

CHANNELING INTENSIVE I

February 7-10, 2008

ESSAYS

Each participant wrote a response to the question “Who am I?” and read it aloud to the other attendees.

This is a record of some of those essays, presented with the permission of the authors.

GARY

I shall describe not the incorrigible self of personality which is hopelessly and permanently riddled with distortion. I instead shall describe that which is at the center and depths of my heart, that which beats in creative rhythms of rest and passion, being and doing.

Who am I? Reduced to its simplest form: I seek the One. This is my response, this is my purpose, my passion, my faith, my service, my reason for existence, my identity. I am he who seeks the One.

Nothing is more true within myself than that which I affirm: "I seek the One". That is the unchanging rock upon which I stand, that is the North Star within, that is my Polaris of self. In the course of these successive cycles around the sun, everything else shifts, changes, transforms, and falls away. This remains and grows in strength: I seek the One.

In this seeking of the One, I know not how and when I make so-called progress, I know not how the finite self and the infinite self shall meet within this soul, but I know by what mechanism the process is activated, enabled, and moved upward. The Law of One states that, "Your faculty of will is that which is powerful within you as co-Creator. You cannot ascribe to this faculty too much importance." Also, "The inner light is that which is your heart of being. Its strength equals your strength of will to seek the light."

I have discovered that which the Law of One speaks of—the engine of evolution living within me which moves towards the light. It, the coiled serpent, has awoken within me—I have turned it on; It calls to me—I invoke it; It pushes me forward—I utilize it for forward movement. I seek the One.

In this seeking, I can not navigate my way with a skill that sees the road immediately in front of me, for truly I move forward in blindness, seeing nothing ahead and knowing nothing of my true situation. I am helpless in the sense of being able to skillfully plot a course to unity; I don't possess this knowledge and have no training in cartography. What is within my power to do, what I consciously commit to in this life of "Gary Bean", is to intensify this will within me: to increase determination, to never relinquish persistence, to purify my desire, to cleanse my heart, to be eternally constant in the attempt.

The intensification of the will is the intensification of a homing beacon, I feel. While I carry and bear the burden, the homing beacon does the bulk of the work because the will, carefully directed in service to others, operating largely below the threshold of conscious awareness, knows its way home. Though I am the caged bird who breathes free air but does not yet know freedom as an immediate experience, I am a creature

possessed of will. The will, persistently exercised, intelligently calls to it those opportunities which unlock the self from its material prison with each act of self-sacrifice. As that bird, I use the will to seek the One and let go of the cage.

My knowing of the ultimate, final, and true direction of will comes through faith; for without faith, the will never leaves the ground. By faith and faith alone I trust that my seeking shall bear fruit; by faith I am utterly convinced that transformation is possible and is happening within me; by faith I know of the rightness of the Path and by faith I know of the existence of the Path itself; by faith I exercise the will to jump off the next precipice (always hoping for the opportunity of that final leap into infinity); by faith my steering is unerring, even when making apparent errors in course; by faith I walk the straight and narrow, even when I meander, propelled forward by the will to seek; by faith I sense the jewels buried underneath the surface of illusion, awaiting my discovery; by faith I understand that, within the incarnation, eternal reality can be realized, union with the One experienced, and intelligent infinity contacted by all who truly seek to know in order to serve. By faith I seek to dance with infinity in the seeming chains of the finite, to experientially know the ground of all being and, from that level, operate within the commonplace affairs of the manifest world. By faith I relax and know that all is well. I seek the One and by faith I know who I am.

I can not lose this seeking, I can not forget this seeking for very long, (how could I turn my back on myself?) No other concern can override this seeking for very long for it is my nature as it is the sun's nature to shine; from within, it surfaces constantly; I seek to cultivate it, be more conscious of it, and make more room for it. It is that force around which my adult life has been crafted, it is that drive which will shine from me unto the very last breath. I am like the ox marching through the deep mire. I am tired, my load is heavy, but my gaze ahead is unwavering and forward I march, slowly but steadily until I leave the mire. I seek the One.

