

The Newsletter

The Law Of One Prisoner Newsletter: a publication for incarcerated seekers to read about and participate in a discussion about the Law of One and other spiritual issues.
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Greetings to all our spiritual friends and family,

I am delighted to offer all of you *The LOOP Newsletter*. We have many new subscribers this issue coming by way of Compassion Works for All, who listed us in their newsletter *Dharma Friends: Dedicated to Sharing the Dharma, Healing Each Other, All Sentient Beings, and Ourselves*. If you would like to receive their newsletter, you may write
Compassion Works for All/Dharma Friends
PO Box 7708
Little Rock AR 72217-7708

And welcome to all our new subscribers!

Many of you heard Carla was to have surgery on her spine in February. That was postponed to the 15th of April. Your continued prayers and thoughts are appreciated for our beloved Channel.

In other news, two books we formerly published for spiritual seekers will no longer be available. Books we currently offer are the Law of One series (books one through five), A Book of Days, A Channeling Handbook, A Wanderer's Handbook, The Crucifixion of Esmerelda Sweetwater, and Living the Law of One-101: the Choice. A descriptive booklist is available upon request.

May this issue bring each of you that teaching you need at this moment. It has been my experience that every moment of life is the teaching of a great Guru; one we may not see, but permeates our entire existence.

I wish each of you the most this day can offer. May you feel the touch of Life flowing through you at every moment.

In Love and Light,

Lorena Lucille, Editor

THE EGYPTIAN SPHINX

By Dennis Kearns

According to Egyptologists, the face of the Sphinx is that of Khufu, who is also credited as having built The Great Pyramid as a tomb for containing his body forever. There have been more than a thousand occasions where I almost wish that mankind had never been endowed with a reasoning faculty, since they know so little how to make use of it. They are so often misleading themselves by it, that would it not have been best to have been furnished with a good sensible instinct instead of their reasoning faculty?

Before talking about the sphinx, let us first touch upon the Great Pyramid as being a tomb of Khufu also known as Cheops. Khufu was a pharaoh of the Forth Dynasty which lasted from 2575 to 2467 BC. Khufu is believed to have died in 2528BC. The empty sarcophagus having been carved out of a single stone of granite is a full one inch greater than the passage way leading to the King's Chamber. This fact dictates the sarcophagus then must have been carved in place within the pyramid. If tomb robbers had broken into the tomb, the entire contents were removed. No other tomb has ever been found completely empty, even having the mummy removed. In all royal tombs, before and after Khufu, there have always been found to contain hieroglyphs depicting scenes from the Book of the Dead, so that the soul had a road map to the hereafter. No such hieroglyphs ever existed in the great pyramid, nor any hieroglyphs for that matter.

Getting back to the sarcophagus, it is stated by Egyptologists that circular drills were used to hallow out in interior of the sarcophagus. This entails 2,000 pounds of pressure to accomplish. Neither has any circular drills ever been found.

Today it takes a crane (only 2 of which exist today) to lift stones the weights of those of the pyramid to be 220 feet in the air with counter weights of 160 tons to prevent it from tipping over. To lift one stone today it takes six weeks and the skills of specialized teams of up to 20 men. The pyramid has approximately 2.3

million blocks weighing 2.5 tons to 15 tons and more. If masons worked 10 hours a day, 365 days a year, they would need to place 31 blocks in place every hour. That is one block every 2 minutes! In order to complete the pyramid in 20 years. Four blocks a minute would have needed to be delivered, about 240 every hour. The blocks had to be cut from solid rock, made to fit so close that nothing can pass between the sections placed one upon the other. Then each block had to be moved to the building site.

Was this done by a civilization who had not accumulated any experience of massive construction projects? I think it can be safe to say the Great Pyramid was not a tomb used to bury Khufu. Now back to the subject of the Sphinx.

Egyptologists place the face of the sphinx before the time of Khufu's birth by thousands of years. Thutmasis IV, having cleared the sand away from the sphinx, placed a stela between its paws, stating that Khufu had also cleared sand away from the Sphinx during the fourth Dynasty.

The Sphinx shows it has been weathered by water, an erosion agent that could only have occurred during the damp "Pluvial" period that accompanied the end of the last ice age, around the 11th millennium BC! This indicates that 11,000 to 15,000 years ago the Sphinx and the pyramids stood on fertile ground. The descent not having yet existed there. Edgar Cayce's readings tell us of a Hall of Records that can be accessed by passage near the right foot of the sphinx. According to Egyptian priests, the guardian of the secret and sacred writings are watched over by Anubis, the jackal-headed god of Egypt.

