

Clear Answers

Should I risk my heart to beat once more,
Or do I even choice this chore?
Should I query questions as this,
Or is the whole life-thing amiss?

Ponder wonders never sunder -
Gordian knots tied gloriously under,
Over and beyond
The classic peace of ancient pond.

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What is mystery? Is it hidden on purpose, or am I just clueless? Why do I ask this thought or think this question? Is life reality? Is matter more real than energy, or is it the other way around?

Is the universe without bounds? Why does physics work? Is there an $E=MC^2$ for spiritual power? Is there a difference between good and evil besides who wins? Does it make any difference?

Where do souls come from and where do they go, if they do either? Do animals possess souls or provide reincarnated transitions to atone for past patterns of poor spiritual choices?

Mysteries exist because God is not linear but eternal; therefore, we often perceive divine doings as confusing, if we sense them at all. Most of mankind is meandering down the maddening mudway of materialistic mayhem.

We are too busy bouncing off things and events happening to us to even stop and open our natural consciousness to what is truly happening all around us, or even to realize the choices we could make rather than have circumstance and companions make them for us.

However, there lies hidden a reservoir of answers, still as water, deep within the fabric of our created being that transcends life and the natural order of the universe. Yet, this peace that passes understanding is found congruent to the foundations of both the natural and metaphysical constructs that we often call "reality" and "spirituality." Both are a unity in love: manifested in life force and life inherent.

However, the way to the latter is hidden and hard to enter because the surrender is too simple to accept. Its doorway is confused by the warped frequencies that entered corruptly into the life force millennia ago.

The imbalances generated then still reverberate in the natural order of earth and universe, of person and society. Most spiritual exercises and disciplines are efforts to restore the harmonious balance of those life force frequencies to solve problems physical and metaphysical, as in health or holiness.

The divider is decision, the power diverter of a consciousness echoed in quantum observations of particle or wave, right or left spin, matter and anti-matter. This power lies in each mortal largely ignored even as it is exercised unenlightened throughout the necessary functions of being and doing.

To understand and perceive plainly these hidden principles of divine spirit, we must go back to the beginnings when structures were simpler and truth less buried in the battles of angels and demons, gods and men. To do so requires patience and hope. It begins with logical reasoning and observation and ends in a faith transmogrifying.

FAITH

Whither goes my soul?
Ever it follows, to nowhere. Or so it seems.
Such struggle, such storm with rare a port,
But peace I know deep within
Placed there pleasantly by Him.
He who knows the way I go,
As I wander in soul mazes with unseen phases.

From above all's clear to the One who holds dear -
Dear the soul in its pursuit, of Him whom
Untold mysteries enfold . . . Are we so bold?
So bold to search for hidden gold lost in stories retold until the end?
It's the end we seek but sorrow to find,
For then our stories all unwind in dread,

The Mystery of Life's Purpose

Dread of the dead deadness come up a wall.
To turn, we try. Only endless to die, all.
Until.....

Until the maze manager manages to
Lead us to look upward and see reflected in His
Smile where we ought to be, sought to be, and are.
In the place where His grace can find us
Lost among the mazes of our minds,
Bound in forgotten fears formed long ago, lost
In the pains and paeans of life's storms.

But not ever too lost to look up and see the beauty
Of His love for me, O sorrowful excuse for a me.
So cast the soaring eye to behold us as He does,
In His smiling embrace we never race but
Still ourselves in silent grace,
Holy exuberance without price, ever does it suffice
The true love needs of heart, soul's bearing,
Broken to be healed, and ever hallowed.

Hallowed by His Presence Reflected and One with His Smiling Face,
- born within as in, Him.
All is seen, soul. Whither worry without knowing?
For He knows all, and we are One eternally known,
Ever grown, ever growing, deeply we wander amazing.

Whither goes my soul? I care not.
It's His, and He knows where it goes, and where its going.
Look up and be free. No wall can conquer we:
I over it, as I come upon it, without knowing.

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