When I am at work, I seek the One, when I am at play, I seek the One, when I am driving to my girlfriend's, when I am shopping in the grocery store, when I am reading the news, when I am eating peanut butter, when I am forming my perceptions of the world, when I am reacting to those about me, when I am lost in confusion and turmoil, I seek the One. In every person I meet, in every animal that crosses my path, in every plant reflecting light into my eyes, I seek the One. In all circumstances, my seeking is. There is no moment that the Creator does not belong in, in terms of my conscious awareness; there is no activity outside of the seeking. The true Tao can not be deviated from; all things are instruments and symbols for knowing the One. From one shore to the other I will cross, my raft made of *all means possible*. I seek the One in and through **ALL** experiences.

Yet I am not the active, male principle alone. I am also the feminine, I am also the passive. I seek the One with the yin energies flowing through one hand and the yang

energies flowing through the other. Thus when I reach, I wait, receptively. When I call out to the Creator, I listen for the Creator. When I activate the will, I remain still. When I rise to the heights of exalted passion, I am patient without attachment to outcome. When I am alert and vigilant, ever watching and observing, I am passive, seemingly inactive. When I view multiplicity, I see with singleness of vision—the One. When I seek freedom in emptiness, I also embrace form—as the mirror does its image. I seek the invisible yet ever perceptible. I seek the One.

I am the will to seek. I have made a decision, I have made a commitment—in this lifetime or the next—I will realize what I seek, I will experience that which I seek, I will become that which I seek. As faith opens up the tight containers of thought to depths and heights unfathomable, I will transcend words, concepts, and my own thinking to drink in the pure mystery from which they, the finite, sprang. I will let go of the personality and gain that which is essential. I will accept that which occurs to me in the daily round of activities, mortifying and sacrificing the self-centered, self-interested, self-willed desires, cravings and aversions, making room for the One through the channel of this self. I seek the One.

By virtue of this seeking, these upper most layers of consciousness with which I am somewhat familiar, this small self which in many conceptual ways is an opaque barrier to the One, will be rendered a transparent doorway through which the One is known because I, like all others, am the doorway through which the Creator is known. I AM literally the door, the gateway exists within. I seek the One.

The small self is my starting point. From there I begin and—standing balanced in self-acceptance and self-knowledge, becoming humble and transparent, aware of both my apparent distortions and total perfection—I will unconditionally love the ever misguided small self and ride the shuttle to what is known as intelligent infinity. This continual dispassionate observation—requiring consistent and disciplined will—makes room for the light of the Logos to shine into and onto that surface personality. I seek the One and learn to love this self formed of and lost within the illusion yet regenerated by grace from the One. I seek the One.

Ultimately, “I” who seeks the One is not “I” as I understand myself but the Creator seeking through me. My seeking IS the creator waking up within me, Spirit becoming aware of itself. This seeking I intensify, this I fuel, and this I return to with concentration. I make it stronger, carefully direct it, and let the seeking go forth from my being to locate and beckon the One who responds to such calls. The Original Desire is waking within me, my heart is beginning to realize that above and beyond all else, it loves and yearns for the One. My heart loves the beauty, the peace, the power, the majesty, the unity in multiplicity, the love, the light, and the process, the day by day restless battle to find rest. It loves the strength and the independence to continue the walk on its own two feet, step by sacred step. Thus does it seek to give itself to the

One, to dedicate its life and consecrate all its actions to the One. The innermost core of my heart seeks the beloved, the transcendent, the immanent, the nothingness, the immediate everythingness. I seek the One.

I am the will to seek. As in meditation, so in my daily round of activities. In both modes of activity/being I am the indomitable persistence to return again and again and again and again—gently, compassionately—to return to the center from which the One is sought. Through the distraction, I return to the still point; through the mental mismanagement of the truth, I return to the heart; through the temptations to satisfy the separate self's endless cravings and aversions, I return gently to the true desire; through the cramped places of unknowing and pain, I return calmly to an even minded hope; through the stress of the workday which rushes my mind into the next moment, I return my focus to the only moment, this one; through the scatterbrained thinking of the everyday self, I return with discipline to single pointed-ness; through the deafening roar of western world noise and distortion, I return again to the quiet. I am the will to persist.

I am he who repeats the name of the nameless over and over in my thoughts, in my mantras, in my actions; ceaselessly I am he who prays to see and to know the face of the faceless. I have and I am the will to seek.

With all my heart I love and seek the One.

Infinity is right here;

Eternity is right now.

I am building a bridge to them,

I am choosing them,

I am that bridge.

I am the will to seek.

