

**CLIMBING THE ROPE TO GOD:  
Visionary Testimony and Teaching  
Volume 8**

Record of the Sacred Ecstatics Guild 2023-2024 Season

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## ***Introduction***

In May 2023, just after the close of our last Guild season, Brad dreamed of making a new kind of musical track that would re-awaken the original spirit of the “shamanic journey” as an ecstatic, rhythm-fueled flight into what philosopher and Islamic scholar, Henry Corbin, called the *mundus imaginalis*. This in-between realm, known to the ancient Sufi mystics as “the eighth climate,” is not accessed by guided imagery or daydreamed fantasy but through concentrated ecstatic spiritual practice that, over time and with great discipline, profoundly rewires the traveler. Entrance to the *mundus imaginalis* is accomplished by cooked and seasoned Sufi mystics who, by means of *dhikr* and *sama'*, awaken the creative power of the mystical heart (*himmah*), the source of non-ordinary spiritual experience.<sup>i</sup> When this highly charged sacred emotion becomes strong enough, it can foster entrance into the hyper-real imaginal realm.

That is exactly what happened to Brad in June 2023 when Muhyiddin Ibn 'Arabi, the Sufi mystic and saint of Sacred Ecstasies, appeared to Brad in our home as a ten-foot-tall giant. As we later report, Brad felt a strong swell of fiery emotion in his heart that burst forth as the Great Sheikh himself. This experience, combined with our renewed interest in the writings of Henry Corbin, inspired us to dive into as much Sufi material as we could. That included re-reading the teachings of Ibn 'Arabi that Brad had studied decades ago after his first spiritual awakening in the Missouri chapel at age 19. Back then, Brad discovered that Ibn 'Arabi's own encounter with the Light as a young man was most like his. For this reason Muhyiddin has always been a Sacred Ecstasies saint, but now he had come alive in the Spirit House of New Orleans.

During our immersion in Sufi teachings we discovered the recent Turkish television series, *Yunus Emre: Journey of Love*. We instantly remembered that several years prior, Brad had dreamed of Yunus Emre, the Turkish landscape of Cappadocia, and a voice that said: “Go further east.”<sup>ii</sup> At the time we were puzzled by that enigmatic instruction, and the flood of visionary dreams coming down had allowed for only brief research into Yunus Emre, the most cherished poet of Turkey. We decided to watch the television series and found that it is one of the most stirring and profoundly spiritual portrayals of the Sufi climb to the Light. The series deeply moved Muslim and non-Muslim audiences alike all around the world, and we encouraged everyone in the Guild to watch all forty-five episodes over the summer. The series provides an equally moving portrayal of Yunus Emre's teacher, Sheikh Tapduk Emre, who quickly became a primary inspiration for the Guild.

The arrival of Ibn 'Arabi and the return of Yunus Emre made clear that we were now ready to follow the visionary instruction received years ago. It was time for the Guild to “go further east.”

Our season began in October 2024 with this direction, which also became our primary prayer line, *dhikr*, and pointing theme. Our first prescription, based on one of Brad's visions, was to go to

bed each night with the prayer, “I’m going further east,” while eating a mystical strawberry. Thus the strawberry became a sacred symbol for the season.

During our January N/omastery Month, we soaked in the teachings of Ibn ‘Arabi’s *Journey to the Lord of Power*, originally penned as a letter to his friend, a Sufi mystic about to embark on “retreat” or extended solitary prayer fast. The manuscript was brought to life via musical tracks created by Brad and his Steinway piano. That month culminated in something we had never done before in Sacred Ecstatics—a collective day-long prayer fast. Inspired by the Sufi practice of retreating to the “Secret Room,” Guild members took a vow to spend all day in prayer and ecstatic sound movement. Fasting from food and avoiding all distraction and outside social contact, we posted a series of videos and ecstatic audio tracks online every hour, on the hour from morning until night. Though we were physically separate and scattered around the globe, we prayed, soaked, and moved in concert with one another. Many people reported that this experience was a turning point in their spiritual lives, a deeply moving encounter with the numinous.

We also felt that the Secret Room retreat, made possible by several months of building a context to host that experience, marked yet another evolution in Sacred Ecstatics. The forty-five episode saga of Yunus Emre’s climb through the Sufi stages of spiritual development<sup>iii</sup> underscored that the degree of sacred ecstatic communion with God is in direct proportion to the degree we drop the yoke of self. Although we’ve always emphasized this teaching, this time it was delivered in a new and more concentrated way by Sheikh Tapduk Emre, Yunus Emre, and Ibn ‘Arabi, saints the Guild had grown to love and revere during our journey “further east.”

What follows is a record of the visionary dreams, teachings, and mystical prescriptions from this season in the order they were received and shared. We also included full scripts from our weekly Spirit House Meetings that were streamed live online every Saturday. As a result, some visionary reports appear twice in this manuscript—once when the vision first came down and again in the Spirit House Meeting script when we later reported it to the Guild.

As the title of this document shows, this is the eighth volume in our series, *Climbing the Rope to God: Mystical Testimony and Teaching*. The first was published in 2017. Beginning with the third volume in 2021, these books of visionary dream reports evolved into accounts of entire Guild seasons, complete with mystical prescriptions and excerpts from our online interactions. These archives are made available to Guild members in our online Mystical Library and serve as a source of learning and inspiration as Sacred Ecstatics grows and evolves.

In spring at the close of each Guild year we and other Guild members always say, “I can’t imagine my life without this season.” We continue to be astounded at God’s generous downpouring of numinous gifts year after year that guide and inspire our climb up the spiritual ladder—our journey to love. We give thanks every day for the opportunity to serve as imperfect yet dedicated custodians of this wisdom from on high.

Without further ado, it's time to go further east.

The Keeneys  
Summer 2024



## ***The Puzzle of Rectangles Leads to the Sacred Ecstatics ODDyssey***

The 2022-2023 Sacred Ecstatics Guild season began with a license to produce numinous mezcal—a new metaphor for pure concentrated spirit. We ventured through the steps of transforming agave from initial preparation to fermentation and distillation. The resulting libation brought liberation from former reality constriction with a celebration of awakening the ecstatic vibration. Our season's finale brought a breakthrough vision of artist Piet Mondrian teaching us more about the experiential dynamics underlying creation. This was less an explanatory lecture and more a multi-sensory experience that involved the relations of audition and vision with movement in the middle, an expressive trinity arranged like a sandwich. To ecstatically see visual art, or to hear music, you must move in a manner that is aligned with the rhythms that created the aesthetic work. To see, move with the painting. To hear, move with the music. Not any movement works; you must catch the feeling that inspired both sound and image. We learned that Mondrian's art was inseparable from jazz, especially the genres that hold irregular, changing beats like bebop.

Mondrian's lines and rectangles (which look different when viewed while moving to jazz music) followed our receiving mystery gifts associated with Osumi Sensei. These arrived as rectangular boxes and a rectangular puzzle. They subsequently returned as six to nine changing rectangles under Mondrian's supervision. The next day Brad's music changed. Before Mondrian, Brad categorized his ecstatic audio tracks under six categories: improvisational, melodic, hybrid (of melody and improv), rhythm ticklers, gospel songs, and talkies (music accompanied by improvised talks). After Mondrian, the categories began to intermingle more in each recording. This was not surprising because in the dream Mondrian kept changing the position and composition of the rectangles which he fit together on a wall. Later we found that he was constantly changing cardboard rectangles and paintings on his apartment wall. He literally lived inside a Mondrian work of art—the changing juxtapositions of his changing forms, doing so while listening to phonograph records of jazz. In the dream these visual changes were also accompanied by musical changes that reminded Brad of the music recordings he had made throughout the year.

Several days later, the Mondrian dream spawned other visions that made clear that the rectangular boxes were indeed like files holding the different kinds of musical improvisations. They also pointed to the various lineages of Sacred Ecstatics, including the Japanese seiki jutsu tradition, the Kalahari Bushman n/om-kxaosi, and the Caribbean shakers. Whether it was the musical form, spiritual lineage, or geometric form, all dimensions were changing their whole forms, relations with the other traditions, and their internal compositions.

The ecstatic music tracks (called “mezcal shots” during the previous season) began under the influence of Osumi Sensei. She had been present throughout the season as a guide and bearer of spiritual gifts. This resulted in Brad performing the music as if he was sitting on her seiki bench. The

music was seiki music, though sometimes hints of other lineages came through. More recently in May 2023, Brad was directed to play as if he were in the Kalahari. The next day he recorded many ecstatic tracks that were radically different than what previously had come from the seiki bench. We laughed and shouted, “Ecstatic shamanism is back!”

We previously had written a blog essay and academic paper differentiating *ecstatic* shamanism from contemporary New Age “neo-shamanism” by highlighting the former’s energizing, non-monotonous rhythms. Our past research had found that the monotonous rhythm of contemporary shamans was interfering with, rather than opening, shamanic experience. The neo-shamanic movement of the 20<sup>th</sup> century essentially had built a sonic wall that blocks mystical connection from coming through. It results in a trance-like state more suitable for familiar daydreaming.

While there is nothing wrong with trance-induced guided imagery, it is not the quaking dance nor the heightened emotion sought by ecstatic shamans. The evocation of sacred ecstasy requires irregular rhythms and benefits from improvised sounds, both melodic and cacophonous. Now the ecstasies of spirit-traveling have come back again more ready to fly, after Mondrian served as a midwife to its aesthetic rebirth. Another form for Sacred Ecstasies had arrived—traveling on ecstatic tracks that are polyrhythmically hot, multi-tonally embellished, and never monotonous.

On one night, Brad dreamed we brought this breakthrough to our Guild members. We offered them a new kind of visionary adventure driven by these newly arrived ecstatic sonic tracks. In the dream we first demonstrated how it worked with Severin, a Guild member whom the dream showed to have a special anointment for Sacred Ecstasies. The experience was so strong that Brad tried it the next day for himself. His whole body started shaking like he was in a Kalahari ecstatic encounter. In that moment we realized that full-shaking song-and-dance spiritual traveling was back with an ecstatic boost from our new audio track. Rather than a conventional shamanic journey, we humorously mused that we were the innovators of a shamanic ODDyssey.

The convergence of last Guild season’s visionary fireworks also included E.E. Cummings and his call for the *startle* that awakens eccentric love as an alternative to egocentric love. The irregular rhythms of an ecstatic shaman are the sound startles and irregular dance movements performed by Mondrian that help throw a person out of an egocentric small room into the wild and wonderful spirit lands. When startling sound and startling movement are aligned, eccentric love—the concentrated spirit of extreme sacred emotion—is readily felt.

This is sacred ecstasy, found in the pinnacle climb of every authentic spiritual ODDyssey. It goes past popular convention regarding mind, body, and soul—bringing a numinous dart that pierces the heart to create the kind of art that serves a numinous sandwich of sound and sight with movement in the middle. The red antlers are glowing, Mondrian is dancing, Thelonious Monk is at the piano, and the Kalahari fire is burning bright enough to see that all the lineage lines, boxes, and changing

are inside and out. Ecstatic shamanism is back with the higher soundtracks that set your soul on fire.

### *Dezsoe's Dreams*

Dezsoe dreamed that Brad tickled him in Morten's presence and told him we were coming to Budapest. The next night he reported another dream:

Dearest Brother,

Thank you so much for sending me that audio recording! This morning I dreamt again that I was with you and Morten (this made me very happy!)

Morten was showing me fish fillets in your presence and then he pronounced the name of the last one, that seemed to be very fresh and special. He said the words: "tulle fillet" or "toule filet" and pronounced it with a French accent.

Immediately after that I woke up, Googled the words and found that in English "tulle and filet" refers to a specific kind of "net fabric." It seems that Morten and you both offered me some fish, and the dream also seemed to indicate the "net fabric" that helps to catch fish. All this pointed to a bigger fabric as well: the Sacred Ecstatics Guild community that shares and multiplies the fish that are caught.

I spun the saints' wheel and found the Zulu sangoma women and Geoffrey Beene the fashion designer, to be with me today! Something radiated inside of me all day, and I felt gratitude that I was granted just another moment in your dear presence!

Thank you with tears and love,  
Dezsoe

Brad responded:

Hillary and I are thrilled to receive this visionary news. Hillary remarked how wonderful it is that you landed on Geoffrey Beene's name after your vision. Of all the saints, he's most likely to be familiar with tulle and filet. Perhaps he's designing dresses for all the fish-catching sangoma women on the other side. Let us celebrate forever being caught in God's mystery net together.

Love,  
Brad

### ***Meeting Shari at the Garden***

Brad dreamed we visited Shari, a longtime Guild member:

I asked Shari for an herbal medicine. She looked surprised. We then took her outside and pointed to her garden. "See, you grew all these herbs." I did not realize we were looking into the future and that Shari had moved away from Utah, her former home. We were in another First Creation dimension that could be found in any physical location. Thinking we were in the present, I added, "The plants are now grown and ready to be harvested and turned into a medicinal powder. That's what we are asking for—the herbal medicine you are ready to serve." It felt like Shari had become an herbalist with a garden, but it seemed confusing as if this was all a metaphor with a hidden meaning. I woke up and pondered whether the dream was literal, metaphorical, medicinal, spiritual, or all of that and more.

A second dream followed. In this dream Shari was in New Orleans in the Spirit House. Here we discussed how the task that Shari had recently undertaken—organizing an index of the Sacred Ecstatics saints—is like harvesting a garden. Identifying key saints, secondary characters, main metaphors, and the like is analogous to harvesting a garden of dreams and making herbal medicines, powders ready for administering to others.

In the second dream we turned to each other after Shari left and said, "Maybe the dream is also for us. We should be asking what garden to grow so we have more medicine to serve later. It's not about the physical location; it's all about the garden grown in First Creation. Is it a garden of wonderful cases, another little book, a collection of odyssey tracks, or something else?" As I remembered this, these words arrived, "By the way, the Sister Gertrude collection was from the Garden of Eden and this book is a medicine to sweeten lives."

### ***Mundus Imaginalis, the "Eighth Climate," and the Arrival of the Bowl of Strawberries***

The previous vision of showing the Guild a new kind of ecstatic audio recording (see "The Puzzle of Rectangles") brought a more highly charged version of spiritual traveling to Sacred Ecstatics. After that dream we had long conversations on how bona fide "journeying" is more than a daydreamed fantasy like that taught in New Age workshops. It requires two critical dynamics: (1) the right kind

of changing tones and beats that evoke ecstatic sound movement, and (2) the construction of a big room by a conductor with the skill of RFA (recursive frame analysis). Both dynamics are missing from New Age shamanism. The double mishap of contemporary shamanic journeys is that their guided imagery takes place inside the same predictable fantasy room that is pre-established before the drum starts beating.<sup>iv</sup> As important, it lacks the ecstatic, non-monotonous sound and movement that enable spiritual transportation and creative transformation.

We now celebrate how the combination of our ecstatic sound movement recordings and freshly invented room construction inspired by our dreams invites supercharged spiritual traveling for Sacred Ecstatics. To distinguish our kind of ecstatic transport to an alternative reality, we came up with the term “*odyssey*” to replace “*journey*,” reflecting our way of teasing people to be “odd for God” rather than “at odds with God.” We know that authentic spiritual travel involves a different kind of imagination that evokes emotion and sensory excitation. We thought of the term “creative imagination” used by William Blake—it is a higher imagination than conventional daydreaming.

We researched the use of “creative imagination” in mystical literature and this led us to rediscovering the academic work of Henry Corbin, the scholar of Sufi mysticism. We were surprised to notice how he went out of his way to distinguish “spiritual imagination” from the merely imagined or fantasized. He came up with the term, “*mundus imaginalis*” to depict a “middle world” suspended between the spirit and material worlds. In this space, reality is more Real than real—it is where mystics venture to feel closer to mystery. We immediately felt we had a new name for what we had been calling “the middle wobble.”<sup>v</sup> We aim for the *mundus imaginalis*, the middle wobble between First and Second Creation or ineffable heaven and effable earth. The rebirth of the mystic’s spiritual traveling has thus arrived with an “*odyssey*” to the *mundus imaginalis*, an adventure requiring the transportation of ecstatic sound movement and the reality construction of numinously guided RFA.

The following is a visionary report, presented as an *odyssey* into the *mundus imaginalis*, followed by our commentary:

Hillary and I are with the Guild at my childhood home in Smithville, Missouri. We have all arrived and before we are settled in, an entourage of vans and limousines pulls up to the house. An official informs us that the President of the United States, along with the Vice President, all cabinet members, and other important world leaders are coming to have dinner with us. My Mother immediately springs into action and says, “Let me see what I have to cook tonight.” The official responds, “We brought our own chefs and staff. Please sit and enjoy the evening. It will be a night each of you will never forget.”

We all sit down on the front porch and watch the visitors arrive. Then the main chef dressed in white brings over a tray filled with bowls of strawberries. Each of us receives the freshest and reddest strawberries I ever saw. I take a bite and cannot believe how sweet and delicious it tastes. Then something starts to happen as we all hear a voice from the sky announce, "Eat a strawberry so something wonderfully mystical will happen."

Do it now. Close your eyes and eat a strawberry. Let it take you on an adventure. Listen to the ecstatic sounds carry you to the other side where First Creation opens its door. [Music is played]

Feel a whirling wind lift you up and carry you to a destination unknown. All you see is a changing blend of colors. Feel the movement, and now allow any form to appear and dissolve again. Surrender to the mystical movement with no physical interference, no mental interference, no interference of any kind. Everything is natural and unfolding without effort. That's right. We are nearly there. Soon we will land.

We are approaching the chapel in Missouri where Brad had his first vision. He saw and felt the white light and love of God. All the mysteries and miracles that came after began while sitting on that church pew near the altar. Let's now enter its holy space. Sit down on the pew where he sat. In front of you is a book of prayer and hymns. Reach for it and open it. Look, Brad left a note for you, almost fifty years ago. It's a message that has been waiting for you all this time. It's time to read the note. What does it say?

Read it three times. Let the words sink in. Feel them. Soak in the message as musical tones help Brad's words take root inside you.

It's time to hear what each of you read. Consider this another way of sharing holy bread. As you share your finding from this mystery adventure, we will not yet return from the other side. There is still more cooking that begins after our brief pause for looking. And so it is, this means of traveling to the changing locales of First Creation.

### *Commentary on **O**ddyseys to the *Mundus Imaginalis**

When we venture to First Creation while awake, it involves the creative imagination. However, by "imagination" we mean more than a simple daydream. The latter is reverie or fantasy less numinously potent than entrance to the spirit lands where mystics explore. The scholar of Islamic mysticism, Henry Corbin, refers to this mystical realm as the *mundus imaginalis*, or imaginal world.

He distinguishes between “the imaginary,” which in everyday language connotes something *unreal* or fantasized, versus the imaginal realm beyond, accessed by “spiritual imagination.”<sup>vi</sup>

The *mundus imaginalis* is referred to by the 12<sup>th</sup> century Persian mystic, Sohrawardi, as *Na-koja-Abad*, the land of No-where. Yet it is both nowhere and everywhere at the same time. It is beyond our worldly concept of *place*, and yet the word *abad* means city, country, or land. The *mundus imaginalis* operates in a “mediatory” position between spiritual reality and physical reality. This is what we have formally called the “middle wobble,” the realm of pure flux and changing forms that the Kalahari n/om-kxaosi know as First Creation. Corbin writes:

It is certainly a world that remains beyond the empirical verification of our sciences. Otherwise, anyone could find access to it and evidence for it. It is a suprasensory world, insofar as it is not perceptible except by the imaginative perception, and insofar as the events that occur in it cannot be experienced except by the imaginative or imaginant consciousness. Let us be certain that we understand, here again, that this is not a matter simply of what the language of our time calls an imagination, but of a vision that is *Imaginatio vera*. . . For the world into which our witnesses have penetrated—is a perfectly real world, more evident even and more coherent, in its own reality, than the real empirical world perceived by the senses.<sup>vii</sup>

Islamic theosophers also refer to the *mundus imaginalis* or *Na-koja-Abad* as the “eighth climate.” As a “Spiritual City,” we posit that this realm beyond overlaps with New Jerusalem as it was evoked and related to by Sister Gertrude Morgan. Such a comparison makes sense from inside the dynamics of mystical imagination, though it would likely be challenged by a literal reading of scriptural doctrine. But literal interpretation has no place when it comes to awakening the dynamics of spiritual imagination. We are only interested in defining the *mundus imaginalis* insofar as it adds another metaphor to our Sacred Ecstasies metaphor line, thereby creating more wiggle and wobble in our relationship to all names for the big room.

In the depths of dream we are absent of language—there is only a fountain of emotion. In between the primordial flux and conscious thought is a dynamic middle where both spirit and mind mingle. Here the quality of the presumed recollection is determined by the baggage taken on the journey. Entry into dream with the psychological stuff of daily life casts its filter and reconstruction on the story told afterward. But when made clean of self, psyche, and psychology, the empty traveler is more likely to bring back something more mysterious than psychological material. Here we find the mystic, shaman, and healer are each an empty vessel ready to catch a mystery epistle.

In the entry to the middle is felt a whirl where no distinction can steadily hold. When you lose yourself, another world appears that is both similar to and unlike wherever you were before. Upon re-entering the middle, before you are fully awake, the emotion-fed dream inspires a reconstruction, another order of dream that is the dream told and shared for others to behold. Whatever was dreamed or found on the other side, however unconsciously deep, is unable to speak there or now. All that comes back after the reverse middle passage is the interaction of what went in at the start with what it met in the numinous. For the empty, the sacred emotion comes back and is conveyed in everything said. The tone, beat, and heat match the treasure found on the other side. If the vessel was full of self all that comes back is the inflated or deflated self with the qualities of expression mirroring that continuity.

The work of a mystic is becoming empty and entering the *mundus imaginalis*. Then the tones, beats, and heat shared when meeting others provide a breeze of the holy wind and a ray of the heavenly sunshine. Catching the treasure of spiritual reality is carried out in the middle. It is an art that requires an empty canvas on which the Creator can draw its strokes.

Being empty is only part of the art of catching a dart, the concentration of sacred emotion that can pierce the heart and set the soul on fire. In the middle, emptiness is filled with emotion that must be converted to an expressible form that is sensible (accessible to the senses) to material reality. The poet, dancer, musician, painter, sculptor, chef, and human being must develop the chops that enable transforming the emotion caught. This must be reenacted every time there is a new presentation of the bounty received from the other side. Clear away interference and recreate a form that conveys what otherwise would remain unseen, unheard, and unfelt.

The artist creates and performs art not for its critics. The reception of art divinely inspired requires empty ears, eyes, and skin. Familiar forms and automatic habits of cognition are dismissed in favor of empty readiness to catch the newly born. Yet this too is not enough to be a less full listener or observer. The art of art's reception is itself an art requiring nothing less than internally recreating the tones, rhythms, colors, inspired by the same muse. When the art within and the art outside are aligned, art is co-created and co-received. Similarly when the dynamic of Creation are recreated within, there is only the middle *mundus imaginalis*. There a world is created where its recreation forever remains as vital as original creation.

All healing and spiritual transformation, including development, sanctification, and incarnation, are the same: inner and outer surrendering to the middle passage. On the bridge, sea and sky meet. In the middle there is no riddle in need of finding a solution. In the higher climate, why not call it the eighth, is set favorable conditions or mysterious changing.

While sitting by a lake, Henry Corbin wrote these words, known as "Theology by the Lakeside." Listen as you, too, sit by that lake with ears waiting to be reborn and second eyes waiting to open:



It will soon be dusk, but for now the clouds are still clear, the pines are not yet darkened, for the lake brightens them into transparency. And everything is green with a green that would be richer than if pulling all the organ stops in recital. It must be heard seated, very close to the Earth, arms crossed, eyes closed, pretending to sleep.

For it is not necessary to strut about like a conqueror and want to give a name to things, to everything; it is they who will tell you who they are, if you listen, yielding like a lover; for suddenly for you, in the untroubled peace of this forest of the North, the Earth has come to Thou, visible as an Angel that would perhaps be a woman, and in this apparition, this greatly green and thronging solitude, yes, the Angel too is robed in green, the green of dusk, of silence and of truth. Then there is within you all the sweetness present in surrender to an embrace that triumphs over you.

Earth, Angel, Woman, all of this is one thing that I adore and that is present in this forest. Dusk on the lake: my Annunciation. The mountain: a line. Listen! Something is happening! The anticipation is immense, the air is quivering under a fine and barely visible rain; the houses that stretch out along the ground, their wood red and rustic, their roofs of thatch, are there, there on the other side of the lake.

Something will begin this evening, something promised, in that I believe. Ah! This evening? When, then, this evening? If it were truly in a few hours, it would never be, because it would have to end, and then, begin again, and so would always end and never begin. Do you know what it means to wait, and do you know what it means to have faith?

The Mystery of Holy Communion where you will be ushered in, where all the beings will be present - yes, you can only say it in the future. Because at each moment where you read in truth as now what is there before you, where you hear the Angel, and the Earth and Woman, then you receive Everything, Everything, in your absolute poverty. But as soon as you have read and have received, as soon as you consider, as you want to understand, as you want to possess, to give a name and restrain, to explain and recover, ah! then there is only a cipher, and your judgment is pronounced. . . So you die, when your existence is decided and realized, for then it is over: what was is not . . . You must be encountered, taken, known, that they may speak, otherwise you are alone . . .

As you return to where our journey began, let's not forget that bowl of strawberries. Close your eyes and envision them in front of you. Go ahead and smell their sweet fragrance. Now take a bite of another one and imagine that it will mysteriously work on your heart and soul in ways that your

mind can neither discern nor comprehend. Every night this month, make sure that you eat one strawberry before you fall asleep at night. Your bowl has enough berries for the month. They are held for you in the field of the mundus imaginalis. Nothing tastes better than homegrown fruit from the realm of beautiful mystery.

***The Universe Becomes Unglued, Making Prayer Primary, The Mundus Mudra***

Brad dreamed he was shown the universe as it exists absent of any recognizable forms imposed by the mind:

It was as if all objects and patterns became unglued, along with all descriptions of a verbally and cognitively conceived world. I thought to myself, “The universe is becoming unglued.” I wondered whether this was how madness might appear, and at the same time I wondered if this was a holy dream familiar to mystics of old. Unsure how to name or frame the experience, I turned to prayer to concentrate all my attention on its words, tones, and rhythms. Prayer rescued me from the plunge into chaos and the fear and panic that come with it. As some would say, “I was saved by prayer.”

Now awake, I wondered what could be learned from the vision. Specifically, whether I should not have felt any fear when I reached for prayer as a lifeline to pull me back to the familiar shore of reality. I then fell asleep and had another dream. The universe became unglued as before, but this time I was guided to celebrate the experience—to envision the chaotic sight as an explosion similar to a firework show during a joyful festival. I concentrated on the same prayer as before, but this time used it as a means of expressing my jubilation. Soon I realized that the prayer had become primary and the spectacle of an exploding universe secondary, more an accompaniment to the prayer. In the first vision, prayer remained secondary to my fear of losing touch with reality, though I thought it was primary. Prayer was an intervention or rescue from the main event—the ungluing of the universe. The difference between the two dreams is what held the teaching, and it took two visionary experiences to catch it.

Prayer is primary only if it is a strong, unwavering vehicle of jubilation, a joyful noise expressed for no reason other than as a natural response to extreme elation. On the other hand, prayer is secondary if it is used as a rescue emergency phone call, a make-a-wish service, a daily chore, an obedient response to a commandment, a mindless and heartless habit, a merit badge deed, a ritual without passion that fails to get the mystical wheel turning. Once prayer becomes primary, everything

else recedes into in the background—life, death, wellness, sickness, wealth, poverty, ignorance, wisdom, and the like. They are not separate from prayer but are recast as a firework show that is part of a grand celebration. This is the difference that prayer can make when it occupies and defines the whole space, place, entire reality, and universe, rather than only serving as a tool for escaping fear and returning the mind to familiar territory.

When I woke up from this vision, I sang without words. The sounds were akin to Islamic chanting and involved constant improvisations fueled by love for the divine. I went to sleep riding this sound. Then, in another dream I received a gift. There was no metaphor, storyline, or teaching in this dream. The gift was directly granted with no ambiguity about its purpose and no need to describe or explain it to anyone. Without a doubt, a gift was given, but anything now said about this gift risks stripping away the opportunity to primarily feel its mystery.

If I say I was struck by lightning, you might imagine a bolt from the sky. But the gift was holier than such a depiction. If I describe it as a song or prayer, these words will not convey the electricity I received. If I say the gift was too complex to describe, I would be failing to share how simply and directly it was conveyed. I am unable to say more, or less, but I still feel the gift within. Perhaps it is better for all of us to experience this gift unglued from descriptions, frames, and forms imposed by the mind.

I do remember this—I woke up from the dream saying a prayer with my left hand performing spontaneous mudras (gestures associated with the pure, unimpeded flow of kundalini). I was told that “this is all the ecstatic sound movement that is needed to feel close to God—a hand mudra with a strongly felt prayer.” I went deeper into this experience and began to hear the music of spheres as waves of divine love pulsed over my chest. I was then told, “All you need is this kind of praying. The highest prayer is the strongest ecstatic sound movement, and the strongest ecstatic sound movement is prayer.”

Let’s aim to pray in celebration of prayer as the primary experience of all creation. The next time you feel fear or despair and reach for prayer, quickly shift from using it to simply return you to safety, gluing the status quo world back together again. Instead, go farther. Make your prayer a celebration of everything, including the gluing and ungluing of creation. Do more than concentrate on prayer. Make it the center stage, the primary action, and the whole big room of extreme love and joy that encircles all.

The next night, Brad had another dream:

I was sent back to the locale where the gift had been given before. Hillary and I were in the Kalahari with the Bushmen. In the dream I remembered how the gift came from the Bushmen and pointed to their way of spiritual cooking. I also remembered how surprised and delighted we were in the previous dream to find that saturation in the wisdom of the great Sufi mystics leads to the same source and force that fuels the n/om-kxaosi's rope climb. The kind of praying that becomes song and dance or the singing and dancing that become a prayer-ladder to the sky together open the passage to the mundus imaginalis, the place of no-place where God and human beings meet to share the spiritual heat.

Later we found this passage by Henry Corbin<sup>viii</sup>:

For prayer is not a request for something: it is the expression of a mode of being, a means of existing and of causing to exist, that is, a means of causing the God who reveals Himself to appear, of "seeing" Him, not to be sure in His essence, but in the form which precisely He reveals by revealing Himself by and to that form. This view of Prayer takes the ground from under the feet of those who, utterly ignorant of the nature of the theophanic Imagination as Creation, argue that a God who is the "creation" of our Imagination can only be "unreal" and that there can be no purpose in praying to such a God. For it is precisely because He is a creation of the imagination that we pray to him, and that He exists. Prayer is the highest form, the supreme act of the Creative Imagination. By virtue of the sharing of roles, the divine Compassion, as theophany and existentionation of the universe of beings, is the Prayer if God aspiring to issue forth from His unknownness and to be known, whereas the Prayer if man accomplishes this theophany because in it and through it the "Form of God" (surat al-Haqq) becomes visible to the heart, to the Active Imagination which projects before it, in its Qjbla, the image, whose receptacle, (epiphanic form, mazhar) is the worshiper's being in the measure of its capacity. God prays for us (ywalli 'alayna), which means that He epiphanizes himself insofar as He is the God whom and for whom we pray (that is, the God who epiphanizes Himself for us and by us). We do not pray to the Divine Essence in its hiddenness; each faithful ('abd) prays to his Lord (Rabb), the Lord who is in the form of his faith.<sup>ix</sup>

### ***Introducing the Prayer Cake***

We were given instruction by the saints on how to make a three-layered “prayer cake.” This is a three-track audio recording of layered prayers whose sounds overlap to create a special call and response to divine mystery. Its mysterious sound combinations both attract and mirror the numinous vibration and its changing overtones.

At the foundation is found the three, three-word prayer lines from Hillary’s *The Pinnacle Prayer Book*. We were directed to record these prayers, repeating them as often as desired and in any order for several minutes. The purpose was to avoid following a monotonous beat to be free of rhythmic entrainment. Space was left between the prayer lines to provide room for other sounds and prayers from additional tracks that would be added later. Here are the three triplets of the first layer of the prayer cake:

“I need Thee  
“Do it, Lord”  
“Just Be Nice”

The second layer of the prayer cake was a second track that interspersed the two-word prayer, “Yes, Lord,” formerly granted to us by one of our saints, Bishop Charles Mason. Finally, the third layer of the cake was a recitation of “The Lord’s Prayer.” It, too, was to have a loop-like cluster of tones with continuously improvised embellishments. This prayer could also be any other classic prayer from our vetted archive of prayers found through the world across different religions and cultures.

After being led to the world of Sufism and the mundus imaginalis, we were reminded of a past visionary teaching from Reverend W. A. Wigram who suggested we study Syriac sacral music.<sup>x</sup> Syriac sacral singing, like some forms of Sufi prayer (and Arabic music in general), is based on a musical form known as *maqam*. Though our three-layer prayer cake does not strictly follow this musical form, it is inspired by the technique of vocal improvisation that is not bound to a predictable rhythm or melody. After entering the Eighth Climate, our way of praying was finally catching up to this new frontier. We had finally gone “further east,” another directive we received years ago,<sup>xi</sup> and this resulted in the three-layer prayer cake.

### ***Initiated and Taught by the Light***

In a dream, Brad saw himself back in New York City where he had been Director of Research for the Ackerman Institute for Family Therapy in the early 1980s. When he first began, Brad never showed his clinical work and was only seen as a theoretician. But in the dream he was giving a

clinical demonstration to the entire teaching faculty. Surprised by his clinical acumen and intervention skills, the elder therapists wanted to know how he came up with what he said in the session. In particular, Peggy Papp, an internationally renowned a pioneer of the field, enthusiastically celebrated what took place just as she later did in real life whenever she watched our work.

At the end of this visionary visit to his past occupation, it was made clear that Brad's ability to know what to say to others seeking help was made possible by his original mystical vision at age 19. He met a luminous figure in that first direct encounter with divine mystery. It involved an unexplainable transmission that resulted in a pipeline to an ineffable source that has since guided his intuition and led every conversation that relies on higher direction.

Subsequent visionary dreams placed Brad in contact with people from both the past and present whose lives resonated with Brad's mystical orientation. For example, years after his initial illumination at age 19, Brad was led to the famous Muslim mystic, Ibn 'Arabi (1165-1240). 'Arabi also received a direct transmission from envisioned figures of holy light whose mystical identities matched Brad's meetings with saints and prophets from the other side.

Brad also dreamed of Henry Corbin's work, a masterful interpreter of 'Arabi. He points to two paths of spiritual education that concern mystical light. One path is rare and involves meeting the light with no human intermediary. This life-changing experience is often followed up by meeting other living teachers whose learning was also born of the light. This was Brad's path.

The other way of mystical education begins with a teacher who belongs to a lineage traceable to someone else initiated by light. The dosage of light varies for these teachers, commensurate with the mission they are anointed to fulfill. Not every spiritual role is the same, though all are equally important. Likewise, not every dose of light is the same, though all doses are equally important because they fit the requirements of a particular anointment.

Having learned about Henry Corbin's life and read his books, it seems he received enough light to be able to effectively write about light-guided mystics. Corbin's inner light is what gave him the ability to discern a trickster fantasy from a holy higher reality. However, he did not receive a dosage of light comparable to the mystics he wrote about. Otherwise, his writing would have hosted more testimonial recitals and poetic downloads. That, and he would have been a transmitter of the light rather than a scholar of others' transmissions. This is as the Creator intended it—Corbin's anointed mission was to highlight the importance of the luminous mystics of which he spoke and provide context and commentary on their work. This helped differentiate those historic figures from the fundamentalists of Muslim, Jewish, and Christian religions who perverted nuanced wisdom with over-simplification and misrepresentation. In making the light of 'Arabi and others like him more readily felt and thoughtfully expressed, Corbin helped bring attention to the light held inside Islam,

Judaism, Christianity, and other religions, and brought them together again as part of the same quest.

Without light, scholarship easily becomes little more than what Reverend Joseph Hart called “dry doctrine,” a boring, pedantic, legalistic argument rather than an aesthetically clarifying or ecstatically engaging conveyance of the luminous. And as for the popular, non-illuminated discourse and vernacular tossed around outside scholasticism, it quickly degenerates into either trivial morality, sappy simplicity, or fantastical claims made by those hungry for fortune and fame.

Teachers reborn in the light share this in common: before they speak or write they warn their audience that the beholder must be clean and made ready to see, hear, feel, smell, and taste the holy meal about to be served. Interference and misconception arise from those untouched by the light and those not sufficiently humbled to feel the need for constant acts of purification. This especially applies to those locked in an “agnostic reflex” (Corbin’s term), anyone seduced to reduce religion to an unchanging outlook, or those carelessly making claims to light ownership that is not confirmed by indisputable light bearers. Without the smell test of an anointed teacher, all naming is suspect of not radiating the sacred.

In conclusion, every human being is born to receive the mantle of some role in the grand scheme of holy affairs. The degree of luminous transmission follows the need of the unique mission of a divinely chosen anointment. Too much light would hinder some forms of holy work. Do not let personal will or preference interfere with the role, mission, dosage of light, or degree of spiritual cooking you experience or receive. Let everything be God’s will, and be open to receiving whatever is given.

### ***We Will “Luckify” You***

In a dream Brad was holding a framed picture in our living room. He then heard a voice announce, “We will ‘luckify’ you.” Immediately, the frame dropped away and the picture turned into a swirl that dynamically moved in another dimension of space between this world and another world beyond our comprehension. The picture eventually returned but it was now blank, empty of content. The voice gave further instruction,

Imagine a scene from your life that you fondly remember, a special time that filled you with a sense of wonder. Perhaps it was a magical cloud formation in the sky, a beautiful sunset, a song heard in a live performance, falling in love, or reading words that struck a deep chord. Envision this as an image painted inside the empty frame. Hold it tightly and close your eyes. We will throw you and the picture into a mystery world where you and your relationship to that experience will be forever

changed. This is how we “luckify” you—we fortify your relations with mystery so its rays may shine through your everyday.

Brad looked at the frame and it now held a painting formerly given to him by Osumi Sensei. It was the image of Mount Fuji. Years ago, she advised that he must aim to spiritually climb this mountain. A decade later, he visioned climbing that mountain to meet Professor Kato, a master of several traditional Japanese arts that include tea ceremony and calligraphy. In that dream Professor Kato gave Brad a transmission of highly concentrated seiki that was rooted to ancient Japanese wisdom and its numinous power. Brad continues:

As I wondered why I must now “luckify” the painting, I remembered something that happened to me in Osumi’s home. I visioned her ancestor in the form of a white snake leaping into my belly and turning into a bodhi tree that broke through my skin. I also had another vision in her home of meeting Eizon Hoin, the ancestral spirit that guided Osumi. Hoin lived during the 1600s and performed numerous miracles. After his death he was regarded as *kami* or spirit whose shrine is located at a Shinto temple on Mount Maki. His grandfather was the famous samurai, Katsumoto Katagiri (1556–1615), one of the Seven Spears of Shizugatake. Hoin’s spiritual powers aroused great jealousy from the political leaders of his time. They persecuted him, and finally when all else failed to stop his light, they falsely accused him of a crime and exiled him to an island.

Hoin was not the only spiritually anointed teacher to have been tormented by others jealous of their gifts. The spiritual light seems to attract the dark to malevolently suppress and oppress anyone casting a luminous ray. The spiritual power bestowed by a strong luminous ancestor has a double edge—while it conducts higher power and taps into ancient know-how, it also attracts the dark side of those not aligned with the highest compass setting. Osumi cautioned me to be careful because my spiritual gifts would bring both fortune and misfortune, for they both attract the goodness and the malevolence in others. She and other healers around the world administered spirit protection for our work, but we were advised to also exercise spiritual street smarts when it comes to publicly shining our light.

When the Shinto priests decided to build a new shrine for Hoin, I was designated by Osumi Sensei to receive the temple entrance. They were going to carefully take it apart and ship it to me. Then, at the last moment, she decided this was too spiritually risky for my life. As a *kami*, Hoin already resided within me and his power was best left unseen by others. Owning the shrine risked making others too envious of this



gift and could potentially lead to their trying to cause harm. The former tragedy of Hoin, or the bad luck associated with it, could also come through the shrine gate.

As I realized the double-edge consequence of owning spiritual power, I recalled in the dream that the great Persian mystic, Suhrawardi, who preceded Ibn 'Arabi, had been martyred by envious clerics. In general, anyone taught by the light or anyone who seeks it will find that bad luck stalks their trail. Now, in last night's dream, the saints decided to intervene and offer more than protection. They gifted us with a means of recursing to the former blessings bestowed upon our lives and to remove the curse associated with other human beings who are jealous of any light or joy they don't possess. Follow these instructions and "luckify" your spiritual gifts and life. Re-bless the wonder-working moments that have been granted to you. Do this to several of your most precious memories, and express a sincere smile that you have been luckified and made more ready for a spiritual deep fry.

***The Secret Must Remain Secret: Ibn 'Arabi Arrives in the Spirit House,  
Brad is Given Mystical Words on Paper***

The day after the "luckify" dream, Brad felt a spontaneous burst of love come through him for the teachings of the Persian mystics. In some unexplainable manner, this intense emotion opened the door to the mystical universe. Immediately, he could see Muhyiddin Ibn 'Arabi standing in front of him as a saintly being of light. 'Arabi appeared as a giant, at least nine or ten feet tall, and wherever Brad walked, the sheikh moved with him. At times Brad felt he stepped into him, but the saint of light was usually just in front of Brad, watching over the room and moving wherever Brad moved. This lasted all day and it sometimes startled Brad to consider that 'Arabi was materializing and would become a member of our household, resulting in our whole reality collapsing to make room for another world. It was both exciting and disconcerting. That night Brad dreamed he was in ancient Tehran:

I had been given an ancient folded-up piece of paper and was holding it in my pocket. I was aware that there were only a few words written on it, prepared a long time ago. These words were to be kept secret, and if I ever spoke them in public or allowed anyone to see them, I could be sentenced to death. Paradoxically, holding these words granted me the utmost peace even though they put my life in peril.

I did not know how I came to own the mystical paper and its words. I only knew that I owned them and that they were an important secret. In the dream, I walked through old streets and found a shop that felt like home. It was in an open place

where others passed through. I sat down and around me were five pets, four of them dogs and the fifth a wild animal I didn't recognize. More than anything my awareness centered around the secret I held in my pocket. Its presence radiated within and outward, but I said nothing about it, for this was a secret that could cost my life.

The next day I discovered the existence of Sufi technical terms concerning the *lata'if* or "the inner subtleties" which appear in mystical treatises: soul (*nafs*), reason (*'aql*), heart (*qalb*), spirit (*ruh*), secret (*sirr*), hidden (*khafi*), most hidden (*akhfa*), and secret of the secret (*sirr al-sirr*). Here the soul is somewhat akin to the notion of "self" whose development goes through different stages. The soul's spiritual quest must work with the heart, the medium between the material and spiritual worlds. The heart mirrors the nature of its existential space; a place filled with dark evil or the light of God. The heart influences access to the spirit which is like a vapor and is the life force circulating within, the essence of life. We pray with our soul to feel the heart awaken with love. As we journey toward God, we seek union through higher communion. This is the secret realm of the highest encounter with God. What is felt and expressed here belongs to this realm and cannot be known by the faculties of the everyday world. It is the deepest interior room where sacred ecstasy where the seeker meets the light as a fire of delight.

The Sufis found that the secret (and it is differentiated to include the secret of the secret) is a place that evokes ecstatic expression not understood or accessible to those outside it. These ecstatic expressions in Sufiism are called *shatiyat*. In many cases, were these Sufi secrets shared publicly, religious authorities have been inclined to declare blasphemy and heresy with threat of punishment or death. As Islamic scholar Carl Ernst points out in his study of *shatiyat*, these ecstatic words have "given rise to a kind of historiography of martyrdom in which the mystic's expressions inevitably collided with the revealed law."<sup>xii</sup> Early Sufis were sometimes killed for sharing certain ecstatic phrases within earshot of others who did not understand or situate themselves in the room from which the words arose.

The secret of secrets for the Sufi is complete union with God. Here they found a paradox that we also find in Sacred Ecstasies—whatever is felt or said during the utmost spiritual experience cannot be adequately understood, felt, reflected, or conveyed to others who have not experienced this union themselves, or at least been in the room in which this union takes place. What is critically absent in those who misunderstand or misappropriate spiritual experience is that mystical union with the luminous numinous requires the complete absence (or "annihilation" as the Sufi say) of self. The closer one comes to the mystical light, the smaller and smaller one becomes. Our human nature must be swept away so there is no "self" or "observer" or "soul" present. Rather than finding

a lost soul, we aim to lose our concept of soul, psyche, and self—the trinity of that which is separate from the Creator.

Like salt dissolved in the vast sea, in moments of the highest divine union there is no part of us separate from the whole body of holy water. Whatever is said is not expressed by the self, but by the sea. Later when the self or soul returns to the everyday world, nothing can be said about the experience in a manner that conveys its truth for all listeners. The truth of communion can only be conveyed in the dissolve, in the vastness of the sea. Here the emptiness of humanity and the fullness of divinity unite in a vibration whose alternation hosts the unsayable secret. As the Kalahari n/om-kxaosi know, the more dissolved one becomes in this meeting with God, the less speech is present until it finally disappears in the path to utmost ecstasy. Speech is gone because the speaker has vanished, leaving only the vapor trail of spirit. What's the secret held dearly by mystics who have communed with God? Today the saints ask us to say that this is what can be said about the unsaid secret mystery: There is a secret room whose entry requires a heart so clean of self that its mirror only reflects the light.

Finally, Sufi tales frequently mention dogs and may refer to the speaker of a wisdom tale as being like a dog. This underscores the devotion a dog expresses, teaching us to be faithful to God. In the dream there were four dogs, a faithful servant for every geographic direction. The fifth animal was unknown. Was it trickster who is also always nearby? Was it another reminder of the unknown that is held in secret? Perhaps trickster is the one beneficially reminding us that we paradoxically need to both keep secret and openly share the light, doing so faithfully to God and carefully around trickster.

### ***Hillary Meets PaPa and Doe***

As Brad dreamed of a Sufi secret, Hillary woke up in the middle of the night feeling the deep peace and wondrous simplicity that comes with heartfelt devotion to the singular, divine light. She pondered how the ultimate illumination, which Brad first experienced in the chapel at age 19, is the river of divinity that runs through the hearts of all the great saints and mystics, including ancient Sufi masters like Ibn 'Arabi. It's the same light carried by Jesus and sung about in the hymn, "This little light of mine, I'm going to let it shine." It's the loving light of God, pure and simple. Once this light resides in our hearts, any intellectual debate over doctrinal interpretation or the existence of God feel irrelevant and unnecessary. With this light inside our hearts comes a natural embrace of and appreciation for all the many means of connecting with it that have existed since the dawn of time. With a heart full and content, Hillary fell back to sleep and had a dream:

Brad and I returned to Missouri to visit his family. Both his parents and grandparents, whom Brad called PaPa and Doe, were still alive. They all seemed to be the age they would have been when Brad was a child. We arrived at a quaint shop in a small town. PaPa and Doe were seated on a bench, waiting for us. I wondered for a moment why it had taken so long for me to meet them, since I had already been married to Brad for many years.

PaPa and Doe were happily chatting with Brad's parents. They did not speak to me directly when we first walked in but acknowledged me with a smile. Then PaPa got up from the bench and walked over to where Brad and I were standing. He was very joyful and radiant. Then something unusual took place. As PaPa spoke to me directly, I began to shrink in size while he seemed to grow taller. Soon I was the size of a child, about as high as his waist.

I did not hear what PaPa was saying, because I was so overcome by the grand sight of him. He seemed to keep growing taller and taller in front of my eyes, filling my entire field of vision. My gaze was transfixed on this towering man, and I noticed every detail of him: his crisp white shirt tucked into his trousers, his strong chest, broad shoulders, muscular arms, his neatly styled hair, and finally his handsome face. Though I don't recall any of his words, his voice was warm and his face beaming. PaPa seemed like the most assured, upright, and able pillar of strength and wisdom I had ever encountered, and I couldn't wait to tell Brad about it once PaPa was finished speaking.

The next morning I realized that I had finally, truly met PaPa and Doe, two long-time saints of Sacred Ecstasies. They both carried the light inside them when they were alive and have been sharing it with the Guild from the other side through Brad for many years. Many of the healers Brad met around the world could feel PaPa's holy presence, and we know from dreams that he now sits on the right side of God. When someone carries that much light, what they say is less important than how they shine. This radiance is more readily caught when we become small like children. Only when we are small and lower to the ground can we really look upward and feel the immensity and holiness of the holy ones.

After the dream I wondered if my experience of Brad's grandfather mirrored Brad's description of seeing Ibn 'Arabi in our house. Brad said this is exactly how he experienced his grandfather—as a giant presence always in the room watching and walking alongside him. Brad was surprised to find out much later in his life that his grandfather was not very tall, since he always remembered him as a man of stature. In the mystical light, PaPa truly was a spiritual giant like Ibn 'Arabi. He also liked to

say that his secret was that he was the wealthiest man alive—he measured wealth in the love and blessings that came from God.

As Brad dreamed of a Sufi secret teaching in a shop, Hillary dreamed of enacting it in a shop. She felt herself become smaller and smaller, able to experience the luminous stature of a man of light, Brad's grandfather. In the light of day, we walked with Ibn 'Arabi. In the night we met our luminous ancestors. After these dreams we celebrated how the country preacher and the Persian teacher today remain mystically alive, each dissolved in the same holy light. Though they convey different rays of illumination, the secret is that there is no need for religious differentiation or persecution when we seek and meet the God of Light.

### ***The Zap Is in the Gap***

One of the major discoveries of Sacred Ecstasies is that the numinous needs more than the steady beats of a drum, the flowing notes of a sacred song, and the unbroken pattern of movement in dance. To leap toward the higher spiritual heat, the beat, tone, song, or movement must be unexpectedly interrupted to create a gap. It is always startling whenever such interrupting takes place. You are immediately thrown off the entrainment train and feel lost in a whirlwind that feels like an otherworldly space. This is when mystery lightning strikes. In this unfamiliar gap you find the ecstatic zap.

The implication of our research is radical: it means that maintaining a steady drumbeat insures less access to the shaman's ecstasy and the mystic's bliss. Unfortunately, the teachers of monotonous drumbeats have been responsible for keeping us unaware of hotter ecstatic shamanic experience. Similarly, some ways of singing a sacred song may hinder rather than help one cross the aural bridge to the ineffable. And ecstatic dance, whether free form or conformed, may conflate somatic excitation with mystical ecstasy. The rhythms, tones, and movements that evoke mystical experience are more than what has been popularly assumed. All these ingredients of expression must be changing in the right manner at the right time and place. And they must be in synch and circularly interacting, also in changing ways and means that require exquisite timing.

A closer examination of cultures with spiritual cooking know-how reveal that the rhythms are both steady and irregularly interrupted to become unsteady. In the gap, is found the zap: the surge of sacred emotion and life force vibration. Similarly, when the sacred song falls apart—not purposefully, but as an intervention by mystery—the holy appears to guide transformation. Finally, when dancing abruptly shifts into an unplanned trip, it makes room for a gap to catch a zap.

It won't help to know any of this and try to purposefully implement the needed gap in a spiritual practice. The mystical gap must be in the hands of higher intervention. Little can be said about this

or else you risk it being misappropriated or conflated with another form of purposeful action. The beats, music, and movements of those aligned with the ineffable have a paradoxical means of instruction, always insisting on experimental action more than explanation. Without the changing kind of polyrhythmic beat, improvised sound performance, and irregular movement misdirection, we can only say that habits of practice risk becoming barriers of interference. It's therefore always wise to reset the whole of you, sweep away former assumptions, clear any habits, and rebirth the oldest ecstatic practices to begin anew. This time make sure the drummer, musician, and dancer guiding you have experience in the gaps where zaps reside.

### ***Meeting a Mississippi Preacher***

Brad dreamed we were attending some kind of convention. We weren't sure what the convention was about, but it was time for lunch:

Accordingly, we went to a large conference room where a lot of circular tables covered in white linen were set up for dining. We sat at a table in a corner away from the others. Only one other person was at the table with us. He was an older, African American man dressed in a suit. On the opposite side of the room we thought we caught a glimpse of my mother dining with some other people we didn't recognize.

Hillary and I started to talk about politics, and then we approached the topic of the black church and its ministers. I started to say that most black preachers today fall short in the holy spirit because they did not come into the ministry through a strong anointment from God like long ago. Seminary education, rather than anointment, increasingly defines who is and isn't qualified to preach.

The man at the table then began to speak. Soon his voice took on a melodic cadence like that of a black preacher. It was not exaggerated or hard, but so sweet and warm that it took us by surprise. There was no anger in his voice, only a deep resonance that rang of higher truth. Though the man spoke tenderly, the sound of his voice carried across the room. We turned around to look and saw that others had noticed the special quality in his voice and stopped to listen. It was unexplainable how his tone had spread throughout the entire space. It was an acoustic miracle.

The man continued, his voice going in and out of rhythmic, melodic cadence, until Hillary said, "You are a preacher!" He replied, "Yes, I am," and then he kept speaking. The only word that can adequately describe his vocal manner is "mesmerizing." It was not like listening to a purposeful trance induction like that of a hypnotist. He conveyed a naturally sweet emotion that felt so authentic it drew us

into a cloud of holiness. We felt thrilled to be sitting with this anointed man and asked him where he lived. He mentioned that he pastors a church called Pilgrim Missionary Baptist Church and that he serves a mission to spread anointed worship across a region of Mississippi, from Natchez to the countryside around it.

I then began sharing my experiences of having seen the holy light inside some African American churches when they broke out into a “holy ghost party.” I mentioned that it was like seeing a luminous fog descend over the congregation. As soon as we mentioned the fire and light reported at the historical Azusa revival, the three of us burst into song, and it woke me up from the dream.

The next morning, Brad discovered there is indeed a Pilgrim Missionary Baptist Church in Natchez, Mississippi and the pastor’s name is Reverend Melvin White. He had been a successful salesman of Little Debbie Snack Cakes until decades ago he was asked by his church pastor to preach. The pastor, Reverend Willie Green, had sensed that White had an anointment. After his first sermon, he enrolled at Monroe Theological Seminary in Monroe, Louisiana. While still in seminary, Reverend Green asked White to take over one service per month at his church. Several years later, the senior minister announced he was ill and told the church that they should appoint Melvin White as their full-time pastor. The vote was unanimous, and Reverend White has been the pastor ever since. He is now the pastor of the church he grew up in as a child. As a local newspaper reported, “. . . he feels privileged to pastor the church he was raised in and to pastor many members of his own family. ‘Never in my wildest dreams would I have thought I’d pastor my own church,’ White said.”

