

The Space Between Stories

This is a personal story about discovering lightning again. About rekindling hope, reawakening the soul's purpose, weaving threads of synchronicity, and, ultimately (though beyond my individual powers) the birth of fourth density, the more beautiful world.

Part I

The Election

As was true for many other people, the election was tough for me. The disharmony of the process, the ratcheting tension, the reality bubbles, fact divides, rising nationalism, cynicism and anger, unrelenting news, whiffs of violence, and, of course, the result—which shocked me as much as it did many others.

You may have a 180 degree difference in perception or you may be unconcerned about what happens in the US. That's fine. We will be over this hump in just a couple paragraphs. I simply hope you might understand my experience *as it occurred for me*. I felt as if we had entered an alternate reality. Not just in the US but elsewhere as regressive, seemingly orange-ray oriented energies seemed to be on the rise.

My faith in the big picture is total. I know, philosophically at least, that all is one, that nothing is lost, that this is an illusion, and that whatever happens on the surface—even unto planetary annihilation itself and the cancellation of “Sense8” on Netflix—all is well. The Creator is experiencing itself. But my faith in *humanity* was teetering. Prior to this point I thought that maybe we could hold it together long enough for a new reality of love and understanding to gradually emerge from this shadowed world into the sunlight. But now . . . now I felt that we might drop the ball. Hard. As climate change heats the planet and the ecological crisis degrades the biosphere, as government and corporate control and corruption increases, as the needle moves into the crisis range, as an urgency to develop a healthy, sustainable, and *loving* relationship with our world is so desperately needed, and as so much depends on an alert citizenry, raised consciousness, and skilled leadership—*this happens*. Maybe upon seeing the coming cliff we wouldn't turn the wheel away but would instead step on the gas.

I read a lot. Analysis about the election, the country, the political situation, etc. Everything informed me but nothing imparted vision or true understanding. Then I stumbled on [“The Election: Of Hate, Grief, and a New Story”](#) by someone unknown to me at the time, Charles Eisenstein. In the span of a short article I was changed. Eisenstein exercised a deep understanding of the dynamics at play. And in a purely nonpartisan but radical fashion he was able to lift my vision for the first time above the trees to see the election as embedded in a larger, unfolding process. He could see the possible outcomes that separation, fear, and hate might precipitate, but, more importantly he saw the greater possibilities made available with the exercise of empathy and compassion between peoples. Not only was this person brilliant, perhaps even a visionary, but he also had activated his heart in a profound way. And entered my own.

The More Beautiful World Our Hearts Know Is Possible

So in love with this article was I that I soon thereafter picked up his most recent book *The More Beautiful World Our Hearts Know Is Possible*. It's the kind of title that my eyes would probably pass over were I just browsing—has a ring of perhaps generic self-help—but I was soon to discover how appropriate and powerful an idea it is.

My reaction to the content of this book was profound. I was so moved, in fact, that I proselytized. Well . . . I exaggerate. . . I didn't go door to door asking the home dweller if they have heard the good word of The More Beautiful World, or suggest to anyone that they *need* to read this, but I did uncharacteristically gift the book to a few people. Maybe 10. Maybe 20. Okay, over 25. All in the usual L/L spirit of non-coercive, non-persuasive respect for free will. But, while I was genuinely not attached to outcome, I was not quite so . . . dispassionate. I put my voice to work and sang the book's praises to the mountain and back. And the great majority of people reacted very favorably. Most, actually, had a reaction similar to my own: they felt their hearts sing.

When I find something that utterly lights my world, my next immediate reaction is to share it with loved ones. Isn't that true for all of us? Who wants to keep their joy all to themselves? Who comes upon a scene of beauty and doesn't want to show others the same place so that they, too, may benefit from the seeing. (Free will disclaimer: should the other want to see the same scene, or be sensitive to beauty, or think that what you're saying makes any sense.)

Such was my motivation. After consulting with Jim and Austin, I also wrote an open letter to the larger L/L Research community and posted it on our social media outlets, the archive website, the forums, and [here](#), at Bring4th. In summary, I wrote that Eisenstein speaks powerfully of a better world that's available within all of us, one that is taking root on planet Earth. In both broad and nuanced strokes, he describes the **ending of an old story** in order to make space for the **birth of a new**. He speaks to the profound uncertainty of this moment, its sometimes dreadful nature, and the necessity of traversing the distance between stories in naked unknowing. He encourages being receptive and open to the new birth, to listening to what we might call the promptings of spirit, and to holding a vision of love and empathy. It rang in melodic congruence with the transition from third to fourth density described in the *Law of One*.

Sponsorship

One of those to whom I had given the book, our dear friend, Beatriz Gonzales, learned that this Charles Eisenstein fellow was hosting a five-day-long workshop at the Omega Institute called "The Space Between Stories" in early June, 2017. Before she could finish saying that she would like to sponsor my journey there, I was already packing my bags.

