



CHRONICLE C

SEVEN DAYS OF CREATION PART 4

MONDAY, The First Day

Parts 1-3 will remain unrevealed at this time!

1. *In believing old distorted teachings, you have made your life a journey ...not a destination, ...and, in that, your life has no real meaning or purpose! If you become a great healer or inventor, an artist or musician, or if you write the finest book ever ...of what real meaning does that have for you after death?*

2. *A meaningful life of purpose is obviously a destination ...not a journey! ...but your journey (IG) does not follow a simple cause and effect pattern, it is a wandering tangled web of events and happenings which make little sense without an extensive and expansive understanding of your self and life, ...but your normal life, lived and experienced one day at a time ...from one goal or objective to the next, doesn't seem to offer much of a clue about a broad eternal existence ...and even less about the true meaning and purpose of your self and life today!*

3. *In the same way, every concept and awareness ...or trail of thoughts has intersections with other pathways of thought, ...therefore, in this understanding of life, we will constantly cross and recross beliefs and ideas again and again ...and many things we've said before! ...when this occurs, don't stop reading ...or gloss-over what we have written simply because "you've heard that before" ...and believe you know exactly what we are saying, ...because you've not really heard it ...as we lived it, ...so you probably do not understand it in the eternal pathway of thought we are presenting it!*

4. *While the structure of your duality language (Book 2) lets you speak about yourself, it never really lets you know yourself ...or understand who or what you are in the universe of things! ...you are always an unknown stranger doing something unknown ...for some unknown reason, ...isn't that strange? ...and a bit perplexing? ...and even a little depressing?*

5. *Your language was designed to convey information in self-sufficient words about*

you and the world around you ...in the belief that only by knowing these things could you actually survive ...and live reasonably safe and secure, ...however, in all of this, your language will not let you intimately know or understand yourself! ...or enable you to speak personally about yourself! ...so of what real value and significance is living reasonably safe and secure ...and successfully if you cannot intimately understand your self and life? ...or even know the meaning and purpose of your self and life?

6. It's not that you are not aware of your self and life of memories, ...you are! ...and you are aware of your self and life beyond memories as well! ...it's just that you don't know how to recall them ...and describe what you already know about yourself! ...which you have locked away in your imaginative-mind [Book 21] ...and are afraid to see or release!

7. Long ago, in your life as a discordant, you wanted to be an individual shining as bright as a star! [1B40] ...and you were advised that to live a full and enriching life as a particular being in a formed world, you had to rid yourself of all unformed unseen beliefs and aspects of yourself ...and focus entirely on yourself as a physical being in a formed world, ...which is what you wanted!

8. Then, in a different life, similar to Ti's life in China [3C4], you were trapped in your conflict against the vicissitudes of life around you ...and you struggled for survival ...and for safety and security, ...while sensing, somehow, that you and your life must be greater and more-meaningful than just surviving, ...but, no matter what you believed ...and what opportunities you were offered, you wouldn't change your unimaginative ways and move on!

9. Later, in another life, similar to [3C48] you were shown to have a purpose to bring light and life to others, but, instead of following that and keeping your self and life alive and brightly lit, your real desire in that lifetime was to gather comfortably with others who believed as you did! ...now that you see this, beyond some sort of comfortable survival, ...what did that life and your unfulfilled ways really offer you? ...and what does your life of unfulfilled ways offer you today?

10. In another life, you were advised by self-declared knowers and messengers that to live a joyously fulfilling self and an enrichingly meaningful life ...you must live beyond the appearance of physical matters and desires ...and enticing aspects of your self and the world around you! ...how do you suppose that served you? ...and your sense of self and life beyond appearances? ...do you suppose you shined as brightly as the stars?

11. Unfortunately, in all of these entangled lives and happenings, you did not understand that life is not about *this or that* ...it is about *this and that* as you truly desire ...and much much more!

12. *Your true self and nature is not as a spiritual being opposed to a physical being; as an immortal being opposed to a mortal being; nor as a real being opposed to an illusion, ...you are the communion of an eternalbeing-personalbeing ...and much much more!*

13. *But you don't really believe any of this ...do you? ...then speak clearly of yourself ...of who or what you are; ...or, in a world of things created by a language of things, what thing are you? If you say you are a man or woman, you've identified a physical gender but said nothing about who or what you are!*

14. *If you declare you are a healer or teacher, you've told us what you do, ...but we still don't know who or what is the healer or teacher. If you declare yourself to be caring, compassionate, or loving, you've spoken about yourself ...but said nothing about who or what is caring, compassionate, or loving.*

15. *If you claim to be an immortal spiritual being, you've used words, but, since you don't really know what immortal, spiritual, or being is, you don't actually know what you are ...and neither do we.*

16. *Are you beginning to understand that your dichotomylanguage keeps you forever doing and judging, seeking, speaking and expressing, and talking about your self and life, but it won't let you know yourself? ...or know who or what you are? ...or what your life is all about? ...language distorts you and your life ...and the world around you! ...and it forces you to be who you are not ...in a fantasy world of language's making!*

17. *The structure of your language will never let you know yourself, yet it tries to tell you, the unknown you, who you are ...what to do and how to do it! ...does that make any sense? ...and is that the languaged-self and life you want to continue?*

18. *Much like an instant snapshot, a languaged image of yourself is quick and easy ...but it certainly isn't lasting. What we've been trying to do for years is help you create a more-eternal picture of your self and life that is reliable and enduring ...as a self-portrait ...which is finer than any selfimage you've ever developed in life, and which will unerringly guide you to being the expansive eternal person you most desire to be in an enriching life you've denied yourself for so long, ...wouldn't that be a grand destination?*

19. *If you have a pain in your body or mind ...or even in your life, can you really know anything helpful or worthwhile about that pain without knowing the illness, dysfunction, hurt, or problem it is a symptom of? ...and don't you seek, first of all, to know what the pain is related to? ...and isn't that more-important than the pain itself? ...after all, you already know the pain, for you've probably been feeling the pain for a period of time, ...but you don't really know the vital issues of what the pain is all about ...and what is "causing" the pain!*

20. Does being tired or discomforted have any meaning without knowing what your fatigue and uneasiness is related to?

21. And if you feel vitalized and refreshed ...or if you feel loving and caring, do these feelings have any real meaning or significance without knowing the person or event or matters these feelings are associated with?

22. Doesn't it seem odd that you will seek to know and understand the reason and circumstances of every little pain and problem in your body and life ...but you will seldom consider the real context of your personal actions and experiences? ...or even the context of your self and life? [Book 6]

23. This seems to indicate you are willing to live by trial and error in complete ignorance until you are discomforted ...then you want to know all the facts and contributing issues ...so you can resolve your problems and discomforts ...and return to living in ignorance as quickly as possible, ...does that make any sense?

24. Could it be that your pains and problems in life started with language? ...describing in mythic stories how the world began ...and why people were born into this world, ...and who accomplished all of these things? ...who was this great creator-God? Language requires answers to these questions! ...simply because the underlying structure of language indicates, in one form or another, that everything around you ...and every condition in your mind and body had to be created! ...and had to be created intentionally by some being!

25. Things couldn't just appear from nothing! ...yet they appeared from quiescent mind that is nothing until it appears. [1A]

26. Though you may not believe the ancient tales of how you and the universe came to be, you do believe the structure of language that you and the universe were deliberately created for a purpose, ...but, for what purpose? ...and by whom? ...that you do not know! ...but you are certain that must be true ...because, if something is made, it must have been made of something by someone ...for some specific reason and purpose, ...that, unfortunately, you are certain about!

27. Do not continue your struggle to be in harmony with the world around you ...and in union with how you believe the universe works, ...it is best to be in harmony with how you work! ...for the universe will fully support you in that! ...of course, being in harmony with yourself means knowing the more-expansive context of your self and life, following the theme of eternal life you have authored for yourself, ...and fully living communioned with your eternalself and life!

28. Therefore, the questions are, "Who are you? ...and why were you brought to personal existence? What is your purpose in life? What are you to do? What is your life

all about? What happens after death?" ...without knowing the answers to any of these questions, ...is it any wonder you live by trial and error until you are pained ...and then try another way? ...and then another and another? ...hoping for the best? Wouldn't you like your life to be different? ...to make sense?

29. Without knowing your personal and eternal self ...and the context [Book 6] in which you are living, you will continue flailing around in the darkness of your own ignorance! ...and your life will stagnate!