Does it not seem possible that the sphinx as we know it today was not in reality made in the likeness of Anubis? Could not someone thousands of years later who had no knowledge of its purpose commissioned his face to replace that of Anubis? In the words of Mr. John Anthony West, American Scholar of

our times, “We are told that the evolution of human civilization is a linear process in that it goes from stupid cavemen to smart old us with our hydrogen bombs and striped toothpaste. But the proof that the Sphinx is many, many thousands of years older than the archaeologists (Egyptologists) think it is, that it proceeded by many thousands of years, even dynastic Egypt, means that there must have been, at some distant point in history, a highly sophisticated civilization, just as all the legends affirm.”

Dr. Robert Schock, a professor of geology at Boston University, played a

prominent role in validating West’s estimates concerning the time age of the Sphinx and endorsed by almost 300 of his peers at the 1992 annual convention of the Geological Society of America. Thanks to Edgar Cayce and The RA Material, the Law of One, we get a clear understanding on these issues as well as life in general. You will find the method of how the pyramids were constructed in the set of The Law of One.

Your servant,
Mrs. Silence Dogood



EGO

by Mike Espinosa

I spend my time and energy trying to read between the lines of every scenario that goes on around me. I have found that seeing past the false ego of others helps me to see past my own ego, which is the ultimate goal. The ego blinds us from true self, “the spiritual self,” the Light, the Love, the awareness that we all seek. In my eyes the ego is the illusion and the illusion is made up of the desires of the ego. On a personal level, our efforts see fruition as

the negative, destructive, corrupted ores of our selves and our lives; finally rendered down and removed. And now that the struggle is nearing an end, I can see that what is rebuilt is a greater, stronger, more pure Self. I’m very curious as to the steps others are taking on their spiritual journey, and of the outcome of those steps.



THE REMAKING OF MY FIELD OF CONSCIOUSNESS (CONCLUSION)

by William Toward

Until I was 35, I had never used drugs. Then a woman introduced me to marijuana, whose value is sacred because it takes me inward and deep. I was also 35 when I first snorted cocaine. It was a drug that had no hold on me. I could take it or leave it and had passed on many lines offered when I worked for an addicted attorney in the early ‘80s. Then in 1984, I was introduced to crack cocaine, during a time when the horror stories surrounding its use had yet to surface. Upon taking the first hit, I realized what an aphrodisiac it was, so the addictive potential was intensified—intensified by a rush that took you to peak lust even as it denied you the function of erection and orgasm. In the cosmic, biochemical scheme of things, it is a thwarting whose irony was not lost upon me.

I was three months into its use when I made a planned trip to India. Upon return to the States, I resumed the addiction I had yet to recognize. Knowing the drug was illegal, I felt no more compunction than someone might drinking a cocktail during Prohibition. And I would no more consider the smoking of cocaine immoral than would a priest smoking a cigarette. With a casuist’s understanding, I saw it as a created-by-statute crime having no victim. It was merely a regulatory social intrusion on my freedom to do what I wanted with my mind and body. And at the time, I didn’t believe what I was doing with my mind and body was pernicious to myself or society.

Neither would it have occurred to me that smoking cocaine might be an indulgence unbecoming to someone of my spiritual awareness and direction. I had no sense of

myself as a role model, and if pressed for a self-observation, I would have said smoking crack reflected the experimental, risk-taking aspects of my personality and the attraction sense experience still had for me—that smoking crack was not inconsistent with spirituality or a barrier to the direction my life had taken. But it was.

From the time I returned from India in October, to July of the following year, was all the time needed to mute my sense of oughtness (that directing voice of Truth), weaken my character, and place me in total bondage to the demands of a controlling sense experience.

Crack cocaine, more than any other drug, quickens self-betrayal in its demand for immediate gratification. Although the breakdown period varies, in time, everything goes: truth, relationships, responsibility, prudence, sustained effort, employment, health. Even physical freedom is jeopardized by the criminal effort to cope with the compulsive need to press the rat lever that triggers the momentary rush. In the crack world there are no happy endings.