I had been to Omega a couple of times in the mid-"aughts." (2006–2008, I think.) One for a Stanislaw Grof/Jack Kornfield holotropic breathwork/meditation workshop; another to take my then-girlfriend to see John of God. (Which was structured not unlike a childhood visit to Santa Clause at the mall: a long line of people waiting to see the seated figure for a total of 20 seconds.) Upstate from New York City, it is a beautiful campus situated in the hilly, forested terrain of Rhinebeck, NY, and quietly perched far from the main road. Omega hosts a variety of workshops in the non-winter months conducted by

teachers and facilitators, guides and shamans, artists and visionaries both well and little known. Their cavernous dining hall serves three all organic, all locally procured, mostly vegetarian meals.

I was thrilled, needless to say. And, knowing of his own passion for this work, I immediately invited Austin Bridges, who immediately accepted. And to help us, Jim gifted us with a co-sponsorship as well. We were on our way.

Omega Workshop: The Space Between Stories

“The Pavilion” at Omega is a circular structure, with circular walls and a tipi’d roof. It is nestled in a corner of the campus completely surrounded by and underneath a canopy of trees, its exterior made of a deep brown wood that harmonized perfectly with the surrounding forest. Over half its walls have windows, so we felt ourselves in a very sylvan atmosphere.

A diverse group of 35 people gathered in the Pavilion to attend the Space Between Stories. At one end of the circle (do circles have ends?) sat the person we had all come to see and learn from, Charles Eisenstein. He had no assistant and later confessed to taking on a larger group than was balanced for him, but from the first moment to last he held the space with grace, poise, and presence.

We really didn’t know what to expect going into it—Charles’s published schedule seemed rather skeletal. We honestly thought we might show up and be greeted with a “Hey guys. So, uh, what would you like to do?”

Instead, he came equipped with ideas and plans, though it was clear as the week progressed that he was adjusting on the fly according to his sense of the needs and interests of the group. In that and other regards Charles served as a supreme navigator and facilitator of the group energy. He threaded his own work into group work, using his vision as jumping off points into group exercises.

Each section opened with a lighting of four candles surrounding water in a bowl, followed by someone in the circle offering a prayer to the water and fire. The idea in the prayer: to treat the water and fire as entities, as intelligent selves; sometimes expressing that prayer as the voice of doubt that has trouble seeing fire and water as such.

The Circle

We performed multiple exercises every day. In most cases in dyads (two-people pairs), though in some cases there were three- or four-person groups. I’m generally not the most social person—I’ve gone out of my way to avoid awkward-inducing social contact with people I don’t know—but these exercises were surprisingly amazing. In each case we had the privilege of listening to and feeling the heart of what this world calls a “stranger,” and we had the privilege of doing the same in reverse, watching that notion of stranger dissolve and the space between become less distant.

Among the exercises, Charles had us share moments from our lives when we acted out of the old Story of Separation, and then asked that we re-see that moment (and the pattern that it represents) from the standpoint of what he calls the new Story of Interbeing, thus creating the opportunity in our energy for understanding, acceptance, and new pattern to emerge.

We also undertook an exercise at the beginning that launched me into the week. We identified our gifts, what blocks them, how they manifest, and, to conclude we reflected back to our partner what we saw in them.

I haven't yet read his book *Sacred Economics* wherein he lays out his vision of what he calls a "gift economy," but from what I could glean from pieces here and there, he sees each person walking the planet as a necessary piece of the whole. In that context, then, *each and every person* has something to contribute—whether or not that contribution is something the world presently values. So the exercise of identifying our gifts was an act of discovering and then owning the gifts that are inextricable parts of ourselves. I found it incredibly empowering to circumvent the question *Do I really have gifts?* and move directly to authentically claiming **my gifts** in a positive, self-affirming manner. And to be able to bear witness to my partner (a wonderful university professor) doing the same. And to then to offer a positive reflection back to one another. It left me aglow.

What was especially wonderful about all the exercises with others was the emphasis laid upon *holding the space* for the person talking. In holding the space we needn't necessarily analyze or resolve the person's issue for them. Rather we amplify the power of their own moment by compassionately witnessing, helping them to create that field of deeper self-discovery and actualization.

And when we returned to the whole circle and when it was time to share individually, Charles had us orient in a way that Austin and I really appreciated. Instead of asking "Who has something to say?" The question was, "What wants to be spoken?" "Who feels that there is just something that really needs to come out?" In this way the focus was shifted from what some traditions call the "small I" to the greater self—whether that is called the subconscious, or the higher self, or inspiration, or the universe. Eisenstein called it That Which Listens. This change in focus shifts the evaluation of how and whether one should share. It makes one a bit more sensitive to the needs of the whole. It also treats that which wants to be spoken as its own form in its own right, as if it had a life. It sets up relationship.

