

Consciousness

For five decades I've been believing, thinking, knowing, writing and telling people that everything in the universe is made of consciousness. Einstein revealed to us that all matter is really made of energy—and vast amounts of it at that. But like Teilhard de Chardin, I knew that all matter and energy were really made of consciousness. With our knowledge from Anastasia that our universe came from the thought and dreams of God, we might say that the whole universe is His thought/dream made manifest and that everything in it is made of His thought or consciousness. In the beginning was the word and all is word.

But as I was standing in front of my bathroom mirror this morning, gently but mechanically brushing my tongue, something happened to me more profoundly than ever before and that belief became a world-changing living reality which fundamentally altered the very tenor of my existence. I could no longer brush my tongue mechanically. All of a sudden, I was directly experiencing the consciousness my tongue was made of. But not only my tongue, but the brush and every seemingly inert thing in my environment had become living, shimmering awareness and I could no longer deport myself in at all the same way as I had been. Everything around me became living vibrancy as never before.

I'd had glimpses and tastes of this over the decades. But nothing so arresting and all-encompassing and inclusive as this. It was beyond revelatory. And so it goes.