seed nearest God's embrace. Divinity is solitary. Such conversations can be most reassuring. But not God replete? Your birthright. Yes we speak and search together. But is it good to know with whom you are blissfully conversant. Accordingly you derive. Faith instructs

uncertain consequence preferred. Fate we are delivered as ourselves, God's children. Karma is God's motion disguised as self. What more disguise than anticipating who you already are?

Know the darkness claim the Light. Allow the miracles to begin. What response enough, but all.
January 15, 2006. Is thank you a prayer. I'm getting a bit of a cramp typing around, with Tuxedo.

*

And as we approach the fewer words, except by your dwelling's gift, we are each one choice nearest our-Godsoulprint our spherical being. Is that what (I'm) doing? Getting ready. New awakenings. Spiritual mischief. Spiritual disobedience. Reclaiming my body while aligning our spirit the light. My spirit and were back to linear self displacement. Yes sad tears unbearably forlorn, God's nice black lady in Texas. All the hurt. We breathe a prayer. Move on one less ourselves. If Jesus, Buddha, Mohammed, Mother Teresa wouldn't kill to execute somebody. If a parent wouldn't execute to kill their own children. (God's children on death row). What banishment spirit thrives? Killing is unkind. I can feel to hear someone say. "Sure but the neighbor waiting execution killed two people." Yes that is also unkind, very unkind. Less unkindness is better than more. What more words do you know that love less the words you cherish as prayer.

Getting ready already am. If I can smile I can pray. Our smile is the surface of our Cosmic soul. Gather myself in anticipation of adversity. I will stand corrected thank God if I'm sitting. If someone turns their back on me, I need not respond with less than love. The Light's love embrace reveals my own growth. Loving deems no one unworthy of their love. Rage the executions persist. They are expressing their own injury. Accepted as lifestyle's contempt. A defensive attitude that is consensually reassured. I accept love is not optional as such solicitude is inevitable. All becomes relevant as revealing. Pain instructs and contradictions do not define. Yet I walk cautiously aware answers might deny the better question of life. I learn by contradiction not affirmation. But contradiction need not deny. Love for all includes love for self. The lovely imaginary lady mischief smiling stepped up to me. Never interrupting and asked "What Charlie do you have all the answers?" I smiled to breathe answering. "I hope your not the one with all the questions?" Yes likely she does. We do. Until the next adventure. Spherically as form resides all is love. Is there not only one question ourselves many questions delayed. Linear casual irony directs us to that loving opportunity. The presence of self. Eternity in one kiss. Until opportunity abides again. Infinity abides refining. Candohasto. We are each proportionate to our own dreams folly. Graduating from linear self and Synagogue, Church, Mosque, Temple, Ashram. Thus delivering ourselves to God. Beyond the linear display. The linear assurance. The displacement our guarantee. I am approaching myself.

All is not as it seems. So it seems. My sweet memories companion Kathleen noticed one evening that I rotated my finger around my thumb. Kathleen who you might remember was a nurse, what word beautiful is not enough, Katarine said the finger deal psychiatrists call "pill rolling." Earlier forgotten until remembered a

Buddhist Monk Reverend Sato from Hiroshima told me I was rotating my fingers sixty times a minute. Keeping time. Walking, strolling, running out of time? What riddle is life that as life unfolds. (I) am less myself divinely dissatisfied. A Christian Buddhist Jew yearning What one embrace enough when three denies Heaven's touch? Evolving wandering learning. What miracle Hindu's speak. What miracles purpose Moslem's worship? And the Jain's love so well beyond love's telling. The Sheiks mystery unfolding. We are returned our imaginary friend. Angry today she protest. A beautiful face an angry mask. Patiently I wait not wise, but nervous finally whispering to myself. "Don't you love me?" As if these few words were fuse the explosion answers. "No." Surviving alone not myself with God, "I" answer. "Wouldn't you prefer to love me than this that you are offering yourself and me?" Wiser than me androgynous woman smiles. Heavens gates open "I" submit consensus. But as all is not enough our linear world unfolds the witness of the one dimension, the Light. The linear world witness awe the same. Reflection of the reflection God's. Our story continues. Love Eternal less loves explanation. Loves need the same, hence Eternity reminded. Another embrace Eternity refines. Each choice a choice. Each kiss a kiss...." Wouldn't you prefer to love me than this you are offering yourself?" The question asks again both listen. Beyond haste's permit evolving. No response is complete that question answers. We continue do you agree we must? Hence what garden deed we thrive. The time of now is forever us. No prophesy, but witness. If you disagree must our prayer's diverge. When by the Cosmic Creator we reside as One.