I remember the incident that made me clearly advert to the fact I was out of control. By then I was into frequent use, i.e., whenever there was any money: rent money, car-payment money. I was still working but deep in debt. Driving home after cashing my paycheck—all of which was budgeted to long-overdue bills—I suddenly swerved down a street that led to the local crack dealer. The suddenness with which I made the turn was indicative of the reflexive nature of my usage. The suddenness of the turn corresponded to the suddenness of recall bobbing up in the stream of my mental flow, acting as a stimulus. It was the suddenness of that right turn and its corresponding mental signification to which I adverted.

That swerving incident inspired no heroic, direction-changing resolve. I was arrested momentarily, examined briefly my triggered response, but then allowed myself to be enveloped in the crowding, erotic-tinged phantasmagoria of my desire—thereby further entwining myself in my karmic bind. When it

comes to wrong direction, you do not often give yourself braking opportunities.

All users eventually realize that any attempt to balance one's finances, when rock cocaine is one of the expenditures, is a futile exercise—it all goes up in smoke.

By the time I had strained my relationship with my dear mate to separation, lost my job, and arrived at the brink of auto repossession and eviction, it was only a matter of waking up to 30¢ in my pocket and a quarter-tank of gas before committing my first bail-out robbery with a toy gun.

And so it started. What I truly knew I would never again do, I began to do. I had allowed crack to debase me.

Each robbery was the last; just as each crack session was the last—made so by a never-again resolve enfeebled by repetition even though punctuated by the ritualistic definiteness of the breaking of the glass pipe.

The robberies had none of the drama of some that occurred in the early '60s. There was a certain pedestrian quality to them, although a few were memorable—distinguished by some novelty of interaction or situation. During one, walking down the aisles of a market quietly assuring a visibly fearful manager that he would suffer no harm. At one point, placing my arm around the manager's shoulder in brotherly embrace even as prudence cautioned against the danger of diminishing the fear which secured my own safety. On another, waiting fifteen minutes with an employee in the manager's office for the manager to return from lunch, conversing amicably. The employee not apprehensive, assured by the professional calm of my demeanor—at one point, telling me his shift was over and that he was going to be late for a date with his girlfriend. When I suggested he tell her he got held up, we both smiled wryly at the wordplay. Then there was a manager who was actually genial, even requesting the return of \$100 in dollar bills to continue the store's operation for the remaining hour of business. \$50 was returned.

It ended twenty months later with a foolhardy box boy standing directly in front of my car taking down the license number with an

I'll-teach-you-to-rob-our-store expression on his face.

There was a time when I would never have used my own car. I knew it to be the most frequent cause of arrest for the crime of robbery. But the compulsiveness of smoking crack and the vain background hope that each robbery would be my last, combined to take away my caution and the intention to devise a more intricate MO—one that at least had the safeguard of not using my own car. My professionalism was in my presence of mind during a robbery's execution, not in any Willie Sutton-like quality of its planning. In the long run, carelessness and the unanticipated always work against a person whose criminal acts are serial. On that robbery, my carelessness—not the least of which was working in daylight—was my undoing in that I never turned around to see if I was being followed during the walk to an apartment complex where my car was parked in a visitor parking place.

Yet it went deeper than that. Underlying the explanation of direct cause is the coordination of unseen purpose. Only recently I had reluctantly but finally admitted to myself that I was in shackles for which I had no key, and they had been forged not with a hammer but a pipe—hit by hit. When I acknowledged the bondage from which I could not free myself, I sensed that perhaps only the denouement of arrest would arrest the compulsion. At the moment of acknowledgment, I spoke the words, "If need be, lay it on me" as I invited the outcome. My voiced acceptance was directed, coming from my awareness of the greater Awareness I had learned not to turn from even in wrongdoing. Heart link atrophied by my attenuating vice, I had reduced myself to a scholar's paltry knowing. Though now, too distant to feel Truth's mystic warmth, I was still in its light. And in dim, cerebral connection I stood openly before it, never hiding from its gaze, in an honest posture of this-is-how-it-is-in-this-moment-of-my-existence.

Yet I would not be a contributory participant in my arrest. After most of a

lifetime already spent in prisons whose environment abtort the seeds of good impulse, nurturing only what is deformed, finishing my life in one would make surrender another irrational act. The denouement would have to unfold in the circumstance of things arranged externally.

I got out of my car and made a threatening gesture as if reaching for my gun, and the box boy took off. Then I took off.

