

A friend of mine in Kentucky asked me once about this nebulous thing called religion, and more specifically where I thought we were as compared to what was intended by our Maker. My response was quickly that we were so far afield we didn't even know we were afield, for our environment has been this way for so long, it feels normal.

To relate to the here and now, one may be a black child born and reared in Rwanda, a dwarf peasant in southern Mongolia, a white girl in upscale Houston, a red-headed farm boy in central Kansas, the son of a whaler in Japan, an orphan in the Khmer Rouge in Laos, a black boy in Hell's Kitchen in New York, or an Eskimo in the tundra of the Arctic Circle. To each their environment as a child becomes what they feel is 'normal.'

Connecting the thought of the first paragraph to the second, my chosen simile is one of a moving sphere in outer space wherein we are born. It contains all things necessary for life, family, activities, etc. But this sphere is in deep outer space; there is no up, no down, no north, no south, no right, nor left. All we can see are billions of stars, all looking the same. Because we were born here, this is 'normal.' We do not know any different; neither do our parents, for they were born into this sphere and its circumstances, their parents before them and so forth. No one remembers anything different.

To connect us back to the leading question, let us imagine that as this sphere is traveling to who-knows-where, one of the stars far, far away begins to glow a little different, such that one by one those in the sphere begin to notice this irregularity. But because the aberrant star is so, so far away, most of the inhabitants of the sphere really don't want to take the trouble nor the time to check it out. *No vale the pena*, as they say in Chihuahua; easier to keep on going the way we've been going...

But let's say for grins one of the sphere dwellers is drawn by the anomalous star; in the face of much opposition, he requests a space shuttle with all the necessary items for a long period of travel, time-warp speed and all that. Receiving not just a "No," but a "Hell, no," (the sphere dwellers aren't very Godly...) the maverick resorts to stealing the space shuttle, determined to see for himself what the blinking star has to offer. Needless to say, he fears it will cost him everything he *thinks* is dear. As it turns out, such will be the case.

As the Seeker heads for the blinking star, many an obstacle comes into his path; comets, windshield-crushing meteorites, space debris, age-old flotsam left over from former Seekers who failed, all plague his long journey toward the Star. Now keep in mind the Seeker is unwittingly only one of an unknown number of Seekers from similar spheres orbiting in Deep Outer Space for thousands of years, the existence of each one being unknown to the other.

After a long while the Seeker gets close enough to finally begin to make out the unique character of the Star. Even though time and repeated adverse circumstances wear him thin, the Seeker realizes the journey is going to be worth it. With each passing day and experience, he gains confidence he made the right choice by leaving the sphere. In fact, the ‘normality’ of the sphere begins to feel more and more alien, and the character of the Star replaces the feelings long ago inherent to the sphere.

As the essence of the Star waxes stronger, the Seeker absorbs more and more of the character of the Star. Finally the Star’s gravimetric field begins to draw him closer and closer. As he senses more and more the desires and life of the Star, he realizes and asks himself, “Ah, why did I ever doubt, how did I ever think the sphere was ‘normal’?”

As he goes into orbit around the star for the first loop, the Seeker discovers the Star has three realms, or three dimensions. The apparent and visible is the first outer realm, the middle is invisible but comprehensible, and the third is both incomprehensible and invisible. The outer field is weak compared to the Inner, and contains all things physical. The middle contains all things mental and all things comprehensible; its gravimetric field is a bit stronger but incomplete. The Inner realm has the strongest pull, which contains the essence of the Star. From it issues all things true and valuable. It is this inner realm that caused the blinking in the first place that attracted the Seeker.

As the Seeker falls into a rather irregular, elongated orbit, coming closer at two points and farther away at the others, he realizes he did not instigate his search for the blinking light; it was the innate desire of the Star that he come, joining Seekers from spheres in other places. “Ah,” he says to himself, “this makes the journey all worthwhile. Even as old and scarred as I am, maybe I can learn to blink....”

The Invisible Envelope

Recall again the moving sphere around us having no visible, physical boundaries. Let us further picture this sphere around us, our ‘space’ if you will, moving along in this time span called our life. Our day begins with awakening, breakfast and so forth. As we go out the door, the nature and spirit of things change from the house’s familiar surroundings into what we loosely call the arcane World.