30. Though you don't clearly realize it, you have lived your life in a desperate search for answers as to why you were brought to existence? ...what your purpose may be? ...and will you survive death? Can you answer any of these questions? ...and if you didn't realize your life was actually about this search, are you willing to acknowledge that your life might be about many other things you are unaware of as well? ...that your life is broader, richer, and more-extensive than you ever imagined?

31. Our purpose in this presentation is to set these and other questions to rest! ...which will enable you to understand yourself and the world around you ...and ease many doubts, so you can realize and live the theme of the eternalself and life you have created for yourself.

32. We will begin with the question, will you survive death? You will indeed survive death! ...for you are an eternalbeing! ...of course, eternal does mean "endless" ...but does not mean endless without interruption!

33. As an eternally mortal being ...you are not immortal! ...and your life is frequently interrupted by death ...but you will survive death ...to begin again! ...for eternal means "recurring"! ...in other words, you are an eternally recurring mortal ...or emortal! ...meaning "not mortal" ...but not immortal! ...wouldn't you like to know about you emortal self and life?

34. To begin, understand that since you are eternal ...or emortal into the future, you are eternal ...or emortal into the past ...and have lived countless times before! ...but not in the pastlives you have heard so much about ...because, even though these are your pastlives [Book 34], they are not you and you did not live them! ...yet they completely and accurately portray and reveal you ...so they are yours! ...therefore, in this, you gain the benefits from your pastlives ...but you do not possess them!

35. As we mentioned before [1A147-148], are you willing to understand that you know so very little about time and life that in the first billionth of a second after the Big Bang~if a Big Bang even occurred~the greatest civilization ever could have developed, thrived, and passed away, ...and, as an eternal cosmic being, isn't it possible you were part of that civilization? ...or other civilizations throughout the universe?

36. Now, our other questions: *who are you? ...and why were you brought to personal existence? You were not created in the universe, ...you are an aspect of the universe ...and you began as the universe began as quiescent mind-data that randomly memoryed as information ...and coalesced as energy and formed matter (IA,B) that became you!*

37. Since you were not intentionally created in the universe ...but began as the universe began, you have an extensive past! ...and the entire universe has unconditionally supported you as one of the family, ...the question is: "Are you willing to unconditionally support yourself ...and the universe as part of the family?" ...well, let's see!

38. The next question, *what is your purpose in life?* ...requires a great deal of consideration! ...for, since you "began" as the universe began ...as one of the family, the universe's purpose is your purpose! ...but the universe, randomly created (IA), has no purpose! [Book 14] ...which frees you to be as you truly desire! ...and bring yourself alive as you truly desire ...as well! ...and give meaning and purpose to yourself and the universe!

39. However, before we continue discussing purpose further, the first thing to consider is that since the universe is a multitude [Book 3], are you willing to see the universe ...and everything in the universe as *family*? ...as a family of all things? ...a family that gives birth to itself? ...a family in which, in the end, you find happiness and all you desire ...or not at all? If so, then we can consider your place and role in this family.

40. You are privileged in this family! ...privileged to intentionally declare your meaning and purpose ...and how you will be eternally alive ...and actively and completely support and express yourself as you truthfully desire! ...and clearly declare ...and reveal yourself as a communioned privilegedbeing through every belief, thought, attitude, emotion, word, and action ...and desire and experience [Book 5 and 7].

41. Being this privileged in the family ...called Universe, we can only say that your purpose is as you truly desire! ...could anything less be asked of a privilegedbeing like you? ...or asked of you?

42. *What are you to do?* ...as you, in truth, truly desire! ...and your family ...called Universe will fully support you in that! ...but remember, your family will be to you as you are unto your family, ...such that you will always be living in a world or family of your own being, ...are you willing to be that intimately involved with yourself? ...and personally involved with your family all around you?

43. Sooo, *what is your life all about?* ...it is, first of all, about you ...as you naturally are! [Book 15] ...which obviously means living self-evidently! Your personal life is not about living right, being loving and compassionate, or being of

service! ...and your personal life is not about meeting your destiny or fulfilling some purpose! ...for nothing you do is either meaningful or important, ...though, it may be meaningful and important that you do it! ...for in every belief, thought, attitude, emotion, word, and action ...and through every desire and experience, you create·express·reveal your eternalself and life ...and give meaning and purpose to your family!

44. Relative to your eternalself and universe, it is vital that you live in communion (Book 7) with your eternalself (Book 3) to fulfill your privileged declaration and promise as to how you will be eternally alive (Book 5) in a personally meaningful universe.

45. Is there really an otherness of you? ...separate from the "real" of existence you identify so thoroughly with? ...and painfully identify with ...we might add! If so, must you be one or the other of these selves? ...can you not be both? ...and live both?

46. Is there an otherwise than living dualities by the judgment of right/wrong? ...in living both in communion (Book 7) ...are you not living as you truly desire? Is it really wrong to live as you truly desire? ...by your own authority and declaration? (Book 33) ...and isn't that preferable to judging all things good or evil? ...and struggling endlessly to avoid evil and live righteously? ...or feeling guilty for doing something wrong?

47. Somewhere in your mind lies a neglected and long-forgotten self and life, ...a creation not spoken of by ancient teachings, religions, or schools of philosophy ...nor by science, ...nor even by you! I know this self and life exists for me in a desirable place and time because I have been there! ...and I know that a similar self and place exists for you ...because it must exist!

48. This is not a self and life that will normally reveal itself, you must summon this world to you ...or summon yourself to that time and place! ...when you do that, the experience will completely transform (ID) your life ...and who you think you are! ...and how you live your personal life.

49. This self and life is always with me ...and frequently abides openly in everything I do, ...yet, at other times, I do not summon this otherness ...and abide in that self and place, ...I let it slip away!

50. Religion has tried to bring this world alive as paradise or heaven ...or as the kingdom of God, but I know this is not a single place for everyone ...it is a different time and different place for each person! ...however, though different for each person, this otherness world is not within each person! ...it is all around each person ...have you summoned your time and place to you? ...or will you let it be neglected and forgotten? ...and even denied? ...again?

51. Do you have a purpose and destiny in life? Do you believe there is something you are to do? ...or a position you are to attain to? ...something you are to create and offer to others? ...or is it possible there is a self and life you are to summon forth? ...so you can constantly live in communion with that otherness?

52. Is it possible you are to summon that self to abide with you at all times? ...and that is the greatest and finest purpose and destiny for you? If so, do not struggle to discover what you will do in that relationship, ...form the relationship ...and the rest will become clear!

53. This other self and life is not an imaginary inner-world ...it is a real world all around you, ...though the doorway to that world seems to be within you!

54. You wanted life! ...you have life! ...and now you are lessening, forsaking, and destroying the body and life you have ...and want a savior to protect you from your self-created doing! ...why do you suppose that is?

55. Your otherness self and life is not spirited ...it is mystical! ...meaning it is derived immediately by declaration or fiat! [P17] ...just as thoughts are derived immediately ...rather than being created mediately through physical forms! ...being derived immediately your otherness is not composed ...and will not decompose! ...and will therefore be with you eternally! [Book 11] ...though in different recurring forms!

56. Your otherness self and life is a real world! ...yet, being derived immediately, it can exist and be lived and experienced in communion with your mediate self and life today ...without interference! ...you are a communioned personal-eternalbeing in all respects! [P54]

57. Do not forsake the world of forms, the world of cause-effect and dualities ...and of judgments and illbeing [Book 19], ...but do not limit your self and life to this composed mediate world! ...know ever that you are living this unacknowledged immediate otherness as well! ...but remember, this otherness is not a spiritual-you! ...nor is it a separate realm or kingdom of heaven, ...this otherness is communioned with you!

58. Nothing compares with the expansive awareness and realization of this other world! ...and, you have direct knowledge of this otherness ...and access to this self and life through communion and declaration! ...it is that simple ...direct ...and immediate!

59. You should always be alert to the particular otherness that is personal and private to you as you truly desire and declare, ...and be desirous of entering your suscitation doorway to that world! [Book 57]

60. If you are unwilling to summon yourself to your otherness, doesn't it seem foolish to continue living your same old beliefs and ways "as usual" and expect this to transform you ...and change the world around you?