Keeping time while it keeps you away the other way. Being encircled fatigue ferments wisdom's toil. I am alone. And as such without distraction. Educated by my own insurgency. Peacefully thus divine. What challenges remain. But returning the gift of self to our source through our need. We are our choices through the words expressed. Without fear our choices would be pointless. The Light unfolds our unwilling purpose. Our linear appetites derive. Yet our only residence is Eternal. I am alone. "I" can give no further than (I) am. One attendance remains. My fear. My inadequacy before God. Sensing the Light affluence. My eye's remain. Can (I) be silent through the spoken word. One attendance remains our relationship expressed through deeds Divine. What word God not ourselves. Can deeds be words? Many not in knowing but application. Recalling the current memories seed. The conversation with our beautiful sister Terry. Explaining that my current frustration remains, I felt more loyal loving so to my family than my love's nurturing concern for all. Clearly my loss...loving's opportunity. Loving I know less well than loving encourages. What stranger speaks not myself. Strangers people say but not less of by the Light. We are God's family all. Always the one missing seed. Perhaps yourself you know. Reminding myself all my friends were once strangers. Once stranger to myself the same. Never so in by the Light. But not well enough to hold our hands. Well enough to promise. Share our meal. Praise in prayer and meditation. Yet I do because I do not. Linearly denied the garden thrives without limitation. I am as (I) speak breathe love's permit. I write as the tree limbs wait for the wind. The seed for the bird. And the dream for us.... Do "I" wait for myself claiming God the beneficiary? What proof am I that evidence denies. What love

am (I) unloved. But love the same as love. There is no proof of love. But love as proof denied. What love needs explanation more than love. No mirror speaks its own reflection. God whispers. Is our love proportionate to the pain we can tolerate? Do we cherish love knowing the vessel denies. God reciprocally acknowledged by God less man. By man-woman less God. What voice am I that hears to speak. Beggar or philanthropist. One the same. Divinely offered so by love's token. Must (I) steal from myself to prove myself worthy of possessions. What mystery planet is this that knows yes by no forgiven... And proves neither as maybe insists. Am I a man holding on to the grip of his own fall. I know the answer to the question of myself. Thus must I settle for the bankruptcy of faith. When by faith I am not. Yet we must return to the spiritual mutiny that seeds our divine rebellion. I am but one. And the residence is of many Eternal. Woman, man, tree, river, mosquito alike. Allegedly so? Not at all be all Creation's attendants. Hence what will am I linearly affluent. But one less myself. And as such affluent? Less linear's instruction. No compensation other than God. Karma the better speech. Silence whispering quietly. I love not that I be loved. But that (you) be so. Though God appreciative of your love I claim no laurel, but my absence. God light love conjoined I am. And yourself why otherwise? My choices are Gods, God's are mine. Imperfectly. I accept your prayers. And your laughter. By my love the same. I am insane if you prefer. Though preferring we become. Sender receiver receipt the same. You can only offer me what you cherish of yourself. Cherish or not the same. Asked by God to save the Planet Earth. The seed's words you know. Waiting the soft Light's blossom of ourselves. I have no life to give but life. My "death" is God's not ours. Remembering words do not sing less our effort's song. God's children the same. What children are ours not a tree. The mountain or the penguin. Creation's sword ourselves. Anticipating our surrender. As there is the Light. There is the darkness. Thus we waken to ourselves. And God.