For the seeker who no longer completely identifies with the story of separation, these exercises and the circle in general offered a space to come together and find ways to heal from the wounds of that story through trust in each other, trust in ourselves, intimacy, connection, and sharing. It was an experience of the open heart, to say the least.

Charles Eisenstein

The power supplied for the event came from the exponential sum of those gathered, but obviously the proximate magnet that drew us, the wisdom (or the third-density version thereof) that informed us, and the skill that facilitated the event was wielded within one mind/body/spirit complex.

What was remarkable was the many balances that converge in one person. To have such broad, comprehensive knowledge about the world's systems (he reminds me of an Aldous Huxley in that regard) without losing the gentle, soft touch of the open heart. To embrace your own gifts and talents without becoming egotistical. To share your own service while facilitating the group experience for ~35 people over the course of four days. To toggle between seemingly secular matters and the metaphysics of our spiritual paths.

But what also hit the amazing notes was how humble/ordinary/modest it all was. There was such a casual, everyday, comfortable feel to the entire thing, much like is true for L/L Research's gathering. His wisdom-sharing was never imposing. It was incredible, actually, that he was describing what we would call the transition to fourth density, a fundamental shift in reality, a revolution in consciousness, even, but it felt so relaxed, authentic, jovial, non-sensational, and, simply, beautiful.

Indeed Austin and I both loved how his work assumes the existence of intelligence greater than the individual. His processes, then, turned to *that which is greater, or deeper, or higher*. He emphasized the non-necessity of coming up with the answer but rather focused on the value of **sitting with the question**, of holding the space, of quietly leaning into and being with That Which Listens.

Though outside the scope of this already-too-large essay, I think he exemplified well the courtship relationship Ra described between the conscious and subconscious mind.

The Adept

Reading his book prior to meeting him I had recognized a visionary. And brilliance. Seeing Charles work in person I saw a positive adept, a being of considerable magic. Truly. Ra says of work in indigo ray that

Those who heal, teach, and work for the Creator in any way which may be seen to be both radiant and balanced are those activities which are indigo ray.

To my comprehension, Eisenstein is an exquisitely balanced and extraordinarily gifted individual, radiant with genuine open heart and operating fully in service to the gift. He is a pioneer in consciousness, too, exploring subtle workings that lie beyond the boundaries of consensus thought.

You who love the Law of One know how many times you have tested it over the years. Viewing it from this angle or that. Contrasting it against that system or that authority. And—though it is not and can never be infallible—you who have felt its power understand how virtually without fail it withstands every test. Indeed, *clarifies* every test. Not in a way which accrues power to its words, but gives power to the seeker. Or rather, reminds the seeker of his or her own power and nature.

In this long path of study and testing of the *Law of One* material, one comes to realize (or reaffirm) that, among the positive superlatives that can be projected onto it, it is *authentic*. From whatever the angle of viewing, the *Law of One* material simply rings and reverberates with a purity of authenticity that is so utterly rare, almost unfound in this world. It strikes deep chords of gratitude that remind me how lucky I am to have discovered such a source, especially in light of the frequently inauthentic planetary environment.

Watching Eisenstein work, the same word and sense came to me strongly. The more I could see the balances he was attempting to walk, the more I could see with what humility and honesty he undertook his work, the more I saw and *experienced* authenticity.

This authenticity is evidenced in the way Ra describes the adept:

Questioner: It seems to me that the primary thing of importance for those on the service-to-others path is the development of an attitude which I can only describe as vibration. This attitude would be developed through meditation, ritual, and a developing appreciation for the creation or Creator which results in a state of mind that can only be expressed as an increase in vibration or oneness with all. Could you expand and correct that statement?

Ra: I am Ra. We shall not correct this statement but shall expand upon it by suggesting that to those qualities you may add **the living day by day and moment by moment, for the true adept lives more and more as it is.**

Questioner: You made the statement in a previous session that the true adept lives more and more as it is. Will you explain and expand upon that statement?

Ra: I am Ra. Each entity is the Creator. The entity, as it becomes more and more conscious of its self, gradually comes to the turning point at which it determines to seek either in service to others or in service to self. The seeker becomes the adept when it has balanced with minimal adequacy the energy centers red, orange, yellow, and blue with the addition of the green for the positive, thus moving into indigo work.

The adept then begins to do less of the preliminary or outer work, having to do with function, and begins to effect the inner work **which has to do with being. As the adept becomes a more and more consciously crystallized entity it gradually manifests more and more of that which it always has been since before time; that is, the One Infinite Creator.**

I don't intend to convey that in being an adept, Charles is exercising superpowers; I mean only to say that his simple beingness is radiant and balanced. The same authenticity I feel within the Law of One I found welling up inside me when witnessing Eisenstein work.