61. Your problems do not rest on a lack of knowing! ...and more knowledge of the same beliefs and ways will not ease your body or life ...or the world around you! ...an entirely new transformation is required! [1D]

62. To begin this transformation process, you need a different understanding of yourself and the world around you ...starting with the knowledge that just as our galaxy ...and every galaxy exists in an aura or field of normally unseen darkmatter ...and is held together by that matter ...and depends upon that unseen matter for its life and existence, your self and life today as you know it is held together by an unrealized otherness self and life! ...being aware of this otherness is crucial to your living a fully enriching self and life! ...actually, transfiguring-conforming-communioning this otherness alone gives meaning and purpose to everything you do and experience! ...so you can understand the fullness of your self and life today! ...and the plenariness of your family ...called Universe!

63. Though it frequently seems otherwise, you came into the light from this normally unseen world of darkmatter ...and will return to that world! ...which makes your otherness a vital aspect of yourself to know intimately!

64. It may also interest you to know that your mother and father are your body's parents ...not yours! ...and your siblings are not actually your brothers and sisters ...they are related to your body ...not necessarily to you! Are you beginning to sense there are two of you ...living simultaneously in two different worlds? ...in two different families? ...a mortal family and an eternal family?

65. Early in this life, it was obvious that Roger had two families! ...and was living two different selves and lives simultaneously! ...at the time, one self was 4 years of age ...and the other was "44" ...and a little bit more!

66. The story we are about to tell you began when the little boy was preparing to become 40 ...while the older self was still "44". This is a strange story! ...written almost twenty years later in 1986 to preserve this awesome happening! ...but, of course, the names and places have been changed ...and the personal events in Roger's life have also been altered slightly and rearranged ...so as not to be recognizable! ...for, in 1986, all of the principles of the story were still living ...and the events were fresh in mind! ...the events with Mattithiak, however, have not been changed!

67. This story is an incident of Roger's darkmatter otherness transfigured, conformed, and brought to life!

68. Do not dismiss this incident of otherness as imaginary or untrue, ...for it is not! ...nor is it an illusion! ...it is a vision [Book 30] of imaginative-minding [Book 21] ...also known as otherness-minding!

69. Read this narrative of Roger's otherness carefully and wisely, for life shows no favorites, ...therefore, what is available to even one person is available to all!

70. Take this narrative into your awareness as a seed of otherness to be planted and nurtured ...and harvested in your body and life ...to awaken you to your own personal otherness world ...to communion with and experience that world in your life today, ...for only through your private darkmatter otherness will this illuminated meaning, purpose, and understanding of your self and life today come to light! ...it all depends on you!

71. Do you have the imaginative-minding of otherness ...and the desire to know your self and life more-completely? If so, Roger's story, *portrayed as Jason Roberts*, may help you bring your otherness to realization in your body and life today!

72. What you know and experience as spiritual is actually the unseen darkmatter world in which you also live, ...for just as what astronomers see and know as matter makes up only about fifteen percent of the matter in the universe, what you see and know and have experienced of yourself makes up only a small portion of your self and life as well, ...the rest is of unrealized darkmatter, ...which you can now realize as an otherness of you ...or forsake again!

73. Be advised that little of your self and life today can possibly make sense ...or have any real meaning or purpose (Book 14) without awareness of your otherness world of darkmatter!

74. Following is one experience of Roger's otherness! ...however, though he has had several previous experiences in simultaneously living two separate lives ...this event with Mattithiak is the only one we want to tell you about at this time, ...therefore, we will begin this story as "part 4" ...and interrupt Jason hard at work.

SEVEN DAYS OF CREATION ...my story

The phone suddenly rings ...irritating the room! ...then, insistently rings again!
...and...

"Damn!" Jason throws his pencil down ...mumbling, "I'll never get this done!" Jason is a well-respected Architect. A loner ...and, as usual, he's tired and frustrated!

"Jason Roberts!" he declares to the phone ...exasperated ...while hunching up his shoulder to hold the receiver, so he can talk on the phone and continue drawing with both hands.

"Mr. Roberts?" the phone asks sweetly. "My name is Freeston." Jason's exasperated attitude makes this simple announcement sound like a warning ...which

makes him stop and light a cigarette. "My husband and I would like to talk to you about designing a house for us."

"Well ...I'd be glad to talk with you" ...actually, he likes the voice ...and can't wait to meet it, "...but I'm awfully busy right now," he hears himself say, ...then he shrugs and almost drops the phone, "When do you wanta get together?" "...don't sound too eager!" ...Jason cautions himself quietly, ...then informs the telephone, "This afternoon I have a terrible rush finishing some drawings," ...but hears himself ask hopefully "How about tomorrow? ...after nine...?"

"My husband won't be able to get free tomorrow ...he's an attorney ...and he'll be in court all day ...and I have my hair done in the morning..." Jason winces at the announcement because as busy as he is, he wants to meet the voice on the phone ...which asks, "Could we get together at ...say... two in the afternoon?" Now that's a question he's delighted to answer, for Jason has always believed that, somehow, his destiny in life would arrive by telephone ...or with a knock at the door! ...maybe this is his destiny calling!

"Sure! ...my office ...about two-thirty," Jason mumbles ...not really listening to what he's saying ...because he's just misspelled a word on his drawings. He decides to quit working and pay closer attention to the telephone... ...but it's too late!

"Thanks, I'll see you at your office ...two-thirty tomorrow!"

The phone goes dead ...and Jason knows he's made another big mistake in not listening carefully. The phone usually rings when he's busy ...and he always irritates people by the way he speaks to the phone! ...they think he's angry. He isn't angry, ...maybe he's concerned that each call will take him away from his beloved architecture ...or summon him to some other purpose in life, for Jason always knew he was destined for... ...he could never quite finish that thought ...and, for some strange reason the voice sounds like a summons, "Have I just made an appointment with my fate? ...or my doom?" ...he wonders. Jason isn't sure, but he likes the voice, ...soft and quiet ...eager ...and quite sexy!

"Well... whatever! ...back to work! They're always eager to start designing ...and they'll probably want it yesterday!" Jason masks out his cigarette, promises to stop smoking, stands up, and searches for his crumpled pack of cigarettes ...and matches. "What the hell did I do with those matches?" Jason pokes around under papers and books scattered all over the layout table beside him ...and on his drafting board ...and even looks under everything piled on the desk behind him, ...all the time mumbling, "I gotta quit these damn things!"

He goes through his shirt pocket ...checkbook, three pencils, comb, two pens,

shopping list, and a mint, ...but no matches. He stuffs the mint in his mouth and pats his side pockets. "They gotta be here somewhere." He lifts more papers, finds the matches, and lights the cigarette, ...then drops into his chair-leans back-crosses his feet on the edge of the drafting table ...all in one motion.

This is Jason Roberts, architect. 38. At the top of his career. Nervous. Tense ...never really relaxed, but passionate about everything he does! ...yet nothing he does quiets the voice within him to fulfill his purpose and fate. Jason feels he's being guided or groomed ...or "called" in life, ...but called to what?

To those who don't really know him, Jason seems arrogant, angry, and almost out of control! ...yet to those who do know him, he's confident and passionate ...and always in control of himself and his life. He had smoked in school, but one day decided to quit ...and hadn't smoked for twelve years, but here he is, after six months, smoking like he's never stopped ...and never would stop!

His office is a mess. Every desk is covered with drawings, specifications, letters, coffee cups ...several of which have green mold floating on last week's coffee ...or is that last month's coffee? Jason likes his coffee with cream and sugar ...lots of it, because he seldom eats regular meals! ...but old coffee with cream and sugar quickly turns moldy with neglect.

Empty beer bottles are scattered around on the edges of several tables!

Jason gets up to throw the bottles in the cardboard box he uses as a trash container. Clients don't mind a little mess ...because that's expected of a busy architect! ...and accepted, but beer bottles and moldy coffee cups are a little too much!

Jason had worked all night on his latest design ...and had been drinking beer or coffee with every pencil line. It's the same routine with Jason: work too much ...fidget too much ...then smoke too much, ...and after a few hours of smoking Jason wants a beer or sweet coffee to sooth his irritated throat, ...and that's the way he works all night ...with "old-time radio" tapes filling the room with *The Shadow*, *Fibber McGee and Molly*, and *I Love a Mystery*.