Tom

????? WHO AM I ?????

Because, as it turns out, Miss Carla is going to be one of those teachers that actually expects me to think and participate, here goes ...

So, You ask me to ask myself who it is that I think that I am. Well, I gotta' ask you, "Who is it that YOU think that I am"?

I have been told that:

I Am.

I Am *All* that I was created to be.

I Am *Christ with* all that was created to be.

I Am *Love from* which all was created to be.

I Am *Light by* which all was created to be.

I Am *Spirit through* which all was created to be.

I Am *Mind*.....

I Am *Body*..... etc., etc., etc.

... or at least that is what I think that I have been told that I Am.

If this is true I must, at this juncture, ask, "At what level, hierarchy of thought or discussion do you or I wish to pursue this question, for I Am here/there. I Am any and all of the above in any given moment or I can be none of the above.

You see, I Am that which is driven or merely moved by thought or emotion, mood, need or desire; energy, if you will, whether it be in the physical, mental or spiritual setting.

Newton's first law of motion, sometimes referred to as the Law of Inertia, is often stated:

"An object at rest tends to stay at rest and an object in motion tends to stay in motion, with the same speed and in the same direction unless acted upon by an unbalanced force."

I believe that this so-called law is meta-physical as well as physical.

Because I Am that which is pliable or movable by these energies, I Am subject to be opened and closed. I Am open to the "fruits of the spirit" and am closed to the "works of the flesh" {ref. Galatians 5, Bible} in one moment and the reverse is true also in any

other given moment when moved about by these same energies; and I have been known to be anywhere in between.

Who Am I? Why, I Am a living example of ignorance, confusion and paradox. I Am whatever I manifest or you think that I manifest in any and every given moment.

I Am *complicated* because I am, at any moment this, that or the other. I am *simple* because we are all the same. I Am as you are.

When Jesus was asked who he was, he gave no answer. When He asked his students who other people thought he was, he was given various answers. When He asked his students, whom **they** thought that he was, the reply by Peter was nothing short of profound, "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God." {ref. (Matt: 16:13-18, Bible)}. What seems even more profound was Jesus' reply, for in that reply was the pronounced blessing that in Peters' recognition of **that fact**—upon **that rock**—the assembly (church) would be built. I therefore conclude that in my recognition of Christ in all that I see, including me, and in all that which I do not see, is my understanding of Who I Am.

Oh yea, if you ask me tomorrow, I will more than likely give you a different answer; depending on where I Am energetically. In other words, what mood I'm in.

Who Am I? Ask me later, Dude. Right now Carla has me pretty busy trying to write down who it is that I think that I Am, today, right now, this moment.

NOTE:

Reflection Interpretation

1/9/1991

I See

I see myself.

I see you.

I see myself seeing you.

I see you seeing yourself

As you see others' views.

ANOTHER NOTE:

Eehhh! Maybe some other time. I'm tired of thinking and writing.

P.S. The next question will, no doubt, be: What is it for which I would surely and implicitly die?

ANSWER PENDING!!!..... TO BE CONTINUED

To whom it may concern,

If this essay seems glib, smug, trite, irreverent, or otherwise offensive;

PLEASE FORGIVE

That is not my intention. The whole subject is merely overwhelming. I have no new insights to share that have not already been coined at some time, in some place. I hear that it is a never-ending road we are on to understanding that very question.

As of today, Friday December 7, 2007, this is the best I have to offer and it took me half-a-day to do this. My fingers and my brain are a smokin'.

THE END

Or

THE BEGINNING

NEIL

I AM

I am me, a young man who is on a journey and I know not when I started this journey for I realize time is but an illusion. I am a young man who was once a baby and was once a young boy. I am a pain in the arse and a delight. I am a little horror and an angel. I am stubborn and cooperative. I am flexible and rigid, I am argumentative and placid. I am peaceful and violent. I am kind and malicious. I am generous and a scrooge. I am courteous and ignorant. I am angry and carefree. I am all these things and more ...

I am a warrior. I am a lover. I am a coward. I am a joker. I am a murderer. I am a rapist. I am a thief. I am a martyr. I am a priest. I am a teacher. I am a student. I am a worker. I am unemployed. I am a king of a great kingdom. I am homeless. I am a road sweeper. I am a politician. I am a store keeper. I am a lawyer. I am an officer. I am a soldier. I am a sailor. I am an airman. I am a combatant. I am fighting the good fight. I am the enemy. I am a child who has been killed in war. I am a civilian who is caught in a war torn country. I am a child who is hungry. I am all these things and more ...