At a couple points during the workshop I felt the tears began falling out of my eyes, actually. There I sat in that circle listening to a teacher with vision who spoke aloud the core purpose of my soul. There I sat surrounded with beautiful people also on a path of service and truth seeking, of the same type I've had the privilege of meeting for many years now—reminders of the lights awakening all over the world. Why was I on a path that gifted me with these occurrences? It is hard to convey but I felt so outrageously, unjustifiably lucky to be there, to have to have discovered another source of such purity and positivity in this world.¹ In a planet where so many cannot find their way, or remain unaware of a way, lightning had struck again.

The Visionary

But I also called him a “visionary.” Why?

There are so many levels of *zoom*, shall I say, available to the faculty of sight. One can zoom *in* to focus strictly upon the details of their immediate experience such he or she is (no wrong in it) oblivious to the

¹ “Purity” is a loaded word that is bound to trigger grumbling and negative connotation. That notwithstanding, it still has rightful place and application. “Positivity” not in the sense of a cheerful demeanor, but of polarized consciousness—one of two available directions of spiritual evolution.

larger currents within which they swim, whether local, regional, national, global, or historical; whether related to dynamics of ethnicity, socioeconomics, or gender; or whether the waters are metaphysical, archetypal, or, I suppose, cosmic. There are so many layers of pattern and context that condition and create us.

Whether by talent or gift, effort or grace, some are able to zoom out far enough to see the larger patterns that escape the attention of even the best of us. It's as if they take the trek to the high altitude of the mountaintop, look out and see farther than anyone in their community in the lower elevations. They see wherefrom the traveling tribe has come, where they may be headed, and what may be headed toward them. And they gain a sense of the nearby surrounding geographical context within which the community travels.

One's altitude, however, is only part of it. Understanding, keenness of perception, and ability to synthesize a large quantity and variety of data all play a part. But perhaps more so, the capacity to see comes from the work one has undertaken in one's own consciousness: the work of opening the heart, balancing the self, and looking within to a depth greater than the breadth of the vision. These and other factors contribute to the Seer.

Eisenstein doesn't, rightfully, describe himself as a visionary. But I do. I see him as a seer. He doesn't work within the cosmology or terminology of the Law of One, per se, but he nevertheless *sees* the ending of third density (what he calls The Story of Separation), the beginning of fourth density (The Story of Interbeing), and the space between (where we are now). He has the vision to recognize that reality itself is built of and upon mythology and story. And in that light he sees the unraveling, crumbling, hollowing out, and collapsing of the broad story of separation that has dominated the human narrative as long as we can remember, and a movement into a new story so outright and overwhelmingly beautiful that only small glimpses of it can be contained.

Birth of Fourth Density

He doesn't see the exact route into the new story, as even from the figurative mountaintop the seeming obstacles between here and the new territory seem insurmountable. (Can you imagine our current corporate, economic, military, and political superstructures undergoing radical and wholesale transformation into compassion-based, service-oriented, non-violent, non-profit-driven forms? A paradigm where we all recognize our interconnectedness? Ridiculous and outright impossible! You would be right to say, realistically speaking.) What he does see is the general direction and the quixotic nature of getting there, and the growing possibilities of the *now* that increasingly and paradoxically recognizes that the destination is *already* here. He sees it happening in our midst: That Which Wants to be Born shooting its tentative sprouts through the global soil after many years germinating underground.

But the magic of it is, even if no one has an exact map that will provide a perfect route into the new story, or a set of instructions that will birth the new reality, this act of seeing and sharing, of opening the heart and doing the work of service to others, of raising one's vibration, as it were—**these are the energies which open and hold the space for the birth to transpire**. He, like the rest of us, is *living* the birth of fourth density. We are living this together. As Q'uo says:

We will not say that the birth will be easy. It is sufficiently clear now that it will not. There will be dark times, there will be confusion, there will be many opportunities to turn away your eyes in despair as you gaze upon the deeds of your fellow human beings. Know, however, that you are an unquenchable source of love. That is the gift that you bring to the party, so to speak. And when you join with another, your gift is redoubled, and redoubled again with the addition of each new soul that joins with you.

So you begin your song silently, perhaps it bubbles up within your heart, and makes its way to your very lips, whereupon it becomes a melody which inspires a memory, another to sing along with you, and when the song becomes a chorus, and when it begins to fill the ears and the minds and the hearts of one more whose memory resonates with this song, that energy complex will begin to vibrate differently, will begin to vibrate as a social memory complex, and then, at that point, you will be well on your way towards entering a new dawn of experience.