Jason returns to himself, takes a sip of warm beer, lights a cigarette, and hunches over his drafting board to finish the renderings of his new design. He looks admiringly at his latest work ...and smiles with satisfaction! Several times in the past ...Jason was so pleased with the designs that flowed effortlessly from his fingers that he felt he should end his career and do something else! ...because he felt he'd never be able to design a finer building, ...and this is another one of those moments! ...only this time the flat, stale beer intrudes on his lively feelings.

People frequently declare, "Love it or hate it ...you can always tell a Robert's

building!" Jason wants people to be passionate about his work, for he deeply loves being an architect ...and it shows in every building, ...and he hopes all people passionately love their life and work as thoroughly as he does, ...but he knows that's not so! Jason accepts each project ...and the next and the next because he feels that in some unusual way, he's being tested and guided ...and prepared, ...but he doesn't know why! He's felt this way for a long time, but why are these thoughts playing with him now?

Before the telephone interrupted, Jason had lettered titles on his drawings: VALLEYVIEW CONDOMINIUMS ...JACK BENSON, Inc. Jason hates the name Valleyview!

Jack's the owner, Northwest Mutual Savings Bank is providing the financing, and the project will be built by a local contractor. Jason hopes Barry Construction will be the successful bidder because they're reliable ...and easy to work with! ...then of course there will be subcontractors, carpenters, and suppliers! ...and the people who will live in the condos! ...all of these people must be proud of their involvement ...and really feel that without them the project just wouldn't be complete ...or as grand! ...thus it is with the architect, ...everything he creates must be given away to everyone involved!

Ohh, how many times Jason has heard clients say, "Jason, you may have designed this building ...but it's ours!" ...and though, at first, Jason resented hearing those words, he soon learned that everyone involved had to reject him as the designer in order to make it theirs; ...and he frequently wonders if God feels the same way ...in that he created the universe and life within it ...and then has to give his work away so each person can take pride in his own life, "Do you suppose God feels rejected?" ...Jason wonders, "...or is this God's offering to us? ...so we can make it ours?"

Most of Jason's clients are much alike, ...they want all the credit! ...and Jack's no exception! ...though Jason had hoped that this time things would be different! ...for when Jack first came to Jason he said, "I want you to design the finest condominium units possible on my Valleyview property. I'll set the budget ...and that'll be no problem! ...and I'll leave the entire design in your hands, ...it'll be YOUR building. I'm tired of the crap in Fairbanks! ...I want a real prestige project in the hills for the new oil executives!"

What more could Jason ask for? ...and as the design progressed, Jack kept his word ...and gave Jason a free hand ...and all the credit! ...but after the preliminary designs were completed ...and printed in the newspaper, and the original brochures were sent out, Jack began referring to the plans as "our design"! ...of course, this change usually occurs in clients as the drawings are displayed ...and admired, then they begin

taking credit for Jason's designs, ...and, of course, whenever Jack, like all the others, received unfavorable comments, he would say, "I told Roberts not to do that, but he insisted. I guess he'll have to change some things!"

Jason wonders if God feels the same way when people declare they create their own universe or reality ...and then complain when things go "wrong", ...does God say, "Well, I told them not to eat the fruits from the Tree of Knowledge of Good and Evil in the Garden, but they wouldn't listen." "...do you suppose God blames us?"

And now, as the final designs are being completed, Jack has been referring to "my design"! Well, Jason should have known better, ...all clients are... The telephone rings again!

"Jason Roberts!"

"Hi, Jason, ...how're my designs coming? Are you gonna be finished in time for the three o'clock Board meeting? This is a special meeting ...to give final approval to my plans ...and I don't want anything going wrong. Are the drawings ready?"

Jack has a habit of talking on the phone without ever announcing himself ...as if everyone is supposed to always know who's calling, ...never mind any announcement, this is God calling! ...and then he launches into several questions at once ...without waiting for replies.

"No sweat, Jack! I've a few finishing touches to make ...but I'll bring three sets of prints to your office by two o'clock ...with the colored renderings, ...do you want me at the meeting to answer questions?"

"No, I can handle that! ...no sense in getting too many people involved. I know these guys ...and can talk them into anything! ...you just get the drawings here no later than two-thirty. See you ...kid!" ...and Jack hangs up without waiting for a reply.

Jason slams the receiver down. "Damn him!" Jason doesn't really mean that! ...in fact, he likes Jack, but he knows that Jack's real reason for not wanting him at the meeting is so he can take all the credit for his design.

Jason can hear Jack's opening statement now, "Gentlemen, I've called this meeting for approval of *my design* ...for our condos on the Valleyview property. The architect has finally completed these drawings ...and I want to get'm working on construction documents as soon as possible."

Well, ...Jack can fool the Board, but the design is Jason's ...and he's not gonna give it away to anyone, ...after all, he's been creating this design for seven weeks of long hours and intense work!

And that "Kid" stuff, Jack's only four years older than Jason, yet, he always calls him "Kid" ...and it irritates Jason. "His way of controlling people," he mumbles,

"Ohh, well, another smoke ...then back to work."

*At 2:45 Jason walks into Jack's office and speaks to Jo Ann ...Jack's secretary.
"Hi, luv, is Jack in?"*

Jo Ann looks relieved and sighs, "In? ...he's had me call your office every five minutes since two-fifteen."

The door to Jack's private office is open, so Jo Ann doesn't bother using the intercom, she slides out of her desk chair ...accompanied by the rustling sound of nylon stockings and a silk dress ...real silk! Jason watches her legs walk across the room to Jack's office ...and disappear.

"Send him in!" ...Jack's voice declares ...loud enough to be heard in the waitingroom.

Jason walks to Jack's door just as Jo Ann turns around. "Good planning!" he mutters to himself. He likes Jo Ann, but she's resisted ...and won't go out with him. He enjoys being close to her ...and stands in her way ...until Jack's impatient look interrupts his little game. Jason lets her squeeze by ...just barely squeeze by! ...and turns his attention to Jack. "Here're the drawings!" Jason announces as he opens his portfolio. "As soon as the Board approves, we can start construction drawings. Wanta see 'em?"

"Great, J! ...haven't time to look now ...I'll call you after the meeting. We're ready to start in ten minutes ...see you later, Kid!"

Jack takes the drawings from Jason and hurries out to Jo Ann's desk. "Grab a pencil, Jo! ...the meeting's about to start" ...then he hurries down the hall to the conference room ...with Jo Ann hurrying to catch up ...rustling seductively down the hall.

Jason's left alone ...while weeks of his work is carried off. He sighs! Jason hates the let-down that always occurs after giving a client the drawings. He's all keyed up ...and, at the same time, he's completely exhausted from working days and nights, so he leans against the door jamb, lights another cigarette, and stares blankly ...deep in thought.

"What a stupid way to hang doors! ...maybe someday... Damn, here I am with my largest and best project being judged ...and I'm thinking about hinges ...and hanging doors. Well, I asked for it. What's the use? Why should I work to death designing? What's the purpose of that? ...and who actually gives a damn anyway?" ...this is Jason's usual let-down, the only one he permits himself, ...but he never lets it discourage him! ...Jason allows himself to feel sad ...and is sometimes disappointed, but he's never discouraged or depressed, ...actually, right now, he's excited! ...and, at the same time,

he's content, for he knows he's done his very best! ...and that's what's important! ...actually, nothing Jason does is really so important, ...but it seems important that Jason does it!

A hot cigarette ash falls past his hand and lands on the floor ...and Jason unthinkingly rubs it into the carpet with the toe of his sandal. Jason's been wearing sandals in Alaska for years ...even in winter. The slight movement brings him out of his thoughts ...and he scuffs across the waitingroom, like a naughty boy, to the entry.

Driving back to his office, Jason still can't shake his mixed feelings. "Why can't I just offer my buildings to the world ...and walk away? ...after all, I gained everything in having the privilege of creating the designs ...and drawing them, ...I don't really need any more than that, but..." Jason, still immersed in his mixed feelings, is driving too fast ...deep in thought ...and almost runs a red light!

He's been working toward this day since the fifth grade. Thinking back, he remembers that afternoon with a slight smile. The teacher was explaining an arithmetic problem to the class ...but he wasn't listening, ...he'd finished that problem ...and the ones on the next page the night before.

The teacher droned on ...and on, but Jason had learned long ago, with his mother, to turn her and the world off ...while he privately followed his own dreams. Today he doodled on the arithmetic paper.

Benjamin Jason Roberts *Benjamin J. Roberts*

Jason liked his name, ...yet, at the same time, he didn't! ...something wasn't quite right.