As we interact with the World, people of all walks come into our space. The direction of contact may be from any direction, left rear, right front (seen only if you have a right eye), head-on or unseen from behind. Some people come very close to our center as it were, like the hospice nurse caring for my dying mother. Others glance off our starboard bow with scarcely any impact. Still others pass us on the feather edge, tangentially. A few drift into our space and follow closely alongside us in a similar orbit as ours for a while. But the times, seasons and conditions change, and these ephemeral clouds drift out also. A few give us incredible joy for a season.

This crossing of paths into and through our space has three dimensions commonly overlooked by many. Those dimensions, or realms, are the physical, the mental (soul), and the spiritual. They are only apparently “one,” and have separate and distinct expressions of a whole. Being human, we tend to relate to what we see and hear, relegating the deeper and the truly more meaningful elements to the unknown trash-heap. Here is where most of us fall off into a gar-hole of misery.

Nonetheless, the three are there, affecting us in disparate ways. Like the planets and stars in far away places, we affect and are affected to one degree or another by any mass that enters our space. Again, like planets and stars, the degree of the *effect* is inversely proportional to the square of the distance from the center of us, “us” being all three parts, our bodies, souls and spirits, particularly our spirits.

These interlopers that invade our spaces, though tri-partite, act as singular entities. One may be a teen-ager driving while she is texting, endangering your very life. Another may be a librarian finding a book for you. Still another may be a drilling rig tool-pusher drilling an oil well for you. Yet another may be a long-lost acquaintance giving you a call after ten years of silence. Finally, it may be someone with whom at one time you were very close, but the appointed season has already passed by. The point here is that one coming into our space may be beneficial or destructive, intentional or unintentional, short- or long-lived.

All of us have experienced the entire range of effects from people entering our space from time to time; we have misinterpreted those entrances (and exits) about as many times as we have read their mail correctly. Hopefully with wisdom these mis-reads will diminish.

Those entering our space will affect us; it is only a matter of degree. Passing someone on the interstate is immensely different from looking someone in the eye across a table, much less a deep and lengthy conversation in the shade of a maple tree. And, as stated above, the result can be negative or positive, depending on the intent (spirit) of those interacting.

The degree of agreement or conflict is proportional to the depth of the interaction. The closer two get, both in intensity as well as distance, the blessing of agreement or the heat of conflict rises. Finally arriving at the gist of this paper, the Center of Gravity becomes more the crux of the matter. As long as things stay in the physical outer realm, most of the time there is minimal conflict. Migrate to the second realm, the mental (soul) realm, and arguments wax quite a bit stronger. Brush up against the innermost part of a human, and there will be major problems, unless and only unless there is a common spirit amongst them. There is only one common spirit that allows harmony to exist; more on this later.

In fact, the change from one realm to another is exponential; e.g., the soul realm is multiple times the intensity of the physical. The spirit realm is multiple times the intensity of the mental. The effort required to 'get it right' in either realm has the same multiples. That is why most will stay in the physical, some limit their exposure to the mental, and few venture into the spiritual. (Recall the Seeker in deep outer space). The first is by far easier, the latter far more involved, requiring an incredible amount of silence, patience and desire. The vast majority clinging to the middle realm remain there because they *think* no one can see inside. Then they die.

Because few take the effort to get it right in the deepest part of their being, most wind up in a bar ditch, wondering how they got there. "Well, So-and-So didn't do me right." No, he/she didn't do us right because our centers of gravity were not aligned with each other, much less aligned with THE Center of Gravity. Back to a previous paragraph, we pay undue attention to the outer expressions of a person rather than the inner. Ain't long before that wears thin, and the games of ruin begin in earnest.

There has been so much noise, physical activity and religious make-believe in the last 1900 years (especially the last 50-60), that genuine spiritual connection to the Third Realm is virtually non-existent. Small wonder the guileless and genuine scarcely darken the Doors of Death. Certainly the talk among those claiming to be believers leaves one in serious doubt as to whether they *know* the Center of Gravity at all. As a new friend recently told me, "You can memorize the Bible and still not have the heart."

In other words, it does not matter what one says, it matters what you are inside the Third Realm, wherein lies the Center of Gravity.

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