I was more than 400 miles from home, a place to which I could no longer return. My first concern was to get away from the vicinity of the supermarket then get rid of my car. But as soon as I hit the freeway, I felt myself being driven to another vicinity thirty miles away: a ghetto neighborhood where I could make a buy from one of the legion of anonymous crack sellers who work the streets in every ghetto in every city in America. In the very aftermath of discovery and flight, knowing the certainty of an APB on my car, I was still unable to desist. I was like the cigarette smoker filmed in a documentary, already voiceless from cancer of the larynx, smoking through the hole of his tracheal incision.

Two days later, in the momentary satiety of another kind of aftermath, I began to get my survival act together. I had my passport with me, but longed once more for the company of the woman from whom I was separated but would always love. And she deserved no less than an in-person telling of the truth of my situation.

I called her and said I was flying down to Los Angeles to be with her for the weekend. I said nothing disquieting, only that I wanted to spend the weekend at a nice hotel and had made reservations at the Sheraton.

I met her in the lobby, having checked in prior to her arrival. She was lovely: the graceful carriage of her diminutive, womanly frame; strong, handsome features full of vitality; genetics making her appear fifteen years younger—although she could have looked fifteen years older and still her beauty would have shone through the patina of her aging. When a human being has flowered like she, their virtue transfigures appearance. Of

course, with virtue there is a recognition factor, so the beauty is indeed in the eye of the beholder.

I took her overnight bag to the room. Neither of us had eaten that day, and it was now early evening. We decided against room service, opting to go out to a restaurant.

Driving her car in a random search for a suitable eating place, I turned off a main artery onto a residential street and parked. I then told her how I had been supporting my addiction and that I had now become a fugitive. She took it calmly, saying she suspected as much, and had a feeling this weekend would be our last time together for a long while. I told her the country to which I would abscond was provisional and would give it more thought after we parted. I wanted nothing to distract from our remaining time together. We agreed to suspend ourselves in our remaining forty-eight hours, isolating those hours from the past and, as best we could, giving no thought to the future.

I drove without direction, caught up in the conversation and warmth of her familiar company. After nearly an hour, we found ourselves at the wharf in the Marina, directly in front of Don the Beachcomber. We both liked Polynesian fare, so the restaurant was an easy choice.

We ate by candlelight to subdued, Hawaiian strains, seated apart from other diners and so spared conversation's encroachment.

Our time together had the special poignancy known to all lovers forced by circumstance to face the imminence of long separation, except the circumstance compelling our separation was stark and ignoble. Yet, at that moment after dinner, I didn't feel ignoble. All the ingredients that went into making the evening and the sentiment pervading it had raised me. So, when out of the press of my overall situation, the tangential thought broke through that I would have to commit more robberies to obtain getaway money and living funds, I was saddened. For the intrusion of the then of the outlaw future provided sharp contrast to the now of an evening steeped in fine feeling.

But in the wake of that intruding thought came another: the fleeting thought of returning home and accepting forevermore the evermore consequences following my arrest. Out of the pain of the contrast I yearned for the freedom again of right thought and right conduct, even if that freedom meant imprisonment. In the momentary yearning for that freedom, I heard myself sotto voce the words "fleeting thought," knowing it was just that—a fleeting thought already dissolving in the grim remembrance of cold steel, grey concrete, and the bleakness of an atmosphere devoid of all humanizing sentiment.

At that very moment the waiter brought the check and two fortune cookies—two fortune cookies stuffed with the hackneyed advice, compliments, and general prediction typical of all fortune cookies. I selected one from the plate, then put it back. I wasn't superstitious: I walked under ladders, stepped on cracks; I even lived with a black cat. An act that should have been done without attention drew my attention.

I asked her to take her cookie first. She had observed my pick-up, so playfully did the shell-game maneuver. I closely followed the movement of the cookie I had first selected and saw that it remained on the plate. She opened hers: "Your kindness to others pays unusual dividends." That was indeed her cookie. Then I opened mine with a small sense of strange anticipation. I read the little white slip, gave a slight gasp, and handed it to her as I turned my head, eyes brimming. It read: "That fleeting thought is worth pursuing."

It was couched in the nondirective way the spiritual teacher in India occasionally spoke: no shoulds; no shouldn'ts. A wisdom of expression that recognizes the difficulty of a transcending decision, knowing the courage for sacrifice implicit in such decision is often wanting. A wisdom allowing for failure; expression that leaves an opening for another time.

But this was to be my time. The concatenation of the evening's events, starting from the decision not to have room service to every random turn of the car's wheels, was

directed to the crescendo of breaking that particular cookie. And its message did not find me wanting. Reading that line was my cue to walk back up to a departed level.