B.J.R. He wrote each name and initial in several different styles ...with a flair, trying to develop a name and signature with character ...a signature which showed individuality ...and the importance he felt he was due ...and is destined for!

B.J Roberts *B. Jason Roberts*

B. Jason

Be Jason Roberts!

Jason likes the name Benjamin! ...but truly loves Being Jason! ...and from that day ...as a little boy, he insisted that everyone call him Jason, so he could really Be Jason Roberts.

Jason smiles again as he remembers that day ...and waits for the light to turn green. *Be Jason Roberts!* always makes him smile unconsciously! He'd

driven six blocks through heavy traffic automatically ...while daydreaming, ...actually, he frequently drives 'cross town deep in thought ...dreaming and designing, but who's guiding and directing him? ...actually, who's driving, for Jason's been too far away in thought to drive ...so who is driving?

Today, the traffic lights are against him ...irritating his mood. Jason hates traffic lights, stop signs, standing in lines, and waiting ...especially waiting, "...like sheep! ...always waiting." Jason has too much to do with his life ...and offer to the world, ...but is this real? ...or is he fooling himself? ...or is he just being tested? ...and taught a lesson about patience?

The light changes to green! ...but a car ahead signals a left turn, blocks both lanes of traffic, and stops in the middle of the intersection ...waiting for the entire lane of on-coming-traffic to pass before even attempting a left turn out of the intersection ...and the car ahead of Jason won't move around the left-turner, ...so Jason has to wait! ...sit and wait!

The light turns red again! Frustrated, Jason grabs another cigarette, throws the pack on the dashboard ...and jabs at the lighter, his habitual routine when frustrated! ...though his instinct is to just drive through the light. "Let the rest of the world sit and wait, I have things to do!" ...of course, he has nothing really important to do right now, but any action is better than waiting!

Jason constantly watches for a yellow light in the cross-lane of traffic so he'll be ready to move ahead. Green light! Jason immediately shoves his shift into DRIVE and shoots through the intersection ...and returns to his thoughts.

"Be Jason Roberts!" he says to himself softly. He likes the sound of it. His name is his symbol ...and his philosophy. Feeling the importance of his name, in high school, Jason looked up the meaning of Benjamin in the library and discovered that "Benjamins are optimistic ...and have many abilities, they are destined and purposeful ...and will make their mark in the world, and they love their family! ...yet they are independent ...and live that independence with a passion and a flair".

Jason's high school insisted he register as Benjamin! ...which was okay ...but he never told them he was living a secret life Being Jason! "who knows himself and is intimately and insightfully aware of others". And because of his research into the meaning of names, Jason knew long ago that he, as a Jason, would develop new insights about life ...and bring them to the world. Jason once thanked his mother for his name! ...she just thought he was being a little peculiar, ...but she was used to that!

From those days, so many years ago, Jason has lived and succeeded confidently

...almost arrogantly, and he's been honest with his opinions ...and words with others, ...which some people consider to be brutally honest. Jason's response is to remind them of Harry Truman who said, "I don't give 'em hell, I just tell 'em the truth ...and they think it's hell!"

Jason hadn't planned to be an architect, although he had written a report on architecture in high school, ...he wanted to study advertising, but schools were crowded after World War II ...and college degrees in advertising were not being offered, so he registered to study architecture ...intending, later, to take special courses in advertising at a city college, ...but after less than a year of designing, Jason knew he was an architect, for here was all the honesty, truth, purpose, and self-satisfaction he'd ever hoped for. As an architect, he could honestly Be Jason Roberts! ...and bring fresh imaginative insights to life about life.

Little did he know!

Jason felt unloved as a boy! ...no, he felt falsely loved! ...now his love of architecture ...and his work honestly fill this love ...but naggingly still leaves a void that Jason can never quite fathom ...or fill, ...something even greater than his love of architecture is to come to him ...but what?

Jason's shyness and blunt honesty hindered good communication with many people, ...but this gave him a reason to develop a new language of his designs, construction, and completed buildings ...and let them speak for him. Where words failed or were faulty, his architecture expressed his true feelings, ...but this new language and way of communicating through images, descriptions, and forms had to be learned, so Jason studied hard learning the language of his craft until, now, his designs are a fine way of communicating, ...and they are his finest expression of life! ...but he's beginning to feel that even his architecture is too limited ...because it doesn't really convey all that Jason wants to show the world! ...music, art, poetry, religion, philosophy all fail to truly communicate clearly! Life has more to convey than all of man's ways and language!

"What's your language of life?" ...he frequently asks people, ...is he searching for a new language of life? ...well, maybe!

With success came the seeds of doubt and loss of confidence, but Jason never lets any doubts or concerns grow or become issues ...because he has always followed his name ...his identity to Be Jason Roberts! Jason is self-declared and fully supported by this personal declaration of life!

But now, for some odd reason, his concerns are beginning again! ...and if they take root, the fruits might be doubt ...and loss of all he truly desires, ...but living with

these concerns forces Jason to ask, why? ...about himself, his profession, his family and friends ...and clients! ...and about religion, his existence and the world ...and especially about his purpose in the world. What is life all about? ...and what will his life be this time?

Jason has a long-standing tendency to think in questions ...and then answer himself with even more questions! This habit helps make him a fine architect, for he constantly looks for and finds better ways of solving his clients' intimate problems! ...but questions answered by questions frequently leads to doubts ...and these doubts raise an endless sequence of questions and more doubts. "Stop looking! Accept what is!" ...was everyone's advice, but Jason couldn't even accept this advice, ...his impatience and frustration drove him until now, though he's succeeding in his profession, he's more concerned than ever about the real meaning and purpose of his life!

Jason turns into the driveway of his office on 8th Avenue, ...which is also his house! ...built around 1912 ...pretending to be a classic Colonial Revival style house ...with white clapboard siding and a steeply pitched roof of green shingles, ...and a small dormer at the attic. Jason's not happy with the green shutters "...the color's all wrong!" ...actually everything seems so wrong ...and yet, everything is just right! "Funny how that happens," Jason ponders ...and then quickly remembers the day he and Vicki purchased their all-wrong-just-right-house with a stately row of Doric columns across the front porch supporting a simple pediment centered on the roof to accent the entry. Just right!

He and Vicki dated in high school ...and had been married soon after his graduation from college, ...which left Jason free to pursue architecture ...while his personal life took care of itself, ...for, of course, Jason considered architecture to be his most-intimate personal life.

They had three sons ...Earle, John, and Alan; moved to Fairbanks, Alaska in 1959 to homestead; and then Vicki became ill ...and, later, died in an automobile accident two years ago. It was a long story that Jason frequently thought about! ...and in the thinking about it ...that period of his life slowly faded away as though he is preparing for something entirely new!

Turning into his driveway makes Jason more-aware of his driving. He sighs ...it relaxes him! then, sitting up straight and alert ...and gripping the steering wheel harder, ...he's able to concentrate more intently ...while thoughts and images of Vicki continue flashing through his mind. Jason learned years ago that, for him, concentration is not a narrowing of focus and awareness, but is an opening and broadening of awareness, ...and the more-intently he concentrates, the greater and broader his vision. It's as though he turns himself over to someone else to carry on while he concentrates. Two

distinct people seem to be alive in Jason, ...maybe the other person is Benjamin! This is not a spiritual aspect of Jason or a higher-self, this is a distinct person ...an intimate partner. Jason and his other person live as intimate partners! ...just as he and Vicki were intimate partners!

When they decided to sell their homestead and move into town ...and move his office from an old warehouse in the railroad yard, Vicki wanted to buy a Craftsman bungalow on 4th Avenue, but Jason preferred this house because it's similar to a Virginia farm house he lived in during high school ...in the 40's, ...besides, the bungalow was just too small for a family of five ...and an architectural office as well.

Historical records show that Jason's house had originally been built by Eve Adams ...a "professional" woman in town who "serviced" gold miners! Business was brisk in those days ...when millions in gold was being mined in the hills around Fairbanks. Her "action" was downtown on 3rd Avenue, an area known as "The Line", but Eve Adams, probably her professional name, had many girls working for her, so she could live pleasantly and quietly seven blocks away.

Now, Jason lives and works in her house ...though his profession is a little different, ...and he likes to joke that "the world's first and second professions are still living and working together!"