It is the dawn that awaits you, it is the dawn that lies on the other side of this darkness. The darkness can be seen as impediment, or the darkness can be seen as prelude to this dawn. As we have suggested, the choice is yours. You are creatures of free will, you are creatures each of infinite worth, and it is our hope for you, and it is our confidence in you, that you will find your way.

I would absolutely drown in this world were it not for perspective. What I mean is that if I had to navigate this world looking only at the surface, surveying the seemingly intractable, systemic madness, backwardness, confusion, and suffering, I don't know that I could keep the vision of hope alive within me, I don't know that I could stay afloat. I would sink, heavy with the weight of despair. It is thanks to the perspective of the Confederation philosophy and other springs of spiritual insight, including, of late, Charles's work, that I burn with optimism and a sense that we *can* make it; we *won't* destroy ourselves or the planet; we *will* build a more beautiful world; there *is* light that is growing.

Ultimately everything is a matter of perspective. This is his gift.

300 and 600 Years From Now

In the penultimate day, Charles had said that he would like to share a technology through which we could connect with people on Earth in what we would consider to be our future. He said you could call it channeling or improvisational theater, it didn't matter. To Austin's and my eyes it was a form of channeling, to others it was a fun game. Either way, he encouraged getting into it, and reminded us of how kids playing pirates all know that it is make believe but nevertheless bring it to life because they really invest themselves. The kid who says, "That's not an alligator, that's a stuffed toy!" or "That's not a pirate hat, that's a newspaper!" is the party pooper. (The latter term not Charles's words.)

He explained that half of us would stay in the room, the other half would step outside. The fifty percent who went outside linked hands in a circle as Charles performed an induction of sorts. In the induction procedure we saw a similar group of people with hands linked but 300 years from now. We were encouraged to make a connection with one of their circle and merge into that person. After this was accomplished (in a procedure that largely escapes my memory), we returned inside where every person had one empty seat in front of them. We each chose a seat. And while connected with our counterpart

in 300 years, we, or the 300-year-hence person, replied to questions about the future from the person sitting in front of us. And when time was up the two groups switched.

Before this whole exercise began, Charles acknowledged the probabilistic nature of the future. Thus in order to tune into the most positive of the future outcomes, he had us recall a moment from our lives when we knew that the more beautiful world was possible, and asked that we hold onto that.

What was so fun about it was how into it everyone got. People who, so far as we knew, had no interest or belief in channeling, and no interest in performing, were really inhabiting their roles. It unleashed a lot of positive energy in the room, with the insight gained ranging from none (Austin's partner-questioner literally fell asleep) to what might be genuine windows into a positive future. But it was the next day that it got *really* interesting for Austin and me.

On the final day, Charles said that he had a connection with an individual named Nomo who is alive, on Earth, 600 years forward from our time, and asked if we would like to hear from this person. We affirmed. Charles then stepped outside by himself to (as we understand it) tune and establish this contact. When he returned to the room his demeanor and bodily disposition were markedly different. As Nomo, he walked around the circle spending a moment looking to the eyes of each person. He then greeted the group and made himself available for questions.

In reply to the questions he described the "legacy of pain" that those in the future are still working to heal. The residual pain in the Earth, Nomo reported, was of a scale and nature beyond our understanding. Austin then asked how we in the present might help heal this pain. Nomo answered a couple of ways. He said that if we are giving out less pain than we have received in life, we are doing our parts. He said also that if we know our gift, and honor our gift, and be our gift, we are doing our part. (Beautiful metaphysical principles and assumptions packed into that idea.)

I then asked two questions: One, when would we as a planet turn the corner such that the positive trajectory was apparent to everyone; and two, what was the planetary population in 600 years. Nomo replied to the first saying that things will become materially worse, but we will turn a corner in my lifetime—the healing would be underway and it would be perceptible. As to the population, he reported that counting wasn't terribly important to them, but he estimated about three billion. The information to the other questions was altogether fascinating. It had correlation to what the Law of One says about this great transition.

Part II

Threads of Synchronicity

I was writing about the Space Between Stories workshop. I want to return to tell you about the extraordinary unfoldings that unfolded there.

The workshop schedule included a lot of space for interacting with others, both through the exercises mentioned above and during the mealtimes and long breaks. Spending four and a half days with 35

people in a shared setting, we all surfed from conversation to conversation, weaving threads of synchronicity that delivered to each other gifts of insight, self-understanding, and self-acceptance.

Here is one such example: another attendee, Sarah, and I befriended each other. During one of our lunches we sat on the hillside at Omega in a couple of wooden chairs and got to talking about the occasional conflicts we feel in our respective relationships, me in my marriage and she in her relationship with her long-term boyfriend. With each volley of sharing we increasingly heard our respective partners in each other. That is, she expressed herself in ways that sounded almost identical to my wife, Trish, and I expressed myself in ways that sounded almost identical to her boyfriend. Though the vehicle of this conversation, it was as if we were able to talk with our partners *but* without the environment of disharmony. It was amazing. There were lots of “Yes yes, OMG, he/she says that exactly!”