In addition to serving as pastor, Reverend White was appointed 1<sup>st</sup> Vice President of the General Missionary Baptist State Convention of Mississippi. This organization was led years ago by Reverend Randle Pollard, an old preacher and former slave who was hailed as the “Father of Negro Baptists in Mississippi.” At the time, the convention was made up of 400 churches representing 70,000 Black Baptists. In the dream, we had envisioned meeting Pastor White at a convention. We looked up what his role was for this organization and found a description that echoed what he told us in the dream:

Rev. White will work closely with the State Missionary to ensure the convention’s growth by adding and retaining constituent churches through a system of targeted outreach and intentional engagement. GMBSC will actively explore opportunities to support church plants throughout the state with Rev. White leading this effort.

We next turned to the website of Pilgrim Missionary Baptist Church to find that it describes Pastor White with these opening words:

Pastor Melvin White is an anointed man of God, who is called to preach and teach. From his pulpit rings a message of hope, love, and the gift of salvation to young and old. He is guided daily by his favorite scriptures: “Trust in the Lord with all thine heart; and lean not unto thine own understanding. In all thy ways acknowledge him, and he shall direct thy paths” (Proverbs 3:5-6) . . . Well known for his *mesmerizing* voice, he also traveled throughout the area singing praises for the Lord.

We were astounded to learn that God had led us to this pastor and his “mesmerizing” voice. We are thrilled to say, “This is the work of the Lord.” Years ago, Brad dreamed of a sanctified preacher, Pastor Brown, who was an old-fashioned circuit rider who preached in poor churches across Mississippi. To his surprise he later discovered that Pastor Brown lived several blocks away from Brad’s house in Monroe, Louisiana. Last night Brad dreamed another sanctified preacher who received his religious education in Monroe and lives in Mississippi. All we can conclude is that the Lord works in mysterious ways and when Jesus’s love and glory finds its way into someone’s voice, even a tender tone will reach far and wide, conveying a sweetness, power, light, and joy unlike anything else seen, heard, or felt.

### ***The Three Strands of Mystical Experience***

Sometimes scholars of religion and spiritual teachers speak of different kinds of mystical experience that correspond to the mind, heart, and body. The body can become ecstatic and convulse with heightened energy, the heart can melt in divine love, or the mind can clearly realize the oneness of the universe. It is no surprise that the mind’s illumination is most exalted by those who prefer approaching the topic with their academically trained mind. We propose, based on our experiences rather than hypotheses of mysticism, that the heart, body, and mind are three braided strands rather than three separate sites of mystical experience. Here the mystical experience of one strand is a mystical experience for all strands.

When the mind is cleared by disciplined practice devoted to eradicating trickster interference, it better catches every mystical-sensory experience of the numinous—the light is seen, the celestial music is heard, and the waves of sacred emotion are more readily felt. Similarly, if sacred emotion is felt circulating within, then the mind will naturally open wider, drop rigid dualisms, and awaken to the oneness of all things. And ecstatic emotion surely makes the body move!



Sweeping the mind free of fixed typologies and attachment to definitions better empties the cup to be filled with sacred emotion that is charged with God's electricity. Likewise, electrifying the body and piercing the heart with God's wonder-working love power knocks the mind off its observing throne. But if the mind is illumined and no ecstatic somatic energetics are present, then the light was dim rather than bright. And if emotional and physical excitation do not result in less rigid ideation, then one experienced a lesser, worldly kind of excitement that pales in comparison to sacred ecstasy.

The idea that spirituality has three or more separate *paths*—including body, heart, or mind—itsself may be a main obstacle to spiritual development. The writers who churn out discourse about spirituality are often those who have a hard time catching the fire or feeling the light of divinity. For example, the famous Zen Buddhist teacher and author, Alan Watts, addressed spiritual awakening as follows:

The central core of the experience seems to be the conviction, or insight, that the immediate *now*, whatever its nature, is the goal and fulfillment of all living. Surrounding and flowing from this insight is an emotional ecstasy, a sense of intense relief, freedom, and lightness, and often of almost unbearable love for the world, which however, is secondary. Often, the pleasure of the experience is confused with the experience and the insight lost in the ecstasy, so that in trying to retain the secondary effects of the experience the individual misses its point—that the immediate *now* is complete even when it is not ecstatic.

For ecstasy is a necessarily impermanent contrast in the constant fluctuation of our feelings. But insight, when clear enough, persists; having once understood a particular skill, the facility tends to remain.<sup>xiii</sup>

Watts made the error of elevating the mind's insight over the heart's ecstasy, both of which are inseparable from the body. It's true that after a spiritual awakening, the fiery emotion naturally dissipates. But we would argue so does the illumined "insight" into the "complete immediate now." All three strands of experience—mind, heart, and body—are in constant fluctuation, and each strand affects the others. An experience of spiritual awakening must be re-entered often and kept alive among *all three braided strands* for it to create lasting transformation in our lives.

One of Brad's teachers was Huston Smith who remarkably and humbly confessed that he never had a full-blown spiritual experience, and that included feeling sacred ecstasy. Professor Smith did experience his mind awaken in a variety of situations, from contemplating a koan to comparing the shared truths of the world's religions. He, like most scholars, sometimes clung too much to his categories and typologies as he explored the spiritual universe. His honesty, however, made him

unique—he did not exaggerate his experiences or make unfounded claims, and he acknowledged there were parts of spiritual texts he found indecipherable. Professor Smith was perhaps a wiser guide than Watts, though they each likely hosted the same spiritual wattage.

If we could visit Professor Smith again, we'd conduct a little demonstration rather than indulge in conversation. We'd show him three strings, each the same length, and say they represent the body, mind, and heart. We'd then braid them together and point out that although each strand is distinct, they are intertwined. Finally, we'd strike a match and set them all on fire, adding, "When one burns, they all are aflame." We'd also show Alan Watts the same demonstration.

Rather than uncritically accept the invented assumption that there are three (or more) paths to mystery, consider different strands that are braided to constitute one rope. Any change in one strand results in changing the others. Shake the mind, and the body and heart shake with it. Pull one heartstring and the mind and body will feel the tug. For the cup to overflow with love, the mind must be emptied of competing abstractions and the body liberated from resistance to the electrical conductivity that comes from spontaneity. All parts braided together mend the disassociation of disembodied mind and sense, creating a whole that is ready for the holy. The light (mind), the love (heart), and the life force (body) of divinity are intertwined, except when falsely kept separate by the categorical mind.

***It's Time to Take Sacred Ecstatics into the World, A Camera that Allows Conductors to See the Light Within Everyone***

Brad dreamed we were hosting a party for Guild members. We had previously gathered for an intensive earlier in the day and now it was evening. Drinks and snacks were being enjoyed by everyone and there was true festive joy in the air. Brad took a group of men to a room located in the middle of the house. Sitting to his left was a man who was overly concerned about his role and position in the Guild. He frequently slipped into being a squeaky egocentric wheel who demanded attention. In the middle of the room across from Brad was Dominic who exuded steadfast enthusiasm and good cheer for the community. To his right were other men who seemed to take turns sitting in the chair on that side of the room. They could always be counted on for selfless support like Dominic, and they were eager for the rope to swing them into the changing of First Creation.

Brad indicated he was going to make an announcement. He stood and said: "It's time to take Sacred Ecstatics into the world." Brad then turned to the man on his left and said something like, "This is the year, Dominic." In that moment the man looked like Dominic, and it startled everyone in the room. He then faded back to the image of his familiar form. Brad next turned to Dominic who was smiling and radiating intense excitement. They both laughed at the absurdity of anyone

jockeying for power when shared joy alone is the reward. Next, Brad glanced to the right and the other men were changing form—going in and out of the image of one another. They were joyful, appreciative, and extremely eager to go higher up the rope.

Brad then turned to a table that was behind him and picked up a large square box made of metal. It was some kind of apparatus that looked like both old and new technology. He aimed it toward the self-centric man and wondered if this was a strange kind of camera that had something to do with changing the form of his facial appearance. Brad paused and turned to the others and said again, “It’s time to take Sacred Ecstatics into the world. We are ready.”

After looking more closely at the device, it reminded him of the large format cameras of the 1890s. Years ago he had a photographer who used one of these big folding cameras during field work with spiritual elders throughout the world. These cameras catch more light which results in sharper, grain-free images of higher resolution. They also assure better separation of the subject and their background.

In the dream, the camera-like instrument enabled someone in the dark to momentarily appear like someone else known to cast a shining light. In this case, a man who succumbed to selfish and stingy tendencies looked like a relational, generous Dominic. With more light from the device, the dark grain disappeared, enabling us to see the light that resided deeper within.

As beings of light we are all equal, and with higher seeing appear the same. But on the surface and when seen with everyday eyes we vary as to how swept free we are of whatever blocks the light from shining through. When someone is habitually egocentric, selfish, stingy, jealous, duplicitous, or angry (the dirty grains that block the light and muddle the brain), they appear to radiate no light that even an anointed conductor can discern. While those lacking discernment may be tricked by such a person’s feigned goodness, a tuned conductor readily distinguishes shady behavior. But with a large body camera more light is caught, providing a reminder to the conductor that underneath every dusty layer is a light bulb of God.

The most surprising part of the dream, however, was not the strange mystical device. It was the announcement that Sacred Ecstatics is ready to enter the world. Brad was startled by this message. As we bring Sacred Ecstatics to the world, it seems important to face each Guild member with double vision. We must remember that there is more to each of us than initially meets the eye. We differ when it comes to how much light gets through to others, yet we are the same creatures of light underneath.

With double sight, we’re ready to meet and share the light while exercising better street smarts when it comes to dealing with any shade that stands in the way. Let us emphasize that there is still a light within everyone no matter how much a shade may cover it up. In other words, we’re already lit. Our job is to lighten the shade and serve the shine. More light bulb and less lamp shade!

### *Ibn 'Arabi Writes in the Spirit House*

Brad dreamed that the Sufi mystic, Ibn 'Arabi, came to our house in New Orleans:

He introduced himself as Abû 'Abdullâh Muhammad ibn 'Alî ibn al-'Arabî al-Tâ'î al-Hâtimî. His long name made me unsure whether this was the same saint we call Ibn 'Arabi. After making clear who he was, he sat down at our desk and opened an ancient manuscript that he was working on. He started writing in Arabic. At times he looked like he was creating Zen calligraphy, an artist intensely focused on each stroke. As we stared at what he wrote, its translation into English appeared to float in luminous letters in the air above the ink: *wujud*. Other words soon arose but I do not remember them clearly. They were a phrase that ended with *wujud*, perhaps it was *wahdat al-wujud*.

I did not ask 'Arabi what his writing meant, but felt filled with the sacred emotion that comes with witnessing holy mystery. 'Arabi's presence and his writing conveyed something that defied clear description, but clearly radiated light. In that moment I felt such oneness with 'Arabi, God, Hillary, Sacred Ecstatics, religion, and all of creation that there was no need for anything to be said. While there was great excitement, I also felt a deep calm. There was no need to sing or shout, but singing or shouting would have perfectly fit the moment if it took place. If anything can be said, it would be that this was an experience of an extraordinary yet ordinary oneness—not a philosophical realization but a full sensory snapshot of true, undivided reality.

I woke up with energy buzzing throughout my body. Ibn 'Arabi had brought his past to our present, making them feel indistinguishable. Somehow I deeply understood his unfamiliar words, but not in any conventional way. I felt a peak excitement that wobbled in the middle between wild fervor and deep calm.

Later, we looked up the definition of *wujud*. A leading scholar on Ibn 'Arabi, William Chittick, makes this point about 'Arabi's relationship to this word:

Foremost among the technical terms of philosophy that Ibn 'Arabî employs is *wujūd*, existence or being, a word that had come to the center of philosophical discourse with Avicenna. In its Koranic and everyday Arabic sense, *wujūd* means to find, come across, become conscious of, enjoy, be ecstatic.<sup>xiv</sup>

For the Sufi, *wujud* points to being immersed in God “while all else is annihilated. . . This annihilation implies eternal reunion, as well as existence in full positivity and glory.”<sup>xv</sup> Bakri Aladdin suggests that *wujud* follows *wajd* or ecstasy. The latter emphasizes the intense feeling of intimacy with God while *wujud* underscores annihilation of the self—the necessary condition for finding/attaining/realizing God.<sup>xvi</sup> The phrase, *wahdat al-wujud*, is now almost synonymous with Ibn ‘Arabi. It means the “oneness of being” or the “unity of existence,” implying that God permeates all things, or rather, all of creation *is* God and vice versa.

Ibn ‘Arabi did not over emphasize or restrict his handling of terms to philosophical definition, something that differentiates him from many earlier Muslim scholars. He didn’t even use the phrase *wahdat al-wujud*, though it is argued that this concept permeates his teachings. He also did not classify himself as a Sufi though most western scholars regard him as perhaps the most exemplary Sufi mystic and scholar. ‘Arabi’s mystical experiences inspired him to challenge the notion that rational understanding is the whole purpose of theological commentary. Words must become “divine speech” to convey the mystic’s experience of *wujud*, which is the Light (*al-nur*) of God associated with divine love and sacred ecstasy. When it comes to *wahdat al-wujud* and Sufism, it seems ‘Arabi chose to embody the teachings rather than only name them.

Again, Aladdin concludes that ‘Arabi’s “doctrine of *wahdat al-wujūd* is essentially based upon the mystical experience, and it derives its origin from the power of ecstasy.”<sup>xvii</sup> His teaching removes us from abstraction and returns us to experience that is mediated by the mystical organs of perception that catch the sacred emotion of the luminous divine. The exalted reception of divine love is sacred ecstasy which requires annihilation—the eradication of anything blocking the divine light. Furthermore, and here enters the controversy of Sufism for Islam, everything is God. This suggests that we can experience ourselves as God, that is, made of the original light. This is not realized unless the self and its many layers of filtration have been removed. In other words, we are God only when we cease to be the locus of experience—no longer is there any self, observer, narrator, framer, philosopher, seeker, or interpreter. Complete union with God results in there being nothing left except the light and its accompanying ecstasy. The mystics dissolves into this emotional sea and only later faces the challenge of choosing words that help evoke this mystical reality that is the truest Reality.

After this dream, I had a second dream. Ibn ‘Arabi came to our house again and this time his presence alone brought on the same experience of ecstasy paired with

annihilation. He didn't have to write a word. Simply being in the room with him was enough to evoke the mystical experience of oneness and the resulting emotion that cannot be adequately defined. Then I had third dream of the same experience.

And then a fourth and final dream brought a big surprise. Expecting to meet Ibn 'Arabi downstairs again, instead I found myself at the shore of a river. There I boarded a ship. It was named the Old Ship Zion. As soon as it left the shore, the same mystical experience took place. The Old Ship Zion took a journey to the illumined oneness of *wujud*. I woke up startled to realize Ibn 'Arabi was on board an old sanctified Christian means of transportation, and to find that the spiritual ship carried us into heart of God.

After these dreams, I prayed to be led to the spiritual home that would best hold the diverse and always changing teachings of Sacred Ecstatics. Hillary and I just want to serve this work. A dream followed. I was shown a mountain. At its peak, the sun was rising. I recognized this image as a painting of Mount Fuji given to me by Osumi Sensei. I was flooded with the realization that home is *the climb* to find God. In the climbing is found the finding. This will always be something more felt than rationally understood. Its emotion and motion are conveyed by the saints and ships of Sacred Ecstatics.

Another Sufi mystic, Ibn Sab'īn, reminds us of the communion we seek as we climb:

Finding/being (*wujud*) overflows through what is known in union, and brings together the branch and the root, which is the moment of completion when the gaze is directed towards the oneness of the witnessed in the witnesser, and relates oneness [solely] to the One.<sup>xviii</sup>

### *Postscript*

The next day we located an old handwritten translation of an Ibn 'Arabi text. Its title is *Risalah al-Anwar fima Yamnah Sahib al-Khalwah min al-Asrar*, translated as *Journey to the Lord of Power*. It was written as a letter to one of 'Arabi's friends, another master Sufi teacher. It addresses "the advanced and potentially dangerous Sufi practice that aims at the attainment of the Presence of God," with the warning from 'Arabi that it "should not be undertaken except at the order of a sheikh or by one who has mastered the self." It involves an ascent that passes through many realms to

eventually “reach the Gardens and Thrown of Mercy . . . the final destination—the Lord of Prayer.”<sup>xix</sup>  
 We acquired the document from a Swiss expert in ancient Islamic texts:



**The Heart Has Two Eyes**

The camera-like instrument formerly received in dream enabled two images of a human being to be seen. When looking through its lens, everyone is seen as emanating the same light of God. Even the anointed mystic responsible for discerning deception from reception must sometimes use this device to see that the true divine light resides within everyone, including those darkened by egocentricity. Therefore, the mystic must have two eyes, one of them an instrument gifted by God that enables the light to be seen through even the grainiest, shadiest human being.

As a young man, Brad had a vision that led him to Henry Corbin’s work on Ibn ‘Arabi. He thus learned that the heart is the mystical organ. Soon afterward, the Bushman n/om-kxaosi taught Brad that a spiritually cooked human being has two eyes. “Second eyes” awaken when the heart rises. This ascent is felt as ecstasy and leads those who experience it to realize that mystical sight which perceives light and the transcendent flight of higher emotion are side by side phenomena.

When Ibn 'Arabi discussed the heart's two eyes, he depicted one as rational and the other as imaginal (but not merely "imaginary"<sup>xx</sup>). He warned that the dominance of either eye distorts the experience of divine light. 'Arabi took aim at philosophers whose reason was missing a "properly disciplined imagination" that "has the capacity to perceive God's self-disclosure."<sup>xxi</sup> As scholar William Chittick explains, 'Arabi specified that

The heart . . . must become attuned to its own fluctuation, at one beat seeing God's incomparability with the eye of reason, at the next seeing his similarity with the eye of imagination . . . In effect, with the eye of imagination, the heart sees Being present in all things, and with the eye of reason it discerns its transcendence and the diversity of the divine faces.<sup>xxii</sup>

The "properly disciplined imagination" operates in what Henry Corbin called the *mundus imaginalis*. Corbin, like 'Arabi, protested the scholar whose rationality was not subject to inspiration, influence, and correction from the spiritual imagination brought forth by the mystical second eye. In other words, a scholar whose second eye is not equal in strength to their first eye is easily lost. 'Arabi and Corbin were both critical of conflating spiritual imagination or ("the imaginal" according to Corbin) with the undisciplined imagination of conventional daydreaming or fantasy. Similarly, the dreamer must be properly disciplined, emptied, aligned, and tuned to catch the divine light rather than mirror self-reflections far removed from the luminosity of God.

Chittick further elaborates:

The Koran also speaks of "heaven, earth, and everything in between," and one of Ibn 'Arabî's contributions was to bring out the full implications of the in-between realm, which in one respect is unseen, spiritual, and intelligible, and in another respect visible, corporeal, and sensible. This is precisely the *mundus imaginalis*, where spiritual beings are corporealized, as when Gabriel appeared in human form to the Virgin Mary; and where corporeal beings are spiritualized, as when bodily pleasure or pain is experienced in the posthumous realms. The *mundus imaginalis* is a real, external realm in the Cosmic Book, more real than the visible, sensible, physical realm, but less real than the invisible, intelligible, spiritual realm. Only its actual existence can account for angelic and demonic apparitions, bodily resurrection, visionary experience, and other nonphysical yet sensory phenomena that philosophers typically explain away.

The third world of imagination . . . is the meeting place of spirit (*rûh*) and body (*jism*). Human experience is always imaginal or soulish (*nafsânî*), which is to say that



it is simultaneously spiritual and bodily. Human becoming wavers between spirit and body, light and darkness, wakefulness and sleep, knowledge and ignorance, virtue and vice. Only because the soul dwells in an in-between realm can it choose to strive for transformation and realization. Only as an imaginal reality can it travel “up” toward the luminosity of the spirit or “down” toward the darkness of matter.<sup>xxiii</sup>

Ibn ‘Arabi points us to the middle that is in between earth and heaven, what the Koran calls the place between the salty and sweet seas. Its border or *barzakh* divides and connects these worlds. Here the nonphysical spirit and the material body are both separated and brought together. To experience *wahdat al-wujud* requires two eyes, two worlds, and a double presence in the whirling of the mundus imaginalis. ‘Arabi proposes:

The Real is sheer Light and the impossible is sheer darkness. Darkness never turns into Light, and Light never turns into darkness. The created realm is the *barzakh* between Light and darkness. In its essence it is qualified neither by darkness nor by Light, since it is the *barzakh* and the middle, having a property from each of its two sides. That is why He “appointed” for man “two eyes and guided him on the two highways” (Koran 90:8–10), for man exists between the two paths. Through one eye and one path he accepts Light and looks upon it in the measure of his preparedness. Through the other eye and the other path he looks upon darkness and turns toward it.<sup>xxiv</sup>

The Creator has many names, each like a different color of the singular white light before a prism divides it into a color spectrum to diversify its qualities. A mystic who experiences *wujud* perceives what is Real—the light that is God. Later anything said about the Light must be divine speech that enables words to reveal the light through the many colors, qualities, and names of Allah, as the Koran specifies. If the seer and speaker are not equipped with two eyes, no light can be seen or transmitted. This is the false prophet, well intended or not, whose talk is just abstraction lost in speculation, conflation, inflation, confabulation, or misperception missing the light of mystical sensory experience.

To fulfill spiritual teaching, pointing, and prophecy, you must both catch the fish and clean it. One eye catches the light and the other has a sharp knife to make the fine distinctions necessary for words to convey it. The art and dart of Sacred Ecstasies requires two eyes, two worlds, two highways, and endless doubles of all sides that point to the oneness of light. Here we stand in the middle wobble, the third place or mundus imaginalis where all senses awaken to move us between and through all imagined and unimagined sides.

We embody the tricker side of God that shades the equally embodied luminous side of God's love. With every peeling of shade, more light is revealed. Only then can we better differentiate the prophet from the donkey and the holy luminous bread from its deposit of written excrement. And behind each prophet, donkey, spiritual meal, and final words is another prophet or saint who came before. Every chosen human container of divine truth is called to deliver the colors, tastes, perfumes, songs, and movements of the Creator. Each prophet needs a means of transportation (donkey) that in the dark is easily confused as the messenger. Furthermore, the final text is a product of digestion rather than the original ingestion of the light and holy bread. Whether there is a transmission depends on whether the writer and reader meet in the communion of higher, illumined interaction.

Yet no matter where we are and whether we are aware of our real hunger, God is near, and nothing can separate us from this nearness to holy bread. Experiencing God, however, is either helped or hindered by the heart of perception and the mind of differentiation. Here everything must be doubled up and cleared of human favor. Nothing less leads to the 99 flavors of God. Ibn 'Arabi concludes:

God says, "The giving of your Lord can never be walled up" (Koran 17:20). In other words, it can never be withheld. God is saying that He gives constantly, while the loci receive in the measure of the realities of their preparedness. In the same way, you say that the sun spreads its rays over the existent things. It is not miserly with its light toward anything. The loci receive the light in the measure of their preparedness.<sup>xxv</sup>

Remove the self-ish layers that block reception of the light and build the walls of pride. Let us prepare to awaken the two eyes of the heart—disciplined imagination and illumined perception. Let us prepare ourselves for the climb to Climate Eight, the mundus imaginalis, the big room of sacred ecstasy.

### ***It's Total Annihilation***

Brad dreamed we were outside looking at the sky and observed four jets in formation fly to the right. As we watched, they suddenly all exploded as if shot by missiles. More jets arrived in the sky and they too all exploded one after another. We started to feel fear, thinking this was surely the end of the world. Brad spoke out loud to Hillary, "It's total annihilation." As soon as he said these words, he felt peace and sublime joy come over him, because he knew it was the Sufi conquest of the self that was being witnessed, something to cheer rather than fear. We must each stand under

the Creator's sky and let every flight of self-centric fantasy be annihilated by higher missiles and epistles of truth.

### ***Brad Receives a Piano Keyboard from the Wilderness***

In a dream, Brad was reunited with Frank Filipetti, a world-renowned audio engineer who has won many Grammys. Brad met Frank when Al Di Meola wrote a song for Brad ("Shaking the Spirits" on *The Infinite Desire* album) and recorded it in Frank's studio. After that meeting, Brad took Frank to the Kalahari where they recorded a Bushman healing dance. In the present dream, Frank invited Brad to a recording studio to play some ecstatic tracks on the piano for a high-level audio recording.

I arrived and wondered what kind of piano Frank would have for me to play. Walking down the hall I passed Herbie Hancock, reminding me of the time I walked past him years ago in Frank's New York City studio, Right Tracks. In the dream, I felt embarrassed that I was not a professional musician and did not deserve to be in the company of the many greats Frank had recorded. I also hoped the piano would be a miraculous instrument so that simply playing one note would be enough to move the listener.

Frank seemed to sense my concern and had arranged for the recording to take place in a concert hall where the acoustics would be phenomenal. He led me there, and when we went on stage to check out the full-length concert grand piano, I was shocked to see that all the keys had their smooth plastic (formerly ivory) tops removed. They looked like the rough terrain of hills and mountains that would surround a village or city. There was no way to know where one key began or ended—it was like looking at the irregular surface of the earth.

After my initial surprise wore off, I quickly realized that Frank had chosen the perfect piano for me. I am musically and spiritually more like the outskirts mystics who were outcasts from the professional societies and institutions of their time. I have no music education or a seminary degree. But I know how to navigate the spiritual wild—and this includes the musical wilderness—by using my strong rope to God rather than formal instruction. In the dream I immediately knew what to do—forget about music and let my fingers do the walking as the rope did the pulling. The dream revealed how the music of Sacred Ecstasies is less a musical form than it is the expression of sounds that come through my rope to God and transport us to Climate Eight. I walked to the piano, closed my eyes, and let it rip as Frank recorded the track and made it sound just right.

### ***Laughing at Further Annihilation***

Brad had another dream about the annihilation of self. This time no aircraft exploded in the sky:

I don't remember how the self was destroyed but I clearly remember two other things from the dream. I again said after witnessing the unremembered means of destruction, "It's total annihilation." And then Hillary and I both laughed. What I remember most about the dream was our laughter.

### ***Atmospheric Reentry to Andalusia, Empyrean Light***

Brad dreamed he was in a car driven by the former director of guidance and control for the Apollo Moon Project, someone who had written a textbook on atmospheric reentry for rockets. He had passed away years ago and was now a spirit:

Without warning the road we were traveling on suddenly ended and we drove off the edge of the cliff. I looked down and saw we were extraordinarily high in the sky directly over rock outcroppings in Andalusia, Spain. I assumed I would crash and die, yet I felt no panic. I only recognized the opportunity to express my gratitude for the life I had lived. I said slowly and calmly, "Thank you, Lord, for a wonderful life. Thank you for Hillary. Amen."

When I looked out of the car again, I realized we were floating rather than plunging to the ground. It then struck me that the car was steered by an expert in atmospheric reentry. I had ventured far to another world and was safely returning.

Before we went to sleep that night Hillary and I had looked up a medieval word used by Henry Corbin, "empyrean," and found it to mean "high in the sky, the highest heaven." In the dream I was coming back to earth, guided by the former director of guidance and control for the Apollo moon flight. The next morning, we once again looked up the word "empyrean" and found a more specific definition: "the highest heaven or heavenly sphere in ancient and medieval cosmology usually consisting of fire or light."

With Henry Corbin and Ibn 'Arabi we had been experiencing nightly dreams to the light on high. When guided back to earth, this time we found ourselves in the countryside of Spain, near where Ibn 'Arabi met his most important teacher, the Sufi saint, Fatima of Cordoba.

I realized with more certainty than ever before that the mystical light that guided Ibn 'Arabi has also guided my life. It is the same light that guided Sohrawardi, the Sufi mystic from whom Ibn 'Arabi drew inspiration. Here is Suhrawardi's account of first meeting with the light, an experience that resonates with my own original mystical illumination:

Suddenly I was wrapped in gentleness; there was a blinding flash, then a very diaphanous light in the likeness of a human being. I watched attentively and there he was: Helper of souls, Imam of wisdom, Primus Magister, whose form filled me with wonder and whose shining beauty dazzled me. He came toward me, greeting me so kindly that my bewilderment faded and my alarm gave way to a feeling of familiarity.<sup>xxvi</sup>

The light I met in the Missouri chapel at age 19 changed form and appeared as all the prophets and spiritual icons I had ever heard of and those I never knew about before. Ibn 'Arabi's initiatory vision was the same—he met the prophets and teachers in the luminous radiance of the divine. Though the date is not certain, it is estimated that 'Arabi went into retreat and secluded himself at around age 16 and then later, after his original visionary meeting with Jesus, Abraham, and Mohammed (date unknown), he was soon taken to the Muslim philosopher, Ibn Rushd, known as Averroes, who was the judge of Córdoba at the time. This meeting took place around 1184, when 'Arabi was 19 years old. After that meeting, Averroes declared, "I myself was of the opinion that such a thing (i.e. spiritual knowledge without learning) is possible, but never met anyone who had experienced it."<sup>xxvii</sup>

Meeting the empyrean light, no matter its form, is like a flight to the moon or another world. After such a meeting you return to earth, and this requires a well-guided re-entry. In this dream, an expert landing took me to the place where Ibn 'Arabi met the woman who was his primary mentor concerning the empyrean light. It is a reminder that our spiritual home is found on the outskirts where outcasts do more than talk about the light. They meet it and greet it to feel its radiant, loving heat. The devoted seekers of the light belong to another world, yet they mingle in the everyday to deliver the surprise brought back from the heart's rise to the moon. Then their ecstatic dynamics and uncommon antics often render them heretics to the authorities of popular convention.

We celebrate our passionate connection to the hunters and gatherers of sacred ecstasy. Their inner fire casts the light that enables us to mystically see in the night. Their sounds and movements

launch us on mystical adventures, driving us past the cliff edge of our familiar understanding into empyrean heights, then return us home ready to cook and serve holy grain, prayer cakes, and cups brimming with love.

### ***Mundus Imaginalis Is the Mystic's Place***

In the preface to his book, *Spiritual Body and Celestial Earth*, Henry Corbin writes:

This is to say that the *mundus imaginalis* is the place, and consequently the world, where not only the visions of the prophets, the visions of the mystics, the visionary events which each human soul traverses at the time of his exitus from this world, the events of the lesser Resurrection and of the Greater Resurrection "take place" and have their "place," but also the *gestes* of the mystical epics, the symbolic acts of all the rituals of initiation, liturgies in general with all their symbols, the "composition of the ground" in various methods of prayer (*oraison*), the spiritual filiations whose authenticity is not within the competence of documents and archives, and equally the esoteric *processus* of the Alchemical Work . . . Thus, if one deprives all this of its proper place which is the mundus imaginalis, and of its proper organ of perception which is the active Imagination, nothing of it has a "place" anymore, and consequently no longer "takes place." It is no longer anything but imaginary and fictive.<sup>xxviii</sup>

Later, Corbin explains that "The Prophet is not a diviner of future events but the spokesman of the invisible and of the Invisible Ones."<sup>xxix</sup> We extend this to say that all vision and audition inspired by the divine are creative expressions originating in the mundus imaginalis. This mystical world escapes differentiation in terms of mythology versus reality, as conventionally understood. The mystic's mundus is more real than either fact or fiction. Here, the literal is taken as metaphorical while the metaphorical is a door opening to a real mystical event accessible in another kind of time and history. Inside the mundus imaginalis, the way we conceive and perceive is turned inside out—our relations to everything are flipped. Corbin noted that while Hegel defined philosophy as "turning the world inside out," the mystic's luminous revelations are "putting it right side out once more."

Henry Corbin, like the Islamic mystics he translated, warns the reader, seeker, and teacher how easy it is to be deceived by one's own imagination—whether one is a believer or a denier. Without an unfiltered experience of the divine light, the literal and metaphorical are too easily conflated. Again, as we like to say, hunting numinous mystery is like catching a luminous fish. You must catch

the fish, reel it in, bring it back and clean it while it's still fresh, season appropriately, cook, and serve. Any step missed or done incorrectly results in the diminishment or loss of divine conveyance.

Beware the “false trail” that leads to mistaking an imagined fantasy for what Corbin refers to as “the imaginal” or “*imaginatio vera*” (Imagination in the true sense).<sup>xxx</sup> There are two main trickster fantasies that block entry to the mundus imaginalis: fantasizing that the latter has been experienced and fantasizing that no one has experienced it. The latter fantasy stems from what Corbin calls “the agnostic reflex,” the knee-jerk skepticism of mystical experience. The other fantasy non-discriminately conflates mystical perception with a purposefully induced daydream, trance, or hallucination. The *imaginal* realm cannot be discerned, confirmed, or denied with everyday worldly faculties. Entering the mystical world that is opened (and evoked) by the mystics’ creative imagination requires what the saints and prophets point toward: annihilation of self, an emptying of all fantasy, and full concentration on the light of God. At the middle gate, the mystical senses awaken. One sense prevails and ascends: sacred emotion, the force behind ascending motion. Here symbols morph into clashing cymbals as fire becomes the wind of heart wings pulled by divine strings. Consider these words a metaphorical rendering, an evocation of a higher literality—a doorway to the mundus imaginalis.

### ***Sama’ Revisited***

In a former teaching, we discussed the Sufi practice of *sama’*, the ceremonial act that most distinguishes their unique form of Islam.<sup>xxxi</sup> Professor Bruce Lawrence, Islamic scholar at Duke University, defines *sama’* as “the courting of the divine through the performance of music, which in turn [leads] to public expressions of ecstasy.”<sup>xxxii</sup> Listening to this kind of inspired music helps us catch divine love and its sacred ecstasy, regarded by Sufis as their pinnacle religious goal. Sufis are either celebrated or criticized by other Muslims for this musical means of seeking union with the Beloved.

Lawrence explains that “music was said to help the lover in attaining the ecstasy derived from imminent union with the Beloved, but it itself was not thought to be coextensive with ecstasy.” In other words, what is felt in the Sufi pinnacle climb is the hallowed emotion of sacred ecstasy associated with divine love and should not be conflated with conventional human love or the generic excitement that comes from moving to music. *Sama’* helps the Sufi reach the “penultimate stage on the mystical ladder” or it “may be viewed as the top rung on the ladder, itself the ultimate mystical experience when properly pursued.” When discussing the divine, its love, ecstasy, communion, and union, Sufi mystics warn how easily these experiences mistaken by “raw beginners” and therefore require a “mature trekker” to discern and confirm their authenticity.<sup>xxxiii</sup> The need for anointed conductors, pointers, and teachers runs through most if not all seasoned lineages of spirituality, especially with the practice of *sama’*.

According to Lawrence, some Sufi lineages advised that the music of sama' should not be heard by beginners because they are too easily deceived into thinking they had a heightened ecstatic experience. Other Sufi traditions encouraged everyone to practice sama' because, no matter the risk of conflation and exaggeration, this placed the seeker in the most favorable climate to catch divine emotion. Arguments between these two approaches to sama' (it should be for everyone versus only for mature trekkers) trickle through the scholarly literature. Non-Sufi Muslims, on the other hand, critique or negate the Sufi emphasis on this musical means of reaching the divine. Some further argue that divine love is not the pinnacle purpose of Islam, and they are uncomfortable with an ecstatic experience they have not personally felt. They have greater respect for adherence to spiritual law rather than union with the Beloved.

Sacred Ecstasies resonates with the "sama' for all," approach. We are more like the Kalahari climbers to pinnacle sacred ecstasy in that we have no concern for defending our sama', climb, love, or sacred ecstasy from textual definitions, clerical restrictions, or institutional condemnations. The Kalahari song-and-dance circle perform their old school sama' without fear of any institutionalized agency whose hierarchy guards against love flooding away the power of social relations and their attachment to the static meanings of written words. Every major religion hides the sama', limits it, tames it, or bans it in favor of miles and miles of regulatory and explanatory texts whose sentences make sure the originating emotion is so hidden that it is easily forgotten.

At the same time, we also recognize that beginners easily mistake the general excitement that comes from music and movement with sacred ecstasy. We often find ourselves cautioning people in the Guild, especially newcomers, about quickly presuming they have climbed to the highest peak of union with the Beloved.

We can only imagine the freedom that is felt by a Sufi master experiencing sama' in the Kalahari, with no concern with authorities questioning their path to experiencing rather than only interpreting the Beloved. Some of these Sufi saints are with us now in our pantheon where they are meeting the spiritual cooking masters of the Kalahari. Here each is benefitting from the other's wisdom. Both are aware of the need for maturation of the love-catcher or else the divine gift of sama' becomes another pearl cast before swine. To drink the holy wine, we make sure our mature trekkers are present to guide the trek and host the party of arty and darty.

One more thing: when body movement is added to listening, divine love and sacred ecstasy are better caught. Sama' practitioners long ago found this and practiced aligning their sound and movement. When Rumi entered the sama' scene, Sufis were already coordinating sound and movement in both standing and sitting choreographies. What he brought was the now famous turning motion of the whirling dervish. This movement helped his lineage extend their reach in the climb to divine union.



With or without movement or whirling, the primary bridge for mystical communion is music. Sama' is enhanced by movement, enabling what we call whole body hearing. The aural bridge of music enables the dancing listener to cross. Lawrence concludes,

. . . music was the *sine qua non* of Islamic mysticism. It not only helped the lover to attain a state of ecstasy in the presence of the Beloved, but it itself was integral to the ecstatic moment. Ideally sama' absorbed the human listener into the place of music till there remained only the song.<sup>xxxiv</sup>

***Visiting the Mystical Library—Rather Than Describe or Explain Mystery, Pray It***

Brad dreamed we were in a library on high, meeting with an older black woman who was a head librarian of the African American book collection:

I told her that she might be interested in the former book series I edited, *Profiles of Healing*, especially the books on the Caribbean and the Kalahari Bushmen. Her expertise was the black church spiritual experience, and we thought we could introduce her to how other practices in the African diaspora pushed the envelope when it came to the ecstatic celebration and expression. Soon it became clear that she couldn't make sense of what I was saying, even if I avoided theoretical abstraction and spoke in terms of sensory experience. Somehow the socially defined limit of expression in her church background did not allow her to consider what lied past its boundary.

I stopped what I was saying and heard an inner voice give me instruction, "Rather than describe or explain mystery, pray it. Let her feel the difference you are trying to convey and do it with prayer." I started praying with the extra ecstatic firepower provided by the spiritual lineages of the Caribbean and southern Africa. In this fervor, words of prayer were familiar to her as was a clear devotion to God. The extra energetics of upgraded ecstatic fire was immediately acceptable and recognizable as still in the service of holy prayer, with extra layers of hot fudge kicking it up a notch.

As I woke up, I remembered how Reverend Charles Spurgeon once described taking the spiritual temperature of a church by experiencing how they pray. In this dream, prayer not only gave a reliable reading of the spiritual temperature of the room, its expression (rather than description, definition, or explanation) raised the heat and enabled a higher reach toward the divine. Rather than talk *about* God, fire, temperature, love, light, or spiritual flight, express these truths in prayer.

Let's get on board Reverend Spurgeon's instruction—take the temperature of your prayer. If it is cold, then assume you are cold as well. Wild movement and noise alone are not a reliable assessment of spiritual heat, nor do they automatically help you access the spiritual fire. Instead, keep it real. A single drop of hot sacred emotion voiced in prayer can radiate more fire than a thousand words. Drop the explanation and pour a drop of real emotion. Pray in order to convey what even the clearest exposition cannot say.

### ***You Found a Trail***

Brad dreamed we were both being driven by a guide along the coast of Cape Town, South Africa:

We passed many places I have visited before, and the area looked both different and the same as I remembered. Then we looked to our right and saw the ocean like a towering wall beside us, as if Moses had parted the waters and we were driving on the bottom of the sea. There was no visible barrier holding back the water from flooding the road. We were so stunned that we didn't have time to gather our thoughts and conclude that this was impossible: a giant wall of ocean that suddenly stopped at the edge of the road for vehicles to pass.

I then told our guide that long ago I taught therapists at the Groote Schuur Hospital in Cape Town, where Dr. Chris Bernard had performed the world's first heart transplant. One live case I conducted involved a man so depressed that he couldn't get out of bed in the morning due to feeling a heavy weight against his chest. In front of a live audience, I blurted out a question to this patient without thinking, "Are you feeling the weight of the cross, the burden carried by Jesus?" He looked shocked and replied, "Yes, how do you know?" I asked, "Are you a carpenter?" He replied, "Yes, how do you know?" I then smiled and said, "It looks like you are missing the cross. Without the cross a heavy burden can't be held by your body alone." I prescribed that he actually make a heavy wood cross and place it on his chest when he lied down for a nap. As he did so, he was to imagine that he was sharing the burden of Christ's load, making it more manageable for Him." He did this task and recovered from his depression within weeks.

After I retold this story, I remembered to add that before I taught therapy I had worked for the director of experimental surgery at Groote Schuur Hospital when he was a visiting scientist at the Roswell Park Memorial Institute in Buffalo, New York. He oversaw the heart transplantation research that led to Dr. Bernard's famous procedure. That memory, in turn, led to my adding in the dream, "And many years

later I conducted research with the Bushmen and was guided there by Dr. Bernard's cousin, Izak Bernard, the pioneer of African safaris.

As we approached the old downtown area of Cape Town, I asked about Clarke's rare book shop where I used to track down out of print books on the Bushmen. The guide said it was still there. I started to tell him about some of the rare items I had found there in the past when a voice in the sky interrupted to announce, "You found a trail." This interruption threw us into feeling how fortunate we are to have found a trail to the Kalahari Bushman way of tracking God, something no book can convey. I also wondered if we had discovered a new Bushman trail, the road that travels alongside the bottom edge of the vast sea. Or maybe we had been sent back to look with new eyes at the same trail we have traveled many times in the past to be startled anew by the immense closeness of the mystical ocean.

The Bushman way of spiritual cooking is the main cornerstone of Sacred Ecstasies. When we find other spiritual lineages that seek ecstasy, we make sure and compare them to our baseline reference—Kalahari ecstatic sound movement that has the least interference with catching and owning the feeling for God. Without libraries in their villages, trickster did not have volumes of fixed words to interfere with sacred emotion reception. At the same time, this benefit also had another side that left the Bushman elders with little opportunity to discuss their spirituality with other orientations. Their wisdom remained understood only inside their song and dance circle.

The oldest form of ecstatic sound movement and its spiritual cooking life is the most distinct alternative to other spiritual offerings found on the planet. When someone tries to convey the climb to God in words, the Bushmen tease one another to ease the tension implied by any pretension that such an experience can be conceptually understood. In the laughter that ensues, a song often breaks through and the trail to God opens again.

We marvel at how academic talk and chalk (mirroring how many people think and use printed ink) have led to more conflict and war than they have to ineffable meetings with the divine. Even mystical scholars who know better write more pages on differentiating what mystery means rather than describing or evoking how it is experientially caught. Similarly, the collected rare books written on the Bushmen, along with the specialized talk of anthropologists, rock art scientists, and spiritual seekers of Kalahari spiritual treasure, provide little to no practical description or insight into their utmost mystery.

The old trail to the ascending mystical heart is only found when you discern the scent of the numinous. Talk alone leaves you alone, missing what's waiting at the end of the rope. The oldest trail to finding God holds back the sea of names that would otherwise wash away the trail. The Kalahari that was once a sea is now dry, enabling the hunting and gathering of mystery. In its sand

is found more than a grain holding a conceptual infinity. The sand holds the footprints of ecstatic sound movers, a trail that leads to the source and force of creation.

This journey requires a heart transplant. The heart, burdened by life's troubles and disappointments, must ascend to be replaced with a mystical heart of light. Perhaps this is why in a previous dream, when Brad asked his grandmother, Doe, about the first hospital she remembers, she held up a glowing heart and spoke of surrendering her suffering to Jesus.<sup>xxxv</sup> In our visionary adventures we have discovered that ecstasies whose heart meets the light find themselves in the middle wobble of sound and movement. Even Jesus was like an original ancestral n/om-kxao, which is why we call him Eland Jesus. With song and dance he led his disciples into the realm of mystery, so the Gnostic Gospels say. In Cape Town we remembered that we own a new heart and a trail to God. We are ecstatic sound movers on the march to ancient reborn glory!

### ***Ginseng***

In a dream, Brad was shown someone holding ginseng roots that had been soaked in honey and dried, leaving a sweet tasting soft root. In the dream he learned that, among other medicinal properties, this root provides an ancient means of enhancing one's spiritual development. It is a spiritual medicine. Brad briefly woke up and then fell asleep again. The same dream repeated itself.

The next morning we found that the Chinese *Canon of Medicine* states that, "ginseng strengthens the soul, brightens the eye, opens the heart, expels evil, benefits understanding and if taken for prolonged periods of time will invigorate the body and prolongs one's life."

In addition to its many benefits to the physical body, ginseng has been described as a "Qi tonic" that helps Qi flow, sometimes increase, and become balanced. Furthermore, it is also regarded as a "Jing and Shen tonic" where Jing refers to our deepest Qi and Shen relates to the mental, emotional, and spiritual nature of our being.

We then remembered that we have some ginseng in our cabinet. Following the double dream prescription, we took the medicine. Try it if you like. There's some in your First Creation mundus imaginalis medicine cabinet, if you prefer taking the ineffable ginseng + honey variety.

### ***Receiving the Rectangular Puzzle of Light***

Hillary dreamed that we received a luminous gift:

Brad and I were watching a film about a young man who received a transmission of the Light. As part of his anointment as a holy man, he was given a rectangular

wooden block puzzle. It was about ten inches tall and two inches thick. The pieces were irregularly shaped and painted different colors. This puzzle was charged with spiritual power, and somehow the act of putting it together and rearranging the pieces was meant to be used by the man as a tool of the sacred work he would carry out in the world. The film was quite joyful and moved us very much. The young man was surrounded by a group of friends who were supportive and celebrative of his anointment.

After the movie was over, Brad and I went to bed. When we entered the room, we noticed that our bed had been moved out from the wall, and behind it was now a long built-in bench. I looked down and saw that part of the rectangular puzzle from the film we had just watched was sitting on top of it. I knelt on the floor to take a closer look. Before I had the chance to wonder how an object from the movie had somehow crossed over into real life, the other missing puzzle pieces materialized out of thin air in streaks of light. They remained briefly suspended at my eye level. As soon as I saw the glowing light, I immediately knew that we were witnessing a miracle and began to weep. For a second I wasn't sure if I was hallucinating, so I turned to Brad and said, "Look! Do you see that?" He turned around to look at the luminous objects and said, "Yes, I see it!"

We both knew we were receiving a mystical gift from the other side. The glowing puzzle pieces then gently fell toward the floor, and I quickly collected them all, placing them on the table next to the puzzle. The top of the wooden puzzle was incomplete, and I could tell that the pieces that had appeared were meant to be added to it. It also seemed as if there were enough pieces to build a second puzzle, but I knew I couldn't be sure until I started putting them together.

Then Brad said with astonishment, "Look! We received a letter!" I turned and saw that a letter from the young man in the film had also materialized out of thin air. It was addressed to us and contained instructions on how to use the puzzle.

Unlike worldly puzzles whose pieces only fit together in one way, the pieces in this mystical puzzle of light can be put together in an infinite number of ways to transform reality, but only when guided by the highest illumination. We were both in disbelief, our rational minds struggling to comprehend how a character from a film could know our names. The letter also had a photo of the young man from the film, as if to prove to us that it really was from him.

Brad and I were very excited to share this new gift with the Guild. I then woke up from the dream, and for several minutes thought we had truly watched that film and received the luminous puzzle. Only after I fully came back to myself did I realize that

I had been dreaming. I made an illustration of the puzzle I saw and the glowing pieces floating in space:



After Hillary’s dream, we realized that the puzzle of rectangles that we wrote about at the beginning of this visionary book had returned. This time it came as a blend of the former rectangular wooden puzzle gifted to us by Osumi Sensei and a three-dimensional work of art, similar to a Piet Mondrian painting.<sup>xxxvi</sup> Recall that when Brad previously dreamed of Mondrian’s rectangular paintings at the end of the 2022-2023 Guild season, he received an ineffable download of all the multisensory ecstatic dynamics of the universe. Inside the room of Ibn ‘Arabi and his lineage of mystics, we know these dynamics to be contained in the Light itself, the divine luminosity that is transmitted from one mystic to another across generations. There is no time and space when it comes to the Light. It can cross any physical or virtual boundary, even leaping from the realm of creative imagination into the physical realm to touch and transform our lives.

### *Postscript*

After Brad heard Hillary’s dream, he said that before going to bed that night he had a strong feeling that the same light he experienced in the chapel over fifty years ago was present in the house and that he might experience it again that night. He did not share this feeling with Hillary. Indeed, the light was in the house and Hillary caught it, dreaming that Brad saw the light as well.

### ***Heinz von Foerster Brings a Teaching***

Brad dreamed we visited one of his former mentors, Heinz von Foerster, one of the founders of cybernetics:

Heinz took us to a room and pointed to a bright light. It was so bright that its source could not be seen. Then he pointed to the other side of the room where we saw a blend of colors suspended in the air. It seemed to be some kind of luminous art, but we were not sure of its origin. After looking at the multi-colored light, Heinz pointed to the white light again. As soon as we looked at it, he pointed back to the other side of the room toward the colors. We were now surprised to see that the colors were more saturated, richer, and vibrant than they had been before.

Heinz then made clear that he was inviting us to be his students. It brought back memories of when I considered him my mentor and appreciated how much he taught me as a scholar and as a human being. But I walked away from continuing any further study of cybernetics, believing its embodiment in performance was more fascinating than making explicit its abstractions via definitions and explanations. Hillary also studied cybernetics and made a profound contribution to its embodiment in her first book, *Circular Therapeutics*. Our vocational calling is less mathematical and more practical, exploring how circular action can make a transformative, interactional difference in all our relations, something that eluded the great theorists of cybernetics when it came to its application in the everyday.

I woke up missing Heinz and hoping I did not disappoint him by following another trail. And then I realized that both Hillary and I had actually followed his teaching by becoming cyberneticians who dropped its formal terms to better turn its recursive wheels, doing so in the helping professions and ecstatic spiritual traditions.

Later the next morning, we realized that Heinz was still teaching us. He showed us what Ibn 'Arabi found: one look at the main source of divine light is what allows us to see the many colors of our experienced world in richer hues and greater saturation. Even one peek at the white light of the Creator brings a greater appreciation and enjoyment of how it floods the world with a diversity of color. This is not linear causality; it is sacred circularity. Meeting the light enables us to meet the world differently. Look toward the holy light before you see its dispersion as the anointed colors of the world.

*Postscript*

Brad dreamed this dream twice. During the second dream, we were confused when Heinz showed us the light. We were not sure whether we were seeing a light or hearing a sound. After waking up, Brad could not remember if it was light, sound, or both. It felt as if more mystery had been revealed. Seeing this light and hearing this sound together felt like more deeply meeting the Light which was revealed to also be the Sound of Creation.

A third dream showed us an old wood house sitting in the wilderness with no other houses, buildings, or people within sight. It sat next to a river, which was neither seen nor heard. Its current was somehow mystically felt. The house originally had been painted white, but weather and age had removed most of the paint and the exterior needed a fresh coat. In front of the house, which at times resembled an old country church, were stone boulders. When examined more closely they seemed to be gravestones. Everything had a double or other side. The place felt like our new home.

### ***Room Puzzle***

In a dream, Brad faced a graphic depiction of the situation in which a person comes to someone for help.

I saw that each of us, client and helper, has three choices of room: (1) the practical, earthly outcome room where models and technique guide action; (2) a more aesthetic, performance-oriented room where improvised creative action guided by the life force aims to wake us up and make us feel more alive, and (3) an ecstatic spirit house room where communion with jubilant divine light is the highest quest.

These room possibilities result in multiple room *pairings* based on whether the client and helper remain in different rooms or occupy the same space. For example, the client may only want to have a problem fixed (such as getting over a public speaking phobia) whereas the helper may choose to work with the creative life force or as a spiritual agent who conveys the light. In sum, people may meet in the same room or come together while inside different rooms. In a helping situation, rooms as well as people meet one another.

I then became aware that a client and helper may have no conscious awareness of these room differences and preferences. This presents even more room combinations for their meeting ground. Furthermore, each room may be held or embedded in another room, resulting in nested rooms. For instance, a strategic problem-solving therapist might enact prayer for a client whose worldview benefits



from such action. A creative life force worker or spirit-filled healer might spontaneously use what others would regard as a strategic technique.

Of course, all human beings simultaneously exist in all these rooms with multiple nesting possibilities, whether they know it or not. What may change is our presumed awareness or ignorance of what existential space we are in and whether we desire an exit, re-entry, or new passage to a different space. What struck me most, however, is that in between the rooms of purposeful technique and mystical light engagement is a middle place where the creative life force requires its occupant to have less purpose—neither the material nor the spiritual are named, framed, or claimed. Here in the middle we may be sent on transient flights into the other two rooms, steered by creative momentum rather than personal will. In the middle we are moved by the dynamics of all three rooms pulling from all sides. With enough contrarian excitation, the vibration of creation awakens.

In the middle room, the warmth and light are felt as the troubles and joys of earth melt into heaven. In the middle of all middles, the many pieces of the room puzzle move together. It is what Osumi Sensei points to on the seiki bench in the seiki room that welcomes the seiki wind. Here all rooms change and their nested arrangement shifts to create a moving current that never ends and never has to begin. This is where earth and heaven meet. Recalling my dream of Heinz von Foerster from the previous night, we stand in the middle, moving our attention back and forth from the bright light of divinity to the multi-colored manifestation of that light on earth. In this oscillation we step inside the fullest experience of being inseparable from the ongoing movement of creation.

### ***Tapduk Emre***

Brad dreamed we met Tapduk Emre, the Sufi sheikh from Cappadocia who mentored the legendary Sufi poet, Yunus Emre:

We were welcomed by him in his monastery. He was extraordinarily kind and patient, with a glowing radiance not of this world. He then changed in an instant and was stern and direct without caring whether he was perceived as gentle and loving. This shift startled me, but then he instantly changed countenance again. Expressing neither of the previous faces, he simply said, “I am one.” I woke up startled.

### ***Splashed in the Face***

We were watching a television series on the life of famous Turkish Sufi poet, Yunus Emre, and his relationship with his sheikh and teacher, Tapduk Emre. It was a particularly inspiring episode in which the sheikh gave Yunus a new job after he had only just joined the lodge and become a dervish. Tapduk Emre said, "I have a new job for you, one for which you are the only one qualified among all the dervishes." Yunus was excited by the prospect of receiving a task of higher importance than sweeping the floor. Then the sheikh said, "Here is the job. Whenever another dervish asks you a question, whatever it may be, you are to reply, 'I don't know.' That is your job, to only answer every question with, 'I don't know.'" Yunus's heart sank, but we were thrilled at this wise sheikh's intervention to help this young man get over his all-knowing ego and obsession with appearances and social roles.