Jason and Vicki both loved the idea of redoing Eve's elegant house! ...in fact, Vicki always said they were reclaiming the past so it becomes a working part of the present ...and the future! ...and the remodeling had caused many problems between them, but Jason doesn't like to think of those things, ...he's having enough difficulty just driving to the garage ...between the snow shoveled to each side of the narrow driveway...

Ohh, did we tell you it is January in Fairbanks? ...after a record snowfall? ...which means that, because of snow piling up where it was shoveled, Jason's driveway is getting narrower and narrower, such that now, after a near-record snowfall, he can barely drive to the garage! ...which was originally built as a wood shed ...during a time when a winter's supply of firewood had to be stored. The shed was designed for access by horse-drawn wagons and freighting sleds ...not for automobiles.

Many of Jason's clients think it's ridiculous for a successful architect to be living and working in an old remodeled house ...instead of designing his own place, but he isn't concerned with such appearances ...and certainly not by these opinions! ...besides, he loves his old house ...and so do the boys! ...and he likes the image and statement it makes about him. Jason's a bit old-fashioned, such that his buildings are simple and uncommon on the outside ...yet elegant on the inside, ...none of the current, sterile, modernism for him ...or for his clients! ...of course, Jason's elegance is a bit tarnished today ...in his

messy office!

Jason's Mustang is stuck in the driveway ...and after several unsuccessful tries to free it, since the town is in a normal January warm spell, he decides to dig it out in the morning. "The hell with it!" Jason gathers up the day's mail, several sets of plans and specifications, and the groceries from the back seat ...and struggles to the side door, which he unlatches and kicks open! ...his usual way of entering the house when his hands are full.

"Damn ...I should get someone to come in once a week and clean up this place." The house is a mess! "This isn't good for the kids," he grumbles to no one in particular ...as he puts away the groceries and makes a peanut butter sandwich.

The boys are going to a party at Billy's house after school and won't be home until six! ...Jason loves his sons ...but it's a problem raising three young boys by himself, ...but he's learning! ...and he eats better when cooking for "the kids" ...but tonight it's peanut butter!

Jason takes his sandwich to the diningroom and lies down on the couch to think about his day ...and follow his mind-images as they race around in his head.

The front door of Jason's house enters directly into a center hallway ...with an ornate stairway rising to the bedrooms above, ...he likes to visualize Eve slowly and elegantly descending the stairs to greet visitors; ...the image always brings a smile to his face ...and mind, ...even on difficult days!

Eve must have had many fine dinner parties, because her kitchen across the back of the house and along the side is quite large, even by today's standards, with a cast-iron wood cookstove used mostly for heating ...and a fancy gas range with oven for cooking. The kitchen even has a "summerroom" for informal eating and activities, ...which truly pleases Jason ...because he loves summer ...and only tolerates winter ...though he loves that the wood stove keeps the summerroom toasty warm even at "thirty below" outside, ...so, in winter, he and the kids do most of their cooking and baking on the wood stove ...and eat in the summerroom ...which creates summer in the kitchen ...and in their lives all year long!

As large as Eve's diningroom was for her grand parties, it's much too small for an architect's office! ...but the parlor, on the other side of the entry, extending to the back of the house, having large windows reaching the detailed crown molding at the stamped metal ceiling that was in "high style" in its day, is perfect for an architect's office, ...just as it must have served Eve for entertaining "special guests". The parlor begged to be an elegant office ...so the diningroom was redesigned and furnished as a comfortable parlor ...with a large couch.

For as long as Jason can remember, especially as a little boy, he always felt relaxed and secure ...and truly safe snuggled down in a bed covered with fluffy quilts, ...so today, since the boys won't be home for several hours, he has plenty of time for a relaxing nap on the diningroom couch.

Getting comfortable, Jason remembers when he and Vicki discussed buying an Empire style sofa with padded arms and a carved mahogany crestrail, ...it was perfect for the room ...but too short for him to lie down and stretch out, too firm to snuggle in, and not wide enough for his broad shoulders, ...so they bought an older American style sofa with soft cushions ...which is long enough for him to stretch out completely.

Jason wiggles his body to snuggle a little further into the downy pillows! ...he loves it when the pillows billow up around him, ...he feels warm and protected ...and this enables him to "turn off" the world around him ...and tune in to his personal imaginative world ...and what a wonderful world it is!

Jason loves his dreams ...three or four every night, they're always colorful and exciting ...and they bring him to life! ...then he brings his dreams to life in his own life ...and in his architecture, for he frequently pictures solutions to design problems in his dreams ...and includes those details in his drawings the next day, ...it's as though Jason lives as two people in different worlds living and working together! ...and the way he works, people frequently wonder if maybe ...just maybe there are two Jasons working together through the one person they know.

As a small boy, Jason "made up" long and involved bedtime stories to tell his brother ...night after night when they slept in the same room, ...he whispered stories from his dreams, but these were not fantasies, for Jason's dreams and the stories are real!

Relaxing on the sofa ...or, more-correctly said, relaxing in the sofa, Jason's imaginative world this day begins with visions of construction details for the condos ...but these quickly fade as he concentrates on letting *seemingly* undirected images flow through his mind: ...a green summer field transforms into a busy street scene in a large city, but this city has horses and carriages ...not cars. Jason watches a tall man dressed in a dark cloak and large floppy hat ...using a walking stick turn the corner a block away.

Being intrigued by this strange figure, Jason immediately finds himself at the intersection ahead ...and in looking 'round the corner he's in the green field again! ...ahead, the man in the cloak is about to enter a small cave in the hills surrounding the field, ...the man stops-turns-beckons to Jason in one motion, then disappears into the cave!

Jason, rushing to catch up, immediately finds himself inside the cave! ...no, it's a tunnel! ...like the old gold tunnels around Fairbanks, ...and he can hear the man

walking ahead in the dark ...and the little *click click* of his walking stick on the rock floor seems to say, "Follow me-follow me!"

Jason's not fearful of caves ...he was an active spelunker in high school ...and has rummaged through many old gold mines out by his homestead, ...he enjoys exploring new realms and different possibilities!

Click click ...click click "Follow me! ...follow me!"

How can Jason possibly refuse? ...he doesn't refuse! ...he follows the sound deeper into the darkening tunnel! ...it's too dark to walk without stumbling and falling ...but Jason seems to be floating along.

Click click click the sound stops!

Jason senses light ahead ...and in straining to see, he discovers the man in the floppy hat has vanished. "He's gone! ...he's disappeared," Jason whispers softly to myself ...while moving quickly to the light ahead! Looking outside of the tunnel, he can only see fog ...everywhere! "Clouds ...nothing but clouds," he grumbles softly, "...now what?" ...and with that question the clouds begin dissolving ...and he can see again! ...another field of oats? ...of wheat? ...no, it's tall grass ...tall golden grass!

Another man up ahead is standing in the grass. He looks a lot like the man in the floppy hat, the same erect posture and shoulders except these shoulders are wearing a white flowing robe ...and the man has a sash around his waist ...but he also has a cane ...and he beckons for Jason to follow him ...then walks away. He doesn't even turn around ...just beckons with his cane! ...but it's a friendly gesture ...and hard to resist!

Jason rushes forward through the tall grass ...and the man moves on, just out of reach ...still beckoning with his cane. Up ahead is a large white temple. Jason remembers this temple ...it's the Parthenon on the Acropolis in Athens! ...but this building is not in ruins, it's new! ...white marble colorfully decorated ...gleaming in the sunlight ...bright, warm, sunlight! The real Parthenon was surrounded by the Erechtheum ...the Temple of Athena and the Propylaea ...the gateway to the Acropolis, all of which were built 2500 years ago, but here they are for Jason ...brand new and complete. "It can't be the Parthenon!" Jason exclaims, "...but it is!"

Jason's imaginative world frequently takes shape in these delightfully mysterious ways ...in which time and space have no hold on him! ...or on his imaginings!

No one's around ...yet Jason can hear familiar sounds ...street sounds of people and animals echoing from buildings along the way leading to the Parthenon, from both sides of the way ...but there are no buildings ...just sounds of a busy ancient marketplace ...and the smells of... what? Jason can't identify them, just smells ...some sweet, some not so sweet, but they make him feel alive ...and finally aware of himself!

Ahead, the robed man climbs the steps to the Parthenon ...to the colonnade and beckons to Jason, then gradually fades from sight. He doesn't walk into the temple ...he just fades away!