For the second time in ten years I was to make a dramatic, life-changing, unconditional leap in response to the oughtness of truth—truth prompted by the pain and longing of moral contrast and reinforced in the echo of a fortune cookie preternatural in its timing.

But this leap had no “come what may” uncertainty. I knew what awaited.

The denouement would unfold to a final curtain of an act in which I was to be a contributory participant after all. The cookie was the telling coordinate in the arrangement of unseen purpose.

I shared with her the thoughts and feelings that were the backdrop for the reading of my fortune. Heretofore, my hope was for her to join me after I had settled in a country from which I was not extraditable. Now, knowing my sentence would be so severe I might never get out, I urged her to find a worthy man who could be with her in her need and who was a fitting recipient for her loving nature.

I held her hand as I told her these things and saw the tears in her eyes. But I was completely mistaken as to the reason for them. She told me I had hurt her in urging her to find another man. She exclaimed that in the animal kingdom there were many monogamous species who never took another when their mate died. Was she less than the swan or those other animals? Couldn't we live in each other through our letters and visits? Didn't she marry me for better or worse? And how could I be worse doing what I was going to do?

The response was typical of her. Years before, she was in a relationship with an attorney who was obese. She refused to let him sleep in their bed until his dieting reduced him to a weight the bed could handle. But neither would she sleep in that bed. She joined him on the floor. And now she was imploring to join me in the hard bed I had made for myself and was soon to enter.

I was silent—overcome by the soul-beauty of her “wither thou goest”—only able to squeeze her hand as my lips touched her cheek.

We returned to the hotel in a transport of quiet exhilaration, drawn near in heart. The drawstring of our closeness the twin twine of her renewed respect for me and my witness of her passion to share my lot.

The night was chill and our room had no functioning heating unit. We were moved to another, but that too was without heat, so the management put us in a suite at no extra cost. There we stayed, ensconced and carefree for what was left of my time free.

Knowing how time affects recall, I had come to distrust my own when it came to the impressions of my mental flow—those images and symbols of associational tracery with their trailing flush of nuance forming feeling and mood. So, as was my wont with significant moments, I jotted down the evening's occurrence in scribbled outline on a piece of hotel stationery, intending at a later time to flesh it out. But before it could be done, the outline would end up as prosecution evidence, as it revealed a guilty and remorseful state of mind.

However, memory would serve me. Those moments were too pregnant to diminish. That mental flow would remain a frozen frieze of evocative symbol—the imagery captured, like the flit of a hummingbird in still-frame portraiture.

Monday came and she drove me to the airport for my flight to San Francisco. During the flight, I wondered if I could make the drive home without being pulled over and arrested. But it was idle wonder, a reflection made without fugitive dread. My fortune-cookie direction had freed me from all cops-and-robbers survival concern.

I stared out the window, taking in the expanse of the horizon and the vista of checker-crop terrain below, knowing such a sight would be my last. The view passed me to another: the bewildered view of one not seeing the configuration of my inner terrain, that cultivation of my consciousness, that yield from the ground of my experience. It was the

view of one not understanding my no-flight plan.

I likened such incomprehension to my reading of a newspaper account, some years back, of a man compelled by conscience to turn himself in for an unsolved murder of passion he committed twenty years previously.

I saw no sense to the surrender. The victim would not resurrect. It removed the repentant slayer from meeting the needs of his family and the needs of the victim's family (essential to atonement in his case). And his imprisonment would make him a financial liability to the state for many years to come. I even remembered the slight annoyance felt toward that poor soul over the irony of what he had done to himself. For if sensitivity of conscience compelled him to surrender, then he had activated the blind, indifferent process of an arbitrary prosecution system concerned with statistical average, whose aim was to confine him to an environment that extinguishes sensitivity of conscience. He was destined for the dehumanized, long-term company of men unformed by conscience or the civility of even elemental social intercourse. He was going to be sent to the land of Motherfucker, a place whose predominant sound is a meaningless intensive symbolizing the barbarism extant there.

I even considered retribution, knowing the convention of retributive justice was considered axiomatic to social order. But I also knew that you did not surrender yourself for retribution, you were caught for retribution. You surrendered yourself for expiation, the end of which is renewal. The end of retribution is punishment which, in its penal form, thwarts renewal. I believed, for one seeking expiation, justice could be served in the correction of reparation whose principal expression, in addition to restitution, is service to others. And this was more beneficial to society and the felon seeking expiation than the punishment of retributive justice. But few felons seek expiation. And how would the justice system make such discernment, even if inclined in a particular case to emphasize reparation over retribution?