Just as happens at L/L’s Homecomings or any other time and place on planet Earth where those of like heart come together to share sacred space, there was literal magic happening between everyone in the circle. We were in the flow of something. It made of we humans neural networks in a larger organism of beauty and intelligence. I felt so enriched as I sensed only the merest edges of the invisible shaping hands of the divine. The experience raised the fire of hope in me, the sense that there **is** something more guiding us that can be leaned into.

Samara Healing Center

A couple of weeks before Austin and I hit the road for the Omega workshop, a fellow named Paul Thomas posted to the L/L Research Facebook page letting the community know that, well, he had a pyramid available for meditation should anyone be interested. He and his father run a small healing center in the Maryland countryside called [The Samara Healing Center](#). Google said it would be just an hour out of the way to drive through Maryland on the way home from Omega in New York. So, since I kind of have a thing for pyramids, go figure, I contacted Paul and got a big welcoming invitation to come visit the healing center on the way home.

The workshop officially closed Friday morning, four-and-a-half days after it had begun, and with a bittersweet goodbye to people with whom we felt intimacy after only a short time together, we hit the road mid-afternoon. We arrived at Samara with waning light, but it was plenty to see how beautiful the center and that area of Maryland are. Paul and his father practice sound healing there. They have a small, charming cottage dedicated to that purpose that includes among its technologies crystal singing bowls (whose tones are even more pure and resonant than the typical metal bowls) and a massage-like table through which audio is translated into vibration.

Their grounds also boast a permanent sweat lodge with a dome encased in concrete, and the main attraction for us, a pyramid built, if memory serves, to Giza specifications. It was super badass. Constructed of wood and roughly 8 feet tall, the interior floor was carpeted and had back jacks for seating and meditation. There were slits that could be opened and closed around the base for ventilation, and crystals in the apex, four corners, and underneath the floor. Not to mention four circular convex plastic windows for light. And an outlet for electrical devices.

As mentioned, it was getting late and we still had nine hours to drive ahead of us. So, I had a 15–20 minute meditation seated in the center of the pyramid. Austin, not particularly feeling it at the moment, enjoyed the stars. My meditation wasn't what I would consider great. I was tired from the week at Omega and jacked up on considerable quantities of caffeine.

Afterward, Austin and I really enjoyed conversation with Paul on the patio of the center. Paul like many a Law of One student doesn't have anyone nearby with whom to share in conversation, so there was a Homecoming-like exuberance which lifted us in reciprocal joy.

As we talked on that nighttime patio, close to 1am, something began to palpably shift in me. Without identifiable cause, I started to slip into what felt was a subtle psychedelic state. I call it that because it was reminiscent of my previous experiences half a lifetime prior. Except instead of my consciousness being driven and pushed by chemicals, too loud and clamorous to consciously direct, I could step back and objectively observe with detachment what was happening. I watched threads of fear move through me, fear of both the unknown and of altered states. But what became most clear in the experience was the corrupting presence of doubt. Though I've been long aware of my lifetime issues with self-doubt, in that moment I could *see* so clearly how pervasive and deep-rooted a role doubt has played in distorting my experience of reality.

As interesting as these epiphanies were, this was completely internal and invisible to Austin and Paul. I was still more or less carrying on a conversation with them. We all reflected on the lateness of the hour (it was close to 1am) and decided that instead of attempting to continue driving through the night to reach Louisville, Austin and I would just crash there, *in the PYRAMID!*

The Pyramid

As we lay on our respective pads on the pyramid's carpeted floor with the Maryland sky overhead, I relayed to Austin that I felt like I had somehow entered a psychedelic state during our conversation minutes ago on the patio. I started explaining to him the insight I was getting into my own self doubt. Though Austin was, like me, very tired, bless his soul he recognized that something important was unfolding for me, so in total support he encouraged me to keep going.

I was still in that state actually. I felt plugged into a subtle electric current that was making my internal processes so much more vivid and lucid. I was able to unpack much about the workings of my mind and energy system, notably the way in which doubt has limited and darkened my experience. It was as if I could *see* how doubt threaded through my system, contracting my sense of self and cutting me off from others, from the full experience of the moment, and from my potential. Sometimes even crippling me. Though I don't even begin to rate my own pain against what people endure in this world, it is a terribly painful, lonely place to be. I have spent more time in those places than I can properly convey.

Laying on our backs on the pyramid's floor, Austin mostly listening at this point, the conversation shifted to our relationship. We began a dialogue that continued the format and spirit of the Space Between circle whereby we spoke a little bit more deliberately and waited with pause between speakers. We reflected on the importance of our relationship with one another, especially with regard to our mutual work through L/L Research.

