

One

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If there is one thing that hinders us more than any other, and I don't really know if there is, it would be the illusion under which we live. The illusion that we are a unity of being with one will. Already it seems like two things and soon it will seem like three when I say that the unity we take ourselves to be is made possible only through our state of waking sleep and the imaginary *I* that we dream ourselves to be as we sleep. This is at the core of our condition and prevents us from developing into the Beings we were created to eventually become. We are self-developing organisms. This does not mean we can choose into what we are to develop. It means only that we must do what we are called to do ourselves. No one else can do it for us. The Confusion of Tongues, the violence that flows from negative emotions, the misunderstanding that divides the world making it impossible for us to love one another properly, consciously, all this and more are rooted in this misperceiving of ourselves as a unity of being. We look in a mirror and see one body and take it to be who we are. We have a name that we are called, furthering the illusion of oneness. We are stapled to this illusion of oneness through our belief that the information we take in through the five senses is the reality of life and our being.

We are fastened to misunderstanding through identification with the Imaginary *I* into which our feeling of ourselves has taken up residence. This becomes the cause of our inability to see others as they are in reality and reinforces our belief in the great lie of our oneness and that of others. It causes a mental separation and the violence we may do to *others* because they are not us. It leads to the stark and debilitating fear that comes from the madness that this belief in our unity of being engenders. Because we imagine ourselves to be one, we cannot see our true oneness with all Being. This makes it possible for us to attack the Reality of the Universe in our nightmare insanity. Due to that attack we automatically expect retribution and live in constant fear of those around us. Love is pushed out of our experience and replaced with some of the most pernicious self-emotions imaginable. We unconsciously live by the law of the jungle as brute beasts who can type on keyboards.

Without a higher force coming from outside our nightmare we are without hope of freeing ourselves from this horrible prison of darkness and violence, we suffer uselessly, needlessly and perpetually. Our total immersion in the Imaginary *I* makes it impossible to free ourselves from the illusion. The pride and vanity that infect us as a result of our inability to see what we are like act as a lock on our prison door. The idea of self-

observation, properly applied to our Being, can bring the light of consciousness into our inner darkness, gradually opening the door to our internal prison allowing that light to gradually raise our level of Being, bringing us closer to Real *I*.