I am me and my Brother. I am me and my Sister. I am me and my Father. I am me and my Mother. I am me and my Grand Father. I am me and my Grand Mother. I am me and my Uncle. I am me and my Auntie. I am me and my Cousin. I am me and my children. I am me and my lover. I am me and my friend. I am me and my foe. I am me and my neighbor. I am me and my enemy. I am all these things and more ...

I am me and the clouds. I am me and the rain. I am me and the sun. I am me and the stars. I am me and the wind. I am me and the water. I am me and the fire. I am me and the Earth. I am me and the trees.

I am me and the plants. I am me and the animals. I am every creature that ever walked the earth, that swam in the oceans and rivers. I am every creature that soared in the skies. I am every plant that nourished the soils of the earth and gave breath to the skies. I am all these things and more ...

I am all the colors of the rainbow. I am all the feelings and sensations that I know and not know. I am all the delicious and disgusting foods and tastes that I have tasted and not tasted. I am all the wonderful and horrible smells I have smelt and have yet to smell. I am everything that I know and do not know. I am all things. I am infinite. I am eternal. I am love. I am light. I am darkness. I am a creator. I am a co-creator. I am the One Infinite Creator. I am Oneness. I am Neil, I am 26 years of age, I am a seeker who seeks to know itself more infinitely. I am a seeker who seeks love and to love itself more deeply. I am Love

CAROL

Who Am I?

I am the root of all that is,

I am the earth.

I am the giver of life & the expression of life given,

I am the creator and I am created.

I am abundant energy derived from the sun,

I am non-dominating power.

I am the awakening heart of the evolution of spirit,

I am unconditional love and compassion.

I am expression of the One Infinite Creator,

a comma in space and time.

I am wisdom & awareness,

a remembrance of harmony with Self.

I am not separate, I only expand ...

I becomes We

We becomes One

One becomes I,

I am

STEVE - I

I'm someone who found a road less traveled
of similar seekers, perhaps.
The path is wide, but winding and long
And yet to be found on our maps.

"Brother, I'll race you to the end of this road!"
"I know of some corners to cut!"
But wise are the ones who avoid being sold
on taking the detours and such.

"Brother, I think that's the finish line!"
"Let's leave our shadows behind!"
As good as it sounds, new lessons abound
For without our shadows we're blind.

It may take some time for Those not of mind
to harvest the wheat like you've grown
But shine like the sun, and Those might become
Just like the seeds you have sown.

This I have found, in race after race
Of running alongside the others.
My shadow caught up as I shortened my stride
To learn I was once that Brother.

GERRI

Who am I? I am an intentional, unique, individuated expression of the Divine, having been brought forth from the Formless into Form. My goal in life is to know this all the time, every moment of the day. Some states of mind keep me from knowing it; when I slip into them I forget. One state that keeps me from knowing it is the state of desire—wanting things that are inappropriate for me to have, of which I have a long history. One family story is that when I was a toddler I would demand that my dad get the “peachy moon” for me out of the sky, and I’d cry when he didn’t do it. When I am angry or sad I forget who I am also. When I am caught up in those feelings it seems that what I am is the feeling state. So a chant that often goes through my mind that helps me remember who I am is this: I am as God created me. I am a light in this world. I am as God created me. I am. I am. I am. Ooohhh, yes, I am.

Gerri

LEONARD

I come from the realm of cosmic architects who draw material matter from Nothingness by the use of sound vibrations. I volunteered to incarnate on Earth in order to transduce to the Earth high frequency energy which will aid the Earth's evolution as well as those inhabiting this realm. While lying in a hospital bed during the night of June 3, 1997 very weak from a major heart attack—having lost 30% of my heart function—I had a near-death vision. A wall of light appeared. I approached the wall and was told that I had completed my task and could walk through the wall and go Home. Or I could stay on Earth and do whatever I liked, and that my heart function would be restored. I felt there was more that I could do on Earth, and declined to walk through the wall of light. With the aid of my wife, Gerri, who is a talented healer, and other efforts I gradually recovered my strength. A year and a half later a stress test revealed that I was doing better than the average person my age—even though the heart tests still showed a 30% loss of function. This and other experiences I believe have prepared me to be helpful during the unsettling transition to a higher dimension/density now in progress on the Earth plane.