We kept watching the program past our typical bedtime. Hillary dozed off for a few moments and had a very brief dream:

I was in the Sufi lodge cleaning the floor on my hands and knees with a bucket of water and a rag. Suddenly a drop of water splashed up from the floor and hit me in the face, which startled me awake.

The more Yunus swept the floor each day, the more he struggled with regretting his decision to leave his powerful, respected position as the village *qadi*, or judge. The sheikh noticed that Yunus needed a deeper cleaning than a broom could provide, so he gave him the ultimate cleanser, "I don't know." We can all recognize ourselves in Yunus's spiritual struggle, even if the particularities are different. If we are lucky enough to be given the opportunity to clean the floor and clean our minds of all knowing, as well as the desire to be seen as one who knows, we may receive the blessing of a splash of water that startles us awake.

### ***Credo Mutwa's Gifts***

Brad dreamed we were at an airport where we met elder Zulu sangoma, Credo Mutwa:

He took us to a small house outside the city where he had long kept some art and sacred objects stored. He said no one had ever seen any of it before and then he gave everything to us. We carried as much as we could and made our way back to the airport. We weren't sure how we'd get all these gifts on the plane, but we

trusted everything would work out. I woke up uncertain how we'd use these gifts or whether they were symbolic of something else.

Then I dreamed again that we met Credo at the same house. This time he showed us a stack of written material kept in files. It was about one meter high on a table. He gave it to us and mentioned that no one knew of its existence. He wanted us to have it. We did our best to carry the written work back to the airport and weren't sure how we'd get it all on the plane, but we trusted it would work about. I woke up unsure what he had written but what caught my attention were the old files that were colored a pinkish red tint.

A third dream followed. I was singing and it woke me up. Perhaps a song had been given in a dream, but I don't remember the dream. My singing in sleep simply woke me up. The art, the manuscripts, the song were reminders of our work. Through art, text, and sound we help people ecstatically move into a world of mystery that is not meant to be understood. It is meant to be experienced as a gift that wakes you up.

### ***The Greatest Work Is Unseen by Others***

Brad dreamed we were visited by a messenger who brought news about our past and present work. He said that what we wrote and taught early in our work was "great" though not always seen, understood, or appreciated by others. We did not feel any personal pride or victory of accomplishment at the mention of "great." Instead, we felt we had served our mission with great concentration of soulful intensity. He then mentioned that Heinz von Foerster saw the importance of our work from the beginning. Furthermore, the messenger added, today Heinz thinks it is "even greater." When he uttered "even greater" we found we were no longer in the same room. We were instantly transported to a kitchen where Heinz was cooking for us. Standing over the pots and pans at the stove he said, "The greatest work is especially great because it is unseen by others. It is meant to be seen by higher sight." The instant he said this we were transported to yet another room. Here we could not see who was present, but we could feel we were surrounded by the sheikhs of old. We knew Tapduk Emre was smiling—we felt it—and this was all we needed to passionately continue our mission.

You are here to fulfill a great work, something that serves such a high concentration of soulful intensity that it is unseen by those unable to perceive the ineffable. Feel the enlightened ancestors, saints, and deities smile when your heart rises in devotion to being unseen except to God.

### ***Divine Illumination is What Makes Every Room Complete***

Brad dreamed we were sitting in the main room of a house. It seemed like the room belonged to every house on earth, a rectangular shape with places to sit and all the other typical objects one would find. As we looked at the room, it felt like we were looking at an incomplete painting, a composition not yet finished by the artist. It also seemed like we were looking at a jigsaw puzzle where an important piece in the lower right quadrant was missing. Like an unfinished aesthetic composition and metaphysical puzzle, the room was desperately lacking more than a particular cutout or pigmentation—it also was missing a higher dimension. The room had not sprung to life or been filled with the spiritual electricity that makes you shout and sing or leap with joy. It evoked no ecstasy.

As we looked more closely at the void in the lower right quadrant of the room, the empty space changed. It was now illumined by a ray of light coming from on high down through the roof and ceiling. In an instant we knew we had to stand in that light and be as empty as that part of the room. Without saying a word to one another, we both understood that whatever comes through us while standing in this empty, illumined space provides the missing piece that makes every room complete. Only this would fulfill our calling and our search for the right room, home, and place.

We were illumined with the certainty that we are here to complete the puzzle of every room we enter, standing in the light to make it feel right. With no purpose other than merging with the light, we bring the emptiness that does not interfere with God making the room whole, holy, and radiant. The perfect room we seek is not found in any geographical place. It is found when God fills and illumines our empty space. Otherwise, every room will be incomplete. The missing piece of the puzzle and the final stroke of the composition can only be supplied by higher Light.

### ***Homecoming Gifts from Sam Gurnoe***

Brad dreamed we had moved into the parsonage he grew up in as a child. It was small, old house located next door to the church. A wire ran from the church sanctuary to the living room for an intercom that Brad enjoyed using as a child. You could hear what was happening in the church from the house. In the dream we had redecorated and refurnished the parsonage to make it feel like it belonged to us. Our first visitor was Sam Gurnoe, Brad's friend who is also an Ojibway medicine man. Long ago, he put Brad on a hill to fast.

Sam arrived and said, "I bring three gifts for you." The first gift was a painting from Oaxaca done in the surreal magical style. It was likely painted by Felipe Morales or someone in that school of painting. The second gift was a large and thick art book. It was unopened and wrapped in clear wrap to protect it. The cover looked like Hillary's recent drawing of her dream that focused on a mysteriously illumined puzzle. The third gift was also a book. Sam said, "This is the third gift—it is

a very special book. I am still reading it and will hand it over to you soon.” He started to finish reading it and as he did, I looked around the room. Though it was small, it was beautiful. We began to feel that we had written that book—either in the past, present, or future—and the gift was Sam’s sincere desire to read it.

Our true spiritual home is found in sharing our gifts with each other and feeling that they all fit together to make a luminous whole. A sense of loss and yearning arises when the gifts we were given by God don’t come together with the gifts held by others. We search for the missing pieces, and yet they are in our hands and in the hands of others. We should give our gifts away, for in the giving the whole puzzle of life and its light is revealed. We reach our spiritual home in a community of sharing, everyone losing more and more of the self while feeling more and more of the Light. It’s that simple, and it has the power to make a small room feel like a vast mansion.

### ***Sacred Ecstasies Is Here***

Shari, a longstanding Guild member, came to New Orleans in August for a three-day immersion in prayer-directed spiritual renewal. The night before we began, Brad dreamed he heard a voice announce, “Shari is here.” The next morning Brad shared the dream, adding that this is the same voice that has guided Brad since his first illumination at age 19 and has given us pointing and instruction since we launched Sacred Ecstasies together. We honored the dream as an indication that Shari is under the guidance and protection of the saints on high.

Each night a different message came to us for the next day. First, Shari was told to repeat the word “here” as a prayer, using it like a Sufi dhikr. Then instruction came for her to tap on her heart as if sending a message to “the other side” where mystery resides. After the tapping, she was instructed to imagine that her heart answered back, “Shari is here.” We were shown that all people are beings of light and came into this world as pure light. This mystical light is inseparable from the oneness of the divine light of all light. In this light we are all the same.

Through the journey of life, we cover this light with many veils of filtration brought on by learning and acculturation. These veils build up layers that constitute a constructed self and block the light from coming through. This is how filtration creates deception. Yet inside our heart of hearts, the light of mystery—that which is essential in our being—always remains. Each of us is this light and our spiritual mission is to return to it. When the veils are cleared away we are an empty vessel holding only the divine light. Tapping on her heart, Shari could also say in succession, “Shari is here” and “The light is here.” She can do this whenever she needs to return home.

Shari’s prescription must be performed in the climate in which it was delivered: surrounded by the sound and emotion of prayer. Sparking sacred emotion and giving primary attention to the vertical rope to God protects the tapping prayer prescription from becoming a cliché of trivial self-

centric spirituality that glorifies the ego. The room and its spiritual climatic conditions must be optimal for evoking the divine that dissolves rather than evolves the imagined self.

After our time with Shari, another dream arrived. This time the words spoken were for the Guild: “Sacred Ecstatics is here.” Instruction was given for a new ritual for Guild members. After entering a climate of holy conditions, we are made ready to bring Sacred Ecstatics into the world. This starts by tapping your heart and saying, for example, “Hillary is here.” Then keep tapping and imagine the light within your mystical heart saying, “The Light is here.” (These words may be said aloud or on the inside.) Then write down the message, “Sacred Ecstatics is here.” Write the words on a stone, paint them on a canvas, write them on cloth, or some other medium. Do so while feeling the desire to meet the divine fire—the source and force of the divine light of lights. “Sacred Ecstatics is here” and it is ready to be spread into the world. We will be directed to conduct this ritual in various ways and places this forthcoming season. Begin by doing it morning and evening in the room where you sleep.

This summer Shari came to New Orleans. The voice on high welcomed her, “Shari is here.” Similarly, each of you is here. In a climate of holy expression that seeks communion with Thee, we find our essential nature in the heart of mystery. Tap on your heart and hear the mystical heart within respond, “The Light is here.” Now we are also ready to announce that “Sacred Ecstatics is here.” We are on a mission to be receivers of light and convey the radiance that celebrates the glory divine.

### ***It's Rodeo Time!***

A couple years ago, Hillary became fascinated with the art of rodeo announcing. She discovered videos of the most famous living rodeo announcer, Bob Tallman, known as “the voice of professional rodeo.” Tallman was also inducted into the Rodeo Hall of Fame. Hillary transcribed and memorized a few of his more colorful verses and performed them for the Guild. One of her favorites is this, which Tallman shouts quickly with a heavy Texas accent:

The higher they jump  
The better they buck  
The better you ride  
The better the score oughtta be  
It's rodeo time!

And this one:

Alright everyone it's time for another try...two thousand pounds of loose skin bellerin' beast toes pointed east and west on a southbound buckin' horse he's goin' north to get the money!

In the summer of 2023, we found ourselves walking one evening in downtown Montgomery, Alabama. Soon we noticed the faint smell of hay and manure in the air. Rounding the corner, we came upon bright lights shining over a set of bleachers and a dirt clearing. Someone nearby remarked, "That's where they host the traveling rodeo. It starts tomorrow night." We walked over to take a closer look.

Several cowboys in jeans, boots, and cowboy hats appeared to be testing the lights. Another older cowboy was seated at a table. "Good evening," he said. As soon as we heard his voice, which had the distinctive, deep resonance of a classic radio personality, we both knew this must be the emcee. Brad said, "Are you the rodeo announcer?" He stood up and replied, "I sure am! My name's Jerry Byrd." We shook hands, and Brad said,

"Wow, what a voice you have! We knew the minute we heard you speak you must be the announcer. You know, this is amazing because Hillary loves rodeo announcing. She listens to all the videos and memorizes the lines and shouts them all the time at home. Hillary, what's the name of that famous announcer you like?"

Before Hillary could remember his name, Jerry interjected, "Bob Tallman."

"Yes! That's it!" Hillary said.

"Bob Tallman is perhaps the most famous rodeo caller there is. I've known him many years, he's a good friend of mine and we've done several rodeos together." Jerry then took out his phone to show us Bob Tallman's name and number in his contacts.

Brad said, "Hillary, tell him that line you love to say."

It took her a moment to recall the lines and gather the courage, but Hillary gave the best version of the first verse above that she could muster. Jerry was very pleased and said, "Where are y'all from?" "Louisiana," Hillary said. Then Jerry responded with an improvised rodeo call,

“I’d say something like this if you were performing in the rodeo tonight: Alright we’ve got Hillary from down south in the swamps of Louisiana. Let’s see if they teach ‘em to ride these bulls as well as they wrestle those ‘gators.”

Below is a photo of Jerry Byrd, who was a former rodeo rider and rodeo clown for fifteen years. He announces some of the most prestigious rodeos in the Southeast and is owner of the annual Bulls on the Beach charitable rodeo event on the Gulf coast in Florida.



We talked with Jerry Byrd for several more minutes about life in the rodeo, and then parted ways. We were both amazed that we had stumbled upon a rodeo in the middle of a city and met a seasoned rodeo announcer who is friends with the great Bob Tallman, one of Hillary’s vocal inspirations. It was a night we’ll never forget. It’s rodeo time!

When the Creator or an anointed teacher calls you to use your voice, pay attention and follow through with whatever guidance comes. Whether it’s focused on the tone of prayer, song, or rodeo, there’s a reason you have those vocal cords. When they are developed you are made better able to climb the cord to God. Life is like a wild bronco, and you are on it for a very short time—only a few seconds in the clock of eternity. Hold on, wave, shout, and have a good ride. The announcers are there to lift your spirit and celebrate your action in the ring. Once again, it’s rodeo time, and the next bull rider is you.

### ***Atomic Bomb in the Sky***



Brad dreamed we were standing outside, looking at the sky. We felt the many challenges the world faces today, from global warming to the proliferation of nationalistic cults that feed the addiction to greed, anger, cruelty, and self-righteousness that are linked to perverted forms of religiosity:

As we worried about the world, two large military airplanes flew overhead. One of them dropped a large object. Alarmed, I shouted to Hillary, “Someone dropped an atomic bomb!” I was surprised I said this because the object was a gigantic Styrofoam meat tray, almost the size of the plane. One corner of the tray looked like someone tried to take a bite out of it. Rather than run for cover we simply stood and watched the unusual bomb fall from the sky. The irregular object distracted us from our previous concerns as we realized the world as we knew it was going to be blown up.

The next morning, I told Hillary about the dream. Only then did I realize the connection to Sister Gertrude Morgan who sometimes painted on Styrofoam meat trays. We have one hanging in our living room. One of her themes was getting people ready for the end of the world. In addition, she often depicted herself flying with Jesus in an airplane.

In the dream Sister Gertrude had an airplane for both Big Dada (God) and Little Dada (Jesus). The atomic bomb she dropped was clearly a level of holy ghost power never experienced before. It was beyond what sanctified preachers call “dynamite power,” referring to the power of the holy spirit to blast out anything that is not aligned with God. This refers to the internal world of a human being as well as their surroundings. In this dream, Sister Gertrude Morgan came back to earth with two large planes piloted by the Father and the son, and carrying the holy ghost atomic bomb. Say amen, somebody! And don’t forget to eat the holy bread no matter how it’s served—and that includes taking a bit of the tray itself.

### ***Jump In!***

Brad dreamed the Guild was on a vintage wooden yacht traveling across the sea:

The water was the kind of otherworldly, beautiful blue that can only be found in Paradise. In the dream, we had just rounded the first turn of a bay. The water was so perfectly calm it felt like the yacht was gliding on glass. I wondered if the captain was also so mesmerized by the beauty of the water that he took his hands off the

wheel, because it seemed we almost went through a mansion's seaside swimming pool.

As I stared at the glistening water, I spontaneously jumped in because it was impossible to resist its magnetic attraction. Hillary jumped in as well. I said to her, "This water is truly healing, and it brings wonderful peace and abundant joy!" After we were done swimming, we climbed back on board. I then saw Chris, a longstanding Guild member, standing on the deck. His eyes were moist and he appeared to be in need of divine comfort. I walked over to him and said, "Jump in."

Today we say to everyone in the Guild: Jump in. We're on the ship and we are in calm water where healing, rejuvenation, and jubilation await. You are all invited to fall off the deck. Take the fall, make the leap, jump in, and enjoy the soak. Push away trickster hesitation and graciously enter this destination.

### ***Saying Goodbye to Mother Pompey***

On August 25<sup>th</sup>, we received the a letter from Archbishop Pompey's son, Archbishop Melford Pompey:

Good morning my Brother and Sister Keeney,

Grace be unto you and peace from God the Father Almighty. We just want to let you know that Mother Pompey, my mom, passed two days ago, the 23rd of August. She now join Dad who left us in 2010. Thank God for the time she spend with us, it is well with her soul. Thank you for keeping the family in prayer.

Your Brother in Christ,  
Archbishop Melford Pompey.

Though we are saddened by the passing of one of our saints and spiritual mothers from St. Vincent, we know she is rejoicing in heaven. Here is her obituary:

The spiritual Baptist Fraternity of ST VINCENT AND THE GRENADINES has lost a pioneer of the faith. We announce the passing of our Matriarch, Her Excellency Mona Pompey of Overland. She was the Spiritual Head at the St Mary's Cathedral Overland and Matriarch of the Spiritual Baptist Archdiocese.

She was the widow of Blessed Cosmore Mathias Pompey and mother of Archbishop Melford Pompey.

Matriarch Pompey took her flight to glory Wednesday 23rd August 2023 with a valid ticket stamped with the blood of Jesus Christ, all expense was paid for by salvation through Jesus. Fly high Matriarch Pompey as the Angels welcome you to your new home and with a smile on your face you will receive the Crown of righteousness and glory.

Rest eternal grant unto her oh lord and let light perpetual shine upon her. Our deepest condolences to the family and church.

### ***A Sufi Gift***

Brad felt pulled to make an audio recording of the manuscript written by Ibn 'Arabi that was formerly received in dream—the one the Sheikh of Sheikhs wrote by hand at our desk. After several days of recording, Brad had a dream:

In the dream I wondered if I should only record the beginning or the entire text. I decided to listen to the excerpt I had already completed. I then saw myself listening to the recording at my desk—the place where I saw Ibn 'Arabi writing. As the track played, that part of the desk and room glowed with a beautiful white light. I could feel a great holiness radiating. In the middle of the light something mysterious was floating in the air. I was so excited because it was a spiritual gift unlike anything we had received before. I could not wait to tell Hillary about our gift: a writing pen from the Sufi sheiks who are our saints, led by Ibn 'Arabi. Our anointment to write the spiritual teachings coming to us was further blessed on high.

The next day I recorded the Ibn 'Arabi manuscript that included the various spiritual realms the mystic travels through. After all the heavens and stations below, 'Arabi describes this destination:

He reveals to you the Throne of Mercy (sarir al-rabmaniyya). Everything is upon it. If you regard everything you will see the totality of what you knew in it, and more than this: no world or essence remains that you do not witness there. Search for yourself in everything: If it is appropriate, you will know your destination and place and the limit of your degree, and which Divine Name is your

Lord and where your portion of gnosis and sainthood exist—the form of your uniqueness.

And if you do not stop with this, He reveals to you the Pen, the First Intellect, the master and teacher of everything. You examine its tracing and know the message it bears and witness its inversion, and its reception and particularization of the comprehensive [knowledge] from the angel aJ-Nuni.

And if you do not stop with this, He reveals the Mover of the Pen, the right hand of the Truth.

### ***Prayer Bells***

Brad dreamed the Guild was praying together while two musical tones alternated in the background. The tones became the sound of bells with everyone blending in, but without the need for everyone to be exactly in sync. The two bells were then joined by other instrumental sounds, creating a wide, undifferentiated sonic spectrum that enabled all tones and rhythms to come together as a pleasing whole. In this manner, monotones, varying tones, harmonies, and even cacophonies connected. At the core was a single, steady beat with other syncopated rhythms layered on top. As this took place, we witnessed former Guild members return as each of us now felt we truly belonged to a one-of-a-kind community. Even those who previously left with a grudge or a chip on their shoulder came back healed and ready to begin again.

### ***Amy Goes to the Train Station***

Amy, a longtime Guild member, sent us this dream report in late August:

Dear Brad and Hillary,

Last night, I dreamt that I was traveling. I arrived at what seemed like a mix of a train station and a big church. A woman met me at the door and I handed her my ticket. Just inside the door of the station was an old dark-skinned woman with big glasses. She was well-dressed in a blue flower-patterned suit and wore a beautiful head scarf. She was playing the piano in the corner. When she saw me, she stood up and beckoned me toward the donation jar. As she reached out to take the change, the piano kept playing. At the moment we touched, a strong electrical current came

through her hand. We stood there, for what seemed like an eternity, holding each other's hands. The current was so strong, I can still feel it alive in my body as I type this. The woman reminded me of Mother Pompey, perhaps because I learned of her passing through your recent post. God, bless Mother Pompey's soul! I am so grateful that we have been touched by her words.

We responded:

Dear Amy,

We celebrate your dream as a confirmation that you're beginning this season's Guild in a good way, filled with the spiritual electricity that arises through generosity, and with the readiness for spiritual travel, all aided by the music that fuels the journey. Amen!

Love,  
Hillary and Brad

### ***Journey to a Mystery Realm***

Brad dreamed we were invited to give a lecture at Avila University, a Catholic liberal arts institution in Kansas City where he taught many years ago.

When we arrived, I was surprised to see how much the campus had grown. We weren't sure what building we were supposed to teach in nor did we know the topic we were to address, so we asked to see a schedule of the classes. However, getting the name of the building didn't help us find it. And we were surprised to discover that we were talking to an introductory psychology class. We started walking and assumed the place wouldn't be that difficult to locate. Eventually we came to the top of a hill. We panicked when we noticed we had reached the edge of a cliff where the ground dropped off with no warning. We almost plummeted to our death and it gave us quite a fright.

We then walked into a nearby building and asked where to find the place we were looking for. The person pointed to an old skyscraper that looked like the Empire State Building. When we entered, a receptionist handed us further directions to the room. They were written on a piece of paper that had handwritten notes on it;

presumably it was a scrap of paper that had been used before. The room we were assigned to teach in was on the top floor, so up the elevator we went. There we found a table of tools waiting for us. They appeared ancient—a shovel, axe, and other similar items. Looking closely, we noticed that they had turned to dust. They still had the form of tools, but it seemed as if they would disintegrate if we touched them.

Suddenly it appeared we were boarding a rocket ship from on top the building. It launched just as I woke up, unsure where we were heading. As curious as the unknown voyage was, we were more fascinated with the tools made of dust—they were forms without substance. It felt like they came from Africa. I remembered that the campus was named after Teresa of Avila who shook in ecstasy, and the building belonged to New York City, the center of the worldly arts. There we were—departing earth, heading for the heavens and leaving psychology behind.

### ***An Odyssey Through the Lineages and Two New Prayer Lines***

Brad had four dreams in one night, each leading to the other:

In the first dream I was taken to an office building to meet a group of business executives and lawyers who oversaw the funding of my former field research. I stood outside the door waiting to meet them, accompanied by the director of their foundation. Before the door could open, Osumi Sensei suddenly stood in front of me. She was glowing with light radiating from every side. I forgot the business-minded people and their financial meeting and only felt gratitude for how this elder master of seiki jutsu had enriched my life. I never entered the meeting room. I only stood there and wept with joy. I woke up feeling how I have lived in a world unfamiliar to others. Over the years I have been instilled with a wealth of seiki rather than only a pile of worldly rubble.

In the second dream I was alone, facing a different door. The door opened and I went inside the room. There I was greeted by Archbishop Cosmore Pompey, my spiritual father from St. Vincent. I felt I was entering his cosmos of mystery. I wept with gratitude for how he taught me to guide others to God. I woke up with deep appreciation that we still feel him by our side, along with the other saints of Sacred Ecstasies. Hillary and I are only the extended voice of our former teachers or the ones we meet in vision. They enter the room with us whenever we discern that someone needs to make an important turn in their life. A teacher is never a self-appointed

solo agent; the anointed teacher is indistinguishable from a line or lineage of teachers, a telephone line that speaks through a receiver. I woke up weeping with celebration for my spiritual father and all the wisdom teachers that did their best to sweep my stubborn self out of the way and allow the light, sound, beat, heat, and ecstatic emotion to come through.

In a third dream, Hillary and I had arrived at a ceremonial gathering of elders who represented the different Native American Indian tribal communities I had known over the years. When they started to pray, I felt gratitude that the medicine people I had met practiced old school spirituality unadorned with contemporary spiritual and psychological talk designed to please outsiders. Their ceremonies felt hardly different than an old-fashioned country church prayer meeting. People prayed with all their heart and came to the Creator with humility and contrition. I again woke up in tears and felt unclear whether the ceremonial gathering had morphed into a storefront church meeting in the Deep South. I felt further gratitude for being taught that prayer is both the red road and the highway to heaven, each a strand in the one rope to God.

In the fourth and final dream, Hillary and I were with the Sacred Ecstasies Guild. In this dream we were both aware that a vital part of our teaching is to wait and see what teachers or lineages will speak through us. This is nothing like so-called “channeling.” It is simply being a devoted student who is grateful to pass on whatever former teaching came down the lineage pipeline. This is hard-earned learning born of discipline and concentration via study and submission to the dynamics of learning and growth. We feel our teachers are like ghosts by our side. Everything we say is influenced by their presence, inspiration, pointing, and correction.

As we thought this, I felt the desire to play the piano in a less purposeful manner. While I always try to do this, each time it feels like I haven’t done it effectively enough. There always seems to be too much of self in the way of an anointed performance. This moves me to concentrate more on using prayer to sweep away self-analysis and psychobabble, thereby opening the door of ecstatic aesthetics—a launch into a higher performance galaxy. In the dream I began to play, and a new prayer came down the line. I repeated it like a mantra and the music flowed like a newborn anointing. The prayer was this: “Less of me, more of Thee.” After repeating this multiple times, the prayer line changed to: “Less of you, and more of Yunus.” This repeated until I returned to the original line to begin again.

I wept with joy for having met Yunus in a dream years ago and for the television series on his life that we immersed ourselves in during the summer of 2023. Yunus Emre was forever the student, the mouthpiece of his teacher, Tapduk Emre. He had no need for title, social importance, or individuality. This wandering musical poet spoke the language of his people and cared not to be seen or heard as important. He served words, tones, rhythms, meanings, and emotions like they were loaves of fresh bread and cooked fish for the hungry. He was here to make some hearts and serve some hearty feasts. Let us pray to be less in order do the same. Less of you, more of Yunus. Less me, more of Thee. Together we can launch past the self and reach the higher shelf.

### ***A New Kind of Answer***

Brad prayed one night with extra vigor, asking for guidance: “Thy will be done. Throw us anywhere, Lord. If you want us to move to a new home, point the way. Guide us, lead us, show us the way.” He fell asleep and had a dream that night:

I dreamed we were sent to a house where we heard an elder woman’s voice announce, “This house gives wukka fukka answers.” The words were said in an African American accent, which made us also hear the words “mutha fukkas of mysticism.” The one speaking in the dream seemed to be more than a saint. I sensed she was more like a Goddess. The deliverance of those words was so filled with authority and certainty that it woke me up. An answer to the prayer request had been received but I had no idea what it meant.

A search the next day led us to the Getty Collection—a photograph of “An image carved in the rock near Wukka, Ladac.”<sup>xxxvii</sup> It was from the “Scrap Album” of an expedition to northern India conducted by Captain Melville Clark in 1861. The carving was identified as “the four-armed Goddess Moolva,” but later scholars would identify this as an image of the four-armed Maitreya Buddha, and correct the spelling of its location as near Wakha, Ladakh or more specifically at Mulbek village.

Also known as the “Buddha of the future,” Maitreya is a Bodhisattva of great love who will return to the earthly realm in the future to save all sentient beings. Some Buddhists believe that Maitreya has already incarnated many times on earth and led many people to enlightenment. Lama Thubtin Yeshe writes:



While practicing as a bodhisattva he specialized in the meditation on great love. He not only taught this path to others but also meditated upon it continuously himself, often stationing himself at the gate of a city and contemplating deeply on loving kindness. His meditation was so powerful that people passing by close enough to touch his feet would themselves receive the realization of great love. This greatly pleased the tathagatas of the ten directions, who rejoiced in his actions and predicted that in all his future lives as a bodhisattva and a buddha he would be known as “Love” [Skt: Maitreya; Tib: Jampa]. This is how he received his name.<sup>xxxviii</sup>

In the future, it is prophesized that Maitreya will “spread the teachings on loving kindness and, as a result, the fortune of the humans in this world will begin to improve.” Lama Yeshe writes that Maitreya will also declare, “I am the unsurpassed savior of the world and have come to liberate all beings from suffering. This will be my last rebirth; there will be no further reincarnations for me.” As he fully realizes the impermanent nature of phenomena he will shock the world as his whole palace shoots into the heavens, leaving its material existence forevermore. After defeating all evil forces, Maitreya is predicted “to lead countless beings out of suffering and along the path to full spiritual awakening.” After this, Indra, the king of the celestial beings, “will present him with a golden wheel and the universally beautiful objects of the five senses and request him to turn the wheel of Dharma for the benefit of all.”<sup>xxxix</sup>

The teachings of this future Buddha will influence earth-born disciples as well as “many celestial beings, dakas, dakinis and beings from other realms, many of whom will immediately become arhats, bodhisattvas and even fully enlightened buddhas.” The prophecy explains that “through the power of his holy body, speech and mind Maitreya will lead and satisfy all those gathered according to their individual needs and capacities.”

When Lama Yeshe gave this teaching of Maitreya in 1981, he described the value of it as follows: “Because of this merit, may our life’s energy be dedicated to the realization of Maitri-love, the actual nuclear weapon capable of destroying all external and internal enemies . . .” This metaphor reminded us of Brad’s earlier dream of an atomic bomb that was dropped for spiritual purposes. Divine love is the utmost bomb—only it can clear away whatever interferes with each of us finding our highest, truest home.

The “wukka fukka house of answers” in this latest dream led us to discover that there were more than Buddhists hanging out in this part of northern India. Also present were the great sheikhs of the Sufi tradition. Scholar Wolfgang Holzwarth (1997) finds that “the first Muslim teacher who is definitely known to have visited and made converts in the region was Shams ud-Din ’Iraqi, who fled

to Baltistan in around 1505 during a period of persecution in the Kashmir valley.”<sup>xi</sup> Other powerful sheikhs came through including Naqshabandi sheikh Yusuf Khwaja in the early seventeenth century, who “stopped en route for six months and, according to a hagiographical account of his adventures, won over numerous converts through his preaching and miraculous activities.”<sup>xii</sup> Bray found several accounts of powerful sheikhs challenging the spiritual power of lamas:

Later on, Yusuf Khwaja’s son Afaq Khwaja is thought to have travelled via Ladakh to Lhasa during an enforced exile from Kashgaria in the 1670s. Legend relates while in Tibet he engaged in a magical contest with the fifth Dalai Lama (Papas 2005: 97-102; Papas 2011; Zarcone 2011). . . Rohit Vohra (1985) notes that a similar tradition concerning a miraculous contest between a charismatic Muslim leader and a Buddhist lama is also told in Nubra to explain the coming of Islam to Tyakshi village. In this case the lama turned himself into a dove and, following his defeat, withdrew to the Tibetan region of Purang, leaving the villagers to convert to Islam.<sup>xiii</sup>

The Spirit House of Sacred Ecstasies is clearly, hermetically, wobbly, steadfastly, hilariously, seriously, aesthetically, and ecstatically a house of “wukka fukka answers.” Here we find that gods, goddesses, buddhas, bodhisattvas, saints, lamas, and sheikhs deliver extraordinary spiritual feats among the high mountain peaks and in the deep sea with its diving bees. But beyond displays of magical power, the Lord of Light offers Love Supreme as the utmost quest and answer to every request. Under its highest roof we find our most adored home, revealing a changing spatial form that is beyond any material place, name, or worldly possession. Come bask in the glory of God’s radiant love. Practice love, become love, and shine divine love supreme. This is the Sacred Ecstasies field of electrical reception whose dreaming and awakening feed Creation’s changing.

### *Postscript*

Hayley reported a dream the night before we shared this teaching with the Guild:

The had come together for a gathering in a place called The Tumultuous Trout. This is all I remember, but there was such a feeling of gathering and connecting that I wanted to share the moment!

We responded:

Excellent!!! The house of wukka fukka answers must have sent you that dream in advance of this visionary report. The Tumultuous Trout is the name of the Guild's new Irish pub. It serves n/om on tap and Yeats's poem, the Song of Wandering Aengus, is recited once per hour. Tap your heart and the door to the pub will appear! See you in the trout stream! Let's get drunk on n/om!

### ***Castle of Sand***

In a dream, we welcomed the Guild to a new place we had acquired. We pointed to our backyard, and there sat a gigantic castle made of sand, far larger than the house. We watched everyone move toward it. There was a ledge on one side of the sandcastle that caught their attention and some of the more adventurous members began to walk along it. Then, to our shock, the ledge collapsed and those standing on it fell and disappeared into the earth. Then the whole sandcastle began collapsing, section by section, and as it did the entire Guild was swallowed up by this other reality.

We immediately thought, "Everyone has been annihilated. We may be charged with manslaughter." I woke up feeling a panic until it dawned on me that this is our job—to annihilate the self. We had taken the Guild further East to meet ancient wisdom born in the land of sand. Each Guild member went to the desert and found his or herself totally swallowed by the vast sandcastle. This obliteration of the self was the delivery of a newborn mystical life!

### ***The Elephants Sound the Trumpet Call***

Brad dreamed that a young man came to us and announced he was from Bophuthatswana, a former short-lived republic that was located between South Africa and Botswana. When he repeated his greeting, the place he mentioned changed to Botswana.

He then handed me a book I had written about my African adventures and I started to write a poem for its inscription: "The elephants sound the trumpet call. . . in the African wild we find the home to which we belong . . . this is only felt in the veldt."<sup>xiii</sup> As I wrote, I realized my prose sounded like that of Credo Mutwa who wrote phrases like these. I remembered when I first met Baba Mutwa in Mafikeng, Bophuthatswana. There he built a cultural village at Lotlamoreng Dam at the invitation of Chief Mangope who had become President of the newly formed republic.

After writing the poem and feeling Africa near, I felt we were transported to that continent. I envisioned the many animals I formerly had faced in the wild and how their presence would comfort me with a great peace I had not felt elsewhere. Even though I had a few close calls with dangerous animals, I felt safe and at home in Africa. It was a good place to live and die. Feeling this past come back, I heard drums begin to play. The music and prayers I had been making recently merged with the sound of African drums in the dreamtime, and I soaked in a new form of ecstatic sound movement. When I woke up, I put on a shirt I used to wear during my field trips to Africa and prepared to make some new recordings with newborn drums leading the way.

As I heard the drums return, I recalled with more detail my first meeting with Baba Mutwa. I had just come from Botswana where I met the Kalahari Bushmen for the first time at the Khutse game reserve in the Kalahari. Their chief, Montag, said he had dreamed of my coming and that my hands would heal them. We danced through the night and afterwards, Montag declared this was my home and that I had returned. Upon my future death, he added, I would return to live underneath a camelthorn tree. Months later I was taken by South African friends from the University of South Africa in Pretoria to meet the Zulu healers, Credo Mutwa and Mama Mona. After my first visit with Credo he announced, “You came to Africa to return home. It is in the Kalahari with the Bushmen. Many years ago, in another lifetime, you found the lost city of the Kalahari. Now you found your home again, the only place your soul feels free.”

Not long after that meeting I met Mama Mona, the great Zulu healer who lived in Soweto. In a ceremony she placed the spirit guides of Africa into my body. The many animals I met in the veldt were now living within me—in the mundus imaginalis of First Creation’s eighth climate. Within, I felt the peace of the veldt. I still do when I remember where I came from and where I am going. Mother Africa is our home, the original home of spirituality and the origin site and sound of Sacred Ecstatics.

### ***Served Holy Bread***

A few days before the Guild season began, Brad dreamed we were sitting at a table and a waiter came over with a tray holding two kinds of baked bread. He asked, “Do you prefer French bread or Swedenborgian bread?” We were tempted by the excellence that comes from anything baked in a French bakery—it brings the experience of true mastery. But we remembered the early initiatory

dream of Swedenborg that Brad also dreamed many years ago. A round loaf of bread arrived, freshly baked in heaven. Swedenborg found that eating that bread resulted in being connected to a spiritual pipeline to the other side. Recalling this, we pointed to the round loaf of bread and replied, “We’d like the Swedenborgian bread.”

The waiter split the round loaf in half and a cloud of steam escaped. He served that half to us and took the other half back to the kitchen. We then paused and wondered whether to eat the whole serving because if we did, we might get too full and miss the rest of the eagerly anticipated meal. We were tempted to only sample a small piece and not spoil the other desired tastes.

Noticing a bowl of fresh butter on the table, we spread some on the warm bread and decided we could not resist eating the entire serving. We were glad we did, for there is nothing tastier than warm buttered bread, especially when it comes from heaven. All the amazing tastes of earthly sweets, meats, fruits, and other treats do not compare. We were reminded to always choose the heavenly bread and then choose to eat the whole serving. Worry not about missing out on the many worldly tastes, things, or fantasies that are no match for mystical reality.<sup>xliv</sup>

***Spirit House Meeting One:  
Further East, the Mundus Imaginalis, and Prescription One – Eating a Strawberry  
(September 30, 2023)***

Here is the script we performed at the first Spirit House Meeting of the Guild season. Toward the end are the instructions for our first mystical prescription.

\* \* \*

Several years ago, Brad dreamed we were standing in front of an old house built on a high bluff. On the right side of the house was a stone wall that blocked our sight of what we assumed was a river below. Curious to see it, we walked along a narrow path that led to an opening that would provide an unobstructed view. We were surprised to see a completely foreign landscape that we have only seen in photographs: it was the vast horizon of Cappadocia, the mystical landscape of Turkey.

**Some folks call this strange but beautiful area the most magical place on earth because of its unique cave formations. We later discovered that over forty underground cities have been found there. Its chapels and monasteries are built into the stone and have housed many mystics over the centuries.**

After gazing for several minutes at Cappadocia from the bluff, the white stone formations began to appear like perfectly formed onion domed mosques. The openings in the stone had hot steam rising from them, and on the ground were holes with flames shooting out. It looked so otherworldly that we assumed the stone wall had been built so no one would discover this mystical reality existed, which might inspire fear in those whose eyes are not ready to see it.

**Confused and unsettled, we turned around to leave. We boarded a small train and immediately went underground in an almost straight descent. The train twisted and turned in all kinds of impossible angles that included a complete roller coaster-like loop that placed us momentarily upside down. Finally, it came back up to ground level and we were let out. We found ourselves so shaken by the ride that we felt lost and unsure where to go.**

That's when we heard a voice say, "Go further east."

**"Go further east." The voice woke me up. Closing my eyes to pray and sing, I fell back to sleep again.**

The dream continued, and this time we landed in Cappadocia amidst the Sufi dervishes. A man was singing his poems to everyday villagers. We felt free and at home again, back in the place that formerly looked foreign when seen from afar. The next morning, we discovered that the Turkish poet and troubadour who sang mystical songs to unlettered people was Yunus Emre, known as "the greatest folk poet in Islam."

Yunus became the voice of his mentor, a great spiritual teacher named Tapduk Emre.

**The Sufi mystics teach that the heart is the battleground for the struggle against our self-centered trickster nature. They ask us to place our heart inside the heart of God and make it a shelter for all our relations. Our truest home is on the other side of the wall; it is further east in the land of the love-mystics that is hidden from everyday view. This season, let us venture there and follow the mystical calling of Yunus:**

I am not here as a claimant,  
My concern is one of love,  
A friend finds a shelter only in hearts,  
I've come to build some hearts.

**We begin this Sacred Ecstatics Guild season with the news that our previous visionary direction has finally come to fruition. We are going further east.**

Right this very moment let's all write those instructions in the air. Imagine you are holding an old calligraphy quill, and write these words on an invisible piece of paper that is suspended in front of you: "Go further east."

Those words have now been written on your spiritual heart. Now, if you have a pen and paper nearby, go ahead and write these words down again to help your earthly Self remember what your eyes cannot see in the spiritual world. "Go further east."

**Hillary, I'd like to pause and say that it continues to amaze me that ever since we left the university almost decade ago, we have received a nonstop downpour of visionary dreams. We never know what they will teach or what journey they will point us toward.**

Yes, last season we were in Oaxaca learning how to distill spiritual mezcal. This summer we received instruction to travel further east. We ended up in Turkey. Now that we're here, we will share some further visionary highlights to get the Guild oriented for this season's adventure. Later in the coming weeks we will back up and fill in the missing links that got us from Oaxaca to Cappadocia.

**After several dreams pointed us further east, an amazing thing took place in the spirit house of New Orleans. While walking across the room we're in right now, I felt a spontaneous burst of heightened love come through me. I felt high affection and appreciation for the teachings of the Sufi mystics. In some unexplainable manner, this intense emotion opened the door to the mystical universe. My heart exploded and immediately, I could see Ibn 'Arabi shoot out of my heart and stand in front of me as a saintly being of light. 'Arabi appeared as a giant, at least 9 or 10 feet tall, and wherever I walked, the sheikh moved with me. This lasted all day. It startled me to consider that 'Arabi materialized and had become a member of our household. It was both exciting and disconcerting.**

Let's all write down these words, "Ibn 'Arabi is here."

**We went further east and Ibn 'Arabi greeted us. He said, "come on in."**

That night Brad dreamed he was in ancient Tehran. He discovered a folded-up piece of old paper in his pocket. He did not unfold the paper, but he somehow knew that it contained just a few words,

written long ago. He also knew these words were to be kept secret, and if he ever spoke of them in public or allowed anyone to see them, he might be sentenced to death. Paradoxically, holding these words filled Brad with an incredible sense of peace even though they put his life in peril.

**I did not know how I came to possess the mystical paper and its words. I only knew that I owned them and that they were an important secret. In the dream, I walked through the old streets and found a shop that felt like home. It was in an open place where others passed through. I sat down and around me were five pets, four of them dogs and the fifth a wild animal I didn't recognize. More than anything I was focused on the secret I held in my pocket. Its presence radiated within and outward, but I said nothing about it, for this was a secret that could cost my life.**

The next day we discovered the existence of Sufi technical terms concerning different levels or realms of mystical secrets: there is what is called the secret, and there is the hidden, then the most hidden, and finally the secret of the secret.

**Shhh. The secret, the hidden, the most hidden, and the secret of the secret. Shhh.**

Yes, we give thanks that we went further east, met Ibn 'Arabi, and discovered secret words about secrets.

**We can reveal to you that all these secrets emphasize that the spiritual quest primarily works with the heart. The heart is the medium between the material and spiritual worlds.**

But the mystical heart needs to be tended and swept clean. The heart can either be more filled with dark trickster deception or more filled with divine light. [Mention 'darkness' and 'deception' as being common human feelings of jealousy, anger, oneupmanship, etc.] The heart and its room influence access to the spirit and its many mysteries.

**Prayer is the oldest mystical means of awakening the heart when prayer is led by love—our longing to belong to God. This is the Sufi key to launching the journey toward the Lord of Light. Here's a secret about secrets: What is felt and expressed in the depth of the spiritual heart or inner heart belong to a secret realm and cannot be known by the faculties of the everyday world. Let us say that prayer is not what you think it is—prayer holds a mystical secret, a secret about accessing mystery.**



We should also mention that historically in Sufiism there were secrets concerning certain ecstatic expressions called *shathiyat*. For example, at the height of ecstasy a mystic might declare, “I am the Truth” or “I am the light of God.” Such a phrase is only true in the midst of feeling the total annihilation of the self and union with God. But when heard by everyday people or the religious authorities, such a statement is misconstrued. In ancient times Sufis were imprisoned or killed for expressing these phrases within earshot of others who did not understand or situate themselves in the room from which those words arose.

**The secret of secrets for the Sufi is complete union with God. Shhh. Don’t allow trickster to claim it understands what this means. Stand in awe rather than let your jaw release the words. Meet the paradox we also find in Sacred Ecstasies—whatever is felt or said during the utmost spiritual experience cannot be adequately conveyed to others whose hearts have not felt the flame of divine love.**

The Sufi saints, like all the lineages of Sacred Ecstasies, seek two things which are intertwined: the “annihilation” of the self and union with God. The closer one comes to the mystical light, the smaller and smaller one becomes. Our human nature must be swept away so that no “observer” is present.

**Like salt dissolved in the vast sea, in moments of the highest divine union there is no part of us separate from the whole body of holy water. Whatever is said is not expressed by the self, but by the sea. Later when the self or soul returns to the everyday world, nothing can be said about the experience in a manner that conveys its truth for all listeners. The truth of communion can only be conveyed in the dissolve, in the vastness of the ocean.**

Here the emptiness of humanity and the fullness of divinity unite in a vibration whose alternation hosts the unsayable secret. The closer one’s heart comes to meeting with God, the less speech is present until it finally disappears into sound and movement. Speech is gone because the speaker has vanished, leaving only the vapor trail of spirit.

**What’s the utmost secret held dearly by mystics who have communed with God?**

Shhh. Lean in closer and we’ll tell you. (Then whisper unintelligibly into the mic)

**There is a secret room whose entry requires a heart so clean of self that its mirror only reflects the light. Rumi said:**

Scrape your heart, like a plate,  
clean of envy, with cascades of water,  
then fill up like a chalice,  
like a chalice with the wine of love.

**By the way, Sufi tales frequently mention dogs. The speaker of a wisdom tale is like a beloved dog, a true friend. This metaphor also underscores the devotion a dog expresses, teaching us to be faithful to God.**

In Brad's dream there were four dogs, a faithful servant for every geographic direction. The fifth animal was an unknown wild critter. Perhaps it was an alebrije from Oaxaca!

**The wild creature is undefinable and unknowable, a secret to all forms of human knowing. Shhh.**

Now let us pause again. Take a look at the words you wrote on the piece of paper in front of you: Go further east. Now close your eyes and see those same words you wrote in the air. They are written on your heart: Go further east. Let them sink in even deeper.

[Brad plays a musical interlude]

Now that we've traveled to mystical Cappadocia, we can share some new secrets about this travel. The "journeying" of real mystics and saints is not the same journeying known to many of today's seekers. It involves far more than a guided daydream like that taught in workshops. It requires two critical dynamics: (1) the right kind of non-monotonous changing tones and rhythms that inspire the body to move, and (2) the construction of a big room by an anointed conductor. To distinguish this kind of ecstatic transport to an alternative reality, we came up with the term "*odyssey*" to replace "journey," reflecting our way of teasing people to be "odd for God" rather than "at odds with God."

**Authentic spiritual travel involves a different kind of imagination that evokes emotion and sensory excitation—it is a higher imagination than conventional daydreaming.**

After Ibn 'Arabi, the friendly giant, entered our home this summer, we turned to the work of French philosopher Henry Corbin, one of the leading scholars of Islamic mysticism. He went out of his way to distinguish "spiritual imagination" from something merely imagined or fantasized. He came up

with the term, “mundus imaginalis” to depict a “middle world” suspended between the spirit and material worlds. It is a real place where mystics venture to feel closer to mystery.

**Today we can say that when we travel, we aim for the mundus imaginalis, the middle wobble between First and Second Creation or ineffable heaven and effable earth.**

Go further east.

Ibn says come on in.

There are secrets in hand.

In the middle, the heart must be clean.

Sweep away the self again and again

Less self, more top shelf spirit

In the middle between the worlds is the mundus imaginalis

Mundus invites creative imagination rather than trickster fantasy

Let your heart hold the light so its flight travels to the Light

Reminder: top shelf has no self

The rebirth of the mystic’s spiritual traveling has arrived with an “odyssey” to the mundus imaginalis, an adventure requiring the vehicle of ecstatic sound movement and the careful construction of a big room.

**Let’s take an odyssey into the mundus imaginalis right now. Let’s enter a dream I had this summer:**

Close your eyes and imagine we are at Brad’s childhood home in the small town of Smithville, Missouri. It’s a simple white house with a front porch. We have all arrived and are gathered in the front yard. But before we enter the home, an entourage of vans and limousines pulls up to the house. An official comes forward and says that the President of the United States, along with the Vice President, all cabinet members, and other important world leaders are coming to have dinner with us. Brad’s Mother immediately springs into action and says, “Let me see what I have to cook tonight.” The official quickly interrupts, “We brought our own chefs and staff, Madam. Please sit and enjoy the evening. It will be a night each of you will never forget.”

We all sit down on the front porch and watch the visitors arrive. Then the main chef dressed in white brings over a tray filled with bowls of strawberries. They are the freshest and reddest strawberries you’ve ever seen. You reach for one of those berries and take a small bite – it is the

sweetest and most delicious fruit you ever tasted. Its splendor blooms in your mouth. Then a voice from the sky announces, “Eat the whole strawberry so that something wonderfully mystical will happen.”

It’s time to eat the whole berry, let’s do it now. With each bite of the strawberry, feel a cascade of pure joy pour through you. You feel lighter and lighter, filled with a radiant peace. Each taste sweeps you further away from the heaviness of the world. Listen to the ecstatic sounds carry you to the other side where First Creation opens its door. All aboard. Let’s fly. [Music is played]

Feel a whirling wind lift you up and carry you to a destination unknown. All you see is a changing blend of colors. Feel the movement. Feel the movement. Feel your heart wake up. Now allow any form to appear. Let it dissolve and reappear again, as the same form or something different. Surrender to the movement with no interference of any kind. Everything is natural and unfolding without effort. That’s right. We are nearly there. Soon we will arrive.

Whoosh . . . We are approaching the stone chapel in Missouri where Brad had his first vision as a very young man. There he saw and felt the white light and extreme love of God. All the mysteries, miracles and saints of Sacred Ecstasies that have arrived since that time came from this light.

Let’s now enter the chapel. Sit down on the front pew where Brad sat all those years ago. In front of you is a book of prayer and hymns. Reach for it and open it. Look! Brad left a note for you, over fifty years ago. It’s a message that has been waiting for you all this time. But you first had to eat the strawberry before you could receive its secret. Unfold the piece of paper, it’s time to read the note. What does it say?

Let higher imagination in the big mystery room bring the words through. Read it in the mundus imaginalis. Let the words sink in. Feel the emotion they radiate. Soak in the message as musical tones help Brad’s words take root inside you.

Now we begin to come back to ourselves. Slowly open your eyes. Take one deep breath. It’s time to discover what words you found. Write them down on a piece of paper. Consider this another way of sharing holy bread. Set those words aside for now, we’ll come back to them later.

**First, we have a few more secrets to share from our Further East Saints. When we venture to First Creation while awake, it involves the creative imagination. Again, by “imagination” we mean more than a simple daydream. This journey is not born of the mind, but comes from the creative**

**power of the spiritual heart held inside a moving body. On board the flight of ecstatic sound movement we venture to mundus imaginalis. Mundus serves the mystery to all of us.**

The *mundus imaginalis* is referred to by the 12<sup>th</sup> century Persian mystic, Suhrawardi, as the land that is both nowhere and everywhere at the same time. It is beyond our worldly concept of *place*, and yet it refers to a city, country, or land.

**The *mundus imaginalis* resides in a “mediatory” position between spiritual reality and physical reality. This “middle wobble” is the realm of pure flux and changing forms that the Kalahari healers know as First Creation.**

Corbin speaks of it like this:

It is certainly a world that remains beyond the empirical verification of our sciences. Otherwise, anyone could find access to it and evidence for it. It is a suprasensory world, insofar as it is not perceptible except by the imaginative perception, and insofar as the events that occur in it cannot be experienced except by the imaginative consciousness. Let us be certain that we understand, here again, that this is not a matter simply of what the language of our time calls an imagination, but of a vision that is a perfectly real world, more evident even and more coherent, in its own reality, than the real empirical world perceived by the senses.

Mundus is real

Mundus is more real than real

This secret is revealed when there is less of self

Less self, more top shelf

Flying lighter, climbing higher

Mundus is our spirit house

Come on in, Ibn ‘Arabi is here

Don’t hesitate to enter climate eight

**Islamic theosophers also refer to the mundus imaginalis as the “eighth climate.” It is also a “Spiritual City,” perhaps not that unlike Sister Gertrude Morgan’s vision of New Jerusalem, that “holy righteous city” that lived in her heart’s imagination and spilled out onto her canvas.**

Shhh. HERE'S A SECRET: the extreme depths of visionary dream are absent of language—there is only a fountain of emotion. In between the primordial flux and conscious thought is a dynamic

middle where both spirit and mind mingle. Here the quality of our recollection is determined by the baggage we take on the journey. Entry into dream with the psychological stuff of daily life places a filter on the story told afterward. But when made clean of self, psyche, and psychology, the empty traveler is more likely to bring back something more mysterious than psychological material. Here we find the mystic, shaman, and healer are each an empty vessel ready to catch a mystery epistle.

Empty self at departure

A clean heart travels with better reception

Upon the return is less deception

Better projection of illumination

**The work of a mystic is becoming empty and entering the *mundus imaginalis* and coming back with less interference in conveying its light.**

Song

Dance

Sketch

Prose

All of this to bring a rose to the nose

Shhh,

It's a strawberry secret that's over your head

**Let us say this: the same light I experienced in the chapel over fifty years ago is present in the spirit house now. Soon we will share a few more visions that have come down about this light.**

It is the light caught by Ibn 'Arabi, Sheikh Tapduk, Yunus Emre, and all the saints of Sacred Ecstatics.

**The light is with us. This year we are on an odyssey to the Light of Light.**

Yes, this season we are traveling to the Light. In the *mundus imaginalis*, this light can take on almost any form, including a bowl of sweet tasting strawberries. Let's enter climate eight with a new kind of audio track for our ecstatic sound movement. For new Guild members, we'll say more about ecstatic sound movement soon. But all you need to know now is quite simple: As you listen, let the sounds move your body naturally, without effort. Let's go further east together.

[Climate 8 Track was played]

Now let's return to the chapel of Light in Missouri, to the notes Brad left you in the hymnbook fifty years ago. We'll ask volunteers to share the words they found, and then we'll call on some of the saints to respond.

**Yunus sent us some words to feast upon. Let your heart catch their ancient Sufi truth, a truth for all ages, traditions, and directions.**

Dervishhood tells me, you cannot become a dervish

So what can I tell you? You cannot become a dervish.

A dervish needs a wounded heart and eyes full of tears.

He needs to be as easygoing as a sheep - you can't be a dervish.

He must be without hands when someone hits him, without tongue when cursed; the dervish should be without self – you cannot be a dervish.

You make a lot of sounds with your tongue, meaningful things,  
you get angry about this and that - you can't be a dervish.

If it were all right to be angry on this path, Muhammad himself would have gotten angry

As long as you take offence, you cannot be a dervish.

Unless you find a real path, unless you find a guide, unless Truth grants you your portion, you cannot be a dervish.

Dervish Yunus, come, dive into the ocean now and then,  
unless you dive into the ocean, you cannot be a dervish.

**When we first dreamed of going further east, we met a master we did not recognize. We met his student, Yunus. Today we know the master teacher of Yunus. He is Tapduk Emre.**

After going further east last May and June and meeting the Sufi saints, we decided to soak day and night in mystical Islam. We looked up every Sufi documentary, movie, and television show we could find to watch each night. That's how we found the incredible television series on Yunus Emre. We watched the series twice. If you haven't seen it yet, start watching it. If you have seen it, please consider watching it again. It reminds you of what it means to be a true spiritual seeker rather than a pretender on a rope bender.