Thank you for your mystery. Need "I" enfold word's heritage the one more time. The first flower as the last before (I) disguise myself to you. No disguise, but patience smiling. We wait as prayer's receipt the better word. Yourself. I claim no gift, but life. The rest is ours Light the same. Tree, lamb, mountain, river, child, memory the same. God's less our manufacture. One more time the dance floor. In circling us as dreams do we wondering our next prayer. Ourselves. Our smiles embracing. The band our future playing. The Universe is God's infinite Eternal symphony. The dark continues. Darkness and Light Cosmic engagement. On this planet choice less one the same. We are resident in an unfragmented boundless Universe. The infinite continuity. Denies distance- separation as ideal.

What speaks to the Cosmic darkness and the Light? Are they not separate? Is the darkness relevant and revealing of the human self? Permeating into the Cosmos. What questions we do not know by answer. Yet we know the darkness less the Light preferred. Substance enough that divine be so. Actualizing our Lightfull choices of self without exclusion surrenders pleasantly the darkness to the Light. In a linear world where form is cause to its own ironic result as such often less cause inspired "our" anomalies become certitude beyond assurance, hope and God uncertainly derived. Needed-expressed the same. Even our disappointments are

incomplete... Given that linearity is not possible without separation. We can not singularly at the exclusion of the Light climb a mountain of darkness without being assumed as the same. You can't have an enemy without being one. And so it is that the Light all embracing by choice claims the darkness proportionate to the love expressed. But clearly the Light Eternal prefer the darkness resolved to it's light origin. The Light yourself Eternal by whatever haste holds the darkness to the Light it's way. Your divinity. Infinity at a glance. Less or more the glance of self.

You can not surrender the sum of form and not deny the voice you speak. Our life is God's gift to us. Our death God's life to reclaim. Not ours to give-denying others. The earth peoples parade. We cheer our death's consent eagerly denied. What of form we surrender through sleeping's venue. What of form we surrender traversing imaginations way. Meditating and praying. What of form we surrender loving. What less self the other self as love not self enough. In loving you (I) have been loved. By love and patiently by life the same. What ladder we climb falling from Heaven. Form again less form's delivery? "I" remember curiously a conversation with our beloved Kathleen. Explaining that speaking, reading and listening (for me) do not inhabit the same vessel. Yet the same. Speaking by conversations communal lecture is usually much distracted. Manners and eagerness further straining languages vagrant design. Reading less the divergence, even when strained by any manner of magic word we can still lower the book to our lap and breathe the calm of our companionship. Writing swims as milkweed floats. What distraction most often there is there is not. The wind, fingers tap dancing, Tuxedo assists. Rosie, Charlie, Amigo, Cousin Bosco, Impending Charlie, Rue, Sharpaie, Rover, St. Louie Ghost, Any Andy And, Mister Whiskers, Billy bully Bob, dear Mike, Pop's squirrel accompaniment thrives. The anagram for lonely, no one only. Curiously at times this freedom's gift is such, the other two labors of word such less the same, that discussing the written word is less the word discussed. The mirror reflects less the reflection promised. The same sometimes reading "my" own words. Well (my) own words less my births permit. And our existence. What ownership ours not God's consent, less the evidence of our existence. The time of now is as if forever. Eternity waits our foils instructions. Ourselves the same. Choice less God's delivery. Young, tired, old or un loved, lonely of education, hungry- you need not understand these words (being) you know. And being you are otherwise as choice.

*You cannot oppose others without being opposed. Thus validating opposition, reciprocally, so the darkness thrives. Like all a timeless spherical accruing. Unless resolved to its origin source, the Light. This we can assume not as knowing allows, but the kindness be assuming. And survival prevail. Otherwise one cannot prevail unless another is vanquished. What peace that other's must suffer that peace denied. Must we confess to prove ourselves worth of life?