LORENA

“Who am I” and what is the fulcrum of my life upon which I would challenge?

My gut response to the question “Who am I” is to answer “I am Me.” I am a perfect being continually perfecting itself.

I am like a note in perfect pitch. Perhaps I am sung very softly or played on the loudest horn. Maybe I emanate from the resonance of a tuning fork or the squeal of a baby. I may come from the lungs of one person or another, from one instrument or another, by accident or intent, but I am always on pitch. I am perfect and yet ever changing.

I get angry and yet I am perfect. I hate myself sometimes and yet I am perfect. I find myself being jealous of others and yet I am perfect. I forget who I am and why I’m here and yet I am perfect. I am who I am and who I need to be. I am growing toward the creator with every act, thought, and moment and yet am perfect just the way I am.

I am the creator experiencing itself. I am who I am. I am Me.

This answer has always been my answer. I remember coming into awareness as a tiny girl realizing that I was me. “Here I am,” I would say to myself, “I exist. I have my own thoughts. I can move my own arm and it is *my* arm. I am here and I am Me.” I would keep saying this to myself over and over, realizing it anew each time. “I exist.” It was truly like waking up. It was one of the most tremendous moments of my life and I still remember it so vividly.

If I were to extend this answer into a challenge, I would say I challenge in the name of free-will. Our will does not need to be handed over to another person or thing because all is One and that One is perfect. My will does not need to be changed or judged because all is One and that One is perfect. I am Me. Everything I do is me and I am perfect without needing to be anything other than my free-will determines along my journey toward perfection.

In essence, I desire to let others be their own perfect selves and find their own path toward the Creator as I desire the free-will to do the same for myself.

JIM

Like I said before, I'm a dancer. I love to move with rhythmic motions in swirls and swoops, hops and jumps. I like to use my big muscles and move forcefully through time and space. I like to make a mark, an impression that represents my joyful response to life in general and to my daily round of activities in particular. Everything that we do can be done with grace and style, like a dance. That, I believe, is what it is to "be in the flow". My greatest failing is that I tend to go too fast. My greatest learning is to "relax and enjoy."

CARLA

I am a follower of Jesus the Christ. My life is given over to the will of unconditional love. My moments and my days are steeped in His love. I seek each day to let love itself shine through me. I hope to be so transparent in personality that the light of the Creator may shine through me as through a stained-glass window, taking on the color of my humanity as it passes through me but retaining the light of Christ-consciousness as it flows out into the world.

I consider myself part of the godhead principle. As such I have chosen the service-to-others path of expressing the godhead principle in positive polarity.

I am a biological female, and form my will after that of Mary, the mother of Christ. Her song is "My soul does magnify the Lord, and my spirit has rejoiced in God my Savior." And that is my song as well. Many are the opportunities to express the energies of mother, sister and daughter in the relationships I am privileged to enjoy with those about me.

To my priest-husband I am priestess-wife. As one being we rejoice and give thanks in the combining of our energies in sacred sexuality.

I sing this song every morning, and it sums up who I am:

*Take my life and let it be
Consecrated, Lord, to thee.
Take my moments and my days.
Let them flow in ceaseless praise.
Take my hands and let them move
At the impulse of thy love.
Take my feet and let them be
Swift and beautiful for thee.
Take my voice and let me sing
Always, only for my King.
Take my intellect and use
Every power as thou shalt choose.
Take my will and make it thine;
It shall be no longer mine.
Take myself and I will be
Ever, only, all for thee.*

MIKE

Who am I?

This is a question that the Creator Himself is asking even now, for this is the impetus from which the Original thought stems. I wish to know myself as the Creator wishes to know Himself. It is in that beauty that I resonate with the question of who I am. In order to answer this question I link myself as best I can with the Original Thought.

Thought is all that there is. Before form must come thought. Before manifestation and evolution, thought is there. Before a birth, thought is present. I am thought. I am an expression of thought. My arms, legs, eyes, lips, nose are not who I am or what I am. They are expressions of thought. The Creator wished to perceive His 3rd Density world and gave me these things with which to do that for Him. My eyes exist because desire brought about by thought to perceive the beauty of colors and objects existed. My legs exist because desire brought about by thought for mobilization existed. Things, objects, my body do not exist first without thought.