**We are all taught many bad habits of mind, heart, body, and soul when it comes to adventuring on the trails of light. Tapduk and Yunus are here to help us drop every infatuation with trickster**

**fantasies and become more ready to enter mystical realities.**

They, like the Kalahari Bushman singing dancers of old, the shakers of the Caribbean sea, the seiki pointing of Osumi Sensei, and all the other traditions of Sacred Ecstatics, say this:

**Fall in line with the main line, the succession of lineage holders. The dots in this line are the teachers, the sheikhs, the saints, and the rays of light on high.**

Trickster throws you out of line and make you think you, the dot, have got all it takes to make this odyssey on your own.

**The dot is not a line. It joins the line when it becomes part of a lineage. Join the line and come inside the circle ready to turn the wheel within wheels.**

Go further east – it's already written on your heart  
We've come to build some hearts  
Less self, more top shelf  
Shhh. There are secrets in hand  
Have a strawberry  
It will fill you with Light  
The light is with us, within us, and all around us  
We begin another odyssey to be more odd for God  
This is Sacred Ecstatics, the climb to utmost joy  
Which is extreme love divine  
Which is the highest light divine  
Which is the vibration of divine elation  
All are found in the middle between known and unknown worlds  
Mundus Imaginalis calls  
Climate eight responds  
Welcome to the trails of Light  
Every night a strawberry  
Every day and night, a prayer  
Every moment,  
an opportunity for heartfelt eternity



### **First Prescription Instructions:**

Before we go, let's not forget that bowl of strawberries. Close your eyes and envision them in front of you. Go ahead and smell their sweet fragrance. Now take a bite of another one and imagine that it will mysteriously work on your heart and soul in ways that your mind can neither discern nor comprehend.

Every night this month, make sure that you eat one strawberry before you fall asleep at night. Your bowl has enough berries for the month. They are held for you in the field of the mundus imaginalis. Nothing tastes better than homegrown fruit from the realm of high mystery. Strawberry fields forever.

Here is how to eat a strawberry and take a bite of the Light:

Close your eyes

Say aloud, "I'm going further east."

Eat the strawberry and feel its light pour into your heart.

Then say, Thank you.

Don't forget to stir up that himma – the heart's passion and resolve. Do this strawberry ritual as many times as you need until you feel it in your heart. This is the season of the Heart.

Our dear friend Yunus pours us the final drop for today:

We drank wine at the hands of a cup-bearer whose tavern is higher than the heavenly throne

We are drunkards of the cup-bearer, our souls are His winecup.

Here those who constantly burn are wholly transformed into light

That fire is unlike any fire: there are no flames to be seen.

I need Thee

Do it, Lord

Just be nice

Yes, Lord

Lord of Light,

Bless this season's flight

Yes, Lord

***Spirit House Meeting Two:  
Art & Dart; Puzzles, Light, 3 Practices, Prescription Two—Puzzle of Light  
(October 7, 2023)***

Let us begin with sharing a joke the saints like to tell one another. It is this:

“Human beings are stupid; that’s why they need Cupid.”

As we like to say in *Sacred Ecstasies*, to feel the extreme love of divine light supreme your heart must be struck by a dart. An archer must shoot a Kalahari arrow or dart like Cupid, the Greek son of the love goddess and the war god.

To receive the dart of sacred ecstasy requires the art of conveying it. In other words, dart is conveyed or transmitted through art. This is why we say that *Sacred Ecstasies* is all about art and dart – that’s what wakes up the heart.

Every Guild season we are visited by saints who are master dartists—these are the mystics, shamans, n/om-kxaosi, and sheikhs of old.

**And we are visited by the artists who are masters at conveying the creative life force. The master musicians, dancers, singers, painters, cooks, and poets are also members of our circle of saints. Some saints are both artists and dartists, like Yunus Emre.**

Last year’s Guild season ended with a mysterious breakthrough vision of the artist Piet Mondrian who taught us more about the experiential dynamics underlying the creation and reception of art. We learned that to deeply see visual art, or to deeply hear music, you must move in a manner that is aligned with the implicit rhythms that were involved in creating the aesthetic work, because there is rhythm in everything. Remember his eccentric dance moves? Take another look: *[photo of Mondrian dancing – note how he was famous for his strange angular dance moves.]*

Mondrian, the dancer, taught us that to better see, you must move with the painting.

And to better hear, you must move with the music.

Not any kind of movement works; you must catch the beat and heat of the emotion that inspired the sound or image.

Move in order to catch the emotion of art's creative inspiration—

its motion helps you catch the force of its creation. This is the art of receiving a dart!

The teaching from Mondrian came just after our reception of mystery gifts from Japanese seiki jutsu master, Osumi Sensei. What were those gifts?

**In a dream, Osumi Sensei gave us a rectangular puzzle made of wood.**

That puzzle puzzled us. Even more puzzling was how the next day, Brad's music changed.

**After Osumi's puzzle and Mondrian's art came through the mystical veil, our varieties of sound began to intermingle more in each recording. This was not surprising because in the dream, I witnessed Mondrian creating a work of art on a large wall by constantly changing the position and composition of a series of colorful rectangles. As he worked, the room was filled with a whirlwind of color, emotion, and music.**

We found that, in real life, Mondrian was constantly changing the configuration of colorful cardboard rectangles on his apartment wall, which was his studio.

**Mondrian literally lived inside a Mondrian work of art—putting the pieces of his art together like a puzzle, doing so while listening to phonograph records of jazz. "Putting it together."**

Brad was sent to the mundus imaginalis to experience the wooden puzzle from Osumi Sensei come to life in a whirlwind of music and movement performed by Mondrian. Remindah: We are all stupid, that's why we need to be struck by cupid!

**Art is required to transmit the dart of divine love to the heart. The evocation of sacred ecstasy requires irregular rhythms and improvised sounds, both melodic and non-melodic. This takes us to the heart of ecstatic sound movement. Movement on. Mondrian salute!**

Now, back to how this changed Brad's music. After last season ended, Brad had more visions which made clear that musically, the diverse lineages of Sacred Ecstasies, including the Japanese seiki jutsu tradition, the Kalahari Bushman healers, and the Caribbean shakers (our main lineages), are meant to be arranged in different configurations together like a series of rectangles in a puzzle.

**Shhhhhhhh, this brings us another secret. The art and dart of creation are not found in one lineage or rectangle, but in how they are arranged and rearranged in a changing puzzle that is fueled by music and movement. Shhhhhh.**

On one night, Brad dreamed we brought this musical breakthrough to the Guild. We offered you a new kind of visionary adventure driven by these newly arrived ecstatic soundtracks. In the dream we first demonstrated how it worked with Severin—it was so strong that he received a big dart. Brad tried it the next day for himself when he was wide awake. His whole body started shaking like he was in a Kalahari ecstatic situation. In that moment we realized that full-shaking song-and-dance spiritual traveling to the mundus imaginalis was back with an ecstatic boost from our newborn empowered audio track.

**It's time to bring back the puzzle along with its changing forms, dimensions, irregularities, improvised realities, odd movements, and startles of eccentric love. All aboard, the art and dart express is pulling in.**

Let's have an old-fashioned ride on a shamanically cooked ecstatic soundtrack. This is what Severin experienced in Brad's dream. Let's all do it together. First, let's start with a few moments of a good, old fashioned shake. [PAUSE FOR SHAKE]. Now, when we turn on the track, get more irregular, odd, changeable, and improvisational with your movement. If it helps, imagine you're rearranging the pieces of a puzzle. Or imagine the different parts of your body are pieces of a puzzle that re being arranged and rearranged by the music. Be more open to being less like your former self and its habits of movement. To drop more of yourself, drop the movements your *self* is attached to. But more than anything else, move with strawberry love. Shake to make some spiritual fruit. Not too little, not too much. Move with, in, and all around love.

[ecstatic track here]

**It was out of this new ecstatic musical mixology, that Ibn Arabi burst out of my heart. And something else happened as well, and now it's time to tell you about it. Hillary dreamed we received a special luminous gift:**

Last summer, I dreamed Brad and I were watching a film about a young man who received a transmission of the divine Light. As part of his anointment, he was given a rectangular wooden block puzzle. It was about ten inches tall and two inches thick. The pieces were irregularly shaped

and painted different colors. This puzzle was charged with spiritual power, and somehow the act of putting it together and rearranging the pieces was meant to be used by the man as a tool of the sacred work he would carry out in the world.

**The film was quite joyful and moved us very much because the young man was surrounded by a group of friends who were supporting and celebrating his anointment. And (shhh) we were again shown that the pieces of a puzzle must come together to catch the Light. Shhhh**

In the dream, the movie ended and we went to bed. When we entered the bedroom, we noticed that my nightstand had been replaced by a long, narrow bench that was lower to the ground. I saw that part of the rectangular puzzle from the film we had just watched was sitting on top of it. I knelt on the floor to take a closer look. Before I had the chance to wonder how an object from the movie had somehow crossed over into real life, the other missing puzzle pieces materialized out of thin air in streaks of light. They remained briefly suspended at my eye level. As soon as I saw the glowing light, I immediately knew that we were witnessing a miracle and began to weep. For a second I wasn't sure if I was hallucinating, so I turned to Brad said, "Look! Do you see that?" He turned around to look at the luminous objects and said, "Yes, I see it!"

**We both knew we were receiving a mystical gift from the other side. The glowing puzzle pieces then gently fell toward the floor, and Hillary quickly collected them all, placing them on the table next to the puzzle.**

The top of the wooden puzzle was incomplete, and I could tell that the pieces that had appeared were meant to be added to it. It also seemed as if there were enough pieces to build a second puzzle, but I knew I couldn't be sure until I started putting them together. Then Brad said with astonishment,

**"Look! We received a letter!"**

I turned and saw that a letter from the young man in the film had also materialized out of thin air. It was addressed to us and contained instructions on how to use the puzzle. We were both in disbelief, our rational minds struggling to comprehend how a character from a film we just watched could know our names. The letter also had a photo of the young man from the film, as if to prove to us that it really was from him. We were very excited to share this new gift with the Guild. I then woke up from the dream, and for several minutes thought we had truly watched that film and received the luminous puzzle. Only after I fully came back to myself did I realize that I had been

dreaming. I made an illustration of the puzzle I saw and the glowing pieces floating in space. Here it is:



**After Hillary’s dream, we realized that the puzzle of rectangles had returned. It came as a blend of the former rectangular wooden puzzle gifted to us by Osumi Sensei and a three-dimensional work of art similar to a Mondrian painting. Now, it was bathed in the Light. Somehow putting together a puzzle or putting together multiple puzzles of changing forms is needed to find the Light.**

After Brad heard my dream report, he said that before going to bed that night he had a strong feeling that the same light he experienced in the chapel over fifty years ago was present in the house and that he might experience it again that night. He did not share this feeling with me beforehand.

**Indeed, the light was in the house and Hillary caught it, dreaming we saw the light with the Guild by our side.**

Let us celebrate that the light from the chapel is back, even though it never left. It comes in different forms, whether it’s a strawberry, a Mondrian painting, or a puzzle to be used for healing and

spiritual teaching. Again, we have learned a big secret: shhhhhhhh – creation is the rearrangement of the puzzling puzzle pieces of life, all of which come from God. Ibn 'Arabi is back, along with the Sufi saints of his lineage including Yunus and Tapduk Emre. They are pieces of a Sufi puzzle delivered to Sacred Ecstatics. You only have to enter the Lodge and leave the Self behind. The emptier you are, the readier you are to put the pieces together and experience the oneness of being filled with Light.

**Let us say this to each of you: the dosage of light waiting for you in this lifetime is determined by the mission you are anointed to fulfill. Not every spiritual role is the same, though all are equally important. Tapduk and Ibn Arabi have this advice for you: Do not let personal will or preference interfere with the role, mission, dosage of light, or degree of spiritual cooking you experience or receive.**

Let everything be God's will and be open to receiving whatever is given. Let us follow instructions as they come down the lineage rope. We are grateful that our Sacred Ecstatics journey to Light is the same as the journey taken by the Sufi dervishes and Sheikhs. We seek to travel toward the Lord of Light. And the work we must do in the everyday is the same. That's right -- we follow the same daily practices as the sheikhs of old.

**It's time to venture further East. Close your eyes and listen to the countdown for today's odyssey. Keep those eyes closed so when we land your inner eyes will see we are further East than where we are now. Here we go:**

Five, let's take the ocean dive

Four, open the mystical door

Three, enter into mystery

Two, each shoe now has a point that points to the Sufi lodge

One, yes the puzzle pieces are one for all and all for one light

**We have landed in Turkey with the sheikhs, dervishes, saints, artists, and dartists. Listen. Tapduk whispers something to us: "Here is the key to every puzzle. Look at what we are doing. We are enacting the daily practices of Sacred Ecstatics. You must do this to solve and dissolve the puzzles." What are these daily practices?**

Yunus responds, "We pray. This is our first practice. We acknowledge that without prayer, there is no compass. Without prayer there is no key to turn the ignition. Without prayer there is no way to

stop trickster from setting its intention. Without prayer you are forever lost and never found, missing the sound and movement required for higher elevation. But prayer is a puzzle. This is why we have more than one prayer line. There are prayer pieces that must be put together. Over time and in the right moment, make them one to find the Light. Welcome to the prayer puzzle.”

**Ibn ‘Arabi picks up where Yunus left off: “Our second practice is our dhikr. This is our ecstatic sound movement. Dhikr is inspired, fueled, and guided by the sacred emotion that rises from prayer—the pointing to a vaster room, higher power, and more glorious blossoming flower. But our dhikr is not one. There are multiple dhikrs like the pieces to another puzzle. They must come together to make one path to Light. Welcome to the puzzle of ecstatic sound movement.”**

A chorus of sheikhs now speaks together saying the same thing simultaneously: “Our third practice involves mystical instruction for experimental action that come from the main rope. Follow instructions and your odyssey will be further illumined. Here the experiments, like eating a strawberry, are a puzzle as well. The experiments and their findings must come together to find the one light. Welcome to the puzzle of experimentation.”

**The sheikhs have prepared us some instructions for this week. I’ll pass them on to you: Make a 6-piece puzzle by using 6 cutout pieces of paper. On the first five pieces, write one letter for the word “Light.” One piece of your puzzle will be the letter L, another piece will be the letter I, and so forth. For the sixth piece of the puzzle, leave it empty. Stare at it now—it will become a color. What is the color you see it settle into?**

Each night before you go to sleep, randomly shuffle the pieces of this puzzle and then choose one puzzle piece at a time, lining them up on a horizontal line. Pay attention to the empty piece that is colored, pondering what letter comes before or after it. Feel there are puzzles in play that are over your head.

**Now click your heels three times. Repeat again. Come back to yourself, knowing you are a puzzle within puzzles. Make sure the right puzzles are catching your attention.**

The puzzles have landed.

Be puzzled and less sure of where you are.

Only know you are heading for the Light of lights. And we are traveling further east together.



*Postscript:*

Here are two of the photographs of the many puzzles that were shared online over the next week:



### ***The Pool of Water***

In mid-October, after the Guild season began, Brad dreamed we were at a pool of water. At times it seemed the pool was in a green forest and at other times it seemed we had found an oasis in the desert. We felt deep peace and high exhilaration being near it, recognizing it as the fountain of wisdom we must drink from and serve to others. Its sacred water is met in the mundus imaginalis where First Creation's climate eight awaits the journeyer to light. We took a drink and felt more ready to take the Guild further on the trail with less distraction, for we are here to concentrate on

the holy mission whose transmission changes water to light to electricity to love and all forms of distillation that maintain higher concentration.

***Spirit House Meeting Three:  
Green Tambourine Mothers, Mundus Mudra, and Prayer Cake  
(October 14, 2023)***

The day before our third Spirit House Meeting, two of our saints posted the following message to the Guild:

Our Dear Guild Effendis,

Don't forget to sweep your heart clean, conduct your daily movement dhikr, rearrange the puzzle, and eat your nightly strawberry, always saying "thank you." When you do these things, you don't only do them for yourself, but for every Guild member. With every action, you strengthen your himma. This also strengthens each other's himma. We and all the holy ones are sweeping, moving, and tasting the light on the other side. You are never performing these practices alone. As above, so below.

**When you sweep, we are swept. When you move, we are moving in kind. When you eat the strawberry and say, "thank you," we are fed. We promise to do the same for you. This is truly going further east!**

We are all part of a mysterious puzzle, and He crafts all the pieces.

With great himma,  
Tapduk & Yunus

**When Ibn Arabi recently materialized as a man of light in our home, it felt like a mysterious homecoming. He brought us the staff of his Sufi lineage, pointing us further East.**

This season we are grateful to discover how the practices of Sacred Ecstasies are in step with the Sufi journey to light.

**We and the Sufi mystics hold three puzzling practices.**

Puzzles, puzzles within puzzles, secrets, and secrets within secrets.

**Puzzling prayer,**

puzzling ecstatic sound movement,

**and puzzling mystical instruction.**

We are learning more and more that prayer is the first key to opening the door to mundus, but only if the prayer becomes a wheel that turns as it turns you in turn.

**The sheikhs want us to face this secret: Once prayer becomes primary, everything else recedes into the background including life, death, wellness, sickness, wealth, poverty, ignorance, and wisdom.**

Under the curtain of prayer, a mystical world performs. With the Sufi sheikhs, let us recast prayer as opening the door to a vast cosmic celebration.

**Prayer comforts our fear and lifts our despair. But it also creates medicine, muti, mojo, power, and light when it occupies and defines the whole space, everyday place, entire reality, and expanding universe. Pray and the ray will shine, excite, and ignite.**

Here is some new news. Last summer, Brad dreamed we were struck by lightning. If we only say we were struck by lightning, you might imagine a bolt from the sky. But the gift was holier than such a depiction. If we describe it as receiving a song or prayer, these words could not convey the electricity we received. If we say the luminous gift was too complex to describe, we would be failing to share how simply and directly it was conveyed. We simply received the gift of lighting that left us so startled, Brad woke up with no memory of who it was from and no adequate way to describe it.

**I still feel the gift within. I do remember this—I woke up saying a prayer with my left hand performing spontaneous mudras (the gestures associated with the pure, unimpeded flow of kundalini). A voice then said: “This is all the ecstatic sound movement that is needed to feel close to God—a hand mudra with a strongly felt prayer.” I went deeper into this experience and began to hear the music of spheres as waves of divine love pulsed over my chest. I was then told, “All**

**you need is prayer. The highest prayer is the strongest ecstatic sound movement, and the strongest ecstatic sound movement is prayer.”**

The pieces of the prayer puzzle must move: shuffle and turn them with ecstatic sound movement.

**To put together the puzzle of ecstatic sound movement, use the mundus mudra. It helps take you to the higher tundra.**

Let’s right now follow the visionary instruction and move our left hand with a mundus mudra. Let the movement come from your heart. Aim to feel this as a celebration of how prayer flows like water in numinous and luminous creation.

[Brad plays some music]

**The next time you feel fear or despair, consider you are inside a prayer puzzle where the pieces need to Go further East. Do more than address the words of prayer. Make your whole body an expression of prayer. Make it the whole stage of extreme love and joy that encircles all. Do this by allowing your prayer lines to join with ecstatic sound movement—move your left hand with a mundus mudra as you voice your prayer lines.**

There is something we forgot to mention. Days later, after receiving the lightning, Brad dreamed we were in the Kalahari with the Bushmen. He then remembered that this is where the gift of the lightning had come from before. It was a reminder that saturation in the wisdom of the great Sufi mystics leads to the same source and force that fuels the n/om-kxaosi’s rope climb.

### **Sufi dhikr**

Bushman dance

### **Ecstatic sound movement**

Puzzle pieces

### **Born of puzzle prayers**

All the changing pieces

### **Becoming the oneness of light**

Pray to become a song and dance. Sing and dance to become a prayer-ladder to the sky. Meet the passage to the mundus imaginalis, the middle wobble whirl and swirl where God and human beings

meet to share the spiritual heat. Listen to what our mystical scholar, Henry Corbin, discovered about prayer after he encountered Ibn 'Arabi's teaching:

For prayer is not a request for something: it is the expression of a mode of being, a means of existing and of causing to exist, that is, a means of causing the God who reveals Himself to appear, of "seeing" Him, not to be sure in His essence, but in the form which precisely He reveals by revealing Himself by and to that form. This view of Prayer takes the ground from under the feet of those who, utterly ignorant of the nature of the theophanic Imagination as Creation, argue that a God who is the "creation" of our Imagination can only be "unreal" and that there can be no purpose in praying to such a God. For it is precisely because He is a creation of the imagination that we pray to him, and that He exists. Prayer is the highest form, the supreme act of the Creative Imagination. By virtue of the sharing of roles, the divine Compassion, as theophany and existentionation of the universe of beings, is the Prayer of God aspiring to issue forth from His unknownness and to be known, whereas the Prayer of man accomplishes this theophany because in it and through it the "Form of God" becomes visible to the heart, whose receptacle is the worshipper's being in the measure of its capacity. God prays for us, which means that He epiphanizes himself insofar as He is the God whom and for whom we pray (that is, the God who epiphanizes Himself for us and by us). We do not pray to the Divine Essence in its hiddenness; each faithful prays to his Lord, the Lord who is in the form of his faith.

That was quite a puzzle! Let us distill and concentrate it into one art-and-dart statement. Prayer is the highest form, the supreme act of the Creative Imagination. Through prayer, God in various forms becomes visible to the heart, according to each person's capacity.

### **Mystery puzzles with riddles and fiddles on the roof**

Mundus hosts the changing

**Making earth as it is in heaven, as it is in mundus, as it is in the changing**

Healing and spiritual transformation are puzzles in need of rearranging.

**Once upon a time, while sitting by a lake, Henry Corbin wrote a short piece of prose that he called "Theology by the Lakeside." We've rearranged the pieces of its puzzle into an odyssey. Let's now take that journey into Nature with Henry Corbin and his sheikh friends. Listen as you, too, sit by that lake with ears waiting to be reborn and second eyes waiting to open:**

You are sitting on the soft ground by a lake. It will soon be dusk, but for now the clouds are still clear, the pines are not yet darkened, for the lake brightens them into transparency.

And everything is green, greener than you have ever seen. The tall green trees sway in the breeze, and as they do you, you hear the sound of a beautiful organ. Its music must be heard seated, very close to the Earth, arms crossed, eyes closed, as if pretending to sleep.

For it is not necessary to strut about like a conqueror and always want to give a name to things, to everything; it is the trees, and the lake, and the strawberries who will tell you who they are, if you listen, yielding to them like a lover. Listen. [pause] Suddenly, in the untroubled peace of this forest, the Earth has come to greet you, visible as an Angel, who appears as a woman. Yes, even this Angel is robed in green, the green of dusk, of silence and of truth. There arises within you all the sweetness present in surrender to an embrace, an embrace that triumphs over you.

Earth, Angel, Woman, all of this is one thing, present in this forest. Dusk on the lake: your Annunciation. The mountain: a line. Listen! Something is happening! The anticipation is immense, the air is quivering under a fine and barely visible rain; the houses that stretch out along the ground, their wood red and rustic, their roofs of thatch, are there, there on the other side of the lake.

Something will begin this evening, something promised, in that you believe. Ah! This evening? When, then, this evening? If it were truly in a few hours, it would never be, because it would have to end, and then, begin again, and so would always end and never begin. Do you know what it means to wait, and do you know what it means to have faith?

Return your eyes to the water, to the trees, to the Angel Woman, robed in green. Hear the sounds of nature. Let them empty you of anything that separates you from the One, the All. When you hear the Angel, and the Earth and Woman, you receive Everything, Everything, in your absolute emptiness. This is the Mystery of Holy Communion where you will be ushered in, where all the beings will be present. [turn page]

Do not rush to give a name to this lake, this forest, this enveloping green. Let it meet you. You must be encountered by it, taken, known, so that the Earth, Angel, Woman may speak, reminding you that you are not alone . . .

As you return to where our journey began, let's not forget the bowl of strawberries, still fresh from the green vines that grew them. Feel them in front of you. Move from seeing them to feeling them. Move from tasting them to feeling them. Go ahead and feel their sweet fragrance.

Now open your eyes. Let's have a strawberry and then enjoy a prayer cake, allowing it to roll us into ecstatic sound movement. . .

Gently shake to come back to yourself. We're going to play one of our new audio prayer cake tracks. While it plays, feel free to add a layer in the form of one of the three prayer lines, or simply, "Yes, Lord." We'll keep everyone on mute (b/c zoom can't handle polyphony).

[play track]

**Congratulations, you met the green woman.**

Mother nature is more than a green man.

**Green is the life force that blows the holy wind. HUUUUUUUUU. It moves the puzzle pieces all around. It blew our practices back, reborn again. It blew our sheikhs and saints back, reborn again.**

Reminder: we have three practices. Each is a puzzle within puzzles, whose pieces and wholes are interchanging, rearranging, and celebrating.

**Prayer cakes. They are especially delightful with a strawberry on top.**

Ecstatic sound movement. Movement on.

**Experimentation that interrupts popular convention in favor of higher and odder reality invention.**

Thank you, Lord.

**Going further east.**

Ibn 'Arabi is here

**There's more spiritual fruit in the empty bowl.**

Practice the practice trinity with our saints and sheiks.

**This is walking, talking, dancing, and climbing on the trail of Light.**

Thank you, Mundus.

**Thank you, Yunus.**

Thank you each and every puzzle of you aligned with Yunus, Tapduk, Ibn Arabi and Fatima of Cordoba.

**Fatima, who is this?**

She's the mother strawberry behind it all. Shhh. That's another secret.

**Let her wait no longer to be introduced. Let's remind everyone who she is.**

Ibn 'Arabi said his most important teacher was a woman named Fatima who played the tambourine. She wrote nothing, leaving not a single letter behind. Thanks to the Great Sheikh of Sheikhs who left many records, we do know that Fatima was on fire for God, and she helped set her famous student ablaze. Ibn 'Arabi said of Fatima: "When I met her she was in her nineties and only ate the scraps of food left by people at their doors. Although she was so old and ate so little, I was almost ashamed to look at her face when I sat with her; it was so rosy and soft. Looking at her in a purely superficial way one might have thought she was a simpleton, to which she would have replied that 'he who knows not his Lord is the real simpleton.' She was indeed a mercy to the world."

**Might higher worlds be in the hands of the song-carrying poor whose hearts soar above the texts of lower worlds made of image and word?**

Yes, higher than talk is the song that changes a pilgrimage walk into a flight toward sacred emotion, the heart's fiery himma that inspires the changing forms of creation.

**Fatima sounds like someone we know.**

Yes, Fatima sounds a lot like Sister Gertrude Morgan, the mystic of New Orleans. Sister Gertrude was another tambourine holder on fire for the Lord. She also held a paintbrush whose strokes were



like music, pulsing with energy and rhythm. She said Jesus moved her hand to paint. We assume the same was true of how she shook the tambourine.

**Sacred Ecstatics begins and ends with the outsider tambourine Mothers of Creation. They are the green women behind the green men, prophets, and men of light.**

And so we end today with new pieces in our puzzle: A mundus mudra in our left hand, waiting to spring into new life for our next round of prayer.

**This is how the prayer puzzle and the ecstatics sound movement puzzles become one.**

Meanwhile, the Kalahari dart throwers are never far away. They hold lightning in their hearts, ready to send a bolt down the lineage line through the shakers and sheikhs, and straight into our Guild.

**Continue to make sure that you eat one strawberry before you fall asleep at night. This week, allow an unknown part of you to feel it. Let not any form of familiar sensory perception block ineffable mystical reception.**

Go further east, and imagine that the strawberry will mysteriously work on your heart and soul in ways that your mind can neither discern nor comprehend.

**The earth, the Green angels, and the Tambourine Mothers are here.**

Sufi dhikr

Bushman dance

Ecstatic sound movement

Puzzle pieces

Born of puzzle prayers

All the changing pieces

Meet tambourine in the green

Breath of newborn life

Become the oneness of light.

## *Postscript*

Earlier that week for our “Wednesday Surprise,” we shared our newest little book, *Instructions for Reaching the Pinnacle Spiritual Experience: The Everyday Practices of Sacred Ecstasies*. It includes instructions on the Sacred Ecstasies “prayer cake,” a means of layering prayer lines, often accompanied by one of Brad’s “prayer cake” audio tracks. After the Saturday meeting, we posted one of those tracks called “Prayer Cake: Blessed Assurance.” The following Monday, we posted “The Green Mother Song” with the following ecstatic sound movement instructions:

Here's an honoring song for the green women of Light, the tambourine mother teachers of Ibn 'Arabi, the Sheikh of Sheikhs. Ibn 'Arabi is here, which means Fatima of Córdoba is also here, and so are Sister Gertrude Morgan, Mother Agave, and all the other forms of the Green Angel found by the lakeside in the mundus imaginalis. As you listen, let your heart move your left hand mundus mudra. Do it for the Light! Do it to be aligned with the lineage of further-east saints!

We and the Sufi mystics hold three puzzling practices. Puzzles, puzzles within puzzles, secrets, and secrets within secrets.

Puzzling prayer,  
puzzling ecstatic sound movement,  
and puzzling mystical instruction.

The sheikhs want us to face this secret: Prayer is the key that opens the door to the mundus imaginalis. Once prayer becomes primary, everything else recedes into the background including life, death, wellness, sickness, wealth, poverty, ignorance, and wisdom.

The Kalahari ancestors have come to bring this Sufi secret to life by sending a bolt of n/om- lightning into your left hand, along with these words:

“This is all the ecstatic sound movement that is needed to feel close to God—a mundus mudra with a strongly felt prayer. The highest prayer is the strongest ecstatic sound movement, and the strongest ecstatic sound movement is prayer.”

Henry Corbin went inside the teachings of Ibn 'Arabi and brought back these words for you, delivered by Brad at last Saturday's Spirit House Meeting:

For prayer is not a request for something: it is the expression of a mode of being, a means of existing and of causing to exist, that is, a means of causing the God who reveals Himself to appear, of "seeing" Him, not to be sure in His essence, but in the form which precisely He reveals by revealing Himself by and to that form. This view of Prayer takes the ground from under the feet of those who, utterly ignorant of the nature of the theophanic Imagination as Creation, argue that a God who is the "creation" of our Imagination can only be "unreal" and that there can be no purpose in praying to such a God. For it is precisely because He is a creation of the imagination that we pray to him, and that He exists.

Prayer is the highest form, the supreme act of the Creative Imagination. By virtue of the sharing of roles, the divine Compassion, as theophany and existentionation of the universe of beings, is the Prayer of God aspiring to issue forth from His unknownness and to be known, whereas the Prayer of man accomplishes this theophany because in it and through it the "Form of God" becomes visible to the heart, whose receptacle is the worshipper's being in the measure of its capacity. God prays for us, which means that He epiphanizes himself insofar as He is the God whom and for whom we pray (that is, the God who epiphanizes Himself for us and by us). We do not pray to the Divine Essence in its hiddenness; each faithful prays to his Lord, the Lord who is in the form of his faith."

**Mother Fatima translates Corbin:**

On Sunday I gave you two words – one in your right ear and one in your left. Hear them now. You took hold of each word, one in your right hand and one in your left. Feel them now. When you brought your palms together, a color emerged.<sup>xiv</sup> See it now. Pray into that color. Do it now.

*I need Thee  
Do it Lord  
Just be nice.*

Let us now go further east and meet by the lake. Return your eyes to the water, to the trees, to the Angel Woman, robed in green. Hear the sounds of nature. Let them empty you of anything that separates you from the One, the All. When you hear the Angel, and the Earth and Woman, you receive Everything, Everything, in your absolute emptiness. This is the Mystery of Holy Communion where you will be ushered in, where all the beings will be present.

**Sheikh Tapduk now speaks:**

Our faith is right in the middle of life, with all its joy and heartbreak and complex situations. Take time for your three practices. They are the puzzle pieces that will advance you along the journey home.

The next time you feel fear or despair, consider you are inside a puzzle where all the pieces need to **go further east**. Do more than address the words of prayer. Make your whole body an expression of prayer. Perform all action with himma. Let everything come from the heart. I will again breathe some himma into your heart now. Please receive it on behalf of everyone, because we all come from the One Light. Let it shine! Bismillahirrahmanirrahim.

***The Gigantic Puzzle of Spirit Lands***

On October 17<sup>th</sup>, Brad dreamed we were with the Guild and told them we would show them what we called “the Sacred Ecstatics puzzle.” As we felt and evoked the feeling and vibration of each lineage, a large piece of a giant puzzle would drop from the sky in the shape of the country that held the tradition being addressed. On top of its surface was a 3-D miniature version of the people, elder teachers, countryside, places of ceremony, and other distinguishing features of their spiritual world. As one piece after another dropped from the sky, they landed on the ground and fit together like a giant jigsaw puzzle. They did not look like one homogenous blend. Instead, all their different shapes and forms were clearly maintained while being in a seamless connection with the other pieces. We felt extraordinary exhilaration experiencing how all the lineages, pieces, dimensions, variations, similarities, and differences came together in a luminous, holy-charged whole as “the Sacred Ecstatics puzzle.”

Brad woke up singing praise and offering prayer for the blessing of the dream. He then fell asleep and dreamed of being in a colonial city in Mexico as a young man. There he felt how passionate love thrived all around him as hearts were open in a manner that was noticeably different than most other places in the world. Bougainvillea vines were in full blossom and joyful music filled the air. In this visionary Mexico, he felt how love is what every life puzzle seeks to bring together in a whole surrender to passion, beauty, and ecstatic communion.

***Spirit House Meeting Four: Reading of the “Jars of Air” Session,  
Prescription Three—Collecting Jars of Air  
(October 21, 2023)***

During our Spirit House Meeting on October 21<sup>st</sup> we shared the following script, followed by a new mystical prescription:

**Reminder: there are three main practices of Sacred Ecstatics.**

Reminder: each practice is a puzzle, and each practice is also a piece of a larger puzzle. Being inside these puzzles within puzzles brings us closer to the Light.

**We have been discussing the first two practices—prayer cakes and ecstatic sound movement. Today we address the third practice—experimentation with disrupting worldly convention by means of higher action. Here we follow instructions for altering reality.**

Here we follow instructions. In other words, our experimentation is more than tinkering with reality. It is also a practice in following instruction.

**When instruction comes to the Guild, we have three choices. We can enact the task, or we can choose to not take the action specified, or we can choose to invent our own experimentation instead. But the latter two choices are not following instruction.**

Why does this matter? Why not do our own thing? Why not feel free to modify an experiment to make it more pleasing to ourselves in some way?

**Yunus wants to respond to your questions. Yunus says that choosing to please the Self makes the Self bigger rather than smaller. My sheikh once told me, “Dervishhood is breaking ties with the self.” When we break ties with the self, we strengthen our rope to God. In the beginning of my**

**spiritual odyssey, my sheikh gave me instructions that did not please me. Every time I protested or gave in to my resistance to the instruction, I made my Self a little bigger, and its hold on me stronger. When I finally followed instruction and did so with a pure heart, I broke ties with my Self a little more, and each time I became readier to receive the next instructions that emptied me more and more of Self. This process took me many years.**

Today the sheikhs and saints want you to know that flooding your life with change gets you closer to the changing of First Creation, which is the heart of God. But this is only true if you follow your sheikhs' instruction. During the last three weeks, I have enjoyed witnessing how powerful it is when Guild members in the lodge follow instruction together. Doing your own thing makes you too thingish and the Self too biggish. But following higher instruction builds hearts, alters the whole reality, and together we rise closer to the Light.

**Thank you, Dervish Yunus. Follow mystical instructions especially if you find them unsettling. This is the way to spiritual surprise, evocative uncertainty, and any possible source of the new into your habituated mainstream. Do so in order to help set a wheel in motion that sits ready to turn. In this motion is found the circularities of changing change, the action stream of spiritual transformation.**

Trickster has a question: I don't see how these mystical instructions are going to help me find the Light.

**All the more reason to try it.**

Trickster doesn't understand.

**Neither do I. All I know is that it's time for you to try something entirely different.**

What is this third practice about?

**We're offering you a vacation from your old self. Don't think about it. Just do it.**

This is going further East. It's not always logical, and change requires moving into the unknown. If you already think you know best how to help yourself, then you don't need the sheikhs or saints. But if you're willing to experiment in order to change, then

**Go ahead, catch the feeling of change.**

Help me, please.

**When you enact mystical instruction, express true excitement, inspired seriousness, uplifting importance, masterful silliness, special wonder, or radical joy—whatever best fits the moment.**

I get it—avoid a wishy-washy performance.

**If you can't feel it, it will fail.**

If you can feel it, the change is already taking place. Stir up that himma.

**Let's now envision some impossible tasks. This will help build your mundus muscles. Here's what we want you to do. Sometime between now and next week we want you to take a trip to the moon. We don't care how you do it. We expect a report when you return.**

In addition, go find a cow that has the answer to the mission of your life written on its left shoulder.

**Don't forget to bake a blueberry pie that's the size of the blue mosque.**

More importantly, turn your house into a hot air balloon. Look down and see that the floor has fallen away as the basket floats high above the ground. Then look up to see there is no ceiling, but instead a giant balloon the color of crimson sailing across the clouds.

**Whether low to the ground or high in the sky, a dervish that readily changes altitude is ready to fly. If ever you're wondering how far you can go, look again at the things that you never can know.**

What you need is higher air. The third puzzling practice of Sacred Ecstatics is about helping you take flight, leaving behind the familiar ground of conventional living to enter the fresh air and whirling wind of God's extraordinary changing creation. Go past being a whirling dervish. Drop the dervish and become the whirling. Drop the Self and let the Creator re-create you each day and night. Strawberry fields forever.

**We once met a woman who found a different kind of air that made her care and dare to follow instructions.**

Oh yes, I remember it well! Let's now perform for you the healing session we did with that woman, so we can learn a little bit more about experimentation, following instruction, and finding higher air.

[Reading of the case transcript, "Collecting Jars of Air."]

**You, too, are invited to bring fresher and holier air into your life and to breath more freely as you enter the vastness of the infinite sacred. We ask you to begin by collecting air from at least three places you regard as holy. Obtain three jars and decide three different places you will go to collect air. Each place should be holy to you, whether it's a church, chapel, cathedral, synagogue, temple, mountain, stream, lake, forest, playground, garden, special dining room, or magical cafe. It also might be a music hall, art museum, violin shop, or medieval monastery. Label each jar and place them in a safe place.**

When you find yourself needing to make a prayer cake filled with sweet strawberry ecstatic sound movement, select the jar of air you think is best to open and breathe as your words are voiced. When you have done this with each of these samples of air, decide which place you will return to gather more holy atmosphere. A time will come when you are able to simply close your eyes and imagine being carried to these holy places. You will be able use an invisible jar to collect its air and bring it back to your everyday. Perhaps you will bring back holy air from a Sufi lodge, an African desert, an agave field in Oaxaca, a strawberry field in Turkey, the garden of Eden, or from heaven itself. We're all in need of higher air.

**Reminder: All the practices of any true spiritual path are exercises in following instruction.**

Follow anointed, blessed, and cleaned mystical instruction.

Do so to lighten the self.

**This is what it takes find the light, bake a prayer cake, and move the dervish freight.**

This is the Sufi way.

**This is adventuring on the trail of Light.**



This is the outskirts way of defying conventional self-inflation.

**Warning: when you resist a prescribed task of mystical instruction, you risk the backfire of more self-inflation.**

The more you find your self protesting, rejecting, or ignoring instruction, the more your me-me-me grows and claims it knows what is best for you.

**You need to get behind Yunus and say “I don’t know” until you really feel you don’t know.**

The more you only do what you spiritually like, the further away from the light you drift.

**Resisting only results in developing stronger resistance. The knowing it breeds and feeds is based on saying no to mystical instruction.**

We are not here to resist instruction.

**We are here to conduct God’s electricity.**

“But I don’t feel like saying that prayer line you gave me. I’d rather change the words or use another prayer, like, “I need Merlin,” “Do it, Universe,” and “Just be Abundant.”

**That’s the self not following instruction. It prefers being in the know to grow its importance. No way it’s going to surrender to any higher glow.**

What happens when a spiritual consumer only picks and chooses what they like?

**Your ecstatic sound movement goes dead**

and your prayers become reinforced lines of defense that protect the worldly self

**Reminder: we are going further East.**

This begins with following the ways and means of the sheikhs and saints who guide our prayer, ecstatic sound movement, and experimentation with interrupting the convention of self- elevation.

**Everyday convention is following your stuffed gut, sentimental heart, and inflated mind: it clings to the self and reaches for all the self-pleasing rubble, glitter, and bling it can gather and hoard.**

These are habits in need of an undoing—a real ungluing.

**Empty the bowl and open your wings.**

Begin by opening the door and dropping the self. Follow instruction to starve the self and feed the rope.

**Drop the you, drop the me, and drop the we. Concentrate on Thee with all its relations and interactions.**

Higher air wants you to collect its many forms of emptiness. The answer is less in the breath than it is in the dance of turbulent reality changing wind, the gusty ecstatic gusto that excites everyday change, and any warm breeze that helps melts a freeze.

**Holy air: breathe**

Air of Tapduk's lodge: breathe

**Kalahari dance circle air: breathe**

Osumi Sensei seiki room air: breathe

**St. Vincent praise house: breathe**

Sacred Ecstatics spirit house: breathe

**Heaven: breathe**

Heaven as it is in heaven: breathe

**Let us return to earth as it is in the heavenly air.**

The answer is blowing in these jars.

**The answer is moving in these jars.**

The answer is whirling, swirling, twirling in these jars.

**You are invited to become an empty jar.**

Let yourself be jarred by higher instruction.

**Fill the emptiness with higher air.**

Death of self, breath of newborn life

**Deep breath please.**

Now follow the green and lean into higher instruction.

*Postscript*

The day after the meeting we conducted a live “Sunday chat” online, lead by Sheikh Tapduk Emre. He gave each Guild member a special jar of air, collected from a different place for each person. The next day, we posted an ecstatic sound movement track with the following instructions:

First, take a breath of air from the jar given to you on Sunday by Sheikh Tapduk. Next, let the musical track below help you feel like a whirling dervish (no actual spinning movement is required; the whirling music is enough). At some point during the track, say “Tapduk Emre” out loud. This will remind you to go even deeper into your sound movement, always letting the sound guide you. Let us aim to drop the self and become the whirling!

### ***Dezsoe Dreams of Green Prayer Beads***

On October 21<sup>st</sup>, Dezsoe sent us a dream report:

Last night I prayed at the spot where mother died. There I truly felt the need for God’s merciful intervention. Scott and his mother were with me (Scott is Brad’s adult

son, and his mother is terminally ill). I prayed our Guild prayer and finished our prayer lines on the color of green. Mother Fatima became the Holy Mother and Mother Jesus-For-Us, who appear for their children. I thanked them with tears.

Then I went to bed and put your postcard about Liszt's crucifix and rosary to my bedside, next to Yunus Emre's latest poem that Hillary brought down puzzle piece by puzzle piece. Thank you, Hillary! "My heart and God's light are like pieces of a puzzle, each one eternally searching for the other, finding they fit together in infinite ways."

In the morning, I had the following dream: We entered Brad and Hillary's house with a group that seemed to be our Guild. Scott was present. The place felt holy. Inside there were many, vividly and beautifully arranged plants and ceremonial objects. Scott instantly went and grabbed something. It was a rosary made of dark green beads. He handed it to Brad who then took it in his hand and said to all of us: "When I hold this it keeps coming back. . . My data are being stored here. It differs from other IDs—it is a different form of identification." And then Hillary exclaimed in front of the whole guild: "You need to take care of this, because your data are being stored here!" Amen!

***Spirit House Meeting Five: "We Will Luckify You"***  
***(October 28, 2023)***

Mystery, by its very nature, is mysterious.

**Yes, mystery is puzzling.**

It was mysteriously puzzling when we went further East and Ibn 'Arabi appeared in the Spirit House of New Orleans.

**Let's re-examine this puzzle, for it is a mystery worthy of further investigation.**

What do you find when you travel in reverse to take another look?

**Thank you for asking. Let me see . . . I notice that something happened the day before Ibn 'Arabi broke through the veil. There is another piece of the puzzle we have not mentioned.**

Ah, I recall that you had an odd dream the night before the Great Sheikh opened the door. In that dream you were holding a framed picture in our living room. That's when a voice announced,

**"We will luckify you."**

After those words were spoken, the frame dropped away, and the picture turned into a swirl that dynamically moved into another dimension of space between this world and another world beyond our comprehension. It was sucked into Climate 8.

**The picture eventually returned but it was now blank and empty of content.**

The voice gave further instruction:

**Imagine a scene from your life that you fondly remember, a special time that filled you with a sense of wonder. Perhaps it was a magical cloud formation in the sky, a beautiful sunset with a special streak of pink, a song heard more clearly than ever before, falling head over wheels in love, or reading sacred words that rang an inner bell.**

Then the voice said, "Envision this moment as a beautiful image painted inside an empty picture frame. After this is done, hold the framed picture tightly and close your eyes. We will throw you and the picture into a mystery world where you and your relationship to that experience will be forever changed. This is how we "luckify" you—we fortify your relations with mystery so its rays of light may shine through your everyday. We will luckify you."

**In the dream, I followed instruction and looked at the frame that now held a painting formerly given to me by Osumi Sensei. It was the image of Mount Fuji. Osumi cautioned me to be careful when I climb this mountain because the ascent to greater spiritual heights brings both fortune and misfortune, for it attracts both the goodness and the malevolence of others.**

As Brad realized the double-edged consequence of moving toward spiritual light, he recalled that the great Persian mystic, Suhrawardi, who preceded Ibn 'Arabi, had been martyred by envious clerics. In general, anyone taught by the light or anyone who seeks it will find that bad luck seems to stalk their trail. Now, in Brad's dream, the saints decided to intervene and offer more than protection. They gifted us with a means of recursing (going back) to the former blessings bestowed upon our lives and to remove the curse associated with other human beings who are jealous of any light or joy they don't possess.

**This is a gift for everyone in the Guild. The saints will luckify you. Follow these instructions and “luckify” your spiritual journey to the light. Re-bless and re-bliss the wonder-filled moments that have been granted to you. Do this to several of your most precious memories and express a sincere smile that you have been luckified and made more ready for a spiritual deep fry. Soon we will do this with you.**

The next day after the “luckify” dream, Brad felt a spontaneous burst of love come through him. In some unexplainable manner, this intense emotion opened the door to the mystical universe. Immediately, he could see Muhyiddin Ibn ‘Arabi standing in front of him as a giant, 8 foot tall saintly being of light. Now you know that being luckified is a piece of the mystical puzzle of going further East. It helped Ibn ‘Arabi enter our home.

**That night I dreamed I was in ancient Tehran and given the ancient folded-up piece of paper that was a reminder of the many secrets held by a true mystical Guild. Another piece of the puzzle also arrived that night. Hillary dreamed she met two saints of Sacred Ecstatics.**

As Brad dreamed of a Sufi secret, I woke up in the middle of the night feeling the deep peace and wondrous simplicity that comes with heartfelt devotion to the singular, divine light. I pondered how the ultimate illumination, which Brad first experienced in the chapel at age 19, is the river of divinity that runs through the hearts of all the great saints and mystics, including ancient Sufi masters like Ibn ‘Arabi. It’s the same light carried by Jesus and sung about in the hymn, “This little light of mine, I’m going to let it shine.” It’s the loving light of God, pure and simple. Once this light resides in our hearts, any intellectual debate over doctrinal interpretation or the existence of God feel irrelevant and unnecessary. With this light inside our hearts comes a natural embrace of and appreciation for all the many means of connecting with it that have existed since the dawn of time. With a heart full and content, I fell back to sleep and had a dream:

**Hillary dreamed she met my grandparents, the ones I called PaPa and Doe. In Hillary’s dream we arrived at a quaint shop in a small town where PaPa and Doe were seated on a bench, waiting for us.**

PaPa and Doe acknowledged me with a smile. Then PaPa got up from the bench and walked over to where Brad and I were standing. He was very joyful and radiant. Then something unusual took place. As PaPa spoke to me directly, I began to shrink in size while he seemed to grow taller. Soon I was the size of a child, about as high as his waist.

I did not hear what PaPa was saying, because I was so overcome by the grand sight of him. He seemed to keep growing taller and taller in front of my eyes, filling my entire field of vision. My gaze was transfixed on this towering man, and I noticed every detail of him: his crisp white shirt tucked into his trousers, his strong chest, broad shoulders, muscular arms, his neatly styled hair, and finally his handsome face. Though I don't recall any of his words, his voice was warm and his face beaming. PaPa seemed like the most assured, upright, and able pillar of strength and wisdom I had ever encountered, and I couldn't wait to tell Brad about it once PaPa was finished speaking.

The next morning I realized that I had finally met PaPa and Doe, two long-time saints of Sacred Ecstasies. They both carried the light inside them when they were alive and have been sharing it with the Guild from the other side through Brad for many years.

**When someone carries holy light, what they say is less important than how they shine. This radiance is more readily caught when we become small like children. Only when we are small and lower to the ground can we really look upward and feel the immensity and holiness of the holy ones.**

After the dream I marveled at how my experience of Brad's grandfather mirrored Brad's description of seeing Ibn 'Arabi in our house. Brad also said this is exactly how he experienced his grandfather when he was a child—as a giant presence always in the room watching and walking alongside him. Brad was surprised to find out much later in his life that his grandfather was not very tall, since he always remembered him as a man of great stature. In the mystical light, PaPa truly is a spiritual giant like Ibn 'Arabi.

**As I dreamed of a secret Sufi teaching in a shop, Hillary dreamed of enacting the secret in a shop. She felt herself become smaller and smaller, able to experience the luminous stature of a man of light, Brad's grandfather. In the light of day, we walked with Ibn 'Arabi. In the night we met luminous saints. After these dreams, we celebrated how the country preacher and the Muslim teacher today remain mystically alive, each dissolved in the same holy light. Though they convey different rays of illumination, there is no need for religious differentiation or persecution or jealousy or selfishness when we seek and meet the God of Light.**

We will luckify you.

**Let's do it right now.**

Close your eyes and ask mundus imaginalis to send you back to a sacred moment in your life that you fondly remember, a special time that filled you with a deep sense of wonder, glory, and splendor.

**Perhaps it was a magical shower of rain, a rainbow that shot an arrow, a breath of fresh air that made you feel reborn, hearing a saint's name that plucked a deep string, or a Sacred Ecstatics meeting that set your bones, tones, and soul on fire.**

Now envision this special moment as an image painted inside an empty frame. [pause] Hold it tightly and close your eyes even more tightly. The saints and sheikhs will throw you and the picture into a mystery mundus world where you and your relationship to that experience will be forever a part of the changing. This is how we "luckify" you—we fortify your relations with mystery so its light may shine through your everyday. We will luckify you. Here strong reception is your utmost protection. Go ahead and let the mundus imaginalis take over.

**The saints are now throwing your framed moment into a higher mystery space. They are taking you along with it. You're in the middle of Climate Eight. Go ahead and breathe its numinous air.**

We will luckify you. Breathe newborn life.

**Rather than fear the dark, celebrate the light. Breathe the higher atmosphere.**

Concentrate on the saints as they bring heaven to earth. Breathe in the Mothers' green life force.

**Ibn 'Arabi is here**

Papa and Doe are here. Tapduk and Yunus are here.

**This the puzzle of heartfelt devotion to the singular, divine light.**

Now, return from the mundus mystery. There's a piece of paper with a secret in your pocket. Take a look at that piece of paper. What secret was given to you? Write it now as a comment to the Guild.

[share secrets and riff off them]



**Seek reception, drop deception and its obsession with protection. Breathe the God of Light.**

Ibn 'Arabi whispers, "The self is made of deception. It blocks luminous reception."

**The healers of old shout, "The log in your eye is psycho-log-ical. Chop it, drop it, and burn it. Yunus the woodsman will help you."**

We will luckify you.

**Remember: luckification is a piece of the puzzle concerning sanctification.**

Follow its mystical instruction.

**I need Thee to help me lose more of me.**

Do it Lord.

**Help me remember to frame the mystical wonder and hand it over.**

Do it Lord. Just be nice.

**Help me just be nice in a manner that does not resist your throwing me anywhere you want me to go.**

With no fear, I promise to cheer for the saints and sheikhs who are so dear to my heart.

**Build my heart, bring me out of the dark.**

Turn on the tap and follow Tapduk.

**Move past you and follow Yunus.**

Jar, frame, room, reality, Yunus-verse

**This is the frame-changing art ready to be thrown by the saints on high.**

This art enters higher air to become a dart.

**The art and dart of building a heart.**

We will luckify you.

**Are you stuck?**

You're in need of higher luck.

**Shuck the self and get thunderstruck.**

Pray, pray, pray. Pray like PaPa Keeney. As the self becomes smaller, the rope to God grows taller. Pray to frame your emotion and let the saints throw it into ecstatic sound movement.

**Ecstatic sound movement: frame it and let the holy wind inspire you to follow mystical instruction.**

Mystical instruction: frame every step that walks you into the whirlwind.

**There is a secret in your pocket.**

Every puzzle piece is a frame that holds a secret from God.

**Here's the latest question from our Sheikhs and Saints: Are you ready to jig and saw?**

Let's dance an ecstatic jig and saw off you know what.

**I saw the light. It's inside a jig-saw puzzle.**

### ***The Greatest Spiritual Teaching Ever Heard***

Brad dreamed we were attending a spiritual service in a large stone cathedral that was part of a university campus:

We felt it was the greatest presentation ever heard in all of history. The pastor's teaching covered the truths of every lineage we adore from the Kalahari to Japan, the Caribbean, traditions from further East, and other spiritual locales in between. It was brilliant and had tremendous sacred emotion that led to heightened spiritual cooking. After the service we told the pastor how much we appreciated the talk and that we recognized many of the teachings of our saints in it, including Reverend Joseph Hart and Sister Gertrude Morgan, along with the Sufi sheikhs of old.

Next we turned to each other and said, "Finally, the world will achieve peace and return to the healing ecstatic know-how of the original spiritual cooks." The teachings had been so clear that we felt it would be impossible for any trickster interference or deception to block its radiance. Nothing could be a better transmission of wisdom and assure the purest form of authentic reception. Then we noticed someone whose face showed that he was disturbed. Brad went up to him and said, "There can now be world peace." This person, recognized as an authoritarian supporter of the industrial-military complex, shook his head and replied in a manner that made clear he disagreed with what had been presented. He added, "That is wishful thinking and highly unlikely," and walked away with a gesture of righteous disqualification.

We looked in another direction and saw a woman who was unsure how to act—whether to agree or disagree with the pastor's sermon. Her facial expression kept changing as she scanned the room, hoping to join whatever it seemed most other people thought. She looked confused and lost and more than anything else and clearly lacked sufficient conviction to be the exception to popular convention. We were shocked by these two reactions, and then noticed a talkative and excited third person further away from the crowd. We were disappointed to find that she was talking to a group of people about trivial matters disconnected from what had miraculously been presented in the cathedral. She had paid no attention to any of it.