Jason rushes on! ...not walking ...not running ...not even floating, he just appears at the top step where the man disappeared!

Would Jason disappear?

"Hell, who cares!" ...and with that thought, Jason realizes that he ...the real Jason ...is part of this scene ...and he loses all sense of himself as the architect ...and realizes he's within and part of this strange world ...not merely witnessing these events. Here he is ...thinking-feeling-seeing! ...but what is he seeing and experiencing? ...what's happening?

Jason, looking down to take a step, sees sandals! ...he's wearing sandals! ...which in itself isn't unusual, ...for he frequently wears leather sandals even in Alaska's harsh winter ...because he doesn't like being limited by the world around him ...but these sandals are straw ...without straps! ...and he's wearing a white robe ...like the old man's robe, ...well, at least he doesn't have a cane!

With his usual inner-smile, as Jason thinks of a cane ...one appears in his hand ...at his command! "Just like the old man's cane!" ...then he wonders, "What makes me think he's old? ...he walked lightly ...even with a cane! ...he didn't shuffle ...or hunch over, ...I'm not certain he's old ...at least not old in body!"

Looking at the cane in his hand, Jason remembers when he carried a cane in college ...feeling it made him look elegant and distinguished! ...though the girls thought he looked silly! He didn't care! He lost it one day and never found it again ...until now!

Looking carefully at the cane in his hand, Jason exclaims, "This is my old cane!" ...then, startled by the discovery ...he drops it, but the cane doesn't fall, it just hovers in the air ...then fades away ...as the old man had faded away! ...and Jason can again hear the sounds of a marketplace all around him ...and in the street behind him ...People. Children. Animals. Confusion and noise. He doesn't even turn around, he "knows" the market is there ...and so are the people and the animals!

"This is my home!" he exclaims happily ...and then strides confidently into the temple! ...and as he feels the warm sunlight vanish from his back, he expects to enter a cool dark interior space, ...but it isn't dark, it's cool and bright! ...but not sunlight bright... just bright! ...and perfectly clear ...and Jason can see into every corner of the Temple.

Click click ...that sound again! *click click click* ...the vibrant ring of a cane striking solid marble, ...not the fake marble used today, it's the clear resounding marble

of yesterday, ...Jason loves the sound ...but it's suddenly drowned out by a rush of noises ...and the confusion of people milling all around him. They're dressed in white robes ...like the old man ...and like Jason! Some of them are carrying scrolls ...and sheets of parchment, ...and most of them are talking quietly ...in whispered tones, ...and they seem to just be there, ...and, in that, the temple is filled with confusion! ...yet it's peaceful, ...noisy but quiet! This is an entirely different world than the one Jason's accustomed to ...but what world is this? ...and what's happening? ...it's not like a dream!

People move aside as Jason shuffles hesitantly across the great hall ...doubting and questioning every step, ...then, suddenly, everyone stands motionless ...staring right through him when he stops and questions whether or not to follow the old man. It's as though time and life stand still ...waiting for Jason to decide and move on! When he takes the next step, everything returns to normal ...and sounds and movement come back fill the temple.

It had happened again! ...when in doubt, Jason's world presents him with silence and waits! ...and when his decision is made, his world continues all around him ...he had experienced this before!

Flap flap Jason stops, then takes a cautious step... *flap* ...his sandals are noisy! ...he's accustomed to sandals with straps and buckles. *flap flap* ...these just slip onto his feet ...no heel straps. He takes another step. *flap* "Damn!" Jason exclaims, "...can't even walk quietly," ...and for the first time in his life, Jason is embarrassed! ...he tries scuffling along. *Scu.....ff* "Still too noisy!" ...so he lifts his foot flat ...and places it carefully on the floor. *Plap!* ...he has to learn how to walk in these sandals ...or make a noisy fool of himself!

"Ohh, well..." *flap flap flap*

As Jason approaches the alcove where the cane sounds disappeared, he notices it's bathed in a soft white light. "Lit from the inside, ...wonder how they do that! ...don't see any windows or skylights." The alcove, where the old man is seated at a table with others, is open to the great hall ...yet, it's completely closed off by the strange light "projected" within the temple. The old man beckons! ...and indicates Jason is to sit beside him, ...it's a gentle motion, but one that can't be refused, so Jason "*flaps*" through the light into the alcove ...where the sights and sounds of the great room suddenly cease, as if he has entered a separate room and shut the door. "Strange!" Jason thinks ...as he turns around quickly to see what happened.

The old man speaks to Jason. His voice is quiet ...but commanding, "Come, Hothir ...sit here!"

Jason turns quickly. "You have the wrong person, ...my name's Jason ...or Benjamin, if you prefer. Not Hothir!"

"Hothir, my son, is your name here. It means, the saved one. My name is Mattithiak. Come ...sit beside me ...we'll talk."

Jason scuffs slowly toward the old man, thinking, "He's not old! ...and he looks familiar. He looks sort of like me ...or as I will probably look in the future ...no, he looks like my father! ...but he's not my father, ...he's more like me." At the chair close to Mattithiak's right hand, Jason sits down stiffly ...because he expects to be uncomfortable. The chair's too wide, the seat's too high ...the armrests are too low, and the back is too straight, ...it has to be uncomfortable! ...but it isn't!

Jason sits stiffly erect ...and feels surprisingly comfortable. Something has to be wrong! Jason's never comfortable sitting erect ...he slouches! ...he always slouches! He remembers his mother constantly saying, "Benjamin, stop slouching! Sit up straight!" He hates sitting straight ...he likes to wiggle and slouch. Jason's memories and his thoughts about his mother calling him Benjamin are interrupted by his trying to remember what the "old man" called him. "...what was it? Oh, yeah, Hothir, ...what a strange name! ...I like Jason much better ...or even Benjamin..."

"We've waited many years for you to return, Hothir." The old man's voice is soft ...but it startles Jason! "When you left us, we gave you the name Benjamin to take with you, ...which means son of the right hand, ...and Jason, which signifies that you are a helper and deliverer and healer, ...Roberts indicates one who is of shining fame. You see, Hothir, your name has always been important to you ...and to us. You are as you are called! ...and you have been properly called all of your life!"

The old man stops speaking ...and looks softly at Jason. "It's been a long time! ...welcome, my son, for you are my son ...you know? ...and you are my right hand and my helper, ...and your fame shall be renowned!"

Just as Jason starts to speak ...he realizes this isn't a dream, ...for though he frequently participates directly in his dreams, this is entirely different, ...he can think and act and fully share in what's going on, while in his dreams he experiences the actions ...and then just knows what is happening and reacts. This is entirely different! ...he can think and make decisions ...or remain undecided and not participate. This dream is real!

"Yes, Hothir, we are real ...because this is your reality!"

"Old man! ...damn, I can't call him old man, ...what's his name? ...ohh, yeah, Matt ...Mattith ...Mattithiak, that's what he said, ...he knows exactly what I'm thinking." Jason's thoughts are racing in all directions, from the sights and sounds to the silence to the strange alcove and his funny name to Mattithiak ...and back to his next

words.

"Where am I? ...and what is this place? Who are you? ...and what'm I doing here...?" Jason dislikes people who ask a bunch of questions without pausing ...or waiting for answers, then he hears himself asking again... "Who're you?"

"I am you! We are the oneness of physical-spiritual! ...we are individually one!"

Jason, listens carefully to Mattithiah ...and hears himself say, "Uh ...oh! ...yeah, sure! I've heard that stuff before ...words that don't really make sense ...or mean anything," ...but Mattithiah looks right through Jason's words ...and continues, "Jason, in spirit ...you are Hothir, ...and you are now in spirit!" Mattithiah smiles ...and pauses to see what impression these words make on Jason. "You left us many times before ...to enter the physical world and fulfill your purpose, ...and now you are, once again, beginning to consciously realize and express the physical of yourself as Jason ...and the spirit of yourself as Hothir ...and experience them together, ...the question is, ...which will you choose as your oneness? ...to be one as physical? ...or one as spirit? Which will you choose as your home? Will it be your trueself as Hothir? ...and the real world here with us? How do you like what you've created as Jason? ...has it been satisfying and fulfilling? ...or painful and limited?"