So, I am thought. I am Love and light poured into manifestation because thought allowed it. Intention allowed it. Desire and will allowed it. These things are all thought and thoughts are things. To our world it seems as though thoughts are a secondary, a byproduct of actions, something not nearly as important because you can hold on to them.

If thoughts are ultimately all we have, all we are in the end then I ask again who am I? Am I, at the core, a good thought, a bad thought, does it need to be categorized? I am whatever thought I choose to hold in my mind at the time. If I focus on Love, I resonate with Love and am Love. If I focus on faith, I invite faith into my life. If I focus on empathy, I gain the ability to see the world as others around me see it. This is a Universal truth because everything, every possibility imaginable, exists within us at any given moment of our existence. Can I be all of these things and more simply by focusing on the beauty of each? As Ra might say perhaps not probable but ever possible. Who am I? Someone who seeks to beat the odds.

We are what our focus is. I am what I choose to focus upon. Truth is subjective for all as is happiness and “the right path.” Taking the question further, my ultimate question must be, “what is my highest and best Truth?” For in asking this I am asking what is the highest and best thought or thoughts that I am capable or resonating with at any current level of perception that I am experiencing. Highest and best are not ideals but states of mind, thoughts. What is the highest and best truth that I can allow myself to experience? Is my resonance with the one, with All that Is, so solid, so understood that I can communicate so efficiently with the world around me and move objects simply by willing it? Is my highest and best truth so thoroughly understood, my connection with the One and all his creation so thoroughly undisputed that I have

access to the infinite sea of information simply by willing it? Who am I? I am what I focus upon.

Behind that which is knowable is that which is unknowable; that which cannot be expressed by the faculties of logic, diction, or perceived by the physical senses. It requires faith. Faith I often lack. I am that which exists of in the sea of unknown. Who am I? One who must focus on faith in order to access these unknowable worlds. One who must focus on faith to experience thoughts I don't even yet know to think. I am a seeker, and instrument for the One, wishing to know more about itself just as the Creator does. Faith is the ship that must steer me through the sea of unknown as I occasionally land on islands of that which is knowable. The stronger, more tempered the material of my ship becomes, the more capable I become. I am a Nagual, I am a learner. A leader and a follower. Like all good spiritual principles, spiritual thoughts, I am a paradox. I am many paradoxes. This is why logic, diction, and physical perception are not king. They cannot substitute for intuition and faith. They are the interpreters for the language of who I truly am. They are illusion. Illusion born of thought so that thought may soar to new heights previously unthought.

Much of what I've said is shrouded in mystery and makes little sense to most who will read it. Perhaps that is how I know I am following on one correct path to discovering who I am.

TL

Who Am I?

Until recently I would have tried to deflect this question altogether, or else answered so vaguely as to offer no meaningful information whatsoever as related to the question. Because truthfully I felt like the proverbial stranger in a strange land, struggling mightily to discover my place and purpose in a world that seemed so confusing, alien and harsh to me. Somehow my very existence seemed a mistake—either I had not been delivered to the right planet, or else there was simply no place anywhere at all for someone like me.

Through a lifetime of working on this, I have recently reached the point where I am now more accepting of myself and more comfortable in my own skin, and I can dare to believe that I exist here, on this planet, for a reason. Though I cannot yet say definitively who I am (beyond being a beloved child of God) or why I am here, I do know that if I continue to focus on increasing the quotient of love, light, understanding and acceptance that I can carry within myself, and share as much as possible with this world that I still find so troubling in many respects, that all that I truly need to know and do while I am here will be accomplished.

Until I have reached that point, the best I can say is that I am a true seeker and a true lover ... I seek to become so completely filled with the Creator's gifts of love, of light, of joy, of harmony, of healing power, that they will quite effortlessly and automatically flow through me out into the world around me. While I cannot yet define this work, or my role, more specifically, I do know this: if I succeed in opening myself to this degree, I will always be home, and I will always be doing what I have come here to do, no matter the circumstances.

MARIA

WHO AM I

I am what IS, I cannot help but serve and be.

I seek to know myself (what IS) to better serve others, serve “we.”

Mindful ever to balance the seeking/service, to learn-teach

I with love and awareness try to dance in optimal reach.