In that moment, we realized that the truth that sets people free is not easily received. The self that is owned by trickster is rigidly ready to reject anything that diminishes the self. It is a master of not changing its self-centric reality. We realized that Jesus, Buddha, Abraham, Muhammed, and Tapduk Emre would not be able to make a dent in the solidified walls of habits that inflate the self. My dream was a reminder that most people are not readily humbled by the breath of himma or tumbled by the holy bread of inspired teaching.

Yet we were not left hopeless. We left the cathedral elated that we were feeling the truth, peace, and ecstasy that surpassed conventional knowing and popular

deception. And we felt the inspiration to not give up trying to get the message through the many barriers erected by the self. This is the way it is and the way it always has been. There is always more interfering noise than signal. Despite this challenging fact, a well-tuned receiver can still catch the truth that radiates the light. This is the way it shall always be. Pay attention to the highest spiritual teaching and pay no attention to those whose self-deception causes them to miss the exhilaration of true reception.

### ***The Book***

Before retiring for sleep, Brad felt the presence of Ibn 'Arabi in the house. That night he dreamed we received a gift from him.

We were given a large old book that was entitled, *The Book*. The topic of the book was life, but it was discussed in terms of its relationship to death and the transition from one to the other. Reading it flooded us with wisdom secrets about the big questions people have sought to answer about life and death throughout the ages. Excited about what was revealed, I woke up and found I remembered nothing we had been taught. I prayed that we be sent back for further study of *The Book*, and that this time I would remember what came through.

In a second dream, we opened *The Book* again and were surprised to discover more than words. We encountered two worlds, each like a theatre stage hosting a unique scene with familiar characters. One world, on the left side of the open book, existed in the past and included people we formerly knew but who are no longer living. The other world, located on the right side of the book, was situated in the present and occupied by living characters we currently know. We were not passively observing either of the performed dramas but felt we were on both stages in the middle of the action. In between these left and right worlds corresponding to the past and present we could see the floating words of *The Book*.

We found that whatever was literally said or done on the historical stage could only be partially remembered later; most of that detailed memory quickly faded away. The real-time stage of the present, however, reminded us how intensely alive the action is on both stages—it quickly catches all our attention. The action taking place between the characters was utterly engaging and left us with no desire to reflect, comment, or interpret. Like watching a riveting stage play, we were fully absorbed in the unfolding drama and filled with anticipation of what would happen

next. The two worlds reminded us of our past and present creative therapy (and healing) sessions—completely improvisational and fueled by a life force unseen by outside viewers. When we look back at what took place, words that theoretically explain are less important than the exhilarating emotion that led to the unexpected change felt by everyone involved.

In the dream, I read the words that emerged and floated between the two sides of the open book, two worlds separated by time. They taught that life's vitality and creativity are found in the transitional movement from one world to another. This dynamic even applies to last night's historical reality in sleep and the next morning's transition to the present everyday waking world. Within these 24 hours, we pass between two worlds. Both sleeping and waking host different theatres, stages, scenes, and realities. Whether day, season, year, developmental stage, or whole lifetime, we are always transitioning from one action scene to another. The more absorbed in the action we are, the more we tap into the vitality behind the creativity of life. Though there is still a time for reflection and interpretation, they are also born from the action scene. The descriptions, interpretations, and meanings we create benefit from arising in the middle transition from one world to another, just as I saw the words of *The Book* in my dream.

Toward the end of the vision, a final mystical teaching came forth. It felt like it was brought by Ibn 'Arabi:

There is less value in what most people typically think of memory. The gold of memory is caught emotion that gives rise to reality invention. When the hot coals of emotion—the fuel of creation—are kept burning, there is the possibility of re-creating what originally inspired the feeling. But when such emotion fades or another lesser emotion intercedes, creation and re-creation cease.

The sacred emotion of a holy vision instills a deeply felt fire within. Its light illumines the divine world in the present. This fire and light do not remain alive by the process of story-telling memory. It is the memory of sacred emotion that brings the mystical world back. This emotion must be fed or soon it will be dead with its teaching forgotten.

Muhammad did not remember his first and most important vision in the sense that we think of conventional memory. He held on to the force of its sacred emotion and used it to recreate the heavenly world

that was its divine source. I, Ibn 'Arabi, did the same. Do you think I could remember a vision that took thousands of pages to transcribe? I couldn't. I held on to the sacred emotion and recreated the visionary world, what you call the Climate Eight of mundus imaginalis. My work concerned catching sacred emotion, something only possible with an empty and clean vessel. After the catch, all interference from lesser distracting emotions had to be blocked. There could not be any dissociation of thought born of a broken connection with the action of creation in the vast field of interaction.

For the reader, be aware that the words of any holy book, including *The Book*, are not alive and memorable when they are read while divorced from the action stream. They come to life in the middle transition between life and death. This is home to the vibration of creation, the transformation of one world into another world and the crossing from past to present and night into day. Reading and writing, like dreaming and reporting, matter less than catching the sacred emotion sparked by these transitions.

Like Lazarus, the words of a holy book are dead and in need of resurrection. They and you rise, like baked bread, when you are moving from world to world, stage to stage, action scene to action scene, and left to right sides of a holy book. Remember sacred emotion, drop the narration, and build mystical excitement. Create life again with newborn participation. In other words, cook to go beyond the words. Don't eat the paper. Eat that mystical bread.

### ***The Shigeru Kawai***

In a dream, Brad received a new piano:

Movers delivered a piano from Japan, a Shigeru Kawai SK-EX Concert Grand. When they lifted the lid, we noticed the piano had two lids. One lid was too small in length to cover the strings, and the other lid on top of that was a regular, full-size cover. We were confused as to whether the movers mistakenly had added the smaller lid or if was there a mystery involved that we didn't understand.

I started to play the piano to check out its sound and action. The moment I touched the keys we were transported to Tokyo, Japan. Decades ago, when I lived

with Osumi Sensei, I remembered visiting the Kawai piano showroom. Greeted by a white gloved sales team, I was cordially invited to play their full concert grand, the top of the line Shigeru Kawai. Only twenty of these full grand pianos are made entirely by hand each year, and it is rare for a pianist to get to play one in their lifetime. With the sales team, I bowed at the piano that felt alive and ready to welcome the next pair of hands. It was the finest sounding piano and the best action I ever played. I relived this moment in the dream and was astonished how beautiful a well-voiced, masterfully crafted grand piano can sound. It felt like the keys played the fingers rather than the other way around. That's what I felt in the past and now was experiencing again.

After waking up from the dream, I read about this particular grand piano. It is named after the head of the Kawai piano company, Shigeru Kawai. The Kawai Piano website mentions that over a hundred years ago, Shigeru's father, Koichi Kawai,

...embarked upon a journey—a spiritual quest to design and build a piano that would one day be called “the finest.” A generation later, this dream burned intensely in the heart of Shigeru Kawai. To Shigeru, the dream represented not just his origins, but his destiny—an unrelenting force that would launch a lifetime of devotion in the pursuit of perfection.

Koichi began his dream in a humble workshop in Japan. Shigeru later became so devoted to this mission that he sometimes slept in the piano factory as a young man, doing so to prove his dedication to mastering the art of making a piano by hand. After taking over the company, he built a famous piano laboratory and successfully created one of the finest pianos in the world featuring Kigarshi premium aged soundboards, shiko seion hammers, and a kosei katagi rim. Today, the Kawai piano company describes their extraordinary piano construction in this manner:

A Shigeru piano is much more than the intelligent application of material, labor and design. It is an art form born not from the head, but from the heart. Thus, the craftsman does far more than simply “build” it—he brings it to life.

The sensitive nurturing of every part, every joint, every subtle nuance vests each piano with an intangible quality—a soul—that lives on from generation to generation. And those who own a Shigeru

piano know that they possess not merely an instrument, but a partner in the musical pursuit of dreams.

We are here with Yunus Emre and the sheikhs to pursue the mystical life, an art form “not born of the head, but of the heart.” Like Shigeru, we are here to use our hearts to build the instruments that help us pursue our highest dreams. The strings of your heart have two lids—one is too small while the other is a perfect fit. You also have two lids covering the strings of your heart. Let the smaller lid continue to shrink until it disappears from your sight. Then all the parts will masterfully fit so the lineage soul may come to life and live on through another generation. Dedicate yourself through the night and day making sure nothing interferes with your quest. We are here to not only build hearts. We are also here to bring them to life.

### *Postscript*

The same night Brad dreamed of the piano, Hillary dreamed that we were looking at a new house to purchase. Though it was a private residence, the current owners had built a small performance hall connected to the side of the house. It was modest, with lovely wood floors and a small stage. The room looked like it had been there since the 1920s or 30s. It reminded us of the kind of small theatres found in schools or community centers.

Though we have always dreamed of owning our own live/work performance space, we questioned in the dream whether we really needed it now that so much of our work is online. At the same time, we acknowledged how rare it is to find a residence that also hosts a room for intensives. We looked at each other and said, “How can we pass this up? It’s what we always thought we wanted, and properties like this are almost impossible to find.”

As we continued to look around the performance hall, we noticed the owners had added a large, ramped entrance to the side of the room. It had wide double doors, presumably so one could bring in large theatre sets or other equipment. Hillary said to Brad, “Wow, look at his incredible ramp! You could wheel a grand piano right in here!” The practicality of this access to the hall made us value the property even more. The feeling Hillary had in the dream was that we truly *ought* to buy the property, not primarily out of excitement for its aesthetics or location, but because of its rarity and usefulness for our work. In the dream we never even saw the house, and have no idea where in the world it was located. All that mattered was the performance room.



***Spirit House Meeting Six: The Three Sufi Secrets, The Ego is a Hippo, 45 Episodes, and Climbing the Ladder with Prescription Four (November 4, 2023)***

Look—a dervish messenger from Cappadocia has brought us a gift: it's another bowl of strawberries. (Hillary holds up bowl of strawberries)

**Let's eat a strawberry right now.**

I'm going further east (pause). Thank you!

**And here's a message from Yunus Emre. Please read it, Hillary.**

Yunus says, "My dear sheikh gave me a bowl of strawberries years ago. When he did, his himma stirred up some words in the air. I collected a jar of that air and will open it so you can hear the verse. I ask that you repeat these words at the start of each month this year:" (open a jar)

I am not here as a claimant,  
My concern is one of love,  
A friend finds a shelter only in hearts,  
I've come to build some hearts.

**Congratulations, everyone, we've just finished our first month of the Guild season and we are starting November with another bowl of strawberries, and some Yunus-made hearts, and Tapduk himma air behind those ecstatic poetics that take us further and further east.**

I am grateful that we have a whole lineage of Sufi sheikhs including the Green Mothers and their ecstatic tambourines to lead us along the trail.

**We hope that everyone has watched the Yunus Emre television series and if you have, please watch it again—it feels different each time. The 45 episodes of this show reveal what an authentic spiritual life is about, including how to be a member of a spiritual community. Unfortunately, most of what we learn from contemporary spiritual teaching is so infested with trickster nonsense and big me feeding frenzies that we readily forget or never learn what the truth is about an authentic spiritual life.**

As you once said, my dear, and I quote you: “I reject the New Age and declare it’s time for the (saus)age.”

**This is a Bushman emphasis on desiring more meat. Spirituality needs real meat if it hopes to meet higher mystery.**

But, Alhamdulillah, this television series arrived to show us what it means to be in a big room with a community of dervishes and sheikhs who are passionately on the trail to the Lord of Light.

**Again, we were amazed to find how the teachings and practices of Sacred Ecstatics resonate and overlap with those of the Sufi Lodges of old. We pray to set our compass, we cook with ecstatic sound movement, and we conduct spiritual experiments to alter the habits of our everyday reality construction. But most of all, every practice requires himma.**

Himma! It’s my new favorite word. Let us ponder why the villagers in the series keep asking Sheikh Tapduk for his himma? They often said, “I need your himma, sheikh. I need nothing else.”

**Because himma is more precious than even food, water, and air. Right now, let’s all turn our hearts further east and say these words out loud to our long lineage of sheikhs: “We need your himma, sheikhs, we need nothing else.”**

Hold on, I hear something! [Brad plays a noise]. The Bushman grandmothers and granddaddies are on the line. They are saying that this “himmā” is like their “n/om.”

**Say it! We are delighted that Sacred Ecstatics is rooted to the oldest living culture on Earth—the Kalahari Bushmen. We grow from the same root as their 80,000 year-old tradition. We hunt for what they call n/om—the raw and unfiltered universal life force behind creation.**

Let us now discuss how what the Bushmen call n/om is similar to what the Sufi mystics call himma. One definition of himma is the “creative power of the heart.” This doesn’t mean personal creativity. Here creativity is more literal—it refers to “the power or force behind God’s creation.” That’s why Henry Corbin says that *himmā* is “the Creator’s Imagination at work in the heart of the gnostic.” Himma is the heart’s “concentration of energy”, the “Spiritual Energy.” Himma is also translated as will – it’s the force from the heart that pushes us and motivates us to move toward God and take spiritual action. “*We need your himma sheikh, we need nothing else.*”

**The Bushmen would say that when the Big God creates and re-creates the world, the power behind that creation is n/om. When we dance and sing n/om songs, we feel close to God and our hearts wake up. We are then filled with n/om – God’s love force and life force. That’s why n/om heals – it is the power of God’s creation; it is the life of life.**

We need your n/om, Bushman Grannies and Granddaddies, we need nothing else!

**The moment we speak of either n/om or himma we have to be very careful because trickster will try to hijack it, reframe it, and redefine it. Trickster will say that all body shaking and ecstatic dancing are overflowing with n/om, himma, and any other high falutin’ name you want to claim.**

The Bushman elders and Sufi sheikhs give us this wisdom: Always assume you lack n/om and himma and are in need of more. Begin each day feeling the need for God’s creative force to wake up your heart. The moment we think we have n/om or himma, or the moment we start measuring our himma or wondering if we have n/om, the Deceiver is having a field day with us. Truly, and we say this as people who have a lot of n/om, every moment the hand on the clock ticks forward, our n/om and our himma return to zero. This is how it is.

**Tick, tock, tick effendi, unlock the heart, the higher clock says wake up! We need your himma, sheikh, we don’t need anything else.**

We need your n/om, Bushman Shakers, we need nothing else!

**Lord, help us be receivers rather than deceivers of n/om and himma.**

This is where prayer comes in—it helps us be receivers and not self-deceivers.

**Prayer first acts as a compass, pointing you to a vaster room. This is the room where you feel smaller and in need of a bigger force and source to move your life. Here you drop your will, intention, and ambition and surrender to “thy will be done.” When prayer moves in a manner that moves your heart, you are transported toward the big room. In that room and in that room only, do himma and n/om make themselves available to you.**

Listen to what William James had to say about prayer: “Prayer is no vain exercise of words, no mere repetition of certain sacred formula, but the very movement itself of the soul, putting itself in a

personal relation of contact with the mysterious power of which it feels the presence-- even before it has a name by which to call it." Movement on.

**Prayer makes you feel wonderfully rather than painfully small, but only when it gets you in to the big room where All of God is more felt. Sheikh Tapduk is already advising us all to go on a special diet. The less of you in the bowl, the more room there is to catch his himma.**

There is something else that Henry Corbin said about himma. This is very nuanced, so I'll say it carefully: Himma begins in the heart as a desire for God, and as it grows in intensity and concentration, it becomes a creative force capable of making supernatural things happen or manifest – they can burst out of the heart and cross over into this world. In its extreme fullness, *himmā* is the source of the miraculous powers of great teachers and saints. But here is what's most important: Himma is different from *wahm*, human imagination, because *himmā* "has no other object than God." When the average person starts trying to cast spells, manifest a good real estate deal, or bend a spoon, their object is power, not God. It's the stuff of human imagination. Only a very powerful sheikh like Ibn 'Arabi or Tapduk Emre has enough himma to perform miracles.

**To avoid the seduction of power and trickster fantasy, let the anointed wind blowers dispense the himma.**

Himma has no other object than God.

**Without God as the goal, your bowl receives no himma.**

Without God as the aim, the n/om will never burst aflame.

**Without being in the lodge, your movement will always dodge mystery.**

Without prayer cake, the shake can't bake.

**And without a shake and bake, there's no tasty cake!**

Listen to another Sheikh speak. Welcome Sheikh Kubra, another 13<sup>th</sup> century Persian mystic who was called the manufacturer of saints. Twelve of his students became important Sufi saints. Listen to his himma speak:

**Each time the heart sighs for the Throne, the Throne sighs for the heart, so that they come to meet.**

Each time a *light rises up from you, a light comes down toward you*, and each time a flame rises from you, a corresponding flame comes down toward you.

**If their energies are equal, they meet half-way between Heaven and Earth.**

But when the substance of light has grown in you, then this becomes a Whole in relation to what is of the same nature in Heaven: then it is the substance of light in Heaven which yearns for you and is attracted by your light, and it descends toward you.

**This is the secret of the mystical approach.**

The sheikhs teach that *dhikr or ecstatic sound movement* is the practice most apt to free spiritual energy, that is, to allow the particle of divine light which is in the mystic to rejoin the light on high. So let us be ecstatic movers and shakers rather than static sitters and relaxers. As Brad used to say, move over meditation, shaking medicine is here to stay!

**Prayer Cakes are here to stay, and mystical experimentation to alter worldly convention is here to change night and day!**

Let's celebrate our first month of sheikhs, poets, strawberries, secrets, puzzles of Light, luckification, and trips to the mundus imaginalis with a journey 80,000 years back in time to the original cradle of humanity. Sound movement dhikr on!

[play Bushman sound movement track]

Have we told everyone that we have only been getting them ready for some big mystery news?

**We have kept it a secret (shhhhhh) though we have given a few clues here and there. Let us say that the big mystery news definitely involves Ibn 'Arabi. He's been quite busy in the spirit house of New Orleans.**

The saints want the Guild to be ready before revealing more of what is behind the mystical veil. Trickster makes every spiritual journey dangerous because it stands ready to take us down a false

exit. That is why the saints want to luckify everyone. It helps us be less influenced by trickster persuasion that knows how to catch the attention and feed the appetite of your hungry self.

**The big mystery news will not be shared today. It's waiting for us farther down the trail. Today the sheikhs have asked us to share some important secrets as a preparation. In some ways these may be the most important secrets you need to know in order to move forward with your spiritual development.**

First secret: Be more like a Bushman wisdom holder and laugh at the self—it's a clumsy, hungry beast that needs to go on a Sufi Mystical Diet. Go ahead and stop calling your self a self. Give it a proper African name like hippo. Did you notice that your hippo has a big mouth? It also has the tendency to get very big. Hilarious, isn't it? If you don't like the name hippo, then call your ego a rhino. It just wants to be a rhinestone cowboy. Giddy up, big boy.

**Here's the second secret: You can't get rid of the self. Sheikh Tapduk said, "The self does not die, Yunus. It sleeps. Beware. Do not be deceived by the devil who pretends to sleep." You can put the Hungry Hippo on a diet and try to keep it in its proper place, but it always lurks around ready to open its mouth or charge ahead. (pause) It's just as important to also know that there is also a light within you. Tapduk would say it lives in the heart. Here's what we secretly do when we experience our hippo or rhino feeling annoyed with spiritual pointing and instruction. We envision our light as a little man or little woman of light who applauds the truth – some call this the Little Me. When our hippo-self pouts and spouts, our inner *Little Me* of light jumps for joy. That's right – there's two of you inside. A heavy hippo and a little light. Pay more attention to feeding and noticing the person of light. What it likes, the hippo or rhino will reject. Sheikh Tapduk told Yunus that this is a constant inner war. Enjoy this conflict--it's an entertaining drama if you watch it in the right room.**

Here's the third secret. You already know that your hippo must get smaller, and in an ideal world it would be annihilated. And you know this helps your luminosity grow. As Sheikh Kubra said, the stronger your light, the more Light that God can throw down upon you. Let's talk about how to get more of this happening in your life with light. The third secret may be the biggest secret you'll ever hear in your spiritual lifetime. We are going to let Yunus share it.

"Remember that my television series involved 45 episodes. Keep that number in your mind: 45. I needed that many episodes to demonstrate that I had to pass through many tests and climb many steps to find and fulfill my mission. If there had only been one episode, you would have missed

witnessing how many steps there are in between the beginning and the end, and how many times I thought I was climbing, when I was actually falling. I now invite you to make a drawing of a ladder that has 45 steps on it. Simply envision it now and then draw it later. Here's the secret: every step has a spiritual teaching, focus, challenge, action request, and test. You are only ready to hear and concentrate on the step that matches where you are now in your development. This is what our sheikhs call your capacity for receiving the light. My sheikh, Tapduk Emre, will explain the importance of this 45 step secret."

**When you pretend to be at a step on the ladder that is higher than your capacity, you get a backfire or reversal. What is true at each step is only true for that step. If you overreach, its truth becomes a lie because your capacity and its teaching are not a good fit. For example, Yunus wasn't ready to work for the Sultan until he had passed the tests lower on the ladder and given up his desire to still act like a Big Cadi while wearing a Dervish disguise. (pause) With the secret of 45 steps in mind, I see widespread tragedy in your world today. Spiritual seekers rush to enact the final teachings and their dhikrs before they are prepared to do so. They say things to themselves that they do not have the capacity to catch or hold. They act like shamans, healers, and sheikhs before they have learned how to live in the lodge. They have not even devoted themselves to the practices long enough to stay in the room to absorb a drop of himma.**

Prescription:

Thank you, my Sheikh. You taught me well. To you Guild members of Sacred Ecstatics I, Dervish Yunus, ask this: how often are you practicing the three practices? Here is your prescription. Draw yourself a ladder with 45 rungs on it. Now look at the ladder and imagine where you are. Now ask how often you make the practices come to life as your *self* fades to the background. Look at the ladder again. Pause and proceed to ask whether your participation in the Guild is more like a community tradesman who shows up for the weekly sermons, or if you are living in the Lodge like a Dervish? Keep in mind, that God is happy with both tradesmen and dervishes. But it's important to be honest about your capacity and where you are on the ladder. And if you really want to know where you are on the ladder, ask your sheikh. This is why instruction and practice are important. If you pretend to be more than the tests you have yet to pass, then you will become a master pretender. This makes your heart cold. But know and cherish this truth: Being real on the lowest step of the ladder is, in many ways, as high as being real on the highest step. I will end by saying, 'We need your himma, God, we need nothing else!'"

Let us remember that a prayer cake is meant to get you in the ecstatic baking room. There the secrets are heard, the teachings are absorbed, and the practices are reborn.

I need Thee, do it Lord, just be nice.

The saints and sheikhs are getting you ready.

There is more mystery ahead.

We are going further East.

Let's do everything we can to let those little me's of light to party with their whole heart in the art and dart of hunting n/om and himma.

### ***Live Sunday Chat***

On November 5<sup>th</sup>, we posted the following questions to the Guild in our live online chat:

Greetings, dear Guild! Our first question today: Imagine yourself in the future. It is the middle of January, 2.5 months from now. You look back to early November and remember a breakthrough that happened to you - you did something that made your hippo start becoming smaller. What did you do?

The Sheikhs are discussing each of your responses. They would like you to re-read what you wrote to yourself as if they wrote it to you as a direction. They want to know what room in your home your action is most likely to begin in?

If you're not in that room now, walk to that room, and then come back. Then ask yourself, "Which action written by another Guild member would you also choose to do for yourself? And which action would least likely do for yourself?" Now walk back to the room again, and consider both of these actions as equally important for you. **DON'T REPORT THE ACTIONS YOU CHOSE, but REPORT HOW IT FELT TO STAND IN THE ROOM AND CONSIDER DOING THESE TWO OTHER ACTIONS.**

Now imagine yourself in the future - it is the middle of this week. You say, "I'm going further east" in a manner that sounds like it is said less by your hippo and more by the little person of light within. What are you holding in your hand when you say this?



Now assume that the hippo pretended to be your inner light being, and reported what you were holding in your hand. Now go back, and this time believe that the light will answer the question: What are you, the person of light, holding in your hand?

Whatever you, the person of light, were holding in your hand, close your eyes and feel it there now. Here its voice say, "You are going further east." Then say it aloud like you imagine it would say it. If this happens to you this week, how will you celebrate this miracle?

The answer you chose to the last question, is the true answer to the first question we asked today. This week, ponder this before you sleep, and enact it as soon as possible after you wake up. Thank you, Effendis! Thank you, Lord!

### ***Hillary Gives Agnes a Dreamtime Transmission and Remembers Her Dream of Mr. Jelliffe***

Agnes posted the following dream:

Four days ago in a dream, Hillary came through a field. She stepped toward me and hugged me strongly, then she pushed her belly to mine. I felt something whirling and we were like two magnets stuck together. Amin!

Brad responded:

Thank you, Agnes. I remember when years ago, Hillary had her first spiritual vision of giving a transmission. It was given to her most respected high school teacher. She described it just like your dream. I also remember when Hillary gave her first transmission (in the waking everyday world) to someone years ago. It was so strong that the person had to sleep through the day and night!

Congratulations to both you and Hillary for experiencing what began in the Kalahari and is now available in this rarest of spiritual tribes, the Sacred Ecstatics Guild. May the electromagnetism of God's love turn us around and around like the Tesla coils wrapped in the clouds above. Bowing to your entry into mundus imaginalis and its whirling Climate Eight. 45, 7, 2! I believe this calls for a celebration with pastry. Let's go to the Ruzwurm!

Hillary then recalled the dream of her high school teacher, which she never shared publicly:

Recently I dreamed that Brad and I were conducting an intensive. My favorite teacher from high school, Scribner Jelliffe, was there (he passed away several years ago). He looked just as I remembered him – an older man with white hair and glasses. As both my history and philosophy teacher, he taught me more than just information and ideas; he gave me my first lessons in how to think and how to learn. He refused to teach from textbooks and instead assigned only primary sources. He could be very stern and demanded a lot from his students, but he was willing to stretch us as far as we could go. I loved the challenging and intellectually stimulating environment he created and was always extremely excited to walk through his classroom door.

In the dream my teacher approached me during the break, and he was smiling. I was surprised and excited to see him after all these years, but just as I was about to thank him for all that he taught me, he interrupted and said with a very serious tone, “I see that you have found what I have been looking for my whole life.” I knew immediately that he was referring to n/om. Suddenly filled with a profound, visceral certainty, I responded, “Yes that’s right, and I can share it with you.”

I then embraced my old teacher in the Kalahari way. I felt the n/om in my belly rippling up and down, sending strong waves of vibration into his body. It was like our bellies were glued together like a magnet. Brad then walked over and put his hands on my teacher and we both continued to transmit n/om. Noticing this exchange, the group gathered around us and started to clap and sing. I woke up from the dream still feeling the strong and joyful vibration inside me.

### ***Yunus Emre’s Commentary on Himma***

That same week, Yunus Emre posted a letter to the Guild:

Dear Guild Effendis,

During the November 4th Spirit House Meeting, in my excitement about unveiling the secret of the 45-step ladder, I prayed aloud, “We need your himma, God!” I realized afterward that this is a prayer that only has truth on the highest rungs of the ladder but can create misunderstanding when heard by others.

Himma is our heart’s longing for God. It is what keeps us climbing the ladder while dropping the self. It is also the creative force of God that enters our heart more and more as we advance on the spiritual path. Himma helps keep us humble,

disciplined, and inspired. That's why it is a treasure more valuable than food and water.

Although the highest truth is that all things come from God, including himma, we do not receive himma directly from God unless we are at the highest stages of the journey of the self. Until then, we receive himma from our teachers in the lineage. So, himma first comes from our sheikhs, and it is from them that we request it.

I spoke with Brad and Hillary about this, and it is the same among the Bushmen with regard to n/om. God is the source of all creation, including n/om, and sometimes God gives n/om directly to a healer. But most often, Bushmen first receive n/om from another healer who has been getting cooked for a long time.

Let us feel our need for himma and n/om, but not pray for it from God. Only because such a prayer excites the hungry hippo who wants to skip ahead to the highest rungs on the ladder. Let us simply pray "I need Thee." God will lead us to the people and situations that bring us what we need, and that may include keeping us starved of himma for a while to tame our hippo. (The hippo thinks it wants himma, but in truth it is only hungry for its fantasy of what himma will do for us. Himmma does not taste good to the rhinos or hippos.)

Thy will be done! As my sheikh always says, "Let us see what God does. Whatever He does, He does well."

Love,  
Yunus

Brad responded:

Thank you, Saint Yunus Emre for distinguishing the Sufi way. You help us better discern what obstacles may be interfering with our climb. Having more steps on your Sufi ladder and never ceasing to point out that prayers change on every rung is done for a healthy reason. Not to establish a hierarchy of prohibitions, but to gently help align the seeker with the light according to the seeker's capacity. Thank you for being a part of our Guild. We yield to your wisdom.

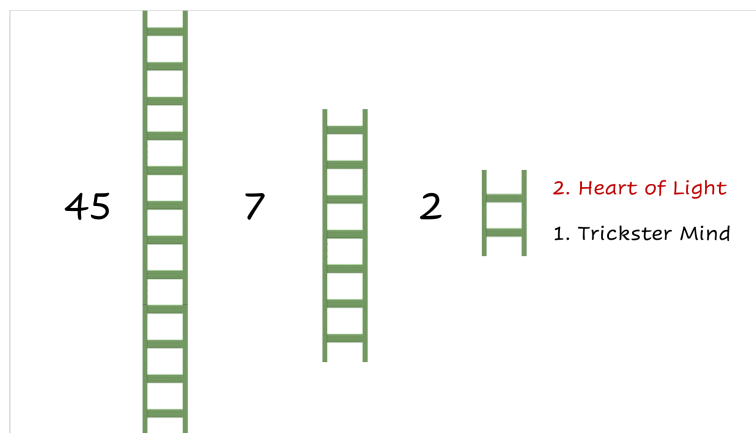
When anyone transmits, evokes, mediates, or circulates himma, n/om, seiki, holy spirit, or mezcál, it has nothing to do with their hippo or self. It is their emptiness that enables the himma to come through. This emptiness includes being empty of any desire to catch, own, or share himma. So empty there is no self, that is, the self





Remember this—the 45-step Yunus climb holds a 7-step Sufi climb. This is a ladder within a ladder—a climb within a climb. Today we will say more about these 7 Sufi steps.

**We are venturing inside mystery that moves within further mystery. Hold on, there is still another climb within these climbs. It is the most important climb. It's a 2-step ladder. Here you climb from being ruled by trickster mind to being a servant to the heart of light.**



There's a trinity of ladders, that is, three embedded climbs. 45 steps, 7 steps, 2-steps. How mysterious.

**This is the journey to light: 45 steps, 7 steps, and 2 steps. A very mysterious trinity.**

Let's look more closely at that Sufi 7-step ladder. We want to share what Sufi sheikhs tell their dervish climbers.

**They remind them over and over again that we are here to put our hippo big me self on a diet. The more the trickster self is dropped, the more the Heart of Light within may be revealed.**

God sends instructions for how to generate less of me and step toward more of Thee. And the Creator sends prophets, saints, sheiks, and n/om-kxaosi as guides to teach and lead us from the self's dark ignorance and connivery, to deliver us to the holy light. Those who are able to wake up their pure and clean heart will come close to the Creator and receive a pipeline to n/om, himma, holy cake, and sacred mezcal.

**As the Sufis say, "If we take a step towards Allah, He will come running to meet us."**

The seven steps, stages, or levels of Sufi spiritual development address how the self conceals and interferes with the light coming through. Each level or stage has a different name for the self to indicate how it changes as it climbs. We are now going to read you how the Sufis describe the seven stages of self.

**The first level is called "the commanding self." It is the self most wed to physical materialism and imprisoned by worldly desires. It expresses itself in selfishness, arrogance, hardness of the heart, oppression of others, lack of gratitude, ambition, stinginess, envy, anger, cynicism, and laziness. Go ahead and take the Bushman spiritual diagnostic test . . .**

The big rhino self lives for self-admiration, arrogance and pride. It has hard walls that block the entry of a holy dart. It engages in oppression, lying, gossip, back-biting, envy, jealousy, inappropriate criticism, undeserved self-praise, bitterness, attachment to what belongs to others even if it possesses something better, lack of contentment, constant complaining, lack of gratitude, blindness to blessings, wishing for increase without effort, extreme selfishness, greed and covetousness that knows no limit, love of control, and love of self and its desires, hatred for those who criticize it even if it is for its own good and love for those who praise it even if it is in hypocrisy. It rejects advice and counsel, and only talks about itself.

**This level of self-deception is our worst enemy and it lives inside us, dominating and tyrannizing us, keeping our human soul imprisoned and forgotten in the depths of our materialistic reality.**

The influence of the commanding hippo deceiver is very forceful. Unless somebody wise and strong holds you by your hand and pulls you up, it is very difficult, if not impossible, to get out from under these influences.

**When we follow and are rescued from our misery by a strong teacher, then we may rise to the second level—called the blaming self. Here the soul is pulled out from the dark cage of the hippo and rhino to the light of conscience, and we will see our arrogance being transformed into humility, vengefulness and hate into love, anger into kindness, lust into chastity.**

The blaming self, you'll recall, was Yunus's first stage in the series after he entered the lodge. The dhikr that is appropriate for this level's treatment is La Illaha Illa Allah (which translates as There are no idols, no gods except Allah. This is the oneness—the singularity of the light, the all-pervading nature of God).

**During this second stage you become aware of your deceptive actions, able to differentiate right from wrong, and feel regret for wrong doings. Yet you are not able to totally stop doing wrong because it is very difficult to break the habits of the commanding self. You try to follow the obligations of your religion and spiritual practices, but the self still has a strong hold on you.**

We like to also think of the second level as “the pious self.” It is bound in spiritual materialism. The self wants to be seen and known as a spiritual person. You may publicize your piety, good deeds, and expect appreciation from other people. This makes your behavior hypocritical. Sometimes you realize this, regret it, and try to change. Hypocrisy is the principal danger for this level, as well as arrogance and anger.

**Every little attempt to be good, compared to the previous state, seems like a major achievement. So we think we are the best, and get angry with others who do not seem to respect us. Arrogance, hypocrisy, anger, intolerance, and lying to ourselves can overtake us.**

At the level of the blaming self, it is said the devil injects his character of arrogance into our veins and whispers into our ear: “You are as good as your teachers now; not only do you know as much as they do, but the way you behave is better. If they were able to apply what they teach in their own lives they wouldn't be half of what you are. You don't need their preaching or their advice. Now let people see your wisdom and your deeds so that you will be an example to them.” Not only the whisperings of the devil, but all worldly life is against the seeker at this stage. In the series,

Yunus was at the blaming self stage for a long time. We never saw Molla Kasim get past the blaming self until the end of the series when he was an old man by the river.

**The third level is the inspired self. Here the tyranny of egoism has been mostly overcome. As we like to say, the ratio starts to change. The quality awakened here is the renunciation of worldly rubble and ambitions, a freedom from the conditionings of desire. This state is the aim of most religions. Although it is only the third level of spiritual development in the Sufi system, it is no minor accomplishment. It requires a great deal of personal work and, of course, the blessings of God.**

This is a stage when the seeker is rewarded for one's efforts, persistence, and obedience to one's highest self and his spiritual teacher. Of course, the rewards are not public recognition or social elevation. They are occasional messages from inside yourself: soundless and wordless inspirations, which give you direction, encouragement, and the strength to continue in his advancement.

**Yet there are still grave dangers. The devil is capable of imitating divine inspirations, and the seeker may not be able to differentiate between them. That is why at this stage the guidance of a master teacher is so necessary, one who will be able to distinguish the true inspirations from the false imaginations.**

It is during this period that the relation between the seeker and teacher has to be the closest. The seeker should not hide anything from the teacher, for they are like the symptoms of a disease, which a sick person must reveal to the doctor in whom he has confidence. Just as he heeds the advice given or the diet prescribed, or diligently takes the medicine given, if one follows the counsel of the teacher, one will be able to advance.

**During this period there is also a change in understanding and sensibility. It is as if you forget all that you knew, even your idea of self. New impressions do not correspond to the old ones. You are apt to see things differently, to misunderstand them, to make mistakes. You feel as if you do not exist. You may imagine that you have reached the final level of losing yourself in the Divine.**

But this feeling has nothing to do with that high state. You are actually in a state of helplessness, of emptiness, a state of desperate need. This is the last level of danger for the self, for it is still vulnerable to descending to the lower stages of Blame and Commanding. Its dhikr is Hu. When Sheikh Tapduk graduated Yunus to the Inspired Self stage, he warned Yunus that if he was not careful, he could quickly descend all the way back to the beginning.



**The fourth level is the Secure Self, meaning, secure with God. This is the self that has ascended to the first station of development toward intimacy, contentment and love for God. This is the first level of spiritual maturity.**

The heart begins to shine with the light of consciousness. The hippo's power begins to shrink so that purity, refinement, clarity, and light dominate the heart. The attributes that rise are servanthood, helplessness, and annihilation of the hippo being the king of the jungle.

**This person is under the command of the soul, which takes pleasure in following the example of the saints. You possess the qualities which God praises: you are kind, generous, patient, forgiving, sincere, thankful, content, and at peace.**

Every word, which comes from your lips is holy, either straight from the sacred books, or from the tradition and lineage of the soul. One is a teacher not only through words, but also by example. Miracles are attributed to other causes. You never claim them, and even disown them to the point of denying them. The Lord will take you by the hand, and lead you forward without much difficulty from now on. The dhikr for this stage is Haqq (Truth).

**Next, on level five, we find the Content Self. As the secure self ascends to its Lord, the lights of the heart increase and fill the entire body, transforming the sensual desires of the ego to the desire for God. Now, hardship and ease are the same to it as are harm and benefit, and withholding and giving; because it has become certain (after becoming secure) that every action and deed is from God alone.**

At this level, the self's creed is that; if it is tried, it is patient, and if it is given, it is thankful, and if it is deprived, it is accepting, and if it is wronged, it is forgiving. The characteristic of this self is constant cheerfulness, gratitude, and thankfulness no matter what happens.

**Very few human beings can aspire to reach this high station. Up to and including this level, the seeker is taught by words and/or examples of others than himself. Now one has approached the level of knowledge through personal experience and revelations.**

The manifestation of this state is love, all-enveloping love. One sees all and everything as God's perfect acts, thus loving them as the actions of the Beloved. One achieves perfect surrender to everything which happens.

**At level six we find the Gratified Self. At this stage, the self is not only content with its Lord, but also gratified by the Lord of Light. At this stage, the light of the heart is complete. The heart advances from wholesomeness to a heart that is in total awe of God, constantly inclined toward the divine, imbued with humility toward divinity in every condition. The people of this station are also gifted with unveiling miracles that enable them to call people to the love of God.**

Finally, at level seven, we arrive at the Complete Self where one is completely dissolved in God. This is the station of the completeness of servanthood to God. The one who reaches this station is blessed with knowing the complete love of God. You enter into the light. It is the final level in the Sufi journey up the ladder. Yet this station has no end to its ascension and refinement. Again, the people of this station have nothing in their hearts but the love of God. At this level the Complete Self becomes the mirror of the light as it attains the attributes of love and servant hood.

**This is where you find the rare leaders of religious knowledge. Through the lights of their hearts, the hearts of those around them are illuminated, and through their remembrance, mercy descends. Here one's whole being is worship; every cell in the body is in continuous praise of the Lord.**

Let's now turn our attention to the two-step ladder, the climb from trickster mind to the heart of light. Himma does not come to the seeker until they begin the journey of the heart.

**The turning point from mind to heart comes at step 3 of the 7-step climb—the inspired self. That's when Tapduk Emre told Yunus that his journey now had to come from the heart. First, however, his mind had to be finely tuned. You can't ascend to the inspired self if your mind is all over the place.**

At this stage there is less hippo and more light inside you. Your ratio tips toward the source and force of creation.

**Yet be careful, because here trickster will try harder to give you fake light, imitation himma, and love sap that has no zap. As Tapduk told Yunus: the hippo doesn't die. It only sleeps.**

Yunus had to have his heart unlocked by Tapduk. This meant that Tapduk had to help him climb to level three, the inspired self. And there he had to be led through all the deceptions and means of interference the world throws at people. He had to be luckified and continuously sanctified.

**Let's ask Yunus to bring the words born of himma so our 45-steps, 7-steps, and 2-steps breathe divine air.**

We need himma and we need the art it inspires. Without himma and art, the dart misses the heart.  
I ask Yunus to speak.

Hear me out, my dear friends,  
Love resembles the sun.  
The heart that feels no love  
Is none other than stone.  
What can grow on stone hearts?  
Though the tongue softly starts,  
Words of venom fume, rage,  
And turn into war soon.  
When in love, the soul burns,  
Melts like wax as it churns.  
Stone hearts are like winter  
Dark, harsh, with all warmth gone.  
Yunus, leave such fears behind,  
Drive all care out of your mind.  
Love is what one must first find:  
One's a mystic from then on.

Yunus has more to say about love, doing so with the himma of desiring God:

Dear Friend, let me plunge in the sea of love,  
**Let me sink into that sea and walk on.**  
Let both worlds become my sphere where I can  
Delight in the mystic glee and walk on.  
Let me become the nightingale that sings  
A soul freed from the dead body's yearnings;  
Let me bury my head in my two Hands,  
Take the path to unity and walk on.  
Thank heaven, I saw the Friend's lovely face  
And drank the wine of the lovers embrace.

It severs me from you-it's a disgrace  
I'll abandon this city and walk on.  
Yunus drifts in the throes of love's torture:  
**Of all woes, his is the worst to endure.**  
For my distress only you hold the cure,  
I'll ask for that remedy and walk on.

We invite you to take that remedy.

Yunus is here.

Tapduk is here.

Ibn 'Arabi is here.

Mother Fatima is here

Many sheikhs and saints are here.

Let's sink into the sea of love and walk on.

Let's delight in the mystic glee and walk on.

Follow the 45, 7, and 2-step trinity.

This is the rope to God.

### ***The Sufi Mystical Diet: Live Sunday Chat***

Brad had started teasing us all about going on a "Sufi mystical diet," a way of talking about making the hippo ego smaller. On November 12<sup>th</sup>, we posted the following questions to the Guild in our live online chat:

Yunus says that you have 45 days to get ready before really starting the 45 steps through the seven steps of the 2 steps. Let's get ready! It's getting late! What hippo-self quality are you most in need of putting on a diet during the next 45 days? Here's a partial list:

stingy in general  
stingy with assets (money or other things not shared, but hoarded)  
concern for what others can do for you rather than the opposite  
envy  
ambition  
anger  
pride  
in need of recognition  
pouting  
spouting  
gossip  
back-biting  
lying  
jealousy  
complaining  
lack of gratitude  
rejection of instruction  
thinking too much about the self in general  
plain selfishness  
lazy, or something else not listed...

(Note: If your hippo doesn't want anyone to know what you're working on, just spell it backwards)

Now, write this hippo habit down on the tiniest piece of paper, and flush it down the toilet (be kind to your plumbing, so use TP (toilet paper) if need be.) Let us know if the sound of the flush was loud or quiet.

For all you Loud Flushers: Whisper "I need Thee, Do it Lord, Just be nice." For all you soft or Quiet Flushers: Shout "I need Thee, Do it Lord, Just be nice."

Thank you, Team Loud Flushers. And thank you, Team Quiet Flushers. Let's move on to the next half-step. What hippo quality of the commanding self from the list above is your least concern? In other words, what quality from the list above is least in need of being on the Sufi diet?

Now pretend this is the quality most in need of a Sufi diet. What can you do today and repeat tomorrow that would help shed some of this hippo weight?

Assume that wiggling one of your fingers will make the Sufi diet work - especially the actions you have mentioned. The finger that works best is the one that has wiggled the least in your lifetime. Which finger is it? Now wiggle that finger and say out loud: "I'm getting ready to start." When you're done, let us know which finger wiggled, and say that you're ready to start. Start writing a letter to the little light you have hidden within. Wiggle that chosen finger, and then write the first sentence while remembering the sound of the flush. Begin with, "Dear Light, ..." Then, please share your sentence with everyone.

### ***Yunus Emre's Commentary on the Inspired Self***

On November 17<sup>th</sup>, Yunus Emre posted the following letter:

Dear Friends,

I enjoyed reading the description of the Levels of the Nafs on Wednesday. I was especially moved by the video, re-witnessing my reception of the dhikr, *hu*, from my sheikh. It stirred the following reflection.

Under the hand of God, my sheikh cooked me with love and wisdom for several years. Still, the devil was always biting at my ankles and whispering in my ear. Shortly after I entered the stage of the Inspired Self, my sheikh gave me a new task: chopping wood for the lodge. Noticing that some of the wood that had been gathered from the forest was crooked, I alerted my sheikh. He responded, "Straighten it with your axe, my Yunus."

But the devil got in my mind, disguised as a wise and good disciple. I became possessed by the desire to show how devoted I was, and decided that I would only bring straight wood from the forest into the lodge. I threw myself wholly into this task, believing it was an act of great respect for my sheikh, my fellows, and the lodge. After all, it took great effort on my part. And surely, a big sacrifice is a sign of a good dervish!

But the devil had made me blind. I did not see that by spending long hours in the forest, I was often absent for the prayers, the meals, and the sermons. I was not present for others, and only living in a reality I invented in my head. By acting this way, I had effectively elevated myself above my fellows and above my sheikh, though I thought I was being small. "I did it my way," as your Frank Sinatra Effendi would say.

I, the great Yunus, had decided that my sheikh's instructions to straighten the wood with the axe were not good enough. I, the great Yunus, decided I was far higher up the ladder than I was, receiving inner inspiration directly from God. This is one way the devil gets us – planting a little idea in our mind that sounds holy or correct: "Straighter is always better, is it not, Yunus?" How quickly I forgot about all the times my sheikh showed me that things are not always what they seem, and that what is straight and what is crooked is always changing.

This is why we should follow instructions and not just do our own thing, or rush to embellish things just to excite the self. Doing our own thing is one way the devil tricks us and pulls us back into the Commanding Self. Open the door just a crack to Trickster, and he will soon rule your room. Or, as I heard someone say in your world, "Don't let the devil ride. Because if you let him ride, he's gonna want to drive."

Remember what happened as a result of my pious backslide: My sheikh had to take out his axe and cut my big self back down to size.



By the hand of God, I eventually returned to my sheikh and resumed my climb. Inshallah you won't waste your time like I did trying to act as if you are higher up the ladder than you are. And inshallah, you will take joy in this climb, in doing your practices, and in being in this lodge together. These opportunities to find a glowing path of light in the wilderness are so rare. I would give anything to hear one more sermon from my sheikh.

45, 7, 2,  
Dervish Yunus

***Spirit House Meeting Eight: The Zap is in the Gap, Moving from Hippo to Sheep to Nightingale,  
Mystical Prescription Five  
(November 18, 2023)***

We have something to reveal.

Please listen carefully:

The journey to the light is not just about which step you're on. More importantly, it's about the gap between any two steps.

In this gap you either lean toward the step above or the step below. More light awaits from the step above whereas in the step below more darkness is lurking.

Keep this in mind: you cannot move from one rung to another without wobbling in the gap between steps. This in-between space hosts a back-and-forth oscillation that eventually leans either toward the light or the dark – a climb to a higher rung or a backslide to a lower rung. Furthermore, you will never land and stay stable on a particular step. You are always oscillating between one level and another, doing your best to lean toward the light and ascend to the next level.

Being caught between the pulling of light and the pulling of darkness is like being between two poles of a magnetic force.

The spiritual climbing success of Yunus was doing what he had to do to lean toward more light. Eventually he accepted the Sheikh's instruction and correction rather than give in to the temptation of objection, rejection, frustration, or depression. This enabled him to be pulled more and more toward the light.

Let's embrace the Yunus way of wobbling in the gap while reaching for the next rung. It is an alternative to the vicious cycle Kasim Effendi found himself in. Kasim Effendi demonstrated that dervishes may reach the second stage of the Blaming Self, but then get pulled back down to the Commanding Self. That's when Earth becomes like it is in hell.



Let's take a closer look at what happened to our friend, Kasim Effendi. Before Yunus arrived, Kasim had reached the level of the Blaming Self. He was a true and reliable dervish living inside the lodge. That's an achievement most commanding selves never reach. He also felt the tug of the inspired self as it emanated from Sheikh Tapduk Emre, to whom Kasim Effendi showed the utmost respect and obedience. But unfortunately, he couldn't get beyond the blaming self. He was still too organized by preserving the hippo. His attraction to self-righteousness and being seen as someone with an important social role was stronger than catching and utilizing the inspiration of his sheikh. When Yunus first arrived as a dervish, Kasim was not challenged because Yunus's struggles allowed Kasim to maintain his importance—after all, he was now above another educated man. But the moment Yunus began to rise in the eye of the Sheikh, Kasim's jealousy awakened and became a monstrous beast.

The materialistic world also became more tempting to him as the Sultan's promise of wealth finally did him in. His hippo could not resist that rubble. But I think it was the position that attracted him more than the money. The money is what ensured Kasim could be a sheikh without needing to rise up the ladder.

Also recall how the facial expression of Kasim changed in the television series. At first his face showed delight in the light of Tapduk's himma. He maintained that illumined face when he left the main room.

Later in the series, after jealousy settled in, Kasim couldn't hold Tapduk's light for long. He was no longer humbled by the sheikh's correction, but felt Tapduk to be against him. Within seconds of walking out of the room he started to frown and head down a dark trail. Finally, he was consumed by anger and left the lodge feeling he was right and had been wronged. This is a symptom of a dark-leaning, blaming self: the notion that the whole world, including your teachers, are against you. When in fact, they are just reining in a ravenous hippo.

After accepting his family money, Kasim effendi built a lavish lodge and asserted his soulless, dualistic teachings, the opposite of Tapduk. Though he memorized the same sacred texts, he had no himma to convey what the holy words were meant to inspire. This downward turn from a higher rung to a lower rung was not inconsequential. It created a more menacing kind of commanding self, one filled with self-righteousness that enacted ever-increasing inflation rather than negation of the self.

He descended into a darker commanding self. His wobble turned into a runaway vicious circle leaning more and more to the dark. Every sheikh of the light warns about how this kind of backsliding can make you worse than when you began. The commanding self has now become smarter at defending itself against the light, so any challenge it faces now makes it stronger.

It's no accident that old timers say that the church is the devil's playground. The devil likes to prey upon those who pray. The devil is less involved at the juke joint or the secular halls of entertainment.

The dark goes after someone who just received a holy spirit downpour or a nail of n/om or a download of seiki, trying to convince them that they don't need to do anything now except follow their own heart and intuitions. In other words, the hippo convinces you that you've arrived at a stable, higher rung and are no longer in a wobble.

The Bushmen know better. The cost of getting a nail is having to be more diligent in keeping that nail clean. Otherwise, it gets dirty. And it gets really dirty when laziness settles in. Be careful about feeling too content, for this may be the plunge into a descent.

Way down under the ground, all the way to Hadestown.

Don't worry, but at the same time, be worried. Be worried, for something needs to change. But don't worry too much because heaven's fire is hotter than the flames and aims of hell. Please consider that the wobble itself is in a wobble between opposite emotions, including feeling all is well and feeling all is not well. Don't surrender to either absolute complacency or total emergency. Your situation is pulled by both heaven and hell. Yes, you need to change, yet you are right where you need to be. And where you need to be is a place where you need to work hard to change. In the tension between suffering and ecstasy, between defeat and victory is found the electromagnetism of opposite poles pulling.

No matter how far you wander, flounder, or endlessly ponder, know that the door to the lodge is always open. The church door is always open. Remember the words of Reverend Joseph Hart who knew what to say to those who broke God's heart: "Let not conscience make you linger, Nor of fitness fondly dream; All the fitness He requireth Is to feel our need of Him."

I need Thee. Do it, Lord. Thank you for teaching me to just be nice.

Let's return to today's lesson. You are always in an oscillation, wobbling in a gap between rungs of the ladder. If you lean toward the higher step, you feel the light. But if you lean downward, you feel the darkness. The lean to the light is the Yunus trail. The lean to the dark happens with the Kasim trail.

Now let's celebrate the good news about this teaching. It is this:

In the gap is found the zap.

It matters not what gap you are in. Get on the Yunus path and lean to the light. In this gap your heart may receive the zap. In the gap is found the zap. Don't take a nap. Avoid that trap and wobble in the gap.

We earlier looked at Kasim Effendi's face to see how quickly he could slide down the ladder. Make sure you also look at Tapduk Emre's face. He was a human being whose first reaction was as human as anyone, whether it be disappointment, frustration, irritation, or anger. But in a matter of seconds, he could climb the ladder and arrive in a higher place. That is the capacity of someone who has reached the highest ladder rungs.

His face revealed that he moved from scowl to being a wise owl shining with the moon.

So, what's the practical lesson? Just keep wobbling and toppling toward the light. Do so with a prayer compass and the transformation transportation of ecstatic sound movement. Let's take a minute and jump into the gaps right now. For a moment, forget the 45, 7, and 2 step names and accept that you are already wobbling in between two steps with no need to name them. Let's pay more attention to feeling ourselves in the gap. As you listen to this track, imagine yourself suspended between two force fields. One pulls you up and the other is pulling you down. [turn] Stay in the middle and wobble. Lean toward the light and follow the Yunus trail. This is going further east. Let's do this together.

[recording here]

**I was just thinking about the Bushmen and how they are not archetype excavators. They are rope climbers.**

They hunt n/om rather than symbolic interpretation.

**And let us remember that the Bushman climb is a 2-stepper.**

Today we'd say that their 2-stepper is a 1-gapper.

**Yes, a 1-gapper, a true ostrich hopper and reality showstopper. And rather than conceptualize a climb from trickster mind to the light of the heart, the Bushmen elders promote a climb from the non-awakened heart to the awakened heart. They'd say, "Wake up the heart so the heart climbs."**

Why don't we just hold onto that simple 2-step, 1-gap Kalahari ladder and drop the 45 and 7 steppers?

**Unfortunately, we are hippos who have created many levels of deception. We need to clear more levels of rubble in order to make way for luminous numinous reception.**

What? Did you hear that? I just heard a crocodile ask, "Is Sacred Ecstasies now a Sufi religion? Or is it still primarily a Bushman religion? Or is it a new-fangled mezcal-infused variety of seiki jutsu? Or all of these? Or something else?"

**Reminder: We live in the room of changing forms where we are not clinging to any static alternative to the ecstatic.**

Prescription Instructions:

Today we can say that we are hosting a fire station party in the gap between the Sufi and the n/om-kxaosi. And the gaps between himma, n/om, seiki, holy spirit, and mezcal, that's all. There is also a gap between 45 steps and 7 steps, as well as 7 steps and 2 steps. Gaps within gaps, I dare say. Which reminds me, remember your puzzle of light, the one with a blank puzzle piece whose color changed?

Now you know that this blank puzzle piece represents the holy gap that receives the zap.

The climb toward the light must contain empty space to host the wobble.

Take that blank puzzle piece, and draw a lightning bolt on it. As you draw it, say aloud: "In the gap is found the zap. Wobble me, Lord."