I was able to open the heart and activate the blue ray in a way previously unexperienced. I basically told Austin how much I love the guy. In addition to my foundational relationship with Jim, I couldn't ask for a better partner for L/L Research. In fact, I don't think one exists on Earth. Austin is a being who is full of knowledge and wisdom *and* highly developed compassion and empathy. I told him how I feel that he and I can reach the heights pretty well on our own, but when we synergistically blend energies (that is to say, *talk* to one another), we activate each other, pushing each other up the mountainside to altitudes higher than we may have otherwise reached by our own effort alone. Moreover, he is my general counselor, the friend in whom I entrust my sharings and from whom I receive the most wise and clear-sighted feedback. He is able to hear and receive my thoughts so well that there is a satisfaction when sharing with Austin.

It was incredible, absolutely incredible. I have no idea why this altered state came upon me. Such things have happened to me in the past strictly as a result of chemicals. I have tried numerous methods—including meditation, holotropic breathwork, acupuncture, sweat lodges, and others—to alter my state of consciousness, but try as I may, my mind seems hardwired for the daily, waking mode of experience. Why did this happen? Was it that I meditated in a pyramid? Was it the week at the Space Between stories workshop? Was it that I had a shit-ton of caffeine? I cannot say. But it was a gift.

This experience was not unique to me alone, however. Austin underwent a similar initiatory opening during L/L's Channeling Intensive just a month prior. And then . . . do you remember Sarah, the person I mentioned in the Threads of Synchronicity section? The one with whom I had almost identical relationship dynamics? . . . Austin reminded me that she reported having *naturally* entered what she described as a psychedelic state during a meditation at the Space Between circle just a few days prior. Her experience was so profound that she had no words for it at the time, all we knew was that something special had happened to her.

All that to say, it turns out that I had what might be an initiatory experienced in a goddamn pyramid. Can you believe it?

The High Priestess

This story yet deepens. I am going to rewind the clock now to 24 hours prior to the night at the Samara Healing Center. Austin, myself, a handful of others from the Space Between workshop were pal-ing it up in Omega's café during their final hour before they closed. It was our final night there and we were laughing and laughing, having the best possible time. Despite the jokes I'm always trying to make, I can be a rather serious bastard. I'm not a good laugher. But I felt so comfortable, so loose, so *in the moment*, so grateful to be with these people.

As 10:30pm approached the café was closing down, our group disbanded. Five of us were still standing around when we were approached by a shorter slender woman with sandy blonde hair who seemed genuinely interested to know what workshop we were attending at Omega. (Several are conducted on the campus at the same time.) We replied that it was the "Space Between Stories" with Charles Eistenstein. She relayed that information back to her group, as if they had all been wondering, and then said that she asked because we were lighting up the place. Not figuratively but, in her vision, literally. She could *see* this column of light emitting from us. She said that she is Omega's resident psychic, a

tarot reader who has been at Omega for ten years. Thousands of people come through every year and they all seem to enjoy themselves, she reported, but it was rare to see a group so “connected” with their workshop. She felt that we were all in tune with our soul’s purpose. (Which was not an incorrect assessment.)

We were already quite aware of the magic of the week and the moment, and thanked her for adding another layer to the magic pie. She then asked if we might be interested in pulling a card. The five of us did. Omega’s resident psychic then gave us each information that assisted gravity in bringing jaws from mouth to floor. She spoke accurately and insightfully to each of us. Austin and I had learned enough of the other three to know that that was true.

Austin pulled a card that she interpreted to mean that Austin was like a farmer. (If you know Austin, this is already uncanny.) And that, like a farmer, one needs to, if I remember correctly, await the harvest. Don’t push or work too hard, but await the fruit of the effort. Austin can tell his story better, but to continue not doing it justice for a moment, this was meaningful to Austin because he is working to develop his passion of book writing and has struggled with the balance of doing enough/not doing enough. This tarot reading, therefore, helped me to trust in allowing it to unfold on its own.

I pulled the High Priestess. The card reader told me that the message for me was trust, absolute trust. I needed to trust myself. Moreover, I am a channel and I need to get still and silent. To release the busyness (that’s me) and rest in silence. But the overwhelming message was trust. This was profound and helpful. I needed to hear this.

We were all aglow thanks to this reading, but it wasn’t until the following day in the pyramid that this reading took on even greater significance. The experience at the healing center a day later spoke to me of exactly the dynamic the tarot reader was describing. What is the opposite of trust but doubt? On Thursday I receive a message to trust myself. On Friday I have what may be a small initiatory experience about the doubt in my life.