It was all persuasive argument to flee. Yet I did not waver. I was obedient to the prompting of my truth and the guiding suggestion of the fortune cookie. I was fully surrendered to the wisdom of my Source who had a better overview than I.

At some point in the course of the flight, the plane would pass near Soledad. Many a time, out on the prison yard, I had looked up to see a distant jet heading north to San Francisco. In my muse I smiled wryly over an imagined exchange with one of the cons down on that yard:

Hey man, I hear you're doing fifty years. How'd they bust you?

Well, one evening, after dinner, the waiter brought a fortune cookie. In so many words, it suggested that, since I was thinking about it anyway, giving up would be a good idea. So here I am.

Uh, yeah, sure; see ya later.

The flight from L.A. had taken less than an hour; the drive back would take eight.

She was asleep when I let myself in with her key. Roused by my sitting on the bed, she gave me a sleepy kiss, and I lay beside her for the last time.

We awoke to Hardly, the cat, talking to us in her someone-get-up-and-fed-me insistency. A good time for everyone's breakfast.

It was springtime in February, the weather more beautiful than the day before. She wanted to spend an hour at a nearby park. We weren't thinking beyond the moment, deliberately focused in the savor of the now. It would end soon enough.

I had arrived on empty, so I told her I needed gas and would return in a few minutes. I never came back.

I was at the pay-cashier-first window, money in hand, when they swooped—ten of

them in stakeout disguise. My mind was preoccupied, far removed from the melodrama commencing. There were loud shouts behind me followed by feet running and then I felt a gun barrel to my temple. I thought I was being robbed and passed the money in hand to whomever held the gun. For a moment it was a disorienting tumult of menace, and fear was instinctive. I thought the robbers unstable, for it was broad daylight, a lot of people around, and they were coming on like wild men. How unlike my own quiet holdups in which shoppers were unaware, and the manager was first apprised of a gun by the instructions in a note before it was briefly displayed in my hip-holster. Then the word “arrest” was heard and I understood.

The event took not more than five seconds. Efficient and quick, although heavy-handed.

I was taken to the sheriff’s substation where I remained for seventy-two hours, incommunicado except for two teams of interrogating detectives. I had been through it all many times before.

While there, the reality of confinement descended on me gently and severely. Unlike the bedlam of a county jail, it was quiet all the time. I saw no one except for the trusty and jailer who brought my meals. Nothing to view, nothing to read, nothing to hear. Thus, undistracted, I went into my depths and met my anguish. And I saw my great need to stop such feeling in its germination. So began my mind’s regulation.

I was given at the most critical time the silence and solitude needed for fortitude. It was an atmosphere that conformed in large measure to the 18th century Quaker concept of how confinement should be to effect inner change.

During the first forty-eight hours I had no appetite, and there was constant, contracting

pain in the pit of my stomach. I had never before experienced such an intense physiological reaction to an arrest—an arrest that was free of the shock of unexpected uprootment. I suffered no stunned dismay when I realized they were police with guns drawn. There was no blur of street images during the handcuffed ride; no numbed stupor looking down at a cop rolling black fingerprint ink, while distantly hearing his yawned complaint to another about stale coffee left by the previous shift. The banality of that cop’s workday wasn’t precious in its freedom, making painful, audible imprint somewhere in the chaos of a mind still in the entrance of arrest’s dreadful finality. My arrest had none of that. It was arrest decided on, arrest waited for. Yet, expectation did not lessen the stomach contracting brought on by the reality. Contracting that could only be the grip of my attachment to her tightening as I entered the consequence of a separation for which no armchair anticipation could prepare me. The shutting clang of my holding cell’s steel door signaled the beginning round in my struggle to adjust to a separation that was now upon me.

The knotting pain subsided only when I kept myself in the present moment of that ongoing awareness mystics call “practicing the presence of God.” I could dwell neither in the regret of what might have been had I not smoked crack, nor could I let the desolate vista of the coming prison life loom before me. It was bio-feedback, pure and essential. I could go neither backward nor forward in my mind. The only pain-free time corridor was the present. And to walk that corridor, I had to remain connected to that greater Awareness taking me in. A habit that once made me live for the moment gave way to a Presence enabling me to live in the moment.



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