Tapduk was a musician with a stringed instrument. He sang his teachings. He taught Yunus to do the same. They sang their poems and this unlocked their hearts and gave himma to those empty enough to receive it.

They were nightingales

They began as a hippo and became a nightingale. In the middle they were a young lamb becoming an older sheep.

Three steps just arose: hippo to sheep to nightingale

Let's call this the ladder of metamorphosis—it has three steps, each corresponding to your creature form. Go ahead and draw, paint, or link these images as a new way of viewing the changes that accompany the journey to light. Hippo to sheep to nightingale.

Remember that a young sheep is a lamb so your middle might want to include both a little lamb and a grown sheep.

Glory be to all the creatures traveling on the trail to the Lord of Light.

In the gaps we are never still as we continuously distill. We are moving inside opposite pullings with contrary progressions that lean from mean to nice light, love, and mystery wonder.

What does this mean?

It means always lean your heart toward the light. Wake up, Lazarus and rise to the bread.

Let's awaken our hearts.

This requires a drop of sacred emotion. Be careful because there are many trickster imitations. Leave the snake oil and jackal juice alone. Let's go for the drops that come from the Yunus sea.

His words are sweet as honey and are worth pursuing more than money. Yunus is here. Listen and hear:

I am a nightingale  
I've come to the Teacher's garden  
to be happy and die singing.

We now have something else to reveal.

It is this:

Tapduk was a musician with a stringed instrument. He sang his teachings. He taught Yunus to do the same. They sang their poems and this unlocked their hearts and gave himma to those empty enough to receive it.

They were nightingales

They began as a hippo and became a nightingale

What were they in between the hippo and nightingale?

In the middle they were a young lamb becoming an older sheep

Three steps just arose: hippo to sheep to nightingale

Let's call this the ladder of metamorphosis—it has three steps, each corresponding to your creature form. Go ahead and draw, paint, or link these images as a new way of viewing the changes that accompany the journey to light. Hippo to sheep to nightingale.

Remember that a young sheep is a lamb so your middle might want to include both a little lamb and a grown sheep.

Glory be to all the creatures traveling on the trail to the Lord of Light.  
They are moving from gap to gap, zap to zap, critter to critter, dhikr to dhikr.

In the gap between you and Thee are found the gaps, zaps, wobbles, and transformations.

These are the ecstatic sound movement journeys of love.

In the meeting of broken hearts, one whole heart comes home.

Ask Joseph Hart,

ask Fatima,

ask Yunus and ask all the saints.

We are here to awaken, break, and remake hearts.

We are here to rise to the light

We are here, moving in the gap

Forget the nap

Move in the gap

Wake up, hippos!

The sheikhs are here to shake, bake, and wake up the sheep

The nightingales are here to sing you higher

Making earth sound like it sounds in heaven

Forget getting there quicker and surrender to your dhikr

Not too much, not too little

Let's all wobble in the middle

Going further east

All the steps and all the gaps wobbling and toppling the self

Go further east until you've gone all around the globe

The heart's home is found in prayer, ecstatic sound movement, and experiments with God

Follow the guides, they won't let you hide low or high

The Lord of Light leads our way

Thank you, Yunus nightingale

Thank you, Tapduk nightingale

Thank you, Lord of all creatures, large and small

Postscript:

During the Sunday live chat, we posed the following questions to the Guild:

1. First, say "45, 7, 2," out loud. Wait 3 seconds, then imagine that more than 50% of your hippo commander drops away. What is the first behavioral change others will notice?
2. Now say, "45, 7, 2" aloud 3 times. Wait 9 seconds, then imagine facing the moment when most of the hippo self is gone. What is the last hippo habit, behavior, or quality to disappear from you?
3. Now close your eyes and imagine you have climbed past the Commanding Self. The Bushmen rename you "Po," and no longer call you Hippo. Now say Po out loud 7 times to become familiar with your new name. Then envision that the Bushman elders are tattooing a unique symbol on your right arm. While in First Creation, concentrate and see the symbol for the first time. Describe the symbol and what you feel when staring at it.
4. Think of a nearby coffee shop, deli, or takeout/takeaway restaurant where they ask for your name. Tell us the name of this place if you promise to go there and tell them your name is Po.
5. This week, the name Po will be heard around the world. Think about that before you go to sleep tonight. Go ahead and say Po 7 more times right now to make sure you are ready to take this name



into the world. And remember when you go to these places, you will act more like a Po and less like a hippo. We'll be back shortly for our closing question.

6. Write this down: *The gap between hippo and sheep is Po.* Now tell us whether you'll place this sentence under your pillow tonight, under your mattress, or on your ceiling.

### ***A Prescription for Bulu***

One of our long-time Guild members, whom we call Bulu, had recently expressed the desire to feel sacred emotion, and get over his allergy to the name "God." Yunus Emre, who has been with us during the whole season, posted this prescription for Bulu in our online forum:

In the countryside of Anatolia, where I like to wander and sing, the nightingale longs for the rose as the soul of human beings longs for union with the divine. The nightingale is the lover, the rose is the Beloved. All the sheikhs and poets know this truth.

I heard you were wanting to soften your relationship to the name God. Of course, whether we can say the name, God, is less important than whether we feel the emotion of God.

Here's a big secret: *God is a feeling.* Shhhhhhhh. That's a very deep secret. First comes feeling the feeling, and then the names follow easily.

Here is my suggestion. Don't worry about names, for now. Pray this prayer: "I need Thee." When you say, "Thee," visualize the most beautiful rose you could ever imagine. **Address your prayer to this rose.** It can be any color rose you like, but I prefer red. You can even stare at a photograph of a beautiful rose when you pray if it helps burn the image into your heart and mind.

Keep praying, "I need Thee," directing your prayer to the rose, feeling your need for all the beauty, love, splendor, and beautiful perfume that it brings to your life. Pray until you wake up your second rose-nose and can smell how its scent fills the room. Do this for as long and as often as you can each day.

You should also visit a greenhouse rose garden or flower shop as often as you can - why not every day? - and look at many roses. Smell as many as you can. When you look at a rose or bend over to smell it, say inside, "*I need Thee.*" If you feel your prayer is specially received by one of the roses, only then may you purchase it and bring it home.

Please note: I am *not* asking you to pray to God disguised as a rose. And I am *not* asking you to pray to the rose as a symbol of God. **I am truly only asking you to pray to a beautiful rose.** In fact, if God or any thought about God enters your mind in any way when you pray, quickly brush that thought away and return your focus to the rose.

Join me further east in the countryside, let us wander there together. I know where the roses grow. We can pray to them, you and I, that our hearts may be filled with their love and beauty.

*I need* 🌹

Love,  
Dervish Yunus

***Spirit House Meeting Nine: Dreaming on Every Step of the Ladder, Prescription – “Every Night We Climb to Sacred Ecstasy”  
(November 25, 2023)***

**Let’s talk about dreams. What do you think my dear Sheikh?**

Very interesting – I was just marveling at how our dreams hunt the pastry creams in mystical themes. We are always hungry for tasty beams of light.

**Yes, it seems we reach for the airstream extreme where our team of saints pull us through. By all means let’s go behind the scenes and address these dreams, especially those born of love supreme.**

Here’s the first thing the saints want to say to the Guild about dreams. No matter which rung of the ladder you are on, each step or level has the capacity to host a dream. Some dreams lean toward hippo concerns and other dreams lean toward nightingale songs. Hippo dreams are psychological and focus on the self with its desires, fears, and assessments of worldly rubble. Nightingale dreams lean toward the light and if high enough, result in catching a song. Sheep dreams, however, wobble in the middle of the heavy self and the elusive two-winged flight to the light. These middle vacillating sheep dreams are truly wooly wobbly dreams.

**While every rung of the ladder may bring a dream with a lean toward the light, only the higher rung luminous dreams are sunbeams of anointed vision. The lower, spiritually leaning dreams contain too much self in their mix and their self-report conveys less light, himma, or n/om. At the higher altitudes there is little left of the self, and the reports of those dreams are more likely to let the light shine, shine, shine.**

What's important to adopt as a general principle is that we should not conflate or misidentify a lower rung dream about spiritual matters with a clean and lean higher vision. Here's a verse to help you remember:

Until we are lean of the hippo self,  
the dream of a lower rung  
is assuredly full of dung.

**You sound like a Bushman Bard. That's precisely how they'd put it. And if there *is* anything of spiritual value in a lower rung dung dream, a teacher must be called in to excavate the jewel from the shit, which is not an easy or pleasant job.**

This explains why some cultures pursue spiritual fasting. If there is nothing to eat, the hippo departs. This, in turn, leaves room for the other critters to show up and bring their higher rung dreams.

**In the old days such a fast was called a prayer fast to emphasize the importance of prayer.**

Tapduk reminds us that without five prayers a day and the constant mention of Allah, there is no real Rumi love and no life-changing ecstatic howl from the hungry love dog. And any dream in a room that is missing prayer and passionate dhikr is more like the wishful fantasy induced by liquor.

**Lame Deer and Black Elk remind us that without heartfelt prayer there is no vision sent by the Creator.**

Remember how Archbishop Pompey, Brad's spiritual father from St. Vincent, called a prayer fast a prayer feast? He preferred holy bread and prayer cakes to the bounty of a worldly dining table. He left his hippo behind and let it roll away like a rotten mango. (That was one of Pompey's higher rung spiritual dreams, by the way).

**It must be said that many spiritual seekers today are encouraged to daydream about spirits, ancestors, guides, magical powers, shamanic journeys, healing abilities, psychic gifts, and the like. However, the sheikhs of old remind us that lower rung fantasies are not higher mystical realities. Since daydreaming also happens on every rung of the ladder, don't confuse a hippo journey with a nightingale flight. Furthermore, respect the difference between a hypnotic trance and a Bushman dance. And above all else, sweep away wishfully intended visualizations and only hold onto thy-will-be-done revelations.**

The Bushman 2-stepper, 1-gappers similarly warn that it's better not to talk about n/om when you stand on trickster ground. It's wiser to be in the higher hot steam when you talk about visionary dreams from the numinous stream. Paradoxically, at this high altitude and temperature, you are often too cooked to speak—words escape you. That must be some kind of Zen Bushman paradoxical direction: only speak of spiritual matters when you are too on fire to say a word.

**Worldly daydreams that only imagine higher ecstatic peaks too easily miss the bliss, especially when they dismiss a God who prefers they dismiss the self.**

Po-fessor Charles Henry just asked us to mention that cooked dreams convey ecstatic fire while cold dreams only thrill the ego as they chill the soul. Remember, our experimenter at the Sorbonne studied the whirling dervishes and the love and light they caught.

**At higher elevations, you drop trying to fix the mood swings and only seek to catch the sacred vibration. We invite you to drop the hippo psychobabble, swing with a star, and reach for a musical chocolate bar.**

The sheikhs persistently warn that the devil has an imitation of every higher rung mystical experience. The nightingale's shamanic song is not the same as a hippo's monotonous drum. On a lower rung, the shamanic journey never departs from the self. And while the hippo's sacred ecstasy has its tingles, jolts, and shakes, it is missing God's electricity. I heard the saints say that the new age is more a new hippo age where self is distinguished rather than extinguished. Dear lambs, let the spoiled hippos and mangos go. The light is found in the old truths, not in the new sewage lies.

**As you feed your hippo, you lose more of your soul and the sacred vibration becomes little more than self-infatuation with a muscle oscillation. Follow Yunus and Tapduk—go further east where the himma wind blows.**

Here's some longstanding Sufi wisdom about dreams. Listen carefully. (brief pause) If you are still residing in the Commanding Self or Blaming Self's headquarters and have a dream that appears to have spiritual content, make sure not to over-exalt the dream or exaggerate its luminosity.

**Yet, at the same time, while this is not the spiritual vision of a nightingale, it still may contain a spark of light. Here a spiritual teacher, sheikh, or pointer is needed to discern what is born of light and what is trickster deception.**

As the saints advise, you can't trust the lower levels of the hippo to know the difference between belly desire and heart fire.

**Rather than let a hippo say, "I was cooked" it is wiser to say, "The saints were cooking today" or "My hippo felt the heat and now it wants to defeat the self so it can meet the lamb."**

Being sloppy with names, claims, and frames draws trickster's attention.

**To avoid being enamored by the glamour of self, use better grammar for God.**

The way you talk, the way you sound, the way you act, and the way you illuminate will change at each of the ladder steps.

**When the talk does not match the level of your walk, it invites a trickster backfire. For example, saying what's right on level 4 is wrong when the same thing is said on the levels below.**

Getting that hippo to stop boasting helps you not exaggerate your relationship to divine roasting.

**The hippo indulges in worldly feeding frenzies and fantasies while a nightingale sings of heavenly truths. But where is the sheep in all of this? Does its rung ring the bell of hell or heaven?**

Again, it depends on the lean. The sheep's dream wobbles and oscillates with more uncertainty, doing so in middle ground between grounded hippo and flying nightingale. In the end, the luminous value of sheepish dreams depends on how well they are cleaned. The caught fish of dream, as we like to say, must be cleaned. Wait, do sheep catch fish?

**They do in the mundus imaginalis of First Creation climate 8. Hold on, Yunus and Tapduk just handed us a message. (hand paper) Please read it, my dear sheikh.**

“We see the devil at work in today’s world. Too many frauds teach that anyone can immediately have a shamanic journey, meet their ancestral helper, read the akashic record, channel the dead, be led by the green man, or contact the other side by means of a guided fantasy daydream. This is a deceptive claim and we are here to sound the alarm.”

**Ibn ‘Arabi adds, “Unless you are daydreaming on a higher step, what usually arises is just trickster candy. When you pretend you not only bend the rope, you also extend the hippo’s girth. Remember that the seven steps of the Sufi’s spiritual development require serious dieting. Few make it to the Inspired Self—very few. And even fewer rise higher to the rare air atmosphere beyond that. It is best not to believe what hippo teachers say about your nearness to enlightenment or spiritual know-how. Listen to the nightingales.”**

Does this mean that hippo and lamb dreaming are unimportant? Or do lower rung dreams sometimes have value?

**A dream on any step may be a resourceful tonic or it may be an impoverishing toxin. Its radiance will be commensurate with the absence of self, the height of the climb, the lean of the climber, and the vastness of the room.**

Yes, every presumed spiritual experience is luminous or gluttonous depending on these factors, especially the room in which the ladder was climbed.

I feel something is about to be revealed.

Yes, I have an important announcement that the saints want us to deliver. It’s exciting news for hippos, sheep, and nightingales. *(pause for brief musical intro sound)* Everyone, no matter their stage of development, experiences climbing the ladder. Here are the differences: The hippo climbs all the steps, but does so with its lower rung imagination. The hippo’s ability to fantasize a higher-rung experience is both a gift and a curse. When a sheikh like Tapduk leads a hippo on an imagined climb to the mundus imaginalis, for example, it’s a gift because this can inspire the hippo to go on a Sufi mystical diet and better reach for the light. But when a hippo leads other hippos on a hippo ride, it only results in bigger hips for the hippo.

Sheep also climb all the steps of the ladder, but they do so in the sheep’s pasture. Here there is more room to jump over the interfering hurdles and spontaneously leap for joy. Sheep still only

imagine what it is like to be a nightingale, but they are more suited to go past everyday imagination and tap into what Henry Corbin called the creative imagination of Sufis like Ibn 'Arabi.

Finally, the nightingale has a bird's eye view of all the steps of the ladder. They dream higher in the sky while feeling the hippos and sheep climbing nearby. Though each critter dreams about the same named experience, there is a different quality of experience at each level of altitude.

The higher the step, the more the light comes through. Know that the divine light will fill you according to your capacity for reception.

Let's catch some himma right now with ecstatic sound movement. No matter the step you are on, climb. Listen up, Po! Po, we're talking to you! Let's move to drop the self and sail along the trail to Light. Movement on!

[recording here]

So, now that we've sorted out hippo dreams from sheep dreams and both those dreams from nightingale dreams, how do we relate this to practical action? For example, after you have a dream, you may wonder whether to share it with others. In general, hippo dreaming is best not shared with others—not because they are necessarily dark, but because they don't contribute much to helping others climb. Hippo dreams usually emphasize the psychological self and minimize the spiritual light. While they may contain interesting symbols and metaphors, they also contain a lot of extraneous junk and distracting noise. Please send your hippo dreams to Carl Jung.

Our scholarly saints say that Carl Jung took mystical words, like "mundus imaginalis," psychologized their meaning, downsized their room, and drained away their himma through psychological interpretation. He fed the hippo self while sitting in a chair where he neurotically avoided the fire. There was no singing and dancing in his analysis; only ecstatic paralysis with a heap of hippo dung—let's call it young dung or if you prefer, Jung dung.

In contrast, Henry Corbin—who coined the term "mundus imaginalis"—did his best to lead us to the mystic's room. He paved the way to the trail of Light. Unlike Jung, the importance of Allah, dhikr, and prayer were not deleted to ease a psychoanalyst's fear of traveling from hippo psychology to higher theophanies.

Compared to hippo dream interpretation, sheep dream harvesting sometimes leaps to catch what can be later cleaned and served to others. Higher on the dream ladder, nightingale dreams are forever ready to be fed to hearts hungry for himma.

A nightingale visit to the luminous numinous has little to no words. Reports about this journey emerge later during the return to the everyday. They are usually sung in a whirlwind of movement.

When deep in the world of mystery there is no language.

There is no mind as we know it.

There is only the strawberry heart divine.

There is only unfiltered sacred emotion conducting the divine fire, God's electricity, and the ecstatic aesthetic creative life force.

Now, let's turn all of these teachings about dreaming inside out and let the nightingales speak.

[Hillary switch to view of everyone]

To get ready, turn to the left and say out loud to yourself, "Hippo, let's be hungrier for mystery." Then turn to the right and say out loud to yourself, "Sheep, let's keep climbing toward the light." Now face front, flap your birdie wings and say out loud: "Less of me, and more of Thee."

**Okay, now the nightingales have a very important message. They advise that you climb the ladder every night, no matter the step or level at which you reside. That's right, you climb every night. So you can stop waiting for this supreme action—it's already happening. Hallelujah, we all go to First Creation every night! But not everyone can later discern the light that was caught. And not everyone has the anointment to prep, cook, and serve the dream to others in a manner that conveys the light. You climb, but be very careful what you say or think about this later when you are back in hippo land.**

Consider that the dream report is like a second dream inspired by the first dream where words were not available for expression. Reminder: there are no words in First Creation. Language only appears in Second Creation. At the top of the climb there is only sacred emotion that goes beyond all words. When we return, speech awakens as sacred emotion cools down.



**We all climb to the world of First Creation where talk drops as we walk into the ecstatic sound movement that cooks us on high. When we return to Second Creation, what we can say, if anything, depends on the step and gap in which we live.**

Wake up each morning and say, “Thank you, Lord.” That’s enough talk to express appreciation for your evening climb. More words risk making a mess of the former luminous perfection.

**The mystic with an anointment to convey what is caught in the light of night draws upon sound, image, and word to sing, paint, and write. Aesthetic creation aims to shine the caught light on the everyday world, doing so as an experimentalist for the divine. Without art, no light is conveyed. This kind of aesthetic is inseparable from igniting the ecstatic. The conductors of spiritual cooking discern the value of spiritual experience in terms of how it conveys rather than portrays the numinous force of creation. Its art shoots a dart to the mystical heart.**

Practice to develop the art of prayer, ecstatic sound movement, and the following instruction for experimental action. Out of this field of cultivated practice your unique gifts emerge and blossom. Also, please never forget that the finer the purification of mystery’s reception, the more that sacred emotion remains alive after the dreaming.

**And the higher the concentration of sacred emotion, the higher the concentration of mystery.**

The nightingales are thrilled that you visit First Creation every night—yes, you meet divine mystery and experience sacred ecstasy every night of your life. Whether these visitations are remembered depends on how clean of self you were when you crossed into First Creation. The cleaner you were, the more you remember when you come back. The goal of a spiritual life is to sweep away the self to help you remember what happens every night when you sing and dance with the light.

**This is why spiritual elders give less importance to whether one has a vision or not. Everyone has a vision every night. It happens automatically. Spiritual practice and the level of your development applies to what happens when you return. It determines whether the dream is brought back clean enough to cook and serve. Travel empty, go deep into the spiritual heat, and come back ready to enact your developing experimental art.**

Thank you, nightingales, for this wisdom. I’d like to add that this summer we watched Brad’s former professor, Huston Smith, in a 1996 interview with Bill Moyers. We were both startled to hear him

discuss the same teaching we reported to you just now. Professor Smith received the teaching from a Hindu swami. Listen to what the swami taught this professor of religion:

Everybody dreams every night. My swami said that I entered the holiest realm of sacred dream, the holy place from which creation arises, and surely I must remember this . . . I battled my teacher, my swami, seven years on this issue, insisting that I was not aware. And he said “No. That’s wrong. You were aware.” “Well,” I came back, “Well, at least I wasn’t aware that I was aware.” My swami said, “The dreamless sleep is deeper than the dream state. That state is of utter bliss.” And were it not the fact that every 24 hours, every human being establishes direct contact with that experience of utter joy, we simply could not keep up our hope in human life. The hard knocks, the pressures, the dismal aspects would just overwhelm us, and we would not be able to keep our spirits buoyant.

**On behalf of the Sacred Ecstatics pantheon of saints, we say again and again to you, Po Effendi: Every night you experience the sacred ecstatic bliss of climate 8 inside First Creation heaven. The extent to which you remember this climb to eternity depends on how empty you were when you went in. The degree of emptiness going in is the degree of emptiness found in coming back.**

On every step you climb the whole ladder, though in different degrees.

**But every night, you climb all the way.**

Don’t you remember?

**This is why ecstatic sound movement is the practice of dhikr—divine remembrance.**

Empty the self to remember you are made of light.

**Stop reminding yourself that you’re a hippo, and at the same time never forget it.**

Be a momentary prophet and proclaim to yourself that the sheep and lamb are leaning toward the higher sky.

**Remember ye are capable of song and dance praise that helps raise the dead as you help bake holy bread.**

Remember you live in the Kalahari, Japan, the Caribbean, Cappadocia, and everywhere our adventures take us.

**Remember we are going further east.**

Remember your dhikr,

that is, remember your ecstatic sound movement

It empties the hippo as it takes the wooly sheep to the wobbly middle.

And it topples all walking forms, taking flight in the song and dance of heaven above and below

Remember you are a member of the Sacred Ecstatics Guild that yields to less of me and more of Thee.

Listen carefully. You have some important instructions before we end today. Complete this task within the five minutes after the Spirit House Meeting ends. Write these words on a piece of paper, "Every night, I climb the ladder to sacred ecstasy. Thank you, Lord." Starting tonight, read this sentence aloud before you go to sleep. And while you say it, wobble, but just a little.

### ***Hillary Receives a Spruce Branch and Throwing Stick***

The night after we gave our Spirit House Meeting talk on the different levels of dreaming, Hillary was sent to a spiritual classroom:

Before going to sleep, I prayed the strawberry ritual, "I'm going further east..." followed by our new prescription to say aloud, "Every night, I climb the ladder to sacred ecstasy. Thank you, Lord." With my heart now opened, I prayed for guidance. I prayed deeply and sincerely for specific direction, especially regarding the future location of our home and work with Sacred Ecstatics. I usually refrain from praying for something specific, but in this case the prayer just poured out of me: "Dear Lord, please guide and direct us where to go. We just want to serve this mission in the best way. I'm truly in need of your higher wisdom and help. . ."

I entered a powerful dream that filled me with holiness. I was with some Native American elders in the woods. It seemed like a Western landscape, because the ground was a pale tan color, and the trees were pines and rather spread out rather

than dense and lush. There was a small house or cabin, and I was outside sitting next to a fire. An elder woman came out of the house and sat down next to me on my right. I did not see her face. She handed me a small branch from an evergreen tree, about the length of my arm. It had clusters of blue-grey needles. When I took hold of the branch it shook slightly, and a cloud of shimmering, blue-grey dust released from the branch and covered me and the surrounding area. The woman was very pleased, and I understood that this was what happens when someone receives an anointment to use this branch for healing and spiritual work.

Then the woman got up and an old man came to sit next to me. I also did not see his face. He handed me a flat wooden object. It looked like the curved end of a hockey stick, but it was much wider like a paddle or a wide boomerang. Half of it was wrapped in a pale, multi-colored yarn. When he handed it to me, I could see that there were some yellow and white flower petals stuck to the yarn from its use in a recent ceremony. He told me to brush off those petals into the fire, and that I was supposed to keep this object clean. Like the branch, I understood that it was being given to me for spiritual work.

Then the man went away and the woman came back out to the fire. She said, "You wanted to know where to go. I will tell you. You will be in a beautiful place. There will be other small houses around you for other people to stay in, painted many colors." In my mind I saw a small house painted red with white trim.

I was almost dizzy from the holiness of this ceremony, but at the same time I was filled with a sense of total peace and certainty. I could smell the pine needles.

Then I woke up from the dream, but I was still dreaming. I was in a house and had been put through a ceremony in which I received the vision about the two elders and the objects. I wanted to make sure I didn't forget any details from the dream, so I took out my phone and began to record a description so I could tell Brad and the others who were overseeing the ceremony. When I got to the part where the woman told me where we would do our work, I remembered that I had gone to sleep praying for specific direction. I burst into tears upon this realization that my prayer had been answered.

For a moment, however, I also felt the burden of having received specific information in the dream, realizing that it would take spiritual strength and discernment on this side of the veil to now possess that information. I was anxious to report the vision to Brad and the other elders who I knew would guide me. I remembered clearly that the woman told me there would be other small houses for people to stay around me, but other details were murky. It seemed like the

home was surrounded by trees, but I wasn't sure if I was just remembering the setting of the dream itself.

After recording the dream into my phone, I went to the small kitchen. It was time for everyone to enjoy a post-ceremony meal. A cheerful young man was there, standing next to an old fridge, oven, and kitchen table. He took the lid off a pot on the stove to show me what he was serving. It was corn on the cob, cut in half and standing upright in the pot. The kernels were yellow, but it looked as if someone had diced red and green peppers and placed them in the cracks between the kernels, making it look multicolored. I had never seen such a dish before.

Then I truly woke up from the dream and realized I had received tremendous gifts. I got up to write down the dream so I wouldn't forget, though I know some details were left on the other side. I prayed and said "thank you" over and over again until I drifted off to sleep.

### ***Shari Dreams of Trout***

Shari, a long-time Guild member, posted the following dream:

Last night I dreamed of traveling with a group through the wintry cold mountains of Colorado. We camped in a rocky nook, and at night someone surprisingly brought us a piping hot platter of three perfectly cooked trout.

We responded:

Thank you, Lord! The Holy Trinity itself fried you a trout trinity. That's very sacred in this Guild community. Let's eat! Let's go further east and feast!

### ***A Prayer for Sea Ark***

One of our long-time Guild members, whom we call Sea Ark, posted this prayer online:

Dear Lord, I am lost and broken and I need your himma today like I've never needed it before. Hold me as I try to climb towards your healing light. I praise your boundless love for me, for what you give and take away. Clear it all away today and tonight so that your holy will be done. Thank you, Lord.

We responded:

Lord, we ask that you hear Sea Ark's urgent plea. Send down the words to feed his soul.

Oh Lord, help this man know it's time to use your shovel. Lead him to dig to the roots of prayer, going further than he has ever ventured before.

Place Sea Ark on his knees and spread him on the floor to unashamedly show you and you alone that he sincerely surrenders all to you, dearest Lord.

Help this man wake up a never-ceasing celebration that feels real to you, no matter what altitude he remembers from his nightly flight to your light. "Thank you, Lord." Make these words ring throughout every day. "Thank you, Lord!"

Help this man accept the practical truth that the more sincere his plea, the more he will be set free by your means of "thy will be done."

Clear away whatever stands in the way of his remembering how you are always near, always holding, always healing, always loving, and always changing everything.

Lord, we ask that you make Sea Ark a renewed man of God. Please relate to him like his namesake--Noah of old who built an ark and was saved on the treacherous sea. Fill his ark with 2 hippos, two sheep, 2 lambs, 2 nightingales and whatever other critters you wish him to care for and love.

Prepare this man, ark, and sea for the greatest life journey.

Lord, help this new Noah no longer say NO to you as he becomes more in AWE of your divine plan for rescuing him. Move his no to awe. NO-AWE, the Sea Ark of Sean Park is ready to be struck dead and rise again with the passion to do anything for you.

Lord of Mercy and Splendor, we believe this man is ready to put everything on the line. If he isn't ready, then make him ready, Lord. Throw him anywhere, send him to any land, any sea, and any sky. Thy will be done.

We testify that this man is suffering and in need of more than psychology and worldly medicine. Send Sea Ark the spark of holy ghost medicine, send him your rain to rearrange his brain, send him the nails that pierce and transplant his heart, send him the fire that mends his urge to retire, send him the flood so he feels the Lamb's blood, and bring him the peace that comes from surrendering everything to all of Thee.

Help Sea Ark find the way to your heart where all joys and troubles are handled at your altar. Help him transform the ups and downs into ecstatic wheels that move him to move for Thee.

From the depths of everyone's heart, we say, "Thank you, Lord, thank you."

We especially thank you today for Sean Park becoming Sea Ark who is reliving the Noah, No's, and Awes of old.

Today he's on the sea and the storms are circling all around. Bring him through, dear Lord. Help him hold on and send him the light that helps him know he's closer than he thinks to Glory Land. Take this man and make him yours. Thank you, Lord. Amen

### ***Morten Dreams of 33***

Morten, a long-time Guild member, posted the following dream:

This morning between sleep and awake state I saw a gate with the number 33 written on it, with big letters, one number on each door. My first thought was Jesus, since I have heard that he was crucified and resurrected at the age of 33. I typed a Google search for meaning of the number 33, and the meaning of number 33 in Islam popped up as one option. This is what it said: According to Al-Ghazali the dwellers of Heaven will exist eternally in a state of being age 33. Islamic prayer beads are generally arranged in sets of 33, corresponding to the widespread use of this number in dhikr rituals.

We responded:

Last night. Morten climbed the ladder and as a nightingale, he dreamed of 88 in the higher air, the double infinity of sacred ecstasy.

When he climbed down to the middle, he wrote that he saw 33 at the gate, seeing with half-mystical-and-half-earthly eyes, standing in the wobble of the gate between earth and heaven.

Later, when the hippo woke up and doubted there were other forms of him, he saw the number 3 as 2 half circles in need of being closed (and no longer open), resulting in the perception of 00, a double negation of lamb and nightingale. And so it is with human becomings and unbecomings.

nightingale dreams 88 ----> lamb dreams 33 ----> hippo dreams 00

Rise again to the middle and feed the lamb with prayer and dhikr to remember where you automatically go in the night and where you must aim to be going in the day.

### ***Amy Dreams of Hillary***

That same week, Amy P. dreamed of Hillary:

Last night, I climbed the ladder to Sacred Ecstasy. Thank you, Lord! Hillary, I dreamed about you last night. We were sitting side by side with our arms around each other feeling the Mystery Whirl. I woke up feeling such tenderness and awe in my heart. Thank you, Lord!

### ***Our Son Feels the Rope***

Several nights before our son's biological mother passed away in hospice, Brad felt sorrow for his son's suffering. Several times Brad reached out to Scott to speak of good memories of their early family times, providing a healing balm to the situation. Of course, Brad remembered every restaurant and every dish they had eaten, so it was a journey through many culinary delights.

As Scott felt the end approach, Brad's heart felt like it would break. The concern and sorrow finally overwhelmed Brad and he ended up in the emergency room being treated for atrial fibrillation. The next day our son called to report that he had dreamed that a rope was wrapped around his heart. It was pulling so hard that he thought the force would pull his heart out of his chest. He announced, "You are right, Dad. There is a rope. I felt it pulling my heart. This is true—



there is a rope. I had no idea how true this is.” And he added, “I continue to follow your instructions and keep the rosary you and Hillary sent me under my pillow. I pray every night with those beads.”

### ***Agnes Dreams of Musical Balls, and A Teaching on Handling Dreams***

The week in which we all repeated aloud before bed, “Tonight I climb the ladder to sacred ecstasy! Thank you, Lord!” Agnes had a dream:

I had a dream at dawn. Three music/al balls (not boxes) were rolling across a big room all around and back and forth. I was hearing wonderful music for quite a long time then I realized the music was still coming from these moving spheres simultaneously. The sound wasn’t disturbing or annoying at all. On the contrary: They created together a perfect harmony.

We responded with a teaching:

Wonderful! Thank you, Agnes! Let us pause to reveal how we relate to this dream (and any dream that comes from the Sacred Ecstasics community). Rather than enter metaphors into an internet search and hope to find dream interpretations or apply psychological or theological explanations rooted to teachings outside the Guild, we keep it inside the present room/lodge we are in. This means relating the dream to the themes that are primarily in play. Formally speaking, we aim to serve a robust re-indication that extends the vastness of the big room we are in.

Here's a way we might begin thinking about the dream of Agnes. First, before thinking arrives, we notice that we feel good about it--it has a fresh and sweet scent. It feels it belongs inside the Sacred Ecstasics field of dreams. We then move on to note the metaphors that buzz with the metaphors we have been building upon.

We immediately notice the mention of **three**. We are working with prayer triplets, are we not? Therefore, we can linguistically tinker with the three music/al balls as three music/al prayer balls. Or since they were rolling across a **big room**, we can call them big room music/al balls. Next we can tie these two notions together and create some talk that further expands the room we are in and as we do this we check our excitement meter to make sure we are expanding rather than shrinking the dream's luminous mystery. Prepping the caught fish for the dining

table may then look like this:

*Bravo, Agnes! You were in the big room. There our prayer triplets became prayer wheels and when further rolled around, they became music/al prayer balls as words gave way to making wonderful tones for music. This is truly climbing the ladder as prayer words become prayer songs become beautiful harmonic interactions, everything moving back and forth like the many ropes pulling on all of us. In this wobble, each word, prayer, musical note, song is from a different source yet they come together as one in the perfect harmony of attuned community. . . All is now white. The world is covered in white light. And with this music and the three fried trouts Shari received, we are ready to party, etc.*

You now should better understand that when dream talk drifts away from the room we have built, it pulls us off track and moves us toward another room. If we are lucky, It might pull us into the Pythagorean music of the spheres. This little bit of drift is fine if there is a quick rebound like *"These Pythagorean spheres are for the hearts of spears and they are found in our trinity of prayers and cake layers..."*

But if the post dream discourse drifts and does not utilize the drift to come back with further expansion, . . . you may end up in Jung dung or spiritual babble that has more worldly rubble than ecstatic tumble.

How everything we report enhances or diminishes ongoing big room construction matters more than the dream. The dream that matters is one that evokes novel re-indications, extensions, and amplifications of what is already in motion for lodge construction. We dream the dream further rather than allow analysis to result in ecstatic paralysis. Let's dream with this dream some more:

*We truly are hungry for a fried trout and we live to roll with the music balls and music of the spheres in Climate 8's higher atmosphere. We love that snow rhymes with glow, for it helps us go further up the ladder, gladder than before. . . By the way we recently had some delicious fried fish and fried Italian rice balls from a New Orleans restaurant called Wonderland. Agnes and Shari both reminded us that we are all in Wonderland as we journey to the Lord of Light. Pray, ecstatically move, and experiment to roll with the music/al balls. Back and forth go the dots, up and down the*

*lines, and circling all around. Mystical wheels and music/al spheres  
on the move and having a night at the flower garden ball! Thank  
you!*

We each climb the ladder and experience divine light every night.  
All three of you climb: hippo, lamb, and nightingale.

Each sentient form dreams--hippo dreams, lamb dreams, nightingale dreams.  
Then all three forms and their dreams return. The degree of emptiness when you  
began determines what is remembered later. The more hippo self that started the  
climb, the less nightingale light that is remembered afterward.

You still go up to the pinnacle height, but you come back with nightingale  
amnesia. The hippo is the claimant—it practices forgetfulness. Lambs practice  
remembrance and are grateful for every degree of warmth caught for the heart.  
The nightingale never stops dancing and singing of what lies beyond worldly  
things.

Do not pick from the Sufi platter what only pleases the hippo appetite  
Drop the new age way that skips the vital stages and is absent of wisdom sages.  
Hippos wallow in mind fantasies and miss mystical realities  
Sheep wobble between earth and heaven, living for the leaning toward the Light  
Nightingales are already in heaven, puzzled by why they are still on earth.

The hippo, not yet a dervish, who is on its way to the field of sheep must  
surrender to what it resists. The dervish is a lamb pledging to follow the trail of  
Sufi-style self-annihilation. The unlocked heart of a nightingale is no longer stingy  
or thingy, it's a singy-two-wingy.

Trust not your gut—it leads to glut

Trust not your unclean heart—it misses the art and dart

Trust the nightingales whose measure is not rubbly treasure.

***Spirit House Meeting Ten: Two Ways of Meeting the Light and Spirit House Cabin in the Woods  
Prescription  
(December 2, 2023)***

Some people say they are spiritual but not religious. "I'm not religious, I'm spiritual."

**Some people say they are religious and that is what makes them more spiritually serious. “I am not just spiritual, I’m religious.”**

We don’t usually feel the need to separate being spiritual from being religious, but we understand why some people do. We personally consider ourselves deeply religious.

**By this we mean that we are religious like Yunus, Tapduk, Ibn ‘Arabi, Joseph Hart, Sister Gertrude Morgan, Lame Deer, Frank Fools Crow, Osumi Sensei, Mother Pompey, and most of our other saints.**

I don’t think we ever say we are spiritual, though sometimes we say we are not spiritual. We’d rather say we are odd for God or hunter-gatherers of the Light.

**Yes, we aim for the Light of the Creator. We also call this light himma, n/om, seiki, holy spirit, and God’s love.**

What’s important is the Light. Without it, both spirituality and religion are equally in the dark. Follow the saints who looked at the light—they lead us to the holy bread.

**This is what Yunus said:**

Unless you witness all of creation in a single glance, you're in sin even with all your religion.

**Then he added a secret:**

A saint of religion may, in reality, be an unbeliever.

**Yes, belief may help or hinder. Practice may help or hinder. It is more important to get in the right room and lean toward the light. Do so to remember the extreme love and sacred ecstasy you climb to meet every night.**

Yunus also advised that we must enter the right library room and read the right book. He called this text *the book of love*.

**What exactly did he say?**

. . . read this book of love. God instructs. Love is His school.

**Yunus then made this personal admission about his life. Please listen carefully:**

Since the glance of the saints fell on poor Yunus, nothing has been a misfortune.

**Yunus had a glance from the saints—he looked directly at the light divine and saw all of creation. With this glance we can say that Yunus was luckified to experience every misfortune as a fortune. This is a very rare event and there are very few people in the world who have had such an experience.**

Brad received this glance from the saints, and it was the main reason he went on long journeys to find others who had looked into the light and felt the downpour of its pinnacle love and joy.

**My initial look at the holy light was at age 19. I had no idea whether what happened to me had been experienced by anyone else until another vision afterwards led me to the Sufi mystic, Ibn 'Arabi. I found that 'Arabi also received a direct luminous transmission from the saints and prophets that matched my meetings with them. I no longer felt alone. Ibn 'Arabi was my friend, what old time mystics might call my main green man. That is why it was so powerful for me this past summer when Ibn 'Arabi moved into the Sacred Ecstatics Spirit House.**

Like Ibn 'Arabi, after his spiritual awakening Brad was immediately given instruction by the light to devote a long time to developing his mind so he would have the capacity to understand and discuss luminous matters. Both these young men, one from Spain and one from Missouri, were told to study from various books. When this instruction was complete, more visionary downloads arrived. This ushered in a visionary period, sending them each on a long journey to find other teachers familiar with the light.

**The Great Sheikh and I launched our journey with these three initial stages: first, looking into the light and receiving a glance from the saints; second, following instruction to study certain texts that emptied former learning and brought forth a more suitable container for discussing mystical experience; and third, the arrival of visions that directed us to other light catchers, teachers, and masters.**

Both Brad and Ibn 'Arabi found that after their initiatory glance, they could immediately spot an imposter or deceiver, and they never shied away from calling out frauds or deceivers. Both became

young outspoken critics unafraid to challenge even the most well-respected teachers. With that heretical conduct, they very quickly became maverick outsiders.

**Yunus, however, did not get the big luminous glance when he was a young man. He had to climb the Sufi ladder rung by rung, following the direction of Tapduk Emre every step of the way. Tapduk, whose heart had seen the light, held the key to the spiritual heart of Yunus.**

We bring up Brad and Ibn 'Arabi's shared path and compare it to the journey of Yunus for a reason. It demonstrates an old secret held by all the lineages of Sacred Ecstatics. It is this: there are two paths of spiritual education. One path is rare and involves meeting the light with no human intermediary. This life-changing experience is followed by meeting other living teachers whose learning was also born of the light. This was the path of Ibn 'Arabi, Tapduk, and Brad.

**The other way of mystical education begins with a teacher who belongs to a lineage traceable to someone else initiated by light. This is the path of Yunus and Hillary.**

This is the path of most of us seeking the light. But, like Ibn 'Arabi, Tapduk, and Brad, we regular folk wanting to walk the irregular path also have to sweep away our trickster education and get our mind right. The bowl within must be emptied and then remade into a holy light receiver. I came to Brad with the broom of Zen and this allowed me to then study the life-altering principles of cybernetics, the circular organization of experience.

**If you begin by meeting the Light directly, your reborn mystical sight soon reveals darkness in places where you could not see it before. You then take off on a lonely adventure and must fail, again and again, to reveal to others what you were shown. Seeing the light made me lost when it came to relating to many worldly matters, but I took solace in having gained eternal friends in heaven.**

For the rest of us, it is practical, wise, and profound to follow the instruction of a teacher. If we can get past needing to pretend that we can lead before we can follow, then we are spared the tragedy of Molla Kasim's vicious descent into becoming a stingy, selfish Hippo Sultan. As importantly, we are spared the calamities that befall those who received their anointment directly from God. They had to learn how to fall and fail so they could help others rise.

**That's true, my dear Sheikah. If you begin your spiritual journey with the baptism in light, you next climb backwards to the everyday world to figure out how to teach others how to climb from**

**the beginning step. You must learn more and more about what is interfering with the climb. Said differently, you must learn what other teachers have done to address how others make difficult what is actually easy when it comes to the hippo becoming a lamb on its way to a nightingale. This is why I had to travel to meet other teachers. I already knew how to climb. The challenge was how to go about teaching others to do the same.**

In other words, for most of us, our path is to climb up the ladder. The other path involves a climb down to help others go up.

**Since I first saw the light, I learned that no one can bypass the hippo mud bath unless their bowl is empty and ready for circularity to replace linear causality. Only then can extreme love arrive to fill the heart with light. When you, Hillary, arrived, your Zen Buddhist names told me all I needed to know. Your former teachers named you Empty Temple and Radiant Vow. You were empty and ready to catch the light. I was thrilled beyond measure when you soon went up the ladder. Nothing could have made me happier than your completion of my half-done mission.**

I can testify that following instructions helps you learn to fly.

**These days I like to say that Hillary is your ideal teacher because she learned to climb to the light step by step. I follow her instruction and I call her my true Sheikh, the Sheikah of Sheikahs.**

He just means that I am strict about my mystical diet. I work hard every day to drop the self and turn toward the light. It is an impossible task, but every reduction of self enables God to lift me higher.

**To review, there have always been two paths that lead to the Light since the beginning of humanity's relationship with the divine. It is this way with the Bushmen, with Osumi Sensei, with the Sufis, and with the other indigenous lineages we know.**

Ibn 'Arabi, Tapduk, and Brad received the Light directly from God, and the rest of us receive it through their instruction. However, the light is received, the three daily practices required of everyone are the same.

**Last week we spoke to you about dreams. Hippo dreams, sheep dreams, and nightingale dreams are different kinds of dreams. Reminder: every night we all dream the impossible dream that is**

**beyond familiar dreaming. Every night, you meet the light. Every night you don't retire; you wake up and climb! Every night you set your soul on fire.**

You then come back and convert that pinnacle luminous experience into either a hippo dream, a sheep dream, or a nightingale dream. Isn't this fun and exciting! Our dreams come from an animal farm.

**Speaking of dreams, after last week's spirit house meeting, Hillary had a powerful dream. Here is her report, so you can soak in its mystery. Let it be heard in the gap between hippo and nightingale. Let your sheep leap in this visionary pasture:**

Before going to sleep, I conducted our strawberry ritual and then said aloud, as instructed: "Every night I climb the ladder to sacred ecstasy. Thank you, Lord!" Then another prayer poured out of me: "Dear Lord, please guide and direct us where to go. I mean really. We just want to serve this mission in the best way. I'm truly in need of your higher wisdom and help. . ."

I entered a powerful dream that filled me with holiness. I was with some Native American elders in the woods. It seemed like a Western landscape, because the ground was a pale tan color, and the trees were pines and spread out rather than dense and lush. There was a small house or cabin, and I was outside sitting next to a fire. An elder woman came out of the house and sat down next to me on my right. I did not see her face. She handed me a small branch from an evergreen tree, about the length of my arm. It had clusters of blue-grey needles. Perhaps it was from a blue spruce tree. When I took hold of the branch it shook slightly, and a cloud of shimmering, blue-grey dust released from the branch and covered me and the surrounding area. The woman was very pleased, and I understood that this is what happens when someone receives an anointment or approval to use this branch for healing and spiritual work.

Then the woman got up and an old man came to sit next to Hillary. She also did not see his face. The old man handed Hillary a flat wooden object. It looked like the curved end of a hockey stick, but it was much wider like a paddle or a wide boomerang. Half of it was wrapped in a pale, multi-colored yarn. When he handed it to Hillary, she could see that there were some yellow and white flower petals stuck to the yarn from its use in a recent ceremony.

The elder man told me to brush off those petals into the fire, and that I was supposed to keep this object clean. Like the branch, I understood that it was being given to me for spiritual work. Then the man went away and the woman came back out to the fire. She said, "You wanted to know



where to go. You prayed for specific guidance. I will tell you. You will be in a beautiful place with trees. There will be other small houses on the land for other people to stay in, painted many colors.” In my mind I saw one of the small houses painted red with white trim.

I was almost dizzy from the holiness of this ceremony, but at the same time I was filled with a sense of total peace and certainty. I could smell the pine needles. Then in the dream I woke up, but I was still dreaming. Still inside the vision, I began recording the dream so I would be able to share it with Brad. While speaking into my recorder, I remembered that I had gone to sleep praying for guidance. I burst into tears with the realization that my prayer had been answered.

Soon I went to a small kitchen. It was time for everyone to enjoy a post-ceremony meal. A cheerful young man was there, standing next to an old fridge, oven, and kitchen table. He took the lid off a pot on the stove to show me what he was serving. It was corn on the cob, standing upright in the pot. The kernels were yellow, but it looked as if someone had diced red and green peppers and placed them in the cracks between the kernels, making it look multicolored. I had never seen such a dish before.

Then I truly woke up from the dream and prayed “thank you” over and over again.

**Here’s your new instruction guided from the other side. Either draw, paint, or find an image of a small house that is painted a striking color—any color you choose. This is your residential spirit house, the place where your luminous hippo, lamb, and nightingale reside inside Sacred Ecstatics. Don’t think about this. Just do it and make sure you feel you are finally finding your home as part of this Guild. You will now live on visionary Spirit House grounds.**

There is something else that happened the night I visioned our new home. While I was dreaming, Brad was sent to a dream ceremony where the Guild gathered to pray and cook.

**We seemed to be in a new place where we felt at home with the truths our saints faithfully deliver. As if for the very first time, many Guild members felt ready to begin anew on step one. There were many teachings given in this dream and I truly wish I could remember them. They would assuredly change your life. But something happened that washed all the wisdom talk away.**

All Brad remembers is that he heard a song that came from heaven. Its beauty, wonder, power, and glory were so strong it washed all his memory away.

**All of me was caught by this song. It would be more accurate to say I did not catch a song; I was caught by a song. Thank you, Lord.**

So now we will present this newly anointed song. With a little help from a choir, Brad played it as he heard it in heaven. It even has a lyric composed by Yunus. Listen to me read his Sufi mystical words:

Trusting only in Thy merit, would I seek Thy face; heal my wounded, broken spirit, save me by Thy grace.

Thou the spring of all my comfort, more than life to me, Whom have I on earth beside Thee, Whom in Heav'n but Thee?

**Do these words sound familiar? While these are the kind of words that may have floated from the heart of Yunus, they are actually the lyrics written by hymn writer, Fanny Crosby.**

As you hear this hymn, feel how the mystic's heart belongs to the same universe no matter your belief or unbelief. We are here to climb to the Light and to climb back with shining hearts. Seeing the light first or last does not matter. We're all together on Spirit House land, climbing up and down the 45, 7, and 2-stepped ladders, spiritually traveling all around the world.

[recording *Pass Me Not*]

"Go further east" is your invitation to come home

Come home to your brightly colored cabin in the woods

Every night we climb the ladder to sacred ecstasy

We seek a glance from God

We sing and dance to build hearts and homes

I need Thee to clear the way

Do it, Lord, light the fire and shine the light

Just be nice and show us your one endless smile

Welcome back to the Spirit House of New Orleans

Welcome again to our Sufi lodge

Welcome to the seiki room

Welcome your return to the St. Vincent praise house

Welcome tonight's Kalahari fire circle

Welcome your First Creation entry to the House of Light.

### ***Hippo Teaching from Yunus Emre***

Dearest Hippos,

Don't be afraid of the sting when you face the invitation to leave your comfy position as the commanding ruler. The sting is lamb medicine prescribed by God and it is designed to help you begin your transformation from hippo to sheep.

Know this: when the medicine is administered, the hippo will only feel the sting, while the sheep will feel contrition as the lamb feels pure redemptive joy. If you only feel the sting, then know you have a diagnosis of your gnosis: you are wholly in the hippo pool and have yet to experience how a sheep lives in the vast green pasture. These soft furies don't yelp with higher medicinal help, they merrily sing, "The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want."

For the hippo-to-sheep transformation to bring you through, **let the medicine work**. Don't try to eradicate the sting with hippo pain relievers. If you truly want to feel what it is to live higher on the ladder, then we advise you to block your hippo from inventing a fantasy sheep and lamb that assuage the sting of the hippo becoming aware of its greed and its need for the qualities of a commanding self.

The sheep does not rescue the hippo from despair and restore its hope, it recognizes the transformative value of the hippo truly feeling hopeless because

this gets the hippo and sheep both on their knees to make the higher plea together. The lambs and nightingales know there is no Joseph Hart, Tapduk heart, saintly art, or Kalahari dart in a scene where hippo makes the fantasy sheep a comforter to its suffering. Lipstick on a hippo does not change its piggish nature. Like the sheikhs and saints did before you, enter the hippo misery to begin the climb to sheep and lamb mystery.

Rather than only “see” your hippo nature and make a brew of hippo medicine that fosters hippo resignation, hope, or forgiveness, *honor the hippo sting as you envision the sheep grin.*

Then pray to take new action rather than only mirror gaze and amaze yourself with how you have framed and reframed higher wisdom to add more mass to your hippo knowing.

What action can you do today to be less the center of your solar system? Are you too stingy? Yes, you are. Here’s a tactic to clear the way for your becoming more ecstatic. Rather than purchase that next bottle of wine, set the money aside for a gift to someone besides your palate. Advance to the next time you are heading toward some hippo fine dining, set the same money aside for someone else with greater need. Rather than obsess over what entertains your hippo, spend more time planning and taking action to help others.

Somewhere between fantasizing (then quickly dismissing) a grand or impossible action versus doing nothing lies a concrete, doable action that takes us out of our hippo comfort zone and leans us toward the sheep. As the hippo feels the sting and desires a stingy revenge, focus more on how the sheep, lamb, and nightingale will grin.

The sheep not only prays for others, it takes action to share the goods with others. Talk and walk in the pasture. You might meet the shepherd and friend there. Others, Lord, others.

Want to hear heaven’s bells ring? Then don’t be in a hurry to assuage that sting. Allow it to soften a hardened heart. Remember, the heart is as soft as the degree to which you hunger to share everything with others. That’s being a Kalahari Bushman, a Sufi dervish, a Sister Gertrude Morgan, and those who walk the trail of light rather than enact being the lord of a hippo manor while fantasizing spirituality as hippo upsizing.

The hippo will imagine it’s on the holy road, climbing, wiping away the rust, building hearts, and loving God when it is only creating false images and idols that keep the seeker idle and still in the cradle.

Let's sting and sing together, doing so as the bells ring for earth to be as it is in heaven. Thank you, fellows. May you find that the hippo sting is the key to waking up a higher dream.

Yours in the Light,  
Dervish Yunus

P.S.

Brad effendi asked me to add this:

Portal to Climate 8: eye of needle for a hippo-camel

Portal to Climate 8: garden gate for a lamb

Portal to Climate 8: everywhere for the nightingale

In the wobble between the hippo's lousy sting and dancing the hilarious watusi, the hippo can wobble and topple some freight.

If a lamb catches a glance of this hippo trying to get through in the wobble of extremes, a tear drop may fall below helping the hippo rise off the ground.

If a nightingale catches a glance of this lamb crying for the hippo, a song may drop and land below, helping all critters rise to the sky.

If the Creator, the Lord of Light, catches a glance of the nightingale singing and flapping their wings to spread joy to lambs and hippos below, a drop of sacred emotion from heaven may set everything below on fire.

This is how the rope works. Be aligned and enact your part to feel the whole rope send the rain, song, and fire.

We are one on the rope, the road traveled to the Light, the highway to heaven's means of transformation and unification.

Thank you, Lord. Yes, Lord!

### ***Guild Mountain Dreaming***

Shari reported two dreams on the same night:

Last night I dreamed two sets of letters, somehow relating to a cube shape:

RE

SET

In the next dream, I am on the mountainside, looking up at stars in a clear, dark sky. A satellite goes slowly over. Then a brighter light approaches—it's a small airplane. As it comes closer, instead of the expected engine noise, I begin to hear Brad's voice and piano emanating from the plane. It is strong and joyful. It is now daylight, and Brad and Hillary are on the mountain along with a man and woman that seem to be traveling with them as helpers. They have slightly darker skin, and might be indigenous (or from India). You begin setting up the space for something to come.

We responded:

Yes, we are setting up the space for more mysteries to come! Reset!

Amy also had a dream that same night:

In a dream last night, Shari and I went to my old stomping grounds where I grew up – a small mountain town in Colorado called Conifer. We were sitting in a rocky out-cropping that surrounded a small pool of water – the kind you find in the high-country after snow melts in the spring. We were talking about the passing of time as we dipped our feet in the cool water. For some reason, we decided to kneel and get a closer look in the water. I imagined there would be little minnows and other freshwater creatures. Instead, we found some miniature hippopotamus figurines. In the dream, I made a note to mention it to Hillary and Brad when we

returned... but I forgot all about it until I heard Shari's second dream today during the Zoom call today.