Ambiance of Magic

When I returned home to see Trish after being apart for a week (we’ve only ever been away that long from each other twice in our relationship), I was glowing. And when I began sharing all of this, the tears of gratitude flowed. Austin likewise said that in telling his girlfriend he had to stop because of tears. The whole thing felt like a dream, too surreal to be real.

But it doesn’t end here. There is yet one more piece of magic to be had.

You will remember Sarah. I felt a strong connection to her, and she to me—as was repeated multiple times with multiple people between each other. Twelve days after the workshop ended, we connected for a phone call. We got to chatting, reflecting on the week that was, and I reported to her of my experience at Samara. She waited to reply until I was finished and began by saying that she listened with an ear-to-ear grin on her face. Sarah opened up and finally described for the first time something of what had happened in her own “psychedelic” experience during the individual meditation at the Space Between workshop.

While walking in an intentional manner in the forested outdoors, Sarah had also slipped *naturally* and inexplicably into an altered state. She experienced layers of meaning and beauty that were unique to her, and something quite profound happened. She heard a message that seemed to be sourced from a nearby tree that indicated to her as clear as day that she needed to trust herself.

We had all gone into that exercise with the instruction from Charles to bring with us a question. Not necessarily to seek out an answer but just to sit with a question. Sarah asked where her doubt, self-doubt specifically, comes from. And in return she received the message to trust herself.

I think that is a message for all of us right now, especially those hearing the subtle song of a new world. It is an awakening and invitation to Trust Yourself.

Au Revoir

What I realized thanks to Charles's work, along with the Law of One community in Asheville, NC, (another story), is that, however the discrete boundary is crossed, however the more beautiful world manifests, fourth density will be birthed through those doing the work of love and understanding on the ground. That is how it literally comes into being: through points of light such as those that exist in each of our seeking hearts, from wherever on Earth we may be looking up to the stars.

I've been studying and seeking what Charles calls *the new story* for over half my life. It is why I am here. It is why I feel that any who resonate with that story of a more beautiful world are here. Thanks to his work and the gifts of those present in the circle at the Space Between Stories workshop, I feel firmly, perhaps irrevocably displaced from the old story. A sense of hope grows strongly in my heart. It persists no matter the outer disharmony so apparent when viewing the world.

I hope the hope grows in your heart too. I hope that whatever edifices seem to crumble around you, you perceive the new birth happening the only place it can happen: inside of you.

Thank you again Beatriz Gonzales.

With love and light,
Gary Bean

Post Script: Giving Pleasure to the Eye of Many

I have a critical, doubting voice inside of me that analyzes nearly everything I do. Among other things, it is always hammering me for the length of my writing. (Clearly listened to it this time....) And in this particular writing it also questioned whether one person, such as Charles is, should be so upheld with superlative approval.

In reply, I don't know. Maybe I'll look back in ten years and say (in a drab British accent) "Ohhh, dear, whatafool I was . . . to be so love-struck by a man just as flawed as the rest of we doomed humans, we miserable broken creatures. Such naiveté. Do get me another brandy and cigar." But 17 years into study of the Law of One, and 14 years into my relationship with Jim (and while she was here, Carla), I have

not reached or sensed such a point with these or other sources that reach into and awaken my heart. Part of that reason, I think, is what I described above: in a world of inauthenticity, these sources are genuinely authentic. Authenticity does not diminish but only increases through time. It in fact becomes more true to itself with the passing cycles.

Personally I think it's okay to love what you love, and to put as many words as you want to that which is loved, especially when it lifts you up to spiritual heights, and heals, and catalyzes evolution. I could be in adoration of the Grand Canyon or Yellowstone or the Great Smoky Mountains or the Great Sand Dunes of Colorado and ramble on endlessly with appreciation as each new vantage point of sacred beauty yields new riches of perspective and experience. Though the distortions of the human sphere can mitigate against, sometimes even *rob* the perception of beauty when viewing these places, such great natural landscapes always ring authentic in what they are. They always make beauty available—both to the eyes of the body and the transcendent eyes of the soul—through this and all times. Humans, as they become who and what they are, are natural landscapes, too, and may be rightfully admired as they reflect the qualities of the Creator.

Consider what Ra says of the crystallized entity:

Questioner: Can you define what you mean by a “crystallized entity?”

Ra: I am Ra. We have used this particular term because it has a fairly precise meaning in your language. When a crystalline structure is formed of your physical material the elements present in each molecule are bonded in a regularized fashion with the elements in each other molecule. Thus the structure is regular and, when fully and perfectly crystallized, has certain properties: it will not splinter or break; it is very strong without effort; and it is radiant, traducing light into a beautiful refraction giving pleasure of the eye to many.

I can only be unapologetic about this love. It's just that when one feels the purpose that they were put onto this planet to be re-energized, re-awakened, and strengthened, it puts a little extra pep in the step.
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