

Chapter Two

....the soul is very stupid. It does what you tell it to do.

A Stream

It is difficult for you to have an intellectual three-dimensional conscious understanding of your soul. So we will speak in parables that are likened unto what the soul is, because that is the only purpose and reason that you can understand it. We will start with a small story.

A child sits on the beach and plays in the sand, building itself castles and roads. Building small ponds for imagined fish to swim within. Building story-book moats to its mind. All of these things it builds, holding an understanding of what it does. In its understanding of what it does, it builds a castle. It is moving grains of sand together, and those grains of sand building upward build a castle to its eyes. But also what it is doing is causing by the movement of the sand across its hand, a roughening of the skin, a hurtfulness sometimes,

and sometimes a tactile pleasure, but movement. You are the skin for your soul. That is most wondrous.

What you feel in pain is very often the result of your soul's creation. You do not have to feel it as pain, it is only the direction that you are looking. What you feel as pleasure, what you see as success, what you hold in conscious mind is the direction in which you are looking. Your soul is still creating the castle. Your soul is still creating the moat.

Your soul does not recognize your small pains as anything more difficult than perhaps a roughening of its fingertips. No more than you would notice the roughening of your fingertips as you play in the sand. Your soul does not truly have an understanding that you are in pain.

That is the first thing to know about your soul. If it knew that you were in pain, it would simply create again in a different direction. It would create in the direction that you could look if you were clear that you did not want the pain. If you were clear in your three-dimensional being, your conscious mind, your actions, if they were clear, your soul would know in which direction to start creating so that it was not painful.

There is a question that has been asked many times,
“How can I trust anything if I cannot trust my soul
to make things happy for me?” Your soul does
not know happy; it also does not know sad; it
also does not know death; and it does not know
time. It does not know many of the things that
you perceive as consciousness because it does not
enter into the realm of that thing’s existence.
Your physical body, your platform of being the
observer in this time, that linkage is temporary,
and the soul knows this.

Each of you has lived many thousands of lifetimes be-
fore. Each of you has inhabited the earth and
other planets. It is no special moment that you
live. It becomes a special moment because you
have pains and joys. It becomes a special moment
because you are encapsulated in a time, but your
soul does not know those things. The soul only
knows creations. You know observances. Your
soul, once it is linked into your physical body is
inseparable from you. You cease to exist upon
your death, your soul continues.

What is part of you is those creations that you ob-
serve, and they continue, but not in the necessary
place that you would think they do. They do not
continue as the remembrance of a physical thing.
They do not continue as the tactile feel as you are
sitting in your chair. They do not continue as of a

avored lover. They continue as swirling masses of energies, to be remembered and perceived by the Isness.

So The Nature of the Soul is a very complex and hard thing to understand. For you to understand it, you must separate yourself from it long enough to see it. That happens sometimes as a flash of white light. Sometimes you perceive it as a swirling comfortableness in your dream state, sometimes you perceive it as a pulsation of the physical body and the opening of your mind into something that you cannot truly understand, and sometimes you perceive it as abject terror. You know this thing when you awaken, when you lie upon the edge of sleep and find yourself to be terrified, not knowing why. It is your soul allowing itself to be free for the moment.

Your physical body, not having the soul connected strongly to it in that moment perceives there is no need for it. Something is missing, its life force is drained. Your soul is your life force.

If you wake up in the morning and you're drained does that mean that your soul left you for the night? And why does your soul do that if it is something that is going on over many nights?

It is not always that you are drained because your soul is out playing. Very often you are drained because your hippocampus is trying to rationalize irrational things within the mind. It is trying to rectify an argument that you have held with yourself for a long enough time that finally it stands between your soul's being able to observe and not observe.

You then, stand to be the observer for the creations of your soul, and it swirls those mists together. At night you dream, you rationalize those things into some form of observance. Very often that observance comes in conflict, and you say to the soul, "I have seen this, no I have not." So, you spend time trying to argue with self in your sleep to place it into something where the soul can say that it has been seen or not.

So what do you do about that?

Finish the argument. Perhaps you could do the contemplation before you sleep. Do not do it as bucket emptying, do it as a clarity to allow yourself to see the focus of what that argument is about. Then taking allegiance to it, you ask to see the steps to rectify that argument in an acceptable way, and very often it will be, "Throw away all of the observance and start again." Then you can give your soul a command. In the contemplation you may easily tell your soul, "Wait, I'm not

certain I have it clear. Do it all again.” The Soul will be most happy to do so. Only it will be somewhat larger.

You mentioned that we cease to exist but the soul continues, could you say something more about that? Is the consciousness that we have at this point in time extinguished or is there a kind of continuity in which our sense of identity may be transformed but continue?

Yes. You exist as your physical body which is an accumulation of energies that are brought up from the earth. It is shared, it is borrowed, it is given. It is also given back to the earth. The rent that you pay is that you make dirt. You move earth from one place to another; you give energies; you move; you make things be.

You are somewhat as scavengers helping the earth, even if sometimes you perceive you damage it. So it is, this thing exists as the physical body. Of its own nature it has only one form of consciousness, and that is survival.

Because it is the physical body’s only form of consciousness, it has fear. It is that fear that identifies when it is time for the soul to not create. It is that fear that breaks the connection to your unconscious being, your hippocampus, and the chakric