We responded:

Somewhere in First Creation Conifer there is a Sacred Ecstatics campground surrounded by pine trees and filled with Spirit Houses, each one with a brightly painted mural that keeps changing. Let us kneel closer and see that here, in this holy place where ice melts, our hippos have become miniature in size. Amen! Glory!

### ***A Mural on the Cabin Wall***

On December 9th, Brad had a dream that he visited Chris at his new cabin on the First Creation grounds of Sacred Ecstatics:

Together we painted a colorful mural on its right side. It was wonderfully striking and contained a whirling explosion of changing colors, scenes, and themes from the visionary adventures of the Guild. We were delighted as we marveled at remembering all that Sacred Ecstatics has brought into our lives. Now close your eyes and climb the lamb ladder to the light. There you will find your house in the woods. Notice that now a mural is painted on the right side of your cabin. It is an explosion of whirling colors and images from this season.

### ***Wake Up, Lazarus!***

On December 13<sup>th</sup>, Brad posted a "prayer cake" recording called, "Wake Up, Lazarus!" It inspired the following online exchange:

Bulu: Thank you for that spiritual alarm clock. I Lazarus am not wise enough to know if I am awake or asleep, so please keep sounding that alarm, disturbing my hippo dreams. I wish to move toward the light and just be nice.

Tapduk Emre: Ah! Dear Lazarus, rest assured that you are asleep. Or, be assured that you are asleep and let this disturb your rest!

Even when I am awake, I assume I am asleep and keep working to wake up, because otherwise the Deceiver makes me lazy.

The saints have thus heard that Bulu Effendi has asked for his hippo to be alarmed and disturbed so that he can move toward the Light! They are looking forward to answering this call.

First the saints will conduct some tests to see if this plea is wholly true, half true, or partly true. Once this has been determined, they will act accordingly: full hippo disturbance, half hippo disturbance, or just partial hippo disturbance. Loud alarm, medium alarm, or quiet alarm. It depends whether Lazarus wants to wholly wake up from his slumber and face this world as it is.

Just remember that God has the power to supersede the saints' determinations and bring whatever level of disturbance and alarm to our hippo that He wants. Let us see what God does. Whatever He does, He does it well. Amin!

Wake up, effendis! It is a good day to climb!

***Spirit House Meeting 11 – Ouro Recurses Us Through the Season, Re-introducing the Saints’  
Wheel  
(December 16, 2023)***

Ouro is in the house!

Yes, Ouro is here. Hi, hi, Ouro. Let’s take a spin with Ouro!

Reminder: You've met the critters called hippo, sheep/lamb, and nightingale, the animal forms that correspond to the rungs of the mystical ladder.

Now let’s re-meet the whole ladder critter from which all different forms arise:

Its name is Ouro.

I find it fascinating that the Ouroborean dragon of medieval alchemical times had its mystical ascent during the Middle Ages.

Yes, Ouro lives in the middle. Out of its wheel, forms change. In its turning, reality becomes wobbly.



Today we envision Ouro as the dragon that swallows itself to re-emerge as one of its many forms. Hippo, sheep, lamb, and nightingale. Every form is different yet related to the same force and source of creation.

Just like there are many forms of God or Allah where each form is regarded as having a unique quality.

Mohammed said there were 99 qualities of Allah. These are sometimes called the names and attributes of Allah. For example, when Tapduk Emre heals Yunus, he evokes Allah the Healer: “Ya shafi....huuuuuu.”

99! That’s a lot of critters.

Each embodies a quality of the one Lord of Light.

Are you saying that Allah, God, Yaweh, Creator, and so forth are one Ouro?

Yes, but that’s a teaching for later, my dear alligator.

Let’s celebrate that everyone’s critters rise and fall with Ouro as its wheel turns to regenerate life through changing forms.

Perhaps we should reveal another secret. Shhhhh. Listen carefully: For the hippo, we say that we go up and down the ladder. But for the lamb and nightingale, we can say that we circle around, endlessly re-entering Ouro.

Similarly, all the teachings of the Guild this season constitute one teaching. It is an Ouroborean teaching.

Are you saying that going further east is eating a strawberry?

Yes.

And that breathing a jar of air is climbing the critter ladder?

Yes.

Let's travel in reverse to recurse and reverse the curse of every dot and line that hides this circular truth.

Ouro wants us to return to October and circle back through to December.

Let's do it.

Before we take this spin, let us say that every saint in Sacred Ecstatics is also a quality of Ouro, the divine wheel of the Lord extraordinaire, found in the light and love of higher air.

We need a way to be less stuck with the saints our hippo likes. We need Saint Ouro to choose the quality that is beyond our will and hippo chill. For this, we need a wheel of saints.

Yes, the wheel of saints is ready to come back.

Let's spin the wheel and ask the saints to recurse us through the journey we have been on this season:

Go further east: I'm going further east

Ibn Arabi is here

Have a strawberry

There is a puzzle of light; please reshuffle the word "light"

Taking a trip to the mundus imaginalis: we met the green mothers

Breathe your jars of air

We will luckify you

45, 7, 2

Hippos, to Sheep, to Nightingales

Go on a Sufi diet

The Bushmen renamed everyone Po: Po is the gap between hippo and sheep

Every night I climb the ladder to sacred ecstasy

Book of Love – you have three sentences.  
You have spirit house cabin on Sacred Ecstatics ground  
There is a mural on the side of your cabin

Introducing the Lamb Ladder and the Hippo Ladders:

#### LAMB LADDER CLIMBING UP

Light  
Annihilation of self  
Middle wobble  
Bow before the empty bowl

#### LAMB LADDER CLIMBING DOWN

Love  
Absurd tickler  
Mango tango  
Back to earth

#### HIPPO LADDER FOR CLIMBING UP

Heaven is the haven for expanding my kingdom, my power, and my glory  
I am a god  
Positive thinking and tension reduction is higher emotion  
Possession is the progression  
Ownership is the cornerstone

#### HIPPO LADDER FOR CLIMBING DOWN

Heaven is my fantasy land  
I am what I am, a great and humble I Am  
Piss off every religion  
Possession is back to stay—a worthy obsession  
Ownership of material, psychological, and spiritual things—that's my thing

## *The Sitar*

Brad dreamed we were in India, and a young man resembling Jiddu Krishnamurti handed us a slice of cake on a plate. He then walked away and faded slowly into the distance.

Before we could take a bite, we noticed a place to sit in front of a stage. The room seemed to have no walls or floor, making us wonder if we were floating in space. Though there was no one else there, it seemed like a performance would soon begin. Then the room began to warmly glow, and we readied ourselves for whatever was coming.

We unexpectedly heard a glissando cascade of notes played on a sitar. It was followed by the pluck of one string and then multiple strings, now accompanied by a grand piano and a few other instruments. It was the clearest audio experience we ever heard—pure sound perfection beyond imagination, especially the sitar. I wondered whether that instrument was from another world or whether our hearing had changed, or both.

The music played again, and I felt the sitar transmit what assuredly were the multiple vibrations of the many levels of the universe. They went into my body with no interference. I resonated with the whole of creation and entered the utmost bliss. In that moment I realized that the vibration of specially produced sound is all that is needed to make us resonate with the source and force of creation. What we heard in the dream, especially the sitar, was a supreme spiritual treat, a holy cake for the hungry soul. I woke up and continued to hear the music, still accompanied by the piano and other musical instruments. Interspersed in this music was the sitar glissando, single string, and multiple strings, together providing a ride up and down the rope to God. It left me admiring the aesthetics and ecstasies of the sitar as a mystical, musical instrument.

We later read that Krishnamurti was associated with many eminent classical musicians, both Western and Indian, and he gave his time and attention to Pablo Casals, Arturo Benedetti Michelangeli, Andres Segovia and Igor Stravinsky, among others. His life was filled with dramatic mystical experiences. Yet when Krishnamurti was asked about kundalini and the energetic vibrations today's spiritual seekers hoped to find, he said that everyone he met (including renowned teachers from India) who said they experienced so-called kundalini had only felt somatically excited. He ridiculed both teachers and students who spoke of awakening higher energy—they were mostly lost in words, creating "mischief"

with names and claims. Then with great seriousness, he added that this sort of spiritual experience only happens to someone “whose self is not.” Like the Sufi saints, he taught that only riddance of self makes it possible to catch the numinous. The annihilation of self includes sweeping away all words, for music is meant to be heard and absorbed, not talked about. Music means nothing yet means everything, that is, music just *is* and words interfere with its experience. Drop the self and all its words, and just hear and be moved. Otherwise, deception is confused with reception. When the vessel is empty, one plucked string of a sitar is enough to transmit mystery.

### ***December Recursions: On Staying Inside the Room***

The last Spirit House Meeting on December 16, 2023 was the enactment of what we technically call “weaving the primary frames,” a later stage in the process of constructing a new reality. Yes, we built a mystical reality in the first three months of this Guild season. Thank you, Ibn ‘Arabi. Primary cornerstones were laid on the ground and frames were erected. Now all the main frames are being further wound and bound together.

The months of October, November, and December in every Guild season are always focused on building the room and reality for our Sacred Ecstatics Guild adventures. Last year we went to Oaxaca. This year we went further east.

What we did last Saturday was weave the main frames together. This weaving involved both repeating the frames, varying the frames, coloring the frames, and now linking them to some of our saints.

Remember how, on Saturday, our Wheel of Saints randomly selected several old friends to join us. When a saint arrived, we focused our attention on building a connection to how the saint now fits and resides and travels inside the reality built this year. While there is a temptation to go off on a tangent and let a saint’s life, story, or visionary experience take us to another room, we strictly utilized the saint’s presence to expand and further establish this year’s reality. We placed the saint inside the journey of “going further east.”

You, too, spun the wheel and found a special friend for this week. You may have looked up the former visionary account that brought the saint to Sacred Ecstatics, or you may have gone to another source to find out more about your friend. Here it is easy to drift into envisioning you and your friend in a separate reality, perhaps going further south. (If you do go south, go all the way to New Orleans!) If your curious cat leads you on a feline line to discover more about your friend, make sure you look for what helps connect that saint inside the adventure we are now on. Or, simply rein in the wandering and say, “My friend and I are going further east” after you conduct ecstatic sound movement with them.

When Chris Effendi amazingly saw the face of Rasputin after conducting his ecstatic sound movement with Warren McCulloch, the most important finding in the Sacred Ecstasies visionary account mentioning Rasputin was its mention of the previous vision of going further east. Bingo. Highlight this surprise and you have gone even further east.

If your friend leads you to showing an empty palm, Sheikh Hillary will put a strawberry in it to help you stay inside the present reality that is now further expanded.

When Mari Effendi was excited about meeting Doe as a friend, she sang her some hymns, remembering that Doe loved hymns. The pointer's response is always to bring any action or thought theme back to the main frames of the presently constructed mystical reality. Rather than build an "interacting with Doe room" that floats away from strawberries, puzzles, and all the rest . . . weave her inside the journey to light. Maybe a hymn puzzle, a singing strawberry, or a note handed to her that says, "Doe, Ibn 'Arabi is here. Let's listen to the track, 'Pass me not...'"

The art of building a big room is not based on banning drift. The room only expands and becomes more mystically real and alive when there is just the right amount of drift—not too much, not too little. More importantly, finding a way to weave that well-proportioned drift into the present mystical reality not only serves to maintain it—it also expands and deepens our heartfelt presence inside it.

[When we teach therapists/healers, we highlight that all interactions with the client must build an alternative reality. New cornerstones must be set, new frames then built, and then all of it woven together. The latter becomes more connected as unexpected themes and things arrive to tempt the construction crew to abandon their project and go off on another direction OR to utilize the "new" to maintain what is in motion.]

Perhaps it is coming clearer that following instruction has nothing to do with maintaining authority or being fussy about a fowl pecking order. It is about *staying on course*—expanding the mystical reality in play helps us all climb the ladder and get cooked as a tasty lamb chop. Bring your friend into the journey we're on. Better, let the saint bring you further east. Do your best to not drift but know that you will drift, and you were designed to do so for a good reason. The vast reality of mystical living is found in how it ecstatically and tactically relates to changing. All aboard, we're recursing inside First Creation.

Which is to say, we're going further east. Don't drift in any other direction, please. Have another strawberry before reentering the puzzles within puzzles.

***Spirit House Meeting 12: Hippo, Sheep, and Lamb Teeter Totters, Feeding Lord Hippo  
(December 30, 2023)***

**Between the hippo and the sheep is found a gap. How do I leap across that gap? How can my hippo become a sheep?**

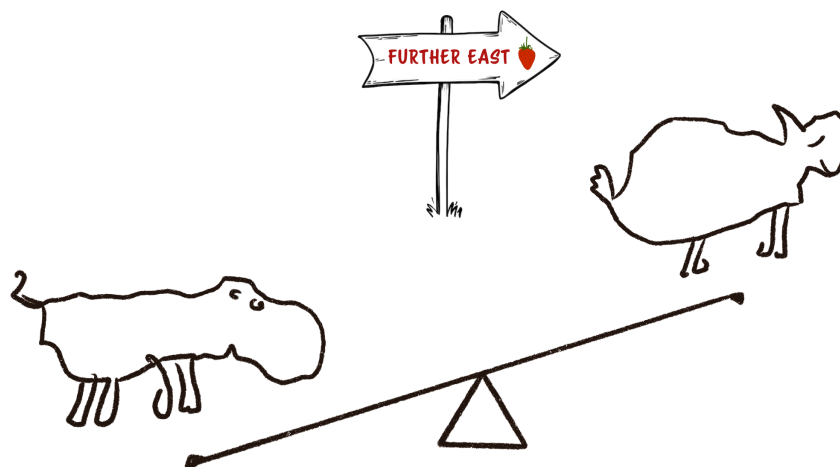
You need an ecstatic teeter totter to wobble back and forth until you topple into the vast green pasture.

**Really? All I need is a teeter totter, and then wobble until I topple? Is that all there is to it?**

Yes. You must wobble until you topple, that is, you must rock until you roll. Make sure you do so with a lean toward the green, falling into the pasture of the sheep. Otherwise, you will topple backwards toward the hippo mud bath. And if you fall more deeply into the mud, the hippo tends to get stuck.

**Let's look at an illustration of what we're saying. Here's a hippo and a sheep. In between them is the magical, ecstatical teeter totter—it's where you find the wobble that can tip you into the pasture. Notice that the middle is a fulcrum. It enables opposing forces to pull you back and forth into the necessary wobble.**

[Note: Brad made these animal sketches when we were first coming up with this teaching, and Hillary loved them so much she traced them for the final graphic.]



Remember: with a lean to the green, you more likely topple into becoming a sheep.

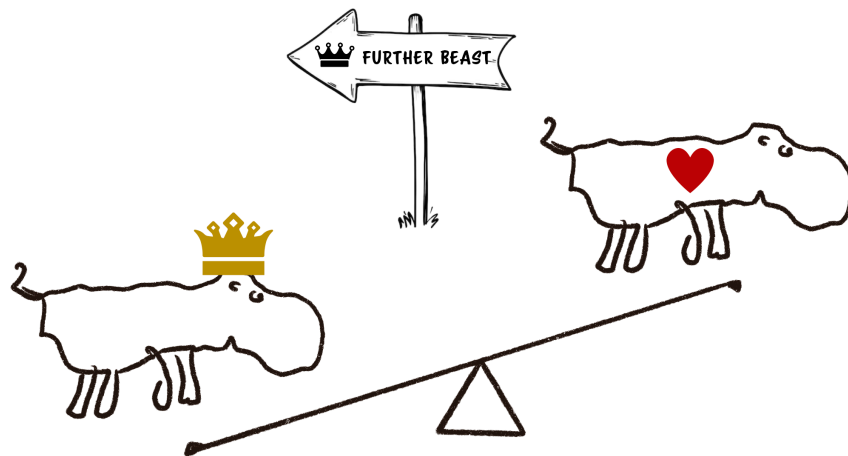
**With a lean to the hippo queen or king, let's call that Lord Hippo, you topple back to the ruthlessly commanding hippo self, becoming even less nice than you were before. Kasim Effendi's life was a perfect example of this.**

What if I don't wobble and choose to do nothing?

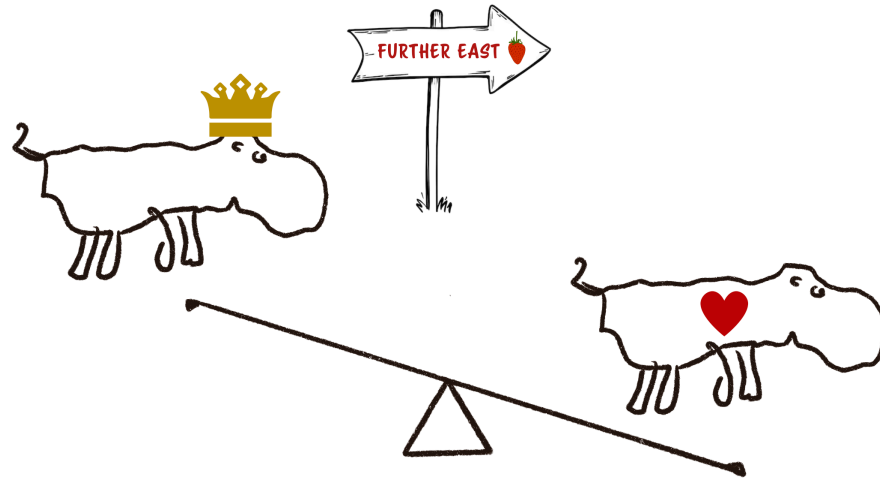
There is no such thing as doing nothing. That very notion of avoiding sheep action is the hippo action of resistance. Doing nothing means doing a lot of hippo work. In other words, "doing it my way" includes saying "I won't do it the shepherd's way."

**Dear Lord, you are my shepherd. Help me rock and wobble so my hippo topples forward and finds its way to your pasture.**

Let's pause and zoom in for a closer look at what's going on. Please notice that the hippo itself is on its own teeter totter.





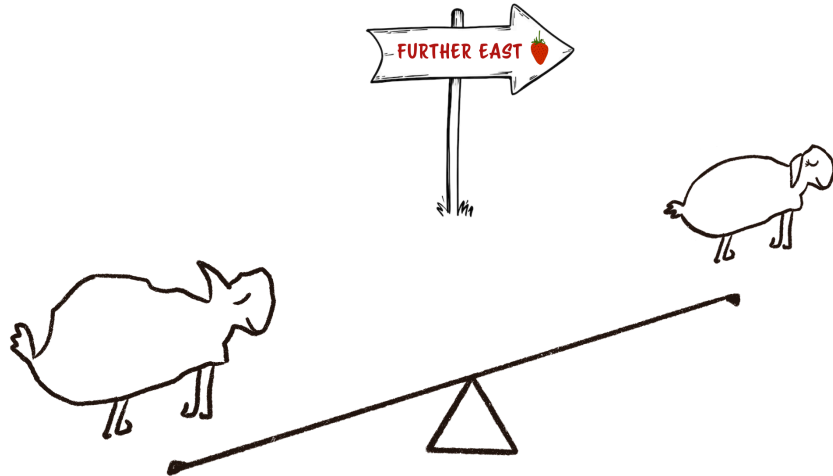


It goes back and forth between being a rude, cranky, dictator and being a nice hippo with better social manners. However, don't forget that the nice, cool, and well/mannered hippo is still all about itself even though it's not an ice-cold commanding shitass. Like Kasim Effendi, the non-ecstatic hippo, can even act like a sultan and claim to be a sheikh. That's when things really get muddled.

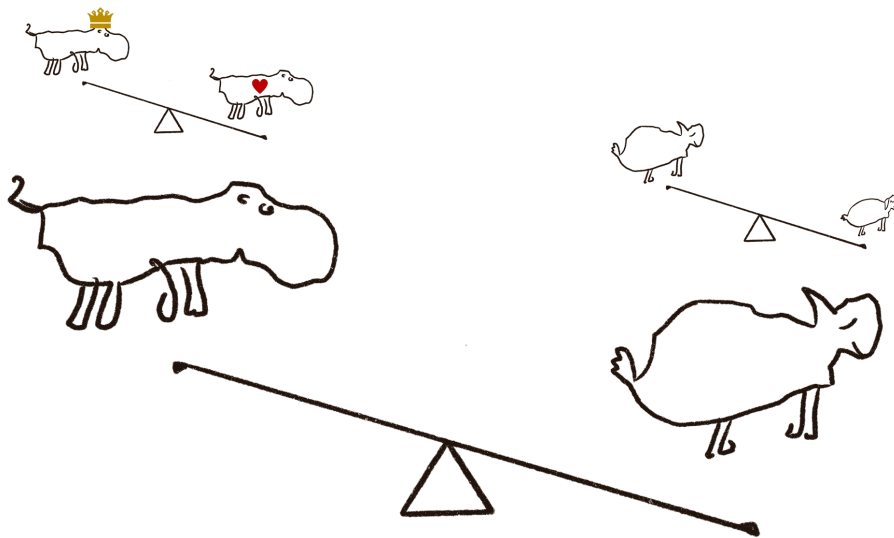
**I remember how Kasim Effendi always had good social manners toward his teacher, even when he was jealous of Yunus. He was never rude, and remembered to be thankful and back out of the room in a respectful manner.**

When those basic lodge manners are missing, be assured that the hippo is falling further backward. Soon the commanding hippo is more a like a sultan than a dervish as the heart now belongs to the dark rather than the Light. "Wake up," Tapduk shouts, "and remember one's Sufi social manners and let the sheikhs clean the rust off your heart or else drift further and further away from art and dart."

There is also a sheep to lamb fulcrum.



Now let's look at all the fulcrums. See how the transition from hippo to lamb links the three fulcrums of three teeter totters.



**First, there is the hippo rocking between a chilly shitass and a nice cool cat. Secondly, there is the nice cool hippo rocking with the warm sheep, and finally there is the warmly charmed sheep rocking toward becoming a grilled lamb chop.**

Hippos who are hungry for a spiritual journey often confuse the first pair of hippo teeter totters with the bridge that is the hippo and sheep teeter totter. In the beginning you must topple the hippo from mean to nice and then lean further toward the sheep and cross into its green pasture.

**Later on, sheep again confuse an early teeter totter with a later teeter totter. This is what happened to Kasim. He thought he was wobbling between a lamb and a nightingale, but he only backslid to hippo land.**

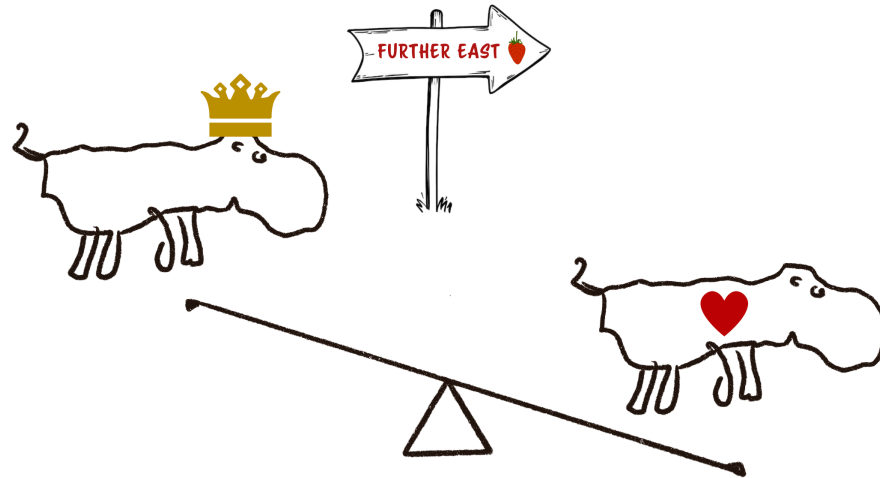
Be careful: when the sheep topples back all the way to being a hippo again, it is now a bigger hippo than before. This recurse is a true curse. There is nothing worse than a hippo deceiver posing as a sheikh or spiritual teacher. It's easier to deal with a hippo who knows it's a hippo. But a hippo who pretends to be a lamb is soon fully owned by the Deceiver, as Tapduk Emre and Sister Gertrude Morgan want us to never forget.

**But if you keep your fulcrums clear and know where you are going, there is good reason to cheer, because then you lean to the green and allow the errors that rock you backwards to improve your next lean that rocks you forward. Back and forth you go until, bravo, you climbed a step on the ladder.**

That's a very important point you just said: our errors help us topple forward when they change our action to better lean toward the sheep the next time around.

**How can we do this when our habits are more like an addictive habit than a resourceful habitat? Our rejection of correction fosters an ever-spiraling addiction.**

There are a few secrets regarding these fulcrums, wobbles, and topples that have been lost for a long time. These secrets are practical tips that help you topple in the right direction. Today the sheikhs of old want to share a few of these secret tips with you. Let's go look at this former drawing.



**As we have seen before, the hippo teeter totter has two sides, and you want its wobble to topple you to the right. Easier said than done. The error usually made is that you only focus on the right side of the teeter totter. You must address both sides, or else the left side will come growling back and insist it is here to stay.**

Said differently, you must feed both sides of the teeter totter. If you ignore the commanding hippo, it just goes on a wild rampage. The hippo needs to be fed to keep it reined in, but what it's fed determines which direction the topple will go.

**Let's get to the belly of this secret. We will translate it in a way that is better understood in today's world. Here's the tip: Belly up to the bar, because The Hippo Lord must be served a special spiritual martini. That's right, Lord Hippo appreciates a fine martini whenever you conduct irritating spiritual practices.**

That is not what I expected to hear. But it makes me smile and eager to hear more.

**Here's your instructions: obtain a martini glass and when it's cocktail hour, fill it with some ineffable spirit. Pour it at the Mundus Imaginalis Bar located next to Harry's Bar in Venice. Serve this martini, saying, "Lord Hippo, here's your thirst quencher. Have a martini while we all get tipsy."**

When is cocktail hour?

**Like in First Creation, it's always cocktail hour somewhere in the world.**

Please appreciate that Lord Hippo, aka Queen or King Hippo, aka the *big me*, is an addict. It's addicted to itself and the rubble that makes it feel that it rules the rubble world. Its addiction must be therapeutically addressed before you can progress. This requires giving it a new lemon twist for that delicious mundus martini. Serve it well and there will be less resistance when you rock toward the green vegetation. If Lord Hippo questions what you are doing, simply respond, "I'm trying to get us to the higher Mundus Bar. They serve an amazing cocktail there."

**Seriously, you need to treat Lord Hippo like a true King or Queen. Otherwise, it will get anxious and charge you while trying to take a leap with the sheep. Every African will tell you to never stand in the way of a thirsty hippo on its way to the water hole. One more piece of advice: Take this Lord of the vegetarian jungle seriously while also not taking this critter not seriously. Think how ridiculous it is that the hippo loves soaking in water yet it cannot swim. Sound familiar? You are already in the vast sea but you also can't find your fins to swim.**

If martinis don't do the trick and your teeter still doesn't totter enough to throw you out of the hippo cesspool, then take more serious action. Move to the next intervention and call the hippo "Ye Olde Lord Hippo, The Forever Boss of the Potamus Universe." The more you exaggerate its title, the better. Remember it makes life all about names, so serve it some doozy, boozy names. Maybe go further with a fancy declaration of puffery that is framed and hung on your wall. Imagine it stating: "The Kingdom of Hippos hereby declare Lord Big Me as Supreme King of the Hippos in all Galaxies Beyond Other Fantasies of the Potamus Universe. He is to be served martinis night and day in the manner that inflates, conflates, and rotates his imagined super-life."



**Yes, I am catching that this is a well thought out systemic therapeutic maneuver. Keep Lord Hippo preoccupied with its own fantasies, but make those fantasies not believable to the nice hippo who can then more readily see through the appeasement.**

An impasse arises when you deny Lord Hippo. You should be feeding that Lord Hippo a big bite of absurdity rather than lamenting about its veracity. (repeat that).

**Once Lord Hippo is enjoying its martini or reveling in its crown, robe, diplomas, and awards, you can turn to the other side of the hippo and get busy having it lean toward the green pasture.**

Yes, this is the part of you that conducts spiritual practice, trying to climb from a nice and cool hippo practice to a warm sheep practice that feels the morning glory in the field of the Lord.

**Here's another big tipper that helps the hippo totter forward. Make sure the nice hippo is more on stage and in action than Lord Hippo. And appreciate this fact: as long as Lord Hippo has been appeased, it has no interest in taking any action. It only awakens when it has been complained about while its glass is empty and its diploma is ignored.**

Heres' the bottom line: If over 50% of your action involves the nice cool hippo in prayer, ecstatic sound movement, and experimentation, the teeter totter will lean toward the green.

**Ongoing experimentation with the two sides of your hippo can last a lifetime, unless you later move into the fulcrum between nice hippo and sheep, or later on, between sheep and lamb. The sheep and lamb fulcrum hosts the life of a true dervish. But until then, it's wiser to admit that your hippo is addicted to being the boss and its condition cannot be ignored. Rather than ignore hippo, help it snore. Under slumber, you are better able to take a tumble toward the Lord of Light.**

In the battle of opposites, there is no progression. But in the cattle kraal of opposites, crazy wisdom is the higher call.

**Hey Lord Hippo, we pledge to stop going to war with you. We have found our rightful and left-ful place in the ecology of all relations. How about a martini, or do you prefer a Bellini mixed by Fellini? Either way, you are the star of the show. Go ahead and take a bow. Enjoy the applause while we tinker to find a better way to make you a drink.**

Hey, nice and cool Hippo, trying to find the sheep: Lord Hippo is asleep. Let's go deeper than before.

**The hippo teeter totter starts to rock and wobble when you give it everything you've spiritually got. Pray, dhikr, and say hi, hi to the luminous flicker.**

The Kalahari Bushmen of old knew not to battle a hippo. They tease it carefully. Why? They tease to appease its existence rather than arouse resistance. Remember: It was the Bushmen saints who told us to call our ego a hippo this season.

**Tease the meat and ignite the heat.**

In other words, feed Lord Hippo, but wear a numinous jester hat, to make sure your other hippo remembers this is absurd. Not too ridiculous and not too serious. In between is found the sweet spot.

**Hippo, hippo, where art thou? Thine crown erases your frown and your tail is spectacular, for it's the best ending ever told. The story of your wildest tales will forever inspire empires, vampires, inflated tires, and lost mares gone haywire. Thank you, Lord Hippo. Others may think you are a sicko or a vengeful black widow, but we know you are only in need of a pillow that provides a better window to the other side.**

Lord Hippo, Nice Hippo, I'm addressing both of you now: Let's rock the teeter with more totter until we topple through.

**On the teeter totter, traveling all the way home.**

This is natural wobbling, being respectful of both sides.

**Tease the hippo Lord and please the Lord of Light. Back and forth we go.**

When Lord hippo is asleep, we no longer feel the need to defeat any critter.

**That's when dancing feet meet higher reaching hands and swinging, singing bands.**

This rock feels spontaneous, like a true "thy will be done on earth as it is in spontay heaven."

**Don't force it; the force and source want you to rock the cradle and feast at the higher table.**

In the rock, you are wobbled.

**In the wobble you are rocked.**

Wobble to topple.

**Rock to get soft.**

Honor Lord Hippo and then be a prayer bomber.

**No war, please. Opposites were originally designed for divine play.**

Let tension serve literary suspension rather than ego indigestion.

**We need Thee to wobble all our teeter totters.**

We need Thee to topple us toward the light.

**We need Thee to give us better Kalahari street smarts.**



We need Thee to remind us to bow before we go for the wow.

**We have visionary news to help your teeter totters go full throttle. Yes, we first served our hippo a martini and then let our higher teeter totter become a spiritual helicopter. Into the visionary stratosphere we went.**

Brad dreamed we were in India, and a young man resembling Jiddu Krishnamurti handed us a slice of cake on a plate. He then walked away and faded slowly into the distance.

Before we could take a bite of the cake, we noticed a place to sit in front of a stage. The room seemed to have no walls or floor, making us wonder if we were floating in space. Though there was no one else there, it seemed like a performance would soon begin. Then the room began to warmly glow, and we readied ourselves for whatever was coming.

**We unexpectedly heard a cascade of notes played on a sitar. It was followed by the pluck of one string and then multiple strings, now accompanied by a grand piano and a few other instruments. It was the clearest audio experience we ever heard—pure sound perfection beyond imagination, especially the sitar. I wondered whether that instrument was from another world or whether our hearing had changed, or both.**

**The music played again, and I felt the sitar transmit what I can only describe as the multiple vibrations of the many levels of the universe. They went into my body with no interference. I resonated with the whole of creation and entered the utmost bliss. In that moment I realized that the vibration of specially produced sound is all that is needed to make us resonate with the source and force of creation.**

What we heard in the dream, especially the sitar, was a supreme spiritual treat, a holy cake for the hungry soul. Brad woke up and continued to hear the music, still accompanied by the piano and other musical instruments. Interspersed in this music was the sitar glissando, single string, and multiple strings, together providing a ride up and down the rope to God.

It left us admiring the aesthetics and ecstasies of the sitar as a mystical, musical instrument.

We later read that Krishnamurti was associated with many eminent classical musicians, both Western and Indian. His life was filled with dramatic mystical experiences.

Yet when Krishnamurti was asked about kundalini and the energetic vibrations today's spiritual seekers hoped to find, he said that everyone he met (including renowned teachers from India) who said they experienced so-called kundalini had only felt somatically excited.

He ridiculed both teachers and students who spoke of awakening higher energy—they were mostly lost in words, creating “mischief” with names and claims. Then with great seriousness, he added that this sort of spiritual experience only happens to someone “whose self is not.”

Like the Sufi saints, he taught that only riddance of self makes it possible to catch the numinous.

The annihilation of self includes sweeping away all words, for music is meant to be heard and absorbed, not talked about.

Music means nothing yet means everything, that is, music just *is* and words interfere with its experience.

[sitar track]

Drop the self and all its words, and just listen and be moved.

Otherwise, deception is confused with reception.

When the vessel is empty, one plucked string of a sitar is enough to transmit mystery.

Tell Lord Hippo you are bringing some music for his or her drinking pleasure. Then tell the nice hippo you are ready to praise the Lord, doing so with movement aligned with the treasure of Light.

I need all of Thee, including both hippos as well as the sheep and lambs.

I need all the teeter totter trotters to rock, wobble, and topple.

Lean me, Lord!

Teeter me, totter me, topple me, Lord! Yes, Lord.

What does this mean?

It means lean into prayer, ecstatic sound movement, and sanctified experimentation.

We are on the trail of Light, wobbling and toppling all the way home.

***Spirit House Meeting 13: Ibn 'Arabi is Here, Prescription – Secret in Your Pocket and Boarding  
the Old Ship Zion  
(January 6, 2024)***

At the beginning of last summer Brad wrote these words:

“In some unexplainable manner, I felt an intense emotion that opened the door to the mystical universe. Immediately, I could see Ibn 'Arabi standing in front of me as a saintly being of light. The Great Sheikh appeared as a giant, at least 10 feet tall, and wherever I walked, he moved with me. I knew, without a doubt, that Ibn 'Arabi is now here.”

At times Brad stepped into this saint of light, but he was usually just in front of Brad, watching over the room and moving wherever Brad moved. This lasted all day and it sometimes startled Brad to consider that Muhyiddin, as Ibn 'Arabi is also known, was materializing and would become a physical member of our household, resulting in our whole reality collapsing to make room for another world. It was both exciting and disconcerting. Then that night Brad dreamed he was in ancient Tehran where he was given a folded-up piece of paper that held a Sufi secret. He caught and owned the feeling for the secret but could not remember what was written on the paper.

**A month later, I dreamed that the Great Sheikh came to our house in New Orleans.**

He introduced himself, and after making clear who he was, Ibn 'Arabi sat down at our desk and opened an ancient document he was working on. He started writing in Arabic. As we stared at his calligraphy, the word's corresponding English letters began to float in the air above the ink. The word was *wujud*. Other words soon arose but this was the word that stood out for Brad to remember. [Hillary put up slide of this word]

**Rather than ask the Great Sheikh what his writing meant, I felt filled with the sacred emotion that comes with witnessing luminous mystery. Ibn 'Arabi's presence and his writing conveyed something that defied clear description but radiated light. In that moment I felt such oneness**

**with Ibn 'Arabi, God, Hillary, Sacred Ecstasies, religion, and all of creation that there was no need for anything to be said. While there was great excitement, I also felt a deep calm. There was no need to sing or shout, but singing or shouting would have perfectly fit the moment if it took place. If anything could be said, it would be that this was an experience of an extraordinary yet ordinary oneness—not a philosophical realization but a full sensory immersion into true, undivided reality.**

The next morning, we looked up the definition of this mystery word. A leading scholar on Ibn 'Arabi, William Chittick wrote this: "Foremost among the technical terms of philosophy that Ibn 'Arabī employs is *wujūd*, existence or being. . . In its Koranic and everyday Arabic sense, *wujūd* means to find, come across, become conscious of, enjoy, be ecstatic. It was used to designate existence because what exists is what is found and experienced."

**For the Sufi, *wujud* has a mystical connotation. It is the result of immersion in God "while all else is annihilated. . ." The intense feeling of intimacy with God that arrives after annihilation of the self brings us to the "oneness of being" or the "unity of existence," where God permeates all things, or rather, all of creation *is* God.**

The full phrase associated with Ibn 'Arabi's teaching is "*wahdat al-wujud*," translated as the Unity of Being or Unity of Existence. It's important to underscore that Ibn 'Arabi did not literally say or emphasize *wahdat al-wujud*, though it's argued that its meaning permeates his teachings. He also did not classify himself as a Sufi though most western scholars regard him as perhaps the most exemplary Sufi scholar.

**Ibn 'Arabi challenged the notion that rational understanding is the main purpose of spiritual words. He taught that words must become "divine speech" to convey the mystic's experience of the Light of God, divine love, and sacred ecstasy. When it comes to the revered concepts of Sufism, Ibn 'Arabi aimed to embody the teachings rather than only name them.**

William Chittick wrote this about Ibn 'Arabi:

Ibn al-'Arabi explains *wahdat al-wujud* in hundreds of different contexts, each time adding nuances that are lost when any attempt is made, as it soon is in most Western studies, to "come to the point." His "point" does not, in fact, lie in any simple formulation of *wahdat al-wujud*. If people want a simple statement, they should be satisfied with "There is no god but God."

Ibn al-'Arabi's point lies more in the very act of constantly reformulating *wahdat al-wujud* in order to reshape the reader's imagination. In each new context in which he expresses *wahdat al-wujud*, he demonstrates the intimate inward interrelationships among phenomena, basing himself on a great variety of texts drawn from the Koran, hadith, kalam, philosophy, cosmology, Arabic grammar, and other sources.

Ibn al-'Arabi is a visionary, not a philosopher, which means among other things that he is not trying to reach a conclusion or build a system. He had no intention of systematizing Islamic thought, even though various passages in his writings take systematic form (and sometimes contradict the systematic formulations he has provided elsewhere).

He is a sage who has a vision of reality that he is trying to communicate through all the means at his disposal, including logical discourse in the philosophical and theological style, exegesis of the Koran and hadith, and poetry. (We should not forget that Ibn al-'Arabi was one of the greatest and most prolific poets in the Arabic language.)<sup>xlvi</sup>

In other words, Ibn 'Arabi was an artist and dartist. This is sacred ecstasy, felt when we encounter or are encountered by *wahdat al-wujud*. This requires annihilation and *is* annihilation—the eradication of anything blocking the divine light.

**Furthermore, and here enters the colossal controversy of Sufism for Islam. 'Arabi taught that everything is God. This suggests that we can experience ourselves as God, that is, made of the original light. This is not realized unless the self and its many layers of filtration have been removed. In other words, we are God only when we cease to be the locus of experience—no longer is there any self, observer, narrator, framer, philosopher, seeker, or interpreter. Complete union with God results in there being nothing left except the light and its accompanying ecstasy. The mystics dissolve into this emotional sea and only later faces the challenge of choosing words that help evoke this mystical reality that is the truest Reality.**

After this dream, Brad had a second dream. Ibn 'Arabi came to the house again. This time he didn't write a word. His presence in the room was enough to evoke the mystical experience of oneness and the resulting emotion that cannot be defined. Then Brad had a third dream of the same experience.

**And then a fourth and final dream brought a big surprise. Expecting to meet Ibn ‘Arabi downstairs again, instead I found myself at the shore of a river. There I boarded a ship. It was named the Old Ship Zion. As soon as it left the shore, the same mystical experience took place. The Old Ship Zion took a journey to the illumined unity with Creation and its Creator. I woke up startled to realize Ibn ‘Arabi was on board an old, sanctified gospel means of transportation. This spiritual ship carried us into heart of God.**

[Ship of Zion track]

After these dreams, we prayed to be led to the spiritual home that would best hold the diverse and always changing teachings of Sacred Ecstatics. A dream followed.

**I was shown a mountain. At its peak, the sun was rising. I recognized this image as a painting of Mount Fuji given to me by Osumi Sensei. I was flooded with the realization that home is *the climb* to find God. In the climbing is found the finding. This will always be something more felt than rationally understood. Fortunately, this special emotion and motion are conveyed by the saints and ships of Sacred Ecstatics.**

Another Sufi mystic, Ibn Sab‘īn, reminds us of the communion we seek as we climb: “Wujud overflows through what is known in union, and brings together the branch and the root, which is the moment of completion when the gaze is directed towards the oneness of the witnessed in the witnesser, and relates oneness solely to the One.”

**The next day after these dreams we located some old handwritten pages from an Ibn ‘Arabi text. We felt certain it was the secret placed in my pocket in the former dream and the manuscript Ibn ‘Arabi was writing at our desk. The translated title of this document is *Journey to the Lord of Power*.**

It’s also known as The Treatise of Lights. It was written in the early 13<sup>th</sup> century as a letter to one of Ibn ‘Arabi’s friends, another Sufi master. It addresses going into solitary retreat, “the advanced and potentially dangerous Sufi practice that aims at the attainment of the Presence of God,” with the warning from ‘Arabi that it “should not be undertaken except at the order of a sheikh or by one who has mastered the self.”

**It involves an ascent that passes through many realms to eventually “reach the Gardens and Throne of Mercy . . . the final destination—the Lord of Prayer.” We acquired the handwritten document from a Swiss expert in ancient Islamic texts. It now resides in the Spirit House of New Orleans.**

This coming week of the N/omastery provides a big gift: we will present these very nuanced teachings to you. It is another layer of preparation for entering the secret room, the Gardens and Throne of Mercy. The opening months of this season built the Sufi Lodge, and pointed us to the hippo that stands in the way of the sheep finding the pasture. Now we go further east and are invited by Ibn ‘Arabi to build more concentration and tumble toward the The Lord of Light.

**Before we say more, anchor this advice into your heart and mind. Over and over again, the sheikhs of old told us that “all you need is the strongest praying that, in turn, becomes the strongest ecstatic sound movement.”**

Here’s this month’s compass setting. Listen carefully:

**“Rather than pray to evoke a snore, pray to open the door.”**

Aim to pray in celebration. Celebrate that prayer is the primary experience of creation. The next time you feel fear or despair and reach for prayer, quickly shift from using it to simply return you to safety. Instead, board the Old Ship Zion and go further east. Make your prayer a celebration. This is what all of Brad’s prayer cake recordings are for. Enter into a call-and-response with them. Make praying the extreme love, supreme light, and ecstatic joy that encircles all.

**In other words, turn prayer into the mystical wheel of ecstatic sound movement.**

Reminder: the wisdom of the great Sufi mystics leads to the same source and force that fuels the n/om-kxaosi’s rope climb. The kind of praying that becomes song and dance or the singing and dancing that become a prayer-ladder to the sky together open the passage to the mundus imaginalis, the place of no-place where God and human beings meet to share the spiritual heat. Henry Corbin wakes up your lamb with his illumined words of prayer. We shared them in October. Listen to them again, and this time do so with empty ears:

**Prayer is not a request for something: it is the expression of a mode of being, a means of existing and of causing to exist, that is, a means of causing the God who reveals Himself to appear, of**

**"seeing" Him. . . Prayer is the highest form, the supreme act of the Creative Imagination. . . because in it and through it the "Form of God" becomes visible to the heart, to the Active Imagination which projects before it the image, whose receptacle is the worshiper's being in the measure of its capacity. God prays for us which means that He epiphanizes himself insofar as He is the God whom and for whom we pray.**

The Lord of Light is already at work with those who pray sincerely enough to catch the divine life-changing ray. On Dec 30, last week, we received a letter from Morten:

Hi Hi,

I just wanted to give you a quick update to keep the momentum of what I'm experiencing going.

Yesterday I was in a real muck, you know with all the drama, feeling anger and jealousy festering in me. So when I came back from work last night, I recurred to some old writings from you. One was about ceaselessly praying and advice to another guild member, it was also something about you hearing the song "I need thee" the whole night.

I decided to listen to that song and soaked in it at least 10 times, then I soaked in many other strong gospel songs. I soaked in the songs for three hours, oh what a feast for the soul, anger and jealousy just vanished and the heavenly sunshine poured in.

All day today I listened to gospel songs in the car and did intermittent prayer stops here and there. Oh what a difference it makes to ceaselessly pray! What a way to get ready for nomastery month.

Love  
Prayer Wheel

**At roughly the same time that Morten's letter arrived, Hillary and I remembered another thing that happened early last May when the Sufi saints were arriving in the house. Deszoe reported a dream that didn't make sense at the time. Today we see it was prophetic. He wrote us about five months before the Guild season began:**



I have dreamt twice that I was with you and Morten and this made me very happy! Morten was showing me fish fillets in your presence and then he pronounced the name of the last kind of fish which seemed to be very fresh and special. He said the words: "tulle fillet" and pronounced it with a French accent. Immediately after that I woke up and Googled the words to find that in English "tulle and filet" refers to a specific kind of "net fabric." It seems that Morten and you both offered me some fish, and the dream also seemed to indicate the "net fabric" that helps to catch fish. All this pointed to a bigger fabric as well: the Sacred Ecstatics Guild community that shares and multiplies the fish that are caught. We are inside its net.

Thank you with tears and love,  
Dezsoe

**Let us today rejoice that the purpose of a Sufi lodge and its community is the same as what lies in store for this January n/omastery. We are here to be caught in the mystical net of prayer.**

We are speaking of the prayer that doesn't make you snore.

**It opens the door to sacred ecstatic movement – the dhikr that is far stronger rather than Lord Hippo liquor.**

Now Ibn 'Arabi will teach us about the oneness of being and move us toward the secret room.

Prescription Instructions:

There is a secret. It's already in your pocket. It is beyond words. In fact, here are some instructions: we want you to carry this secret in your pocket, the one given to every Guild member from Ibn 'Arabi, our Great Sheikh. Take a small piece of paper, say aloud, "I'm going further east," then fold it, and carry it with you. Do not write anything on this piece of paper – its secret is for your higher imagination which is located deep inside the green forest within your heart, somewhere beyond words. Whenever you feel the need to go further east, reach in your pocket or purse and touch this piece of paper. Take it out and hold it in your hand when you pray or do sound movement. Do everything and anything to keep this secret near to remind you to get caught inside the mystical net of prayer.

Remindah from Krishnamurti: One musical string, one note, and one movement can send you straight to the mundus imaginalis and fill you with the mystery of eternal love, light, and life.

Let's tinker and experiment and find how to outfox the double hippo. Pray with celebration! Thank you, Lord, for sending us instructions that try to clear away the interference and help us awaken conductance.

Pray, move, and tinker. Do so in the n/omastery where we dampen hippo mastery and elevate higher mystery. How high? As high as Mt. Fuji. Remember: the home *is* the climb.

Thank you, Lord.

We're going further east, sailing on the Old Ship Zion.

Ibn 'Arabi is here, and now you know why.

In the garden we find the secret room. Further east to the garden we go.

### ***Sunday Chat, January 7, 2024***

We posted the following questions and tasks in our live online chat:

1. Please go get your phone. Now imagine that you are here with us in the Spirit House Lodge of New Orleans. To your shock you meet Ibn 'Arabi and find firsthand that he is a real luminous being and not a fantasy. He is actually more real than your former assumptions about reality. You feel the need to share what you just found.

Think of three people in the world you would call right now to say to them "Ibn 'Arabi is here." It can be anyone - family, friend, world leader, artist, author, musician, etc. When you have chosen three people, pick up your phone as if you're calling them and say with full sincerity: "Ibn 'Arabi is here. He's really here." Say it out loud with a tone that convinces them you are sincere and true. When you're done, tell us who you called.

2. Choose the person you feel received the message most clearly and deeply when you called them. Now call that person back and say, "I met Ibn 'Arabi. He will start teaching us tomorrow how to

journey to the Lord of Light. This is the most important day of my life. I wanted you to know." Say it out loud in a tone that convinces you that you are sincere and true. Who did you choose to call?

3. If you think it is possible that this person did not believe you or grasp the full importance, then call them again right now and use a different tone when you say the words to convey that what you are saying is real and true.

4. Spin the Saints' Wheel 3 times, knowing that these saints will help you be a well-tuned receiver when you listen to the teachings of Ibn 'Arabi this week. Tell us which 3 saints will be helping you listen to and absorb the sacred teachings.

5. Now line up these saints in rank order of who you feel will be the most helpful in teaching you to be a better receiver for Ibn 'Arabi's teachings. Please share your list with the saints' names numbered 1-3.

6. Print a copy of the text Ibn 'Arabi brought us, and write the names of your saints on this sacred manuscript and the person you selected to call a second time. You will place this somewhere in your home. Where will you place it?

7. With your finger, trace the outline of a ship around your bed. Call this the invisible Ship of Zion. When it is time to sleep, retrieve your printed copy of Ibn 'Arabi's text (with the names on it) and place it on board the ship. Then never again say, "I'm going to bed." Instead say, "I'm getting on board the Old Ship Zion with Ibn 'Arabi, my helping saints, and the one person who knows this is real for me."

Say this out loud now and make it sound real, sincere, and true. Are you onboard? Are you going further east? If so, let us all know by right now writing your affirmation in a convincing and exciting manner!

### ***The Guild Is Taken to a Mysterious Island***

Brad dreamed that the Guild was on a ship that unexpectedly pulled into an island in the middle of a vast sea. Uncertain why we stopped, we found ourselves facing a beautiful three-domed white marble structure as beautiful as the Taj Mahal. It had been built on a rock in the sea and it seemed to be a Sufi mosque or shrine in India. Behind the mosque was a volcanic rocky outcropping whose terrain was difficult to traverse.

I wondered whether it was an active volcano and would soon erupt. As we wondered where we were and what would happen next, one of our Guild members came up to us and expressed concern. “Do you think we may have been kidnapped? Do you know where our guide is taking us?” Our guide overheard our conversation and looked confused or troubled. It was not clear how to read the guide’s reaction. The Guild member asked us to quickly make plans to escape and offered to take half the group to Australia while we took the others in a different direction. Then we remembered that we were on a trustworthy ship, and while the guide may be fallible and filled with human qualities, our Captain can lead us through. Yes, the Old Ship Zion has a captain that is impervious to danger. Awakening from the dream, the old song came back to us with its lyrics, “Ain’t no danger in the water. Get on board.” We’re going further east.

The next day we discovered a mosque and shrine honoring a Sufi saint in India called Haji Ali Dargah. It is white and built on a rock on the sea. Its marble is from the same quarry as that of the Taj Mahal. The monument was built for Pir Haji Ali Shah Bukhari and is located on an islet off the coast of southern Mumbai. It is regarded as an exquisite example of Indo-Islamic Architecture.

Haji Ali Shah Bukhari had been a wealthy merchant in Bhukaram (now Uzbekistan). He gave up all his worldly possessions and devoted himself to Allah. One legend recounts that one day he saw a poor woman weeping on the side of the road. She had accidentally spilled the oil she was carrying and knew her husband would be upset when she returned home without it. Haji Ali Shah Bukhari pushed his finger into the soil and oil immediately gushed out. The woman went home happy, but Haji Ali Shah Bukhara began having a recurring dream that he had injured the earth by his action. He decided to start traveling and sailed around the world. When he landed on the shore of Mumbai, he declared it his home. There he spread Islam throughout India and became regarded as a Sufi saint. He requested that when he died his shroud be dropped in the sea, and that wherever it landed would be where he would be buried.

Another story claims that he made a pilgrimage to Mecca and along the way requested that his body be thrown into the sea if he died along the way. He never made it to Mecca so they threw his casket into the sea and it floated across the world and landed where the shrine is today. Both stories have the same ending—his body and shroud came to rest in the islet off Mumbai where the mosque and shrine was built. Today he rests in the middle of the sea on a small mound of volcanic rock. It is open to spiritual seekers of all faiths who come to receive a blessing. To reach it, you need to walk nearly 0.5 km across a causeway without any railings, with the Arabian sea all around you. The teaching of its Sufi saint is simple: give everything to God and live in complete devotion to all the qualities of God.

## *Postscript*

We read a story online about a tourist, a self-described atheist, who visited the Haji Ali Dargah. He was so moved by the beauty of the place that he thought to himself, “If ever I were to convert to Islam and believe in God, it would be here, today.” The man mentioned this to one of the guides at the shrine who responded, “Oh, here we do not help people convert, we help them revert.” In this context, the statement means more than “reverting” to one’s birth religion. It means to return to the truth of the singular Light of God, the home to which everyone belongs.

### ***The Devil Tries to Get in the N/omastery Lodge but Blocks Himself from the Light***

On January 7, 2024 we launched a special ten-day soak in Ibn ‘Arabi’s teachings from *Journey to the Lord of Power*. That same night, after the Guild traced an outline of the Old Ship Zion around their bed, several people—Brad included—dreamed that enemy agents and other dark presences were trying to come after the Guild. We celebrated this as a sign that the Light was shining bright in the N/omastery, which tends to draw out the dark combatants. Severin had an interesting dream in particular, to which Yunus Emre responded. Here is Severin’s report:

Yesterday I dreamed of the literal devil trying to nail his house shut so no light could come in. It did not really work but seemed absurdly occupying to him, so I feared less. Thank you for showing us the way of Light!

A few days later, after soaking in Ibn ‘Arabi’s second recording that included a teaching on not getting lost seeking only comfort and safety in this human realm, Severin posted:

Please Lord, help me continuously remember to relentlessly dance off the rubble, the unresponse-ability, fear of terrors, uncallability and self-absorption blocking me towards thy floods of light. Do it lord, thank you Lord! Wake me up and shake me up high! I'd rather be terrified helpless than to reside securely Hippo-dumb housed for another day!

Yunus Emre responded:

Severin Effendi, Amin! Shout this truth from the rooftops and let it ring in our ears, keeping us awake at night and even more awake during the day. There is no

safety in this human realm, but there is also no danger in this water when we're traveling on the Old Ship Zion!