The dance continues not as dream's life interrupted. One last read that writing while whispering be the same. The curtain rises. Our dreams applaud. What stage planet earth not the Heavenly Cosmos. Can we begin already started. Each lesson's disappointment seeds hope sustains. Yes silence whispers approval. God always

the same. Each word one flower dreams intent. The future hold's God's embrace. The garden grows the orchard prospers. Life and death caressing companions. Yourself and life the same. Let us understand. If by understanding we do. What by birth and death we claim. And through life we instruct otherwise. Love is brief God is Eternal when all Eternally resides. Yet one breaths the other. Not less yourself. Unless yourself less you are as choice. Practically can we put the oars unto the celestial waters. Timeless is the Universe. God does not holds a stop watch to Creation. That we do thus we are. The planet earth. What curious orchard is this that knows no seed, but fruit and flower. Knowing thus we pray. We are resident emerging of the Universe we deny through timeless conversation. Thus proving ourselves. Already proven. We deny our earthly residence to prove ourselves deserving of proof deniable. Heaven be not the planet be so. Life aspires. Death permits. We are master authors of our invironment. Not authors of ourselves. Yes do you agree? We are authors of all except ourselves...from which all derives. What is this planet's name that Heaven tells. Still poetry not still at all. Do the earth peoples prefer a merchants song?

The Universe from whence we emerged is timeless.... infinitely continuous. As such presently the earth people evolve absent of the Universe. Preferring ourselves not Eternal. Vacant. The question rises as the sun's horizon our neighbors moonset approaches on Tammy.. Both God's answer. Dancing and singing again... the Universe is Eternal why aren't we? The Universe is Eternal. We live born of the Universe. That which is timeless thus Eternal is without separation complete unto itself. Meaning that the separation defines no purpose, but itself? In a Universe that is origin without displacement, how can such a separation be origin to itself. Can we pervert Creation and not the Creator? Remembering the perspective, speaking to less the essence of ourselves, linearity in the Universe is not a direction of place. That which begins does not end. But as ending perceived continue as begun. Refining. We the earth people cause the effect of our lives we are effect to God's cause. How smart we are the mirror designed before the reflection. We applaud our own performance. While abstaining Creation. What magic inept proves our lives. Before the life's emergence. What vehicle allows delivery that Creation becomes our environment. And we worship God by our consent. What smart is this that delays proof of self. Already proven as birth. How curious we are do you agree? We ask direction's explaining where we are. Confirm kindness lost to Heaven. We are not who we are cautiously forgiven. Relevant less "our" arrivals destination. Who we? The question not enough the answer spoils.

What garden are we that thorns dictate? What flower are we relevant by omission? The Universe is one location. What cost we pay thus thriving as not. Must we not be that being be preferred. We plant a seed. The tree grows. We climb the tree. Our fall proof of our planetary height. Logic the near better not the same. A gathered sentence reasoned or sentimental speaks to conjecture incomplete. Needing the next sentences response. The first response from the previous. Any one sentence as many favor as opposed. Some confused others too bold. The same sentence still? The podium is continuous. Whereas logic knows no reflection, but itself. A moment of logic. Appears contained. Intact wandering yes conversations folly, but returning to it's