No matter is forgetting, failing, confusion—sure in every day,
efficiently serving others in true heart is the faith in my way.

Death I will accept only if in dying I am living my highest service to others.

Death I will accept only if this is the best way to serve my sisters and brothers.

STEVE - 2

To the question, “Who am I?” one may answer at many different levels. Most generally, for example, one may say, a spark of divine beingness or a creature of such and such a density. More particularly, one may answer in terms of the social setting one occupies within this experiential nexus we call earth.

These kinds of answers I will forego. For it seems to me that the question itself, being earnestly asked, requires an answer equally earnest, and highly personal. But at the level of the utterly personal, the question becomes an extremely difficult one to answer. For in all honesty, it seems to me, I have to say that the issue becomes clouded in complete mystery. I no more really *know* who I am than I know the innermost “Who?” of the Creator.

Thus, in making report of myself I necessarily fall back in some measure upon my own history, my relationships, and the various ways I have had myself reflected back to myself. I can say that I have been a seeker after things spiritual from a very young age, although it took me many years to understand this. I have pursued the path of understanding, even to the point of becoming a philosopher, only to see in the end that this path has grave limits. I can say I have felt an urge and desire to be helpful throughout my life, although I have undergone times when I have lost my way and could not see my way clear to this desire. I have been son to two, sibling to five, father to two, husband to two, and really good friend to perhaps two dozen. In every relationship I seem to come out different. And this merely confounds my perplexity.

Perhaps therefore I am on more stable ground in reporting what I *wish* myself to be. For whether the wish itself is realized or not, at least the fact of the wish is itself something revealing and important. I wish simply to become clarified with regard to my desire to serve. This for me is something terribly intricate, often troubled, and always confusing. It seems to require constant work, for I am easily hurt, and, when hurt, too easily dissuaded from my general sense of helpfulness. I need to go back into meditation over and over again to get even the smallest modicum of balance, and to purge myself of a tendency to negative or resentful thoughts. Such thoughts are insidious, and can turn up in stray proposals of affect or action in the most hidden ways. Having done some measure of spiritual study, I can often ferret these things out. I have, I believe, been provided with intellectual tools perhaps above the average. And these, for the most part, have stood me in good stead. But at the same time, they have also entrapped me. I have too often settled for explanations when actions—or, more properly, conditions of beingness—were called for. And, in me, these come along far more slowly than I would like them to.

At present I feel myself to be at a turning point. As a lifelong seeker, I have desired to know. But for quite a few years now, it has seemed to me that knowing is at best a

secondary issue. Should I die deceived about some point or another, it would make little difference in larger life. Should I die, however, without having accomplished a real spiritual movement, I would truly be spirit disconsolate. So I ask myself how this movement might be genuinely effected.

In considering the calling of becoming a channel, I find these issues come up in a central way. In relation to the Law of One, for example, I generally found myself identifying with the position of the questioner rather than the channel. That would suggest that, all things being equal, I would really rather be a listener than the channel itself. I have previously undertaken the practice of channeling primarily to be able to bring back to my home setting a focus of group seeking that could provide the context of spiritual mutuality I have felt the need to experience. But groups of this kind, in the absence of a figure willing to take on the burden and responsibilities—and very great dangers—of becoming a charismatic leader, are hard to sustain. Charisma itself I seem able to muster, but I am so suspicious of leadership in this area, having so often seen it go awry, that I have a deep and abiding block against it. I no more want to lead in a spiritual way than I want to be led. For both configurations, in my experience, work decisively against the very thing I seek: a true mutuality in spiritual seeking.

As I contemplate becoming a channel, therefore, I find I must approach it with a great deal of humility and a great deal of faith that it might all come to something after all. Spiritual seeking in the focused and intensive way that feels right to me seems to be the cup of tea of so few in my acquaintance that I could not reasonably predict a group would materialize to make it locally practicable. Even with regard to my own mate, I have not settled all issues surrounding this question. And I know I have no intention of blowing the clarion call for converts. I can only hope that, at the right time, the right persons will wend their way to me—wagging, as the rhyme goes, their tails behind them.

So, not to delay my answer to the question any further: I declare myself to be one who seeks, and one who seeks to serve, in the hope of finding in this seeking and service a genuine fellowship. Beyond that, all is mystery to me.