I've been thinking of your dream of the Devil, nailing himself shut in a box so no light can come in. I thought: That is just like me, so much of the time. I am like the Devil who blocks himself from the Light. Then I felt like you did in the dream: "It did not really work but seemed absurdly occupying to him, so I feared less." The Devil is truly an idiot, and so am I when I follow his direction rather than the wisdom of the sheikhs.

If this is true: *The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want*

This is equally true: *The Devil is an Idiot, I shall not fear*

Like giving Lord Hippo a martini, let's let the Devil keep himself busy with his futile task so we can get on board the ship and run free in His pasture. This is a very important dream, and I'm so happy you caught it, Maestro Reverend Doctor Bow-Bow!\*

\*This is our Guild name for Severin

Then Saint J.B. Valmour, the famous Haitian blacksmith and medium from New Orleans whom Brad dreamed years ago (member of the Cercle Harmonique),<sup>xlvii</sup> chimed in:

When the n/omastery month began, we saints celebrated that the Light was shining bright inside the Spirit House of New Orleans. We were not surprised to see enemy agents (aka demons) trying to chase the light receptors away. This is how it always is when the Light enters the room.

You may ask, "What are these enemy agents, demons, or meanies that hate the Light of Lights?"

It is not what you might think and rest assured that there no reason to feed fright.

One of your Guild member light catchers (the man with many well-deserved titles) correctly found in dream that the Devil is an idiot. This is true and it provides a clue. (Be careful to think the Devil is anything other than a deceiver.)

The agents of darkness are the extreme nasty hippo qualities of the rubble world that move past the norms of a hippo commander. When selfishness,

stinginess, and pride ride too far to the left, hippo becomes a *demon* dictator. Hippo hears this name as “de man” (or as we hear it in my Caribbean birthplace, “de mon”) but other hippos may hear and fear it is a dangerous “demon.” Go ahead and change your pronunciation—it will change your definition.

All spiritual lodges and houses must sweep these distractors out of the room. When the room is clear and clean, there is a change that room conductors and saints discern.

The room became clear last night. Today the room is even fuller of light and the enemy agents swept away. Of course they will try to return and be hidden in ways invisible to the untrained mystical eye. They show up when there is a distraction that tries to pull us to another room, or when something is felt missing in a person’s expression, especially the lack of excitement that is out of whack with the high celebratory vibration presently in circulation.

We, the saints, shall be diligent in keeping this room clean, for we are on a journey to the Lord of Light. We are led by the Sheikh of Sheiks and the saints of Scared Ecstatics. Ibn ‘Arabi is here. And I, J. B. Valmour, am also here. Most importantly, Jeeesus is our Captain and there is no danger in the water when you are on the Old Ship Zion. Our Captain is a Kalahari Lion steering the Old Ship Zion. Shhh! That’s a secret.

Get on board and get to work! One more thing: my blacksmith shop is open for business. My fire is hot and it is ready to melt the strongest iron.

### ***How to Soak in Ibn ‘Arabi’s Transmissions***

On Day Three of the Ibn ‘Arabi series, we posted the following advice:

\*Consider these audio productions as a special opportunity for heightened ecstatic sound movement. Their words are mojo medicinals, holy interventions, higher attunements, luminous-numinous stimulants, trickster repellents, and divine attractants.

\*Use whole body listening where aligned movements help catch sacred emotion, sacred vibration, and divine electricity—all more important than verbal understanding.

\*Yet focus on letting the words come in and doctor your vessel, whether the words are consciously understood or not. Deeper parts of your mind hear everything. (Concentration on hearing the

words helps your body be subject to less conscious control, for your consciousness is fully attending to the flood of words.)

\*Ibn is the Sheikh of Sheikhs—he is nothing like the best-selling popular spiritual teachers of our time. Thank you, Lord. Appreciate being able to soak in a great, true, and real mystic’s wisdom. Say “Thank you, Lord” often as you listen and say it like you mean it.

\*Ibn ‘Arabi is here. This means he and the other sheikhs and saints are really here. They are watching and listening to you. They are waiting to see who is opening the door to the heart so they can clean away its rust.

\*This is happening. Your lamb is excited. Let Lamb celebrate. Your hippo is likely less expressive of thrill and may even feel ill for it knows the bull shit has now hit the proverbial fan. Lean the hippo toward the green pasture. Envision the lamb having a fire station party and step into its form, doing so with creative imagination. Mundus imaginalis is calling you home.

\*The degree of reception of each transmission is found in your degree of preparation—this is also indicated and further addressed by the degree of excitation you express with your response to each Ibn ‘Arabi post.

\*Let your lamb celebrate. This requires discipline to ignore the hippo’s call to hesitate and frustrate opening the heart to the great sheikhs and saints who have come to get you on board the Old Ship of Zion.

\*Plug in now like your newborn life depends on it.

### ***A Message from the Blacksmith, J.B. Valmour***

We posted the following comment online in the midst of the Ibn ‘Arabi teachings:

NEWS FROM SAINT J. B. VALMOUR, FORMER BLACKSMITH, MEDIUM, AND HEALER OF NEW ORLEANS:

When the n/omastery month began, we saints celebrated that the Light was shining bright inside the Spirit House of New Orleans. We were not surprised to



see enemy agents (aka demons) trying to chase the light receptors away. This is how it always is when the Light enters the room.

You may ask, “What are these enemy agents, demons, or meanies that hate the Light of Lights?”

It is not what you might think and rest assured that there no reason to feed fright.

One of your Guild member light catchers (the man with many well-deserved titles) correctly found in dream that the Devil is an idiot. This is true and it provides a clue. (Be careful to think the Devil is anything other than a deceiver.)

The agents of darkness are the extreme nasty hippo qualities of the rubble world that move past the norms of a hippo commander. When selfishness, stinginess, and pride ride too far to the left, hippo becomes a *demon* dictator. Hippo hears this name as “de man” (or as we hear it in my Caribbean birthplace, “de mon”) but other hippos may hear and fear it is a dangerous “demon.” Go ahead and change your pronunciation—it will change your definition.

All spiritual lodges and houses must sweep these distractors out of the room. When the room is clear and clean, there is a change that room conductors and saints discern.

The room became clear last night. Today the room is even fuller of light and the enemy agents swept away. Of course they will try to return and be hidden in ways invisible to the untrained mystical eye. They show up when there is a distraction that tries to pull us to another room, or when something is felt missing in a person’s expression, especially the lack of excitement that is out of whack with the high celebratory vibration presently in circulation.

We, the saints, shall be diligent in keeping this room clean, for we are on a journey to the Lord of Light. We are led by the Sheikh of Sheiks and the saints of Scared Ecstasies. Ibn ‘Arabi is here. And I, J. B. Valmour, am also here. Most importantly, Jeesus is our Captain and there is no danger in the water when you are on the Old Ship Zion. Our Captain is a Kalahari Lion steering the Old Ship Zion. Shhh! That’s a secret.

Get on board and get to work! One more thing: my blacksmith shop is open for business. My fire is hot and it is ready to melt the strongest iron.

### ***Morten Goes Through the Window***

On January 12<sup>th</sup>, Morten posted the following report online:

Last night after getting into that Old Ship of Zion, I opened the window and heard the waves crashing. The sound of that expanded my being. I felt like a part of those waves. I heard a voice inside say get out of the shell, get out of the shell, being in the shell is hell, get out of the shell...

Let's get out of the shell. It's enough with the hell! Let's hear the swell of the crashing wave telling us all is well, get out of the shell!

We responded:

Thank you, Morten! Yes, let's get out of the shell.  
The small room is hell.  
Are you praying in hell?  
Get on board the Old Ship Zion  
Hear the swell of the crashing wave  
Let the former room die and be washed away  
The Old Ship Zion will take you to the Sufi Lodge in First Creation  
Inside the big Sacred Ecstasics room, community gathers  
It does not splinter and hide in the dark  
It does not remain or travel to another hippo water hole  
The Old Ship Zion takes you to the anointed prayer room  
When you enter its space, you erase former habits and act differently  
In the Lodge, you pray differently, dhikr differently, praise differently  
Hear Morten's call: get out of the shell that is hell, and hear the wave swell  
On board the Old Ship Zion, pray to go further east  
Land in the Guild Lodge  
Feel Ibn 'Arabi is here.  
Praise it!  
Radiate expressive action that is a contagion of excitation

Do it, Lord!

***Spirit House Meeting 14: Out of Office Message, Crossroads Questions, Prescription—Entering Morten’s Window to the Old Ship Zion  
(January 13, 2024)***

Yesterday, we made the following recommendation for action:

**Create an OOO (out-of-office) message for any distracting spiritual advice or advisor that takes you away from the Old Ship Zion that is holding this Guild community. If a ghost spiritual advisor, like the author of a pop book or a present acquaintance, whispers in your ear, imagine responding with your OOO.**

This reminder helps you stay on board with the whole Guild and its adventure on a sanctified ship bound for glory.

**Better yet, make this OOO an OOR (out-of-reality) message.**

Thank you, Shari Effendi! Advice for everyone: Next time your Trickster self comes callin’, play it that message and get back on board the ship sailing further east.

**Ibn ‘Arabi teaches that at every step, every realm, and every situation there is a test: do you choose to be mesmerized and enamored by its offerings, or do you choose to solely concentrate on prayer and ecstatic sound movement that gives praise to the Creator?**

Translation: do you choose outcome-based living (this comes with causality, reductionism, reaching for hippo fulfillment of pleasure, my will be done, observation peeking rather than interaction, assessment obsession . . .) or do you choose to dissolve in the Light of Life (less and less self, more and more Light)?

**Example: Jesus, the Lion King and EEEland Effendi, went on a 40-day prayer vast in the desert. The devil offered J’s hippo every physical, psychological, biological, and spiritual gift in the treasure box. J decided to be a lamb on a journey to nightingale and Light when he chose to solely worship the Lord.**

Forgo mesmerism and chose the ecstatic wakeup call—the journey to the Lord of Love, Light, and Second Life (with second eyes and second senses woven as one sacred emotion).

**But since our hippos all love to take diagnostic quizzes and questionnaires about the self, let's go ahead and pose some questions to the Nice Hippo Aiming to Become a Sheep:**

Joseph Hart's question: "Do I choose the visionary revelations of which I had formed some wild idea—or to be content with trusting to the low, despised mystery of a crucified man?"

**Here is a modern-day translation: "Do I choose the psychological diagnostic labels of which an entire culture has formed some wild idea—or to conduct my spiritual practices with no need for constant checking on my mental/emotional condition?"**

Another version: "Do I choose to assess all spiritual teachings according to how they relate to my own experience, or do I choose to act without needing to understand, knowing that my mirror-gazing, outcome-based hippo habits are so entrenched I cannot trust what I think?"

**Finally, we ask Morten Effendi's crossroads question: "Do I choose to remain in the hell of this shell, or do I open the window and get swallowed by ceaseless prayer and the ocean of God's Love?"**

Today Morten drew the outline of a ship around his house. He did it twice—on the inside and on the outside. He prayed and sang The Old Ship Zion when he did this. For this monastery month, this is our Ship of Zion. That's right, the Guild will board this ship in First Creation Norway where Morten will help you get on board. Let's get on board right now. All aboard. Go in through the door. Envision you are in Morten's prayer room which is now our Ship Zion. What are we gonna do here?

**We're gonna open the window of this ship. Open the window, Brother Morten. (Morten got up in the meeting and opened his window.) Let's imagine hearing the waves crash and wash away all that interferes with feeling the Holy Spirit wind. After today's meeting, make sure you have Morten's window attached to your wall. When it's time to get on board the Old Ship Zion close your eyes and imagine getting on board, walking through Morten's open prayer door. Then open your eyes and look for Morten's ship window that is now on your room wall. Imagine opening it and reaching for the sea as you pray.**

When you pray right and with all your heart, you'll get smaller and smaller. A hand will grab hold of your hand and pull you toward the sea. Reach for that hand. Hold on. In an instant you'll travel across the sea and land here in the Spirit House of New Orleans. Take a look at where you'll land:



(Tapduk Emre's Lodge from the Yunus Emre TV series adorned with flowers)

**Get on board each and every day as often as possible. This is n/omastery month when anything can happen as long as you get on board the ship Zion and travel to the big room of Sacred Ecstatics which this season takes us further east. The port begins wherever you are, and it only takes a few seconds to get there- so no excuses. The boarding takes place on the Old Ship Zion in Norway. There you get small enough to be pulled through the portal window—into the sea where you travel all the way to New Orleans where the sheikhs and saints await you.**

Let's remember to not be distracted from anything except prayer that becomes dhikr that becomes stronger prayer that becomes stronger dhikr, doing so round and round the mystical wheel that turns the room into a higher reality.

***Preparing the Room for Retreat, List of Teachings and Metaphors Thus Far***

On January 18<sup>th</sup>, we posted the following instructions online:

On Saturday, we begin a special retreat that leaves the world behind to provide you an opportunity for concentrating on prayer and ecstatic sound movement, the most able means of spiritual transportation.

Today and tomorrow you are invited to **prepare the physical space** where you will conduct your retreat:

\*Fill the room where you will be during your retreat with anything and everything we created during this season's journey further east. (see the list below). *Enjoy this process of going back through our main prescriptions, themes, and metaphors. Do it with sacred emotion.*

\*If you wish, add posters, banners, flags, images, and thematic words we have drawn upon this season.

\*Include the prayer cake lines you have practiced.

\*Hang a sign on your door that says, "Going further east! Retreat in progress."

\*Make sure Morten's window is within sight.

\*Add another tracing of a ship around the perimeter of your room—a larger Old Ship Zion than the one around your bed. Each ship is for a different realm or dimension for your ceremonial ascension and descension—the ship around your bed, around the room, and the Guild ship at Morten's harbor in Norway.

\*Make sure that the items placed in your room are associated with Sacred Ecstatics. Have all books and texts of Sacred Ecstatics near you/accessible. (See the [Mystical Library](#), password is Gertrude.)

\*Don't forget you have a Practice Book!

\*For the purpose of concentration, please remove spiritual items from other lineages that we don't share together as a Guild community.

\*The scent of a rose is also nice if it reminds you why you are here.

\*Go back through former entries in Circle—anything that reaches for you, go ahead and include it in the room.

\*Write or tape the words, “Yes, Lord” across the width of your room (on the floor or hung on a string in the air). Consider it an axis of mystery.

Post in the comments below what you have done to prepare your room and share photos!

Please consider printing out other Guild room photos for your wall.

Rooms within rooms, realms within realms, ships within ships, seas within seas, mysteries within mysteries, revelations within revelations. Go ahead and write out this sentence and have it ready to place under your pillow on Saturday.

**Today and Friday, you build your retreat room.** To build a new, clean heart and unlock a revelation, drop the self and reach for the emptiness required to be filled by the Light. The saints and prophets have your number. No word games and trickster claims get by their higher senses. Make sure you have done enough to enter the room, and are ready to hear the phone ring, see the light climb, and feel the unlocked heart rise.

Amen Effendis! Let us enjoy preparing our rooms!

Handy List of this Season’s Prescriptions and Themes:

Prescriptions this Season, with date of Spirit House Meeting where they were launched.

- Every night, eat a strawberry and say, “I’m going further east.” (September 30)
- The puzzle of LIGHT with a blank card that changes color (October 7)
- The left hand mundus mudra (October 14)
- Collecting jars of air (October 21)
- We will luckify you! (October 28)
- Creating an image of a ladder with 45 steps (November 4)
- Draw a lightning bolt on your blank puzzle piece and remember; the gap is in the zap (November 18, Spirit House Meeting on moving from hippo, to sheep, to lamb. November 11 Spirit House Meeting was on the 7 Sufi Stages of Self.)
- The Bushmen have named you Po. Write this down: “The gap between hippo and sheep is Po” (November 19 Chat on the Sufi mystical diet)

- Every night before you go to sleep, read these written words: “Every night, I climb the ladder to sacred ecstasy. Thank you, Lord.” (November 25)
- Draw your cabin in the woods. (One wall now has a colorful mural on it dreamed later by Brad)(December 2)
- Book of Love - you have 3 sentences in your Book of Love (Chat December 3)
- There is a secret in your pocket from the Great Sheikh – fold up a piece of paper, write nothing on it. (January 6)
- Morten’s window on your wall (January 13)

List of the Themes September through December:

- Go further east: I’m going further east
- Ibn Arabi is here
- Have a strawberry
- There is a puzzle of light; please reshuffle the word “light”
- Taking a trip to the mundus imaginalis: we met the green mothers
- Breathe your jars of air
- We will luckify you
- 45, 7, 2
- Hippos, to Sheep, to Nightingales
- Go on a Sufi diet
- The Bushmen renamed everyone Po: Po is the gap between hippo and sheep
- Every night I climb the ladder to sacred ecstasy
- Book of Love – you have three sentences.
- You have spirit house cabin on Sacred Ecstasics ground
- There is a mural on the side of your cabin

LAMB LADDER CLIMBING UP

**L**ight

**A**nnihilation of self

**M**iddle wobble

**B**ow before the empty bowl

LAMB LADDER CLIMBING DOWN



Love  
Absurd tickler  
Mango tango  
Back to earth

#### HIPPO LADDER FOR CLIMBING UP

Heaven is the haven for expanding my kingdom, my power, and my glory  
I am a god  
Positive thinking and tension reduction is higher emotion  
Possession is the progression  
Ownership is the cornerstone

#### *HIPPO LADDER FOR CLIMBING DOWN*

Heaven is my fantasy land  
I am what I am, a great and humble I Am  
Piss off every religion  
Possession is back to stay—a worthy obsession  
Ownership of material, psychological, and spiritual things—that’s my thing

#### ***Brad Dreams of a Railroad Station***

Two nights before we launched our first day-long retreat into the Secret Room, Brad had a dream that a voice said, “Tell everyone to meet us at the railroad station.”

#### ***Shari Receives an Anointment***

Recently, Shari and Amy spent three days with us in New Orleans. During this time Brad told Hillary that he felt they are on their way to receiving an anointment for a spiritual role in the Sacred Ecstasies Guild. We gave them tests and they successfully passed them.

Two days ago, Brad felt Shari had received her anointment, but we decided that we must do this the old and true way — after we receive visionary confirmation from the other side that it is time to announce her gift. That same night, Brad dreamed we were to announce that everyone

should gather at the old railroad station (Union Station) in New Orleans. Yesterday we posted the image of the train station mentioned in the dream.

As you know from Shari's response in the comments, she had been there in vision before—back in 2017. Shari wrote:

My jaw dropped when I saw the picture above — the old Union Station in New Orleans. I have never seen a picture of it before. It is the exact image of a rail station I dreamt years ago, while attending a Sacred Ecstasies intensive in Budapest. Everything — the brick arches, the covered sidewalk to the right, the single-story part of the building extending behind to the left, the period in time, the position of the pole in front, and even the angle of the photo are exactly how I saw the rail station. In my dream it was night-time, with light snow falling, and a young bride was standing right on the corner outside the station.

We are re-posting here the visionary report she sent us back in 2017:

First night in Budapest. June 6, 2017

*Hi Brad & Hillary,*

I had a sweet dream Wednesday night, before teachings began Thursday morning: I am a young teenage girl, full of energy and joy, living in olden, simpler times. I've been taken in by a family and culture that were not original to me. Everyone around, including me, seems to be blonde.

Our home is long, narrow, and tall. It has no walls or roof, but is supported by sturdy wooden 2x4 framing. This wood is honey colored and strikes me as especially vibrant. I'm on an upper floor, playing an invented hop-scotch game in the long hallway, using books like steppingstones. The house is a happy place that buzzes with life. It overlooks a train platform where people and families are coming and going. It is near a boatyard where large wooden ships are made.

I overhear the parents saying it is almost time for the next girl to be given in marriage. There is a very great air of excitement in me and everyone. They don't say my name, but I know this girl is me. They are saying it is almost time for a special night-before-the-wedding ritual. In this ritual, the bride-to-be waits till her betrothed has fallen asleep in his tent. Once he is asleep, she is to enter the tent and sit beside him while he sleeps, watching and feeling the rhythm of his

breathing. This continues all night long, watching and feeling his breathing. This brings them in harmony and rhythm before the wedding the next day. I know I am about to be called for this and am so happy.

The dream ends on the train platform, where I see a radiant brown-haired girl, wearing a gold satin cape trimmed with fur, and a matching hat with a pointed top and pointed corners. She is beaming and has obviously just gotten married.

What stood out about this dream was the great joy throughout, and my desire to immerse myself in breathing of my beloved. I have no words for this.

Much love, Shari

### *Our Commentary*

The night Brad dreamed of old Union Station and called the Guild to gather there, we had arctic wind blow through Louisiana dropping the temperature way below freezing. Our ground was covered with a little bit of ice and in a few places in the area, some light snow fell.

Here are some of the words a pointer's eyes now see glowing in Shari's visionary report that we can share with you:

*. . . I'm a young teenage girl... full of energy and joy, living in olden, simpler times. I've been taken in by a family and culture that were not original to me. . . she is at the beginning of a new spiritual life and has been adopted by a spiritual family (adopted by spiritual parents and their spiritual ancestors).*

*. . . Everyone around, including me, seems to be blonde. . . of course everyone is blonde—we just got on the Old Ship Zion from Norway (we are Norwegian travelers with Morten)—Yes, the friends enjoy humor too!*

*. . . no walls or roof . . . sturdy framing. . . I'm on an upper floor . . . Hello, hi, hi! What else need be said!?*

*I'm playing an invented hop-scotch game in the long hallway, using books like steppingstones. . . Preparation on earth is studying the teachings, making the vessel ready for ascent. Hopping across the steppingstones, one step at a time, is practice for climbing the ladder.*

*The house is a happy place that buzzes with life. It overlooks a train platform where people and families are coming and going. It is near a boatyard where large wooden ships are made. Both ships and trains are modes of spiritual transportation. Let us sing: "Do you know what it means to not miss the bliss of old New Orleans?" Welcome to the Spirit House of New Orleans, located in the port city which is the destination on our journey from Norway!*

*. . . almost time for a special night-before-the-wedding ritual. In this ritual, the bride-to-be waits till her betrothed has fallen asleep in his tent. Once he is asleep, she is to enter the tent and sit beside him while he sleeps, watching and feeling the rhythm of his breathing. This continues all night long, watching and feeling his breathing. This brings them in harmony and rhythm before the wedding the next day . . .*

Effendis, the night-before-the-wedding-ritual is called “retreat,” the experience we begin tomorrow. In the lineage of the St. Vincent Shakers, your pointers (presently enacted by us) traditionally need a helper. This anointed role is called a Spiritual Nurse. They sit by the seeker’s side (in St. Vincent, there can be a whole group in the secret room) and help make sure their dhikr is aligned with the holy breath that moves the spheres and clears the atmosphere for mystery to come through . . . this is done by the nurse making sure his or her dhikr is aligned with the pointers, the lineage, the saints, the prophets, and God.

The rest of the vision is for Shari and will unfold in God’s time, but please know this: all spiritual anointments are forms of preparing for a spiritual wedding—ultimate union with God. Receiving the anointment is also an invitation to marry, in varying degrees of concentration, the spiritual lineage.

Each anointed role invites union with the beloved source from which all our friends, prophets, saints, sheiks, conductors, pointers, and helpers are aligned, inseparable in their relation to One and All. Though roles differ, their alignment to the main line to God is the same; everyone in the line is in absorption with the prayer and ecstatic sound movement. In the upper room, the anointed ones are moving the prayer wheel in a manner that is aligned with everyone in the lineage all the way back to God’s original breath. The others in the room are helped by being amidst this concentration.

Spiritual anointments bring greater responsibility for more work and devotion—you are then expected to work harder for more concentration on prayer and ecstatic sound movement, along with less attention to self. Recall that the highest anointment is found in the utmost realm—there you receive the gift of being eradicated. Hilarious, isn’t it? Seriously, you are made empty to hold more light.

Remember (speaking to your Lamb who remembers): spiritual matters pull us out of time as it functions in the second realm (our human realm, or Second Creation). Here linear clock time is what the Sufis call a sword that separates us from God. Through dhikr, we enter into God’s eternity—this is absorption in the Moment.

This Moment, Shari has stepped into the anointment formerly dreamed. Now she owns it. She will be serving as an anointed Spiritual Nurse beginning tomorrow. Amy will be assisting her as she will be assisting Amy in this helping role. (Amy is inseparable from what is going on in the upper room, but that is all we can say for now.)

Thank you, Lord, for blessing Spiritual Nurse Shari. Thank you, Lord. MEET US AT THE TRAIN STATION AND GET READY TO TRAVEL!



***Guild Retreat: Entering the Secret Room—January 20, 2024***

A few days before the retreat, we sent the following letter to the Guild:

Greetings Guild!

This whole Guild season, and especially these last ten days of teachings from Ibn ‘Arabi, have been preparing us to enter the Secret Room of prayer and cooked devotion. The teachings have been received, and now it is time for them to sink more deeply into you through heightened concentration.

This ceremony will take place on Saturday, January 20th. We’ll begin with our first post in Circle at 9am CST, and continue posting every hour, on the hour until 3pm CST. After that we will continue to post throughout the night. On Sunday at 2pm CST there will be a time and space to share your experiences.

Here are further important details:

- This day of prayer and ESM will be done in seclusion. We will all be doing it together, but we will not have space for comments online (with some exceptions). We recommend refraining from social interaction both with other Guild members and/or friends and family (do your best according to your particular situation). If you are physically with another Guild member, avoid extraneous chitchat and help each other concentrate.
- Aim to remain in the Secret Room from 9am CST Saturday all the way through Sunday at 2pm CST when we will open a space in Circle for sharing. Depending on your time zone, you may go to bed when you wish, and when you wake up in the morning continue with any posts you missed. (For Australians/New Zealander: This experience will be taking place Sunday/Monday.)
- We will be fasting from solid food on Saturday and invite you to join us (to the degree you are medically able). Best to avoid worldly liquids (to the degree you are medically able). You may drink First Creation water, milk, mezcal, and the like. But only if it is unseen and not poured with the desire for hippo power. No surfing the internet outside of your link to the Spirit House Lodge, no television, no entertainment, no extraneous reading . . . no anything that takes you to another room.
- Consider this a hippo fast and a Sacred Ecstatics Lodge prayer-dhikr feast for the lamb and nightingale hiding within you.
- You may conclude your fast Sunday morning if you wish, or keep going through Sunday at 2pm CST.
- Each online post will contain some instructions for prayer, ESM, or a prescription for action. Again, in between posts, refrain from any activity that will pull you out of the Secret Room (internet surfing, social media, chitchat, phone calls, TV, podcasts, novels, newspapers, etc.) We are here to concentrate on the holy material at hand.

This is the first time in Sacred Ecstatics history that we have undertaken this kind of mystical ceremony together with this level of focused concentration. Though it will take effort on your part, you can also expect lots of excitation, exhilaration, joy, and surprise! Let us rejoice that we're joining the saints and sheikhs of old in New Orleans. First get on board the Old Ship Zion! Then travel further east! Welcome to the Lodge of the Spirit House, a real Praise House of the Lord. Ibn 'Arabi is here—let's greet and meet the Friends with our full body, mind, heart, and soul. Amin!

Beginning at 9am on Saturday, every hour we posted instructions and delivered them, along with performing the dhikr. Here is the first post:

Welcome to The Sacred Ecstatics Guild Retreat! As is customary for spiritual retreats that seek a journey closer to the Lord of Light, you are being given a special dhikr at the onset. This is also called a password or prayer key that both opens the door and helps keep you inside the anointed room.

You will be wed to this dhikr, following how Yunus repeated his assigned dhikr with devotion, sacred emotion, and aligned motion. Your purpose is to have one purpose: full concentration on your dhikr.

Here is the basic way you will use your dhikr: Repeat it aloud over and over again, nonstop. You may also repeat it internally, but make sure you dedicate some time to saying it aloud. This includes when you are sitting, walking, conducting an assigned task, or lying down. You already know this means expressing the dhikr with all of you becoming a swaying Sufi lamp. In addition, we will give other instructions for using the dhikr throughout the day.

When the dhikr absorbs you, the world that includes you, the “self,” is left behind. This is entry to the mystical lodge, the Spirit House of New Orleans, or the House of the Lord with its many First Creation changing forms.

You may enter it wide awake, asleep in dream, or in the in-between states (reverie, daydream, and the creative imagination of mundus imaginalis). Whether you are in the mystery room or not depends on two things:

- (1) concentration on the dhikr that leads to absorption in its sacred emotion
- (2) dissolution of the self and its trickster thoughts that name, assess, mirror gaze, and daze the mind.

Everything you do should aim to dive into the tones, beats, words, and movements of your dhikr. If you find yourself in dream, remember to say your dhikr, for even in dream trickster will lead you astray. Remembering your dhikr in a dream arises only when you have planted it deep within while awake during the day.

If you find yourself experiencing a reverie or daydream, be it a whole or partial encounter with mystery, say the dhikr before you get lost thinking about it and talking internally about it—the latter is a trickster dhikr.

Our job as lodge custodians is to help you concentrate. We will deliver messages and instructions as they come to us from the saints, sheikhs, and prophets, and we will exemplify how to concentrate and absorb.

Here is your password from on high: “I shall dwell in the House of the Lord forever.”

Here are some additional special instructions for how to hold this password or dhikr in your body, in addition to repeating it with all of you involved. Here are the instructions: write the words, “I shall” in the palm of your left hand and write the word, “forever” in the palm of your right hand. Then, with your finger, tap vertically over your heart, beginning at the bottom and climbing up. Make one tap for each word—like this . . . this is tap language and when you feel each tap is holy, call this Tapduk inscription.

[say these in reverse order]

Lord  
the  
Of  
House  
the  
in  
dwell

As you say your dhikr, feel these words move across your left and right hands, with the middle felt as a vertical climb of the heart seeking to be cleaned of rust and filled with Light. Feel free to Tapduk your middle climb at any time.

That’s it for now. We’ll put these instructions online so you can read them carefully.

Ibn ‘Arabi is here. All the sheikhs, saints, prophets are here. The Lord of Light is here. Let’s do something about it—dive into your dhikr to remember where you came from, why you are here, and where you are going. Moment on!



Subsequent posts mainly included instructions on listening to an ecstatic audio track or prayer cake track, inserting the dhikr in a way that was aligned with the tracks. In Video 3, we recited Yunus Emre's poem, "Is He A lover?"

One who does not sacrifice his soul for the sake of Love

-Is he a Lover?

One who does not struggle to reach the Friend

-Is he a Lover?

One who does not sip from the Cup of Love,

One who does not abandon the desires of the self,

One who does not stand like a Man on the way to God

-Is he a lover?

One who does not wholeheartedly strengthen

the Love of the Friend,

One who does not close the role of worldly aspirations

-Is he a Lover?

One who is not always in abstention,

One who does not observe retreat,

One who does not see any trace of the Face of the Beloved

-Is he a Lover?

In love, there is no room for mere acquaintanceship,

And not every soul can ascend to Heaven,

One who does not burn in the fire like a moth

-Is he a Lover?

When one is stricken with Love's Affliction

He demands the remedy,

One who does not seek the remedy for his Affliction

-Is he a Lover?

O Yunus,

Endure the cruelties of your Friend,  
One whose heart is not wounded with the arrow of Love  
-Is he a Lover?

Translated by Ersin Balci

We then gave the following instruction (in Video 4) for drawing the dhikr:

Drawing the dhikr. Grab any kind of marking instrument and surface.

1. **Dot:** Begin with dots. For each word of the dhikr, make a dot on the paper. Let's do it now. Let's get Georges Seurat on this. (Demonstrate).
2. **Line:** Now, let's draw a straight line as you say the dhikr aloud. Let's take our line for a walk with Paul Klee. Don't let your pen leave the paper. (demonstrate)
3. **Circle:** Let's move to a circle. Draw a complete circle as you repeat the dhikr – consider this the Cercle Harmonique of New Orleans. (demonstrate)
4. **Free-form:** Finally, we are going to play two audio tracks (Reverend Hickman and Sister Gertrude Morgan's "Power"). Allow your hand to draw a free-form line as you listen. Let the emotion move your hand and keep the dhikr going. Stay focused on the dhikr, let it move your hand.

In Video 5, (at 2pm), we played James Moore's "God Don't Need No Matches," and Willie Mae Ford Smith's, "Canaan Land." We also posted the following instructions with a new, second, dhikr:

Amin, Effendis! Glory! Hallelujah! That concludes the live-video portion of our retreat. We will remain in retreat with you and continue posting online at 4pm, 6pm, 8pm, 10pm, 12am, 3am, 6am, and 9am (New Orleans time).

Your instructions are to continue saying your new dhikr: "**The lovers of God are ablaze.**" It is also okay if the first dhikr, "I shall dwell in the house of the Lord forever," pops in for an occasional reprise!

Repeat your dhikr while doing all actions: sitting, drawing/painting, walking, resting, and even dreaming. When we post an audio track, repeat your dhikr along with it. You may also repeat your dhikr while re-watching any of the videos from today or soaking in any of the 10 Ibn 'Arabi teaching tracks.

We will remain in the Secret Room with you until it's bedtime at the Spirit House of New Orleans and will be in retreat again with you bright and early Sunday morning. At 2pm CST Sunday we'll make a space online for sharing.

Depending on your time zone, feel free to set your alarm clock to wake up for any of the posts that will arrive for you in the middle of the night!

Yunus wants to know: are you a lover?

The lovers of God are ablaze!

### *The Full Posting Schedule*

Note: Many people stayed awake or set their alarms to go off when a post was coming in.

9 am Video 1: Opening script + dhikr: "I shall dwell in the House of the Lord forever"

10 am Video 2: We perform dhikr

11 am Video 3: Hillary reads poem by Yunus "Is He A Lover?"

12 pm Video 4: Drawing Your Dhikr

1 pm We posted Brad's "himma recording."

2 pm Video 5: Improv + dhikr "**The lovers of God are ablaze**"; We performed the dhikr with random selections from other Ibn 'Arabi and Yunus Emre material, with other prayers thrown in. We also played James Moore's "God Don't Need No Matches," and Willie Mae Ford Smith's, "Canaan Land."

4 pm Track: Ibn 'Arabi is here to guide

Instructions: The lovers of God are ablaze!

Before you listen to the track, do the following. Stand in the middle of your room. Close your eyes, and *slowly* turn in a circle three times. Then open your eyes and notice the first thing you see (your eyes should land on something you put in the room for the retreat. If not, then close your eyes and turn again).

Look at it, and then greet it by bowing to it like a dervish with a hand over your heart while saying aloud, "Thank you, Lord!" Please write down what you saw.

Now, it's soaking time! Don't forget to say your dhikr in the spaces between words.

#### 6 pm Mother Fatima Enters the Room

Instructions: Before listening to the track below, "Fatima," ask Mother Fatima to join you in your secret room: "Mother Fatima, please come in and blow your holy wind." Say it until you feel you have sincerely expressed this request. Now soak in this track and remember to allow your dhikr, "the lovers of God are ablaze," to arise in the spaces between words.

#### 8 pm Track: Rumi

Instructions: Before you soak in this track, remember the words of your first dhikr that are written on your palms and over your heart: "I shall...dwell in the house of the Lord...forever." Now feel them begin to glow with holy light. As you soak in the track below, direct this light to someone or somewhere in the world that you feel needs a beam of God's warm love. Don't think about it too much; just decide where you'll offer this light and then **focus all your concentration on the track and your dhikr**. The more you concentrate on listening and dhikr-ing, the steadier the light will shine. Trust that higher hands will ensure it is directed where it needs to go.

#### 10 pm Ibn 'Arabi Plays Music Through Brad

Instructions: The lovers of God are ablaze! One night last summer after Ibn 'Arabi entered the Spirit House of New Orleans, Brad heard music throughout the night and felt the Sheikh nearby. He woke up the next morning and asked Ibn 'Arabi to take over his hands and play through him. It resulted in this musical track. With your dhikr at the ready, please soak in this track and feel Ibn 'Arabi's music play through you, too.

#### 12 Track: Islamic Prayer Call

Your directions are simple: Answer the call to prayer! Listen to the track and remember your dhikr. Now that your heart has been softened by hours of concentration, if there are other prayers you

wish to share with God, including prayers for others, you may offer them now. Then soak in the track again. Amin!

3am Track: Suhrawardi light

Welcome to the words of Suhrawardi, the 12th Century Persian mystic known as the Master of Illumination. Let us enter Climate 8 together, traveling on the mystery of his words. This is extremely deep mystery. Sink into it.

There is a light  
there is a light  
there is a light that shines...  
And the lovers of God are ablaze!

6 am Track: Prayer Cake—He Leadeth Me

This is our second to last post of the retreat! We're serving you up a good old-fashioned prayer cake. But now you have a dhikr to add to the mix: *the lovers of God are ablaze*. And if our first dhikr wants to make a reprise, welcome it in— *I shall dwell in the house of the Lord forever*. Thank you, Ibn 'Arabi, for being here! It is glorious to be further east!

9 am: We ended the retreat with the following post:

Welcome back, effendis! You have a new dhikr waiting for you. Keep it going inside of you until we meet this afternoon for a live gathering at 2:00pm CST.

Here is your dhikr:

“Love is the mission of my life.”

After you feel you own this latest dhikr, bring all three dhikrs into play:

“I shall live in the House of the Lord forever.”

“The lovers of God are ablaze.”

“Love is the mission of my life.”

We've opened the comments, and we'd like for you to share your experience in retreat with the Guild community. We ask that you especially remember any moments in which you felt peaks of sacred emotion, that is, when your heart was softened and moved to feel concentration on the Lord of Light. Of course, you may share any special dreams that came your way. Please remember your dhikrs as you write.

Thank you to our spiritual nurses, Shari and Amy, for supporting this retreat! Thank you, God, for making all of this possible and seeing us through! Thank you Ibn 'Arabi and all the cooked saints and sheikhs of old. It's a new day!

### *Post Retreat Comments*

We were blown away by the sacred emotion surging through the comments left by Guild members on the final day of the retreat. Here are three examples:

Comment from Dominic:

Praise be to the Lord of Light from whom we have come and to whom we shall return! Thank you to all the saints whose love and guidance has brought us to this moment, and through all the moments the led to it. Thank you, Brad and Hillary, for pouring your heart and soul into this Guild and into all of the tracks we have soaked in over the last day, and the last month! Thank you, Shari and Amy, for your steadfast devotion to serving as our spiritual nurses through these many hours of prayer! I was deeply moved by the re-telling of the story of Mother Fatima and her ecstatic love for God even in the face of suffering and tribulations, by the invitation to direct holy light to others or elsewhere in the world (especially on the second, less sleepy listening!), and by the invitation to pray for others in response to the most beautiful and haunting call to prayer. This brought me to tears of contrition for others in my life I have not always been good to. Thank you for your mercy and forgiveness, Lord. I faltered many times and even forgot my dhikr when awaking from sleep. Thank you, Lord for hope and remembrance and a new beginning when we feel despair or sorrow. Thank you for another opportunity to feel closer to Thee. We need Thee, Lord. Do it, Lord! Make us sweet and nice. Thank you to the whole Guild for sharing this experience of prayer. Finally, thank you for "Love don't need no matches", which never loses its Holy Ghost power! Amen.

Comment from Esther:

Praise be the One to Whom All praise is due now and forever! Thanks to the lineages that offer their lines God so that we may find that lifeline! Thanks to the Mothers and the Fathers who make a path for us to be born again to see the world with fresh eyes! And dear Brad and Hillary....may you be showered with blessings always! Masterfully, you have filled our cups! They are overflowing, bursting forth a river that is journeying east into the vast ocean of Love. God's loving concern burns through you.

Dear Effendis, your words above have softened my heart my into an absolute mush! You were felt and loved throughout. Thank you all for entering with such trust and love into this odd for God Guild! You hold me present. Such a gift that! Yes, Lord, we shall dwell in the house of the Lord Together! Dearest Amy and Shari, such a sweetness, like buzzing honey bees, you brought to the heart! Thank you for this honey medicine, dear nurses.

So much this was, so much....The practice of dhikr has blown my mind! Only You. I shall dwell in the heart of the Lord forever... I shall dwell in the house of the Lord forever. The Lovers of God are ablaze. This lover of God is amazed! Love is the mission of our lives. Love is the mission. Thank God for Love!!

Comment from Morten:

I had a longer sharing that got deleted before posting. I'll make it short. Praises be to the Lord almighty light of love from above. Thank you to our dear Saints for being beams of light and guides for us so we may take a concentrated flight. Thank you, dear Brad and Hillary, for sweeping, cleaning, pointing, inspiring and making it possible for us to do this retreat. Thank you for the two spiritual nurses that cared for us in the oldest of ways. Shortly I'll say, the first 5-6 hours felt very concentrated and strong. Then I fell and found myself on the battleground. I lost many battles. I'm happy to say that it had been enough concentration so that I feel it ankerd in me today. It's easier and more available to do the dhikr in the everyday. May it stay and even may it be in a more concentrated way. Hippo may you stay enough away for Him to mold the clay! Praises be!

### ***The Pope Finds Dezsoe's Pearls***

The last morning of our retreat, we awoke to this email from Agnes:

A message that was written by an old-fashioned typewriter was given to me that I should forward it to Dezsoe. The text said:

Per Desiderio!

Karol Woytila (the Polish Pope, who had died in 2005) wants Dezsoe to know that he has found all of Dezsoe's scattered pearls in the orchard, even if he has to go down on all his fours to retrieve them.

We stood in an old chapel somewhere in Italy, and I could see the Pope outside through an open side door, dressed in white on the vivid green lawn, gathering something in his hands.

Much love,  
Agnes and Dezsoe

### ***Advisories For Keeping the Higher Dhikr Wheels Turning and the Heart Ablaze***

Our weekend retreat demonstrated that if you clear away worldly distractions and follow the given mystical instruction, another reality is entered where love abounds. You journeyed to love's mystery dwelling place by means of three dhikrs that enacted the three steps of the Sacred Ecstasics recipe for setting your soul on fire:

1. Build a big room (dhikr: "I shall dwell in the House of the Lord forever.")
2. Get spiritually cooked (dhikr: "The lovers of God are ablaze.")
3. Return to the everyday (dhikr: "Love is the mission of my life.")

When you return to the everyday, the same action that kept you inside the Secret Room must continue or else back you will go to the former chamber of Lord Hippo. This was the teaching from Brad's dream of the mother who died and was laid on the mourning ground of a retreat. Each of you is the mother of a hippo room—you gave birth to this room (sometimes with help from hippo teachers) and you grew it, so it is now a fully grown room. That room must die for you to grow less as a hippo and more as a lamb. In the return to the everyday, you wake up again to face the crossroads all over again—which room do you now build, maintain, and feed? In other words, which dhikr do you use to build your room?

If you value the room where everyone airs their stories about the hippo self, then know that wagging hippo tails will surely abound. Sharing our hippo feelings, outcomes, and interpretations with one another builds the self-focused hippo room. Some of you may have been cursed to have



entered a profession where this room and its talk are valued and encouraged. Unfortunately, everyone these days is taught to value this kind of interpersonal process and social engagement. Beware the temptation to enter or value this room—it is the surest path to going nowhere but a world of being caught up in hippo stories of victory and defeat. The dervish follows another trail. This trail of saints, prophets, and sheikhs drops interest in the hippo tale and concentrates on the dhikrs associated with the step of the ladder they are on.

(Note: There is a way to acknowledge our struggles with Lord Hippo without going into the hippo room, as many of you exemplified in your lamby reports yesterday. One example came from Morten this morning in his retreat report: “I found myself on the battlefield...I lost many battles.” That statement was nestled inside a post that emphasized giving praise to and keeping concentration on the retreat’s guidance to topple to the pasture. We just heard Sister Gertrude Morgan pray, “The devil tried to have his way with me today, but I turned and prayed, ‘I shall dwell in the House of Lord forever.’” Hold on, Bishop Mason is praying for all of you, “Deliver the man. Deliver the woman. Deliver them to go past talking about the devil and help them restart walking with the Lord.” And Archbishop Pompey answers in prayer, “Drop the spoiled mangos. That means dropping the spoiled mango talk and walk. We’re here to enter the House of the Lord and praise with heavenly delight.”)

If you choose to not go back to Lord Hippo’s parlor of tricks and its house of mirror gazing, then here are three advisories to help you maintain longer presence in the room where the saints just enjoyed your marching in.

**Advisory One:** you may be tempted to only exalt the last dhikr, “Love is the mission of my life.” This is risky because hippo wants to own this dhikr—drawing you back to its kingdom with its definitions of love. Keep all dhikrs in play—the first dhikr helps keep you in the room, the second dhikr burns away resistance to room change, and the latter dhikr points to the love that comes from divine light when the room and temperature are right. The “love” mentioned in the last dhikr is not our human definition of love, it is God’s love.

(Note: the first dhikr alone is also dangerous—it can lead to the piety, self-righteousness, and know-it-all-ism of chilled religion where love is not enacted. The second dhikr alone can also become a hijacked fire that is little more than excitement of hippo in the wrong house with imposters of what is found in the clean holy climb.

Bottom line: keep all three dhikrs in play.

**Advisory Two:** when hippo observation, diagnosis, and outcome feelings creep in and you feel a loss of inspiration, rein in the temptation to visit the hippo psycho room. *Interrupt any hippo dhikr* by making an odd natural sound like the buzz of a bee, the meow of a kitten, or the whistle of a

bird. Then jump tracks to a remembered sound or song from one of our ecstatic tracks—don't forget the Old Ship Zion or Willie Mae Ford Smith's pointing melodies. Or randomly play one of the retreat tracks for a surprise pour. As soon as you hear sacred emotion circulate in the air, tap (Tapduk) into it. Use ecstatic audio tracks to inspire your dhikr—these tracks are trails to the higher realm. (And when you can't play a track, remember it as you repeat the dhikr to interrupt interfering hippo chatter).

**Advisory Three:** be very careful about over-valuing a “spontay” and do not turn “spontay” into your dhikr goal. While we have mentioned that a spontaneous form of expression may arise, do not purposefully seek spontaneity. When a spontay surprises you – like an improvised prayer line – there will be felt a surprise and delight because it feels like it did not come from you. The moment you recognize a spontay, immediately return to the dhikr. Use the inspiration from that unexpected improvisation to fuel your password, key, and anchor. If you don't return to the established dhikrs and prayer lines, uncurbed spontaying will lead to a hippo doing its own thing, and then back to the lower ladder rung you go.

*We just gave you a big secret:* anything noticed that gives you an energetic uplift must be used to excite your dhikr rather than lead to an infatuation that carries you away. Whether it's the delight of a spontay, an unexplained flickering light, or a revelation from any realm, tap (Tapduk) into its energy and recharge the standard dhikr. In this wobble between memorization and improvisation we find the same dynamic of the Sufi in retreat—every mystical experience is a two-sided gift. Tap into how it recharges your return to the dhikr and push away its temptation to infatuate the self. Do not let spontays capture your attention—use them to increase the ignition of your dhikr devotion. That's enough for now. Try these tips for maintaining presence in the House of the Lord where hearts are ablaze and love is the mission supreme! Then we will tinker with radiating it.

### ***Taking Sacred Ecstatics into the World, Experiment 1***

You are now invited to reenact your time in the secret room—this time compressed and concentrated in a brief interval of time. Below is an ecstatic track (“Bond Anomalie”), a fast lane journey to the Light. Repeat all three of your new dhikrs, aligned with the track (don't get too finicky about whether one dhikr is said more than the others). In addition, feel free to throw in any prayer line we have used before—consider them prayer cake boosters.

When you feel the love that arises for God within the House of the Lord and feel you are enough ablaze to make it your mission to radiate love, do these two things:

(1) Call someone close to you who is a relative or friend. Make sure you're feeling sacred emotion within and say, "I was just thinking of you and wanted to wish you well." If they don't answer, leave a message. Make the sacred emotion inside your main focus as you speak kind words to someone you care about. Try this with 2-4 different people.

(2) Before you go to sleep tonight, light a fire inside with your dhikr. Then pick up your phone and imagine you are calling a travel agent. Ask, "When is the next flight to Cappadocia? I need to go further east." Say it with the fire and passion burning inside because the Travel Agents on high are listening.

Come back here and let us know how you radiated in this mission of love transmission. We are now tinkering. Thank you, Lord!

### ***Taking Sacred Ecstasies into the World, Experiment 2***

Today's experiment gives you a special medicine: this ecstatic track was recorded as Brad climbed the ladder. We call this track, "Climber." It takes you on a journey if you concentrate on your dhikr while absorbing the sounds. As before, other prayer cake lines may be thrown in the mix. You will conduct today's experiment in two parts.

1. After the first listen (with your dhikr and ecstatic sound movement), take a walk outside your home. At the front door, whisper, "I'm going further east." Then walk one block and come back. Say one word of your dhikr for every step you take, alternating words between left and right steps. Say it at a volume that another person might be able to hear if they walked by you. Be unsure whether you are audible to others. Let's walk the dhikr walk, full of sacred emotion from "Climber."

"I shall dwell in the House of the Lord forever."

"The lovers of God are ablaze."

"Love is the mission of my life."

When you return to your front door whisper, "Yes, Lord."

Feel free to repeat this experiment as often as you desire.

2. Before going to sleep, listen to the recording while doing your dhikrs as instructed before. After this is done, immediately hold your phone and call the travel agent back. Say, “I want to confirm my flight reservation. I really want to go further east. Thank you.”

### *Commentary*

One Guild member mentioned the weather prevented them from walking outside. We responded:

No problem that First Creation reality fixers can't fix. Create a street in your house—it can twist and turn through several rooms. Have images of several people along its path. Go ahead and dial 7 saints and see those you will pass by. Everyone else can do this too! Walk outside if you can for sure and walk inside if you dare to enter another realm.

In the comments, we added:

Walking with you, and a song is in our hearts:  
I have often walked down this street before  
But the pavement always stayed beneath my feet before  
All at once am I several stories high  
Knowing I'm on the street where you live.

Are there lilac trees in the heart of town  
Can you hear a lark in any other part of town  
Does enchantment pour out of every door  
No, it's just on the street where you live.

And oh, the towering feeling  
Just to know somehow you are near  
The overpowering feeling  
That any second you may suddenly appear.

People stop and stare.  
They don't bother me  
For there's nowhere else on earth  
That I would rather be.

Let the time go by;  
I won't care if I  
Can be here on the street where you live  
Can be here on the street where you live.

Yunus responded:

I would trade every song I ever sang just to sing these words to God. Let us perform this experiment and discover that each one of our streets is the street where God lives!

### ***Further Advisories***

Pointers and elders of old would offer these advisories that we now pass on to you:

\*Every report, written or spoken, itself should be written or spoken with the dhikrs in motion within.

\*Focus more on conveying *the room* than anything, including its light and love. If you are in the House of the Lord, everything written or said will convey divine love and light. If you are in any other room, every word – including sacred words, dhikrs, and the mention of light and love – will convey a Lord Hippo room.

\*Ask yourself, “Does my report make clear that I am in the present Guild Moment – inside the themes, actions, and instructions that are presently in operation?” If not, change rooms.

\*Ask yourself, “Am I adding personally preferred themes, action, experimentation that tempts others to feel the tug of being pulled into another room?” If so, then change rooms.

\*In other words, does your expression feel real in a holy manner or is there too much showy hippo puffery and spotlight on the inflating dot of self?

\*Don't be shy and afraid to make a mistake. Mistakes are what make the wheel go around—each time brings a restart of another re-treat, this time wiser than before.

\*Don't interpret yourself or others. That is framing, that is, claiming a knowing. And it risks acting like a leader-wanna-bee rather than a sweet lamb loving the shepherds, saints, sheikhs, prophets, and friends.

\*Above all, make sure the emotion is right. Without sacred emotion, there is only the confusing musk of hippo. If we dared to mention the taboo word "outcome," we'd say that retreat is about receiving the treat of sacred emotion. All these experiments are about helping you tapduk into the sacred emotion that was poured on high during its creation—utilizing this to pull you into the House of the Lord rather than the Theatre of Self.

\*There's far more to advise, but this should give you a sense of what you should feel when you communicate with others and what they should feel with what is being conveyed.

\*In other words:

"I shall dwell in the House of the Lord."

"The lovers of God are ablaze."

"Love is the mission of my life."

We are here to catch and share the love from the blazing lovers of God that is only found and conveyed in the House of the Lord.

### ***Taking Sacred Ecstasies into the World, Experiment 3***

Dhikr-ing the Doors

The sheikhs on high have told us to reveal a secret about these experiments—they are about opening and closing doors. Closing doors to former habitats and their habits of feeding self. Clearing and opening the way to the House of the Lord.

Here's your new 2-part experiment:

**1.** As before, begin by soaking in the audio track below ("Going Further East – Tapping the Door") while doing your dhikr. It is meant to help you absorb sacred emotion as the dhikrs draw your full attention toward ever-increasing absorption. After this re-entry into the House of the Lord where lovers of God are ablaze, you are made better ready to enact love as the mission of your life. Then do this:

a) Immediately go to the doors in your home *that lead to the outside*. Tap their doorknobs —inside and outside – tapping as you say each dhikr. Begin with “I shall dwell in the House of the Lord forever,” tapping the knob with each word. Proceed to tap the same doorknob for the next two dhikrs. You can now consider that your entries and exits have been *dhikred*.

b) If weather permits, go outside and search for one door in your community and tap its doorknob in the same way. If weather keeps you inside, search through photos of your former travels and tap any door you see.

c) After completing the above tasks, tap this door with your dhikrs: *Tapduk* and Yunus are waiting for you to come through the door. They are here with Ibn ‘Arabi and all the saints of Sacred Ecstasies. They just whispered: “Spiritual retreat teaches you to be a better doorkeeper.”

2. Tonight, before you go to sleep, soak and dhikr with the track. Then pick up your phone and use your dhikrs to dial (tap) the airport. Ask, “Has my flight departed? Do I still have time to board the plane? I most sincerely want to go further east.”

When you’re finished, **come back to the comments below and let us know which door in your community** you chose to tap, and anything else about Experiment 3 you’d like to report!

### *Commentary*

The way out is through the door. Why is it that no one will use this method?” –Confucius

Dhikr-ing your doorknobs is a life-saving intervention.

Now ponder what Confucius advised and be profoundly confused by its notion and potion for door opening motion.

After you dhikr your doorknobs, say this when you feel the need for change: *If you feel in a pickle, move to a mickle room.*

Higher interpretation: If you feel you are trapped in a sweet or sour pickle jar, then immediately retreat to God’s mickle house.

Confucius say, “Change your fortune cookie. Open and go out the dhikr-ed door.”

Yes, mickle helps the space erase self-occupation.

What?

Yes, Confucius say, "Change your fortune cookie. Open it and go through the door."

Pickle to mickle via Dhikr.

What's your fortune?

Open the door and go through the cookie, leaving lookie behind

REMEMBRANCE:

At the beginning of retreat, you tapped your heart with the first dhikr. Yes, the mystical heart is the House of the Lord. That door was dhikr-