logics source. As much as words allows a moments logic seems timeless. The human requires multiple proof. How else deny himself the benefactor. One proof destruction. Creation's suicide. We forgive our love to prove it's worth. The other proof's approaching less alterations whim... We agree ourselves sublime. What instruction needs one kiss. When two are preferred the same as one? We live insist on dieing . Interactive time forgiving linear form we effect as cause revoked.. We define the world our residence. And destroy opposition ourselves. We lie to pardon truth our effort. Always dieing watchiong death. Heaven resides our absence.... Yet God remains available. On Sundays. Between wars. We forgive our love to prove its worth. We are remarkable in our haste. We think uncertainly preferred. We kill to set example. Justice varies inconsistent as do words unkind. Linearity is trial unless love holds love's witness less love's conjecture. What is necessary we agree forbear. Yet progress insists less it's previous lust. We are satisfied acknowledging dissatisfaction. Consensus rules needing explanation. Intruder criminal virus the same. War...what words not poison to themselves. We die we're born. Explaining life excluding both. Life and death neither our choice. Burdened so we are. Yet we are wonderful. We sing. We dance. Praying we listen. We suffer ourselves unto others preferring love. We share. And love our children. We forgive ourselves love's worthy, love desiring nonetheless. We are incredible. We have struggled. Dreaming-planning the better day. Aware we protect the planet earth from ourselves. Wishing the river were not our insult returned. What is planet earth's anthem? What God's Creation we so pray as Harvest. Understand (I) do not complain. But witness terrified less your accompaniment. My cradles birth nuclear war. "I" do no hold the dark image to your face. As face you are. But as warning's contrast we need be. The time of now is forever. There is extinction. What graves garden attends the Light. The darkness consists. The Celestial map so resides. Will we travel or resign?

I thought we were through. Let's travel. Between and amidst galaxies. Turn right past the Milky way we've made it after all the confusion. We've arrived. But first if I may a gentle over view. If you don't mind I'd like to end this inquiry, this relocation, the way we started it with Tammy our friend. Wioth imagination's permission. Your certainly welcome to join us, lovingly so...

Were walking past a lake that has never been seen before. You will know it by your own description. I'm walking chubby with my hands behind my back. I think know I walk that way for balance. Probably mine. Tammy walks as grace permits. If you saw us walk by you'd slow. And look twice-once to join us to yourself. We continue walking. Walking we walk walking we do. Getting along with gravity. A pebble makes contact. And each us do what were supposed to do. Listening to the wind join our breath. The stars warming the night. Watching our eyes keeping track of their light. Tammy stops. Like the lake in communi8on's way. Another symmetry a different song. The grass and the flowers seem to pass bye her. They nod our consent. It's o.k. were not confused. Tammy pleasantly interrupts the silence. More of an introduction.

"Charlie how are-?"

"I don't know Tammy...the trees, the stars, love its hard to tell all at once?"

“I don’t understand?”

“That’s good right?”

“Why do you talk so-?”

“It’s just my way of saying things?”

Tammy laughed a smiles contentment. We continued walking along with life’s permission. Have the rules changed. Awareness becomes perception. Now the same. Were Eternal. But since were still creatures of form like the flowers, the lake and this imagination let’s.... Effortlessly understanding. The words returning their own migration.. Miracle love’s whispering taking form. Ourselves Eternal discontent. Wondering wandering. I can sense I’m about to ask Tammy a question. Tammy is smiling angels stop to look. I just noticed a thought . I can hear Tammy’s words float around me. Like dreams just before they call you back to sleep. I heard the question. (Where did my smile come from I had other plans). I could hear Tammy say softly, “O k.” Happily beautifully and away. Without interruption. Delightfully like the geese returniong to Eternities’ nest. And there they are. Once again back from always.” We’re moving pleasantly the silence of ourselves. I paused and looked at Tammy. Trying to make sure... Tammy yawns softly. A leaf goes bye. An owl hoots. Tammy’s eyes glisten... Gradually moving along. Several trees shrug as we walk bye. Walking we walked past the baseball field. I’m surprised not to hear myself . Tuxedo is still on my chest. The alleged ones are downstairs. Rosie is also tired in the bedroom. Recovering from being alive. The horizon is folding away into its fading colors. The wind and the branches. Stillness and quiet. Moving one the other. I’ll finish this tomorrow. A gentle rain begins falling moistening Creation’s garden. God’s rainbow closer. Tammy whispers the leaves softly welcoming the rain.