"I left you?" Jason asks aloud ...though not really expecting an answer, but he doesn't know what else to say, "You mean I lived here before? ...is that why I felt so at home outside? When'd I live here? ...this temple was built more than twenty-four centuries ago. How could I...? ...I was born in Cleveland! ...and that's in Ohio ...you know!? What're you talking about? Reincarnation? ...I thought that was just talk. You mean I've lived as Jason Roberts before? You mean...?" Jason suddenly stops speaking when he realizes he's just babbling on with questions ...and wallowing in his own questions without waiting for Mattithiah to say anything.

"Would you believe me Hothir if I said, yes, to your questions? Would you..."

"Sure I would!" Jason declares, "but..." He can't sit still and wait for answers ...so he interrupts when he gets an answer. An old habit that frequently annoys people, ...but Mattithiah's not the least bit annoyed. "Would you believe me if we told you about your past lives? ...about some of your previous lives in the physical world? Would you accept them, Hothir?"

"Well, sure! ...but how do you know who I was? ...and what I've lived and done before?"

"THE RECORDS reveal..."

"The Records! ...you mean the Akashic Records?" Jason interrupts again! ...but he's much too excited to care "You mean the Akashic Records actually exist?! ...that

everything I do ...and everything I've ever done, and everything I say ...even my thoughts and feelings are written down? Well, sure, I'll believe you! ...but I have to hear this first ...hear about my pastlives, ...can you really do that?"

Mattithiak picks up his cane ...and taps it lightly on the floor. *Click click* ...but to Jason it sounds like a huge brass gong thundering in the alcove ...and probably echoing throughout the temple, ...yet, there's an unusual calm in the sound ...and a pleasantness that's commanding!

Jason doesn't understand this place, ...everything seems to be one thing ...yet, everything is something different, ...but he knows ...somehow he knows exactly what everything is ...how do you suppose that is? Appearances here are confusing at first, time speeds up and slows down ...or stops altogether, and even harsh sounds are pleasant. Everything in the temple is different ...and unreal! ...but the small man who appears at the second tap of Mattithiak's cane is real enough ...no illusion about that! ...though, instead of walking into the alcove ...he just appears, ...but Jason's no longer surprised by such things, for he's feeling right at home! ...and, strangely, he feels quite at ease with the little man.

Mattithiak starts to introduce the man, "This is..."

"Gab... Gabai ...his name is Gabbai!" Jason exclaims without thinking! "I know his name! Am I right?"

"You are quite correct, my son!" The delight and excitement at Jason's recognizing Gabbai shows on Mattithiak's face ...and echoes in his voice ...but he remains calm ...or tries to!

"...and he's from a family of Benjaminites who lived in Jerusalem centuries ago. How do I know all that?"

Mattithiak waits to be certain Jason asks all of his questions. He's patient ...not patronizing ...and he waits for Jason to settle down ...and listen carefully!

Jason looks nervously around the room ...wondering why everyone's so quiet! ...and as he looks at Gabbai for some sort of assurance and support ...he sees that Gabbai's carrying a large Golden Book! Jason hadn't noticed that before, ...he was too excited about recognizing an "old friend" ...and too concerned about what was happening.

As Gabbai moves forward and stands in front of Jason and Mattithiak, he opens The Book ...and begins reading ...softly.

The purpose of this Reading of Benjamin Jason from the records of your past is to show you how you can, in your present life today, make yourself aware of

your Karma ...and clear yourself of any negative subconscious aspects ...so you can feel, within your soul, that truth is yours to perceive and carry within you, ...and to show you how to live a life of utmost value to yourself, to your God, and to your brother man.

Judea ...first century A.D. Roman blood. An overseer of the waterworks. A tall man. Quick. Direct. Used to being obeyed. A duelist ...but with words, never with weapons. On the other hand, you hated cruelty ...and you were fair in your mind ...and in your relations with people. You required seclusion in order to think out solutions to those problems that came up in your work, ...which was to divert and channel water, to create aqueducts, to bring fertility into barren areas.

Perhaps your greatest difficulty, Hothir, was to fall into conflict with higher authorities ...and resist when you knew or felt the authorities and their instructions were wrong. This is the prerogative of a superior ...and comes hard on the creative individualist ...as you were in that lifetime.

Gabbai pauses and looks up at Jason ...who nods and smiles! ...then nods again and smiles broadly! ...he's beginning to relax ...and wants to hear more, so, with a gesture from Jason, Gabbai continues reading.

Now, in consequence, rather than conform with the mistaken orders ...as you perceived them to be, you tried working within them, ...and yet, at the same time, you tried to construct, on an individual basis, a unique solution within the framework of the improper orders ...as you perceived them, ...and this turned out to be, in your life, a very happy solution, ...because, the higher authorities, when they came to inspect the works, could see that their instructions had been complied with,

while, at the same time, you knew they had not!

This is not deceit ...it is the use of wisdom, ...if you can perceive this!

Jason understands ...and smiles happily, for he's lived this way all his life ...quiet successfully!

When your spirit and mind are in conflict, your emotions will always lead your mind to form even greater conflicts and resistance, ...and yet, your spirit is rich in knowledge and wisdom ...and light ...which you have gained from many lives ...and happenings.

It is to bring that knowledge forward into your present life in a practical way ...to experience ...and to share truth with others that you have returned to physical life. And though this may seem a paradox to you now, as time goes on, it will be made manifestly clear that success in any other form will have little value, little merit or meaning, save your relationship with your own and others' soul or spirit ...call it whatever name you like!

Now, in your private life ...in your personal life and relationships, you did not, however, use the same degree of self-possession and wisdom, such that you met a situation head-on and locked horns with it ...and were frequently hurt as a consequence. This applies not only with males ...but especially with females. There were a number of women who played a prominent part in your life at that time, for you were good looking ...and they liked your challenging ways with words ...and your intimate understandings.

Two marriages! Sharon, ...and this is strange, even when you married the second time, your first wife, Sharon, stayed around ...and you were on good terms ...even better terms as a friend than when you were

married ...because your restless mind and high individuality, which we notice employing through your make-up even today, were expressing greatly and fully ...for yourself and those around you. There were several children...

Gabbai pauses ...and reads ahead, declaring quietly, "We will leave that life now! ...we have the personal points from it which relate to the progress of your soul ...and your spirit!" ...but Jason's excited ...and impatient to hear more! ...so, without a word ...but with a broad smile and a simple motion, Jason urges Gabbai to continue.

Later, you came into a physical life which was also connected with water, ...during the seventh century ...in America. You were an Indian ...making use of waterways in the Dakota lands. The tribe was Sioux ...or the nation from which the Sioux grew.

Embodied in strong physical form. You had a fine mind that thought clearly and distinctly ...individually and expansively. Again, you were a good organizer of confusing and difficult beliefs and ideas, and you were quick to show others how to make greater use of their unique wisdom and understandings. You were a fine individual ...and a good teacher. A respected leader. You were good with animals ...and liked exploring.

You have a very close affinity for all life on all levels! ...and as you bring these understandings into your divine mind and self, you will be better able to deal with every aspect of your present life.

In this life, there is a strong psychic aspect to your nature which you made excellent use of, in that you were able to feel an innerself and life ...and the invisible around you, which you could see and frequently communicate with. You felt a rapport with trees and plants and animals ...and with the elements, ...and you had a deep respect ...a tremendous respect for the Holy Spirit, ...the Spirit of Life is what it was! And,

with so much bounty constantly being offered to everyone, you were terribly distressed by human beings not living in a harmonious state ...without conflicting ways and beliefs.

It disturbed you immensely to see individuals in hiding or denying their full awakened selves and true wisdom about themselves ...and others, ...or who were in a violent temper with another person ...particularly over someone of the opposite sex, for you felt this was such a waste of energy and life!

Now, your personal relationships! ...in this life, there was a good mating and a happy marriage ...and four children. It is to be noted, however, that this life varies from the others, and from future lives, in that you were not directly concerned with having to fulfill orders from a higher source. This was a much freer life ...and you gave orders, for though you were not the chief of the tribe, you were high in your particular field ...or calling, which related to all forms of planting and growing ...and especially with watering and tending. We will call this your cultivating and nurturing side. And you were living closely to Spirit!

As he reads from "The Book", Gabbai turns each page tenderly. They seem to be parchment ...but the pages are almost transparent ...as though they can be read from either side ...from the past or from the future, such that, as each page is turned, Jason experiences a different passage of time ...his time and the time of his pastlives!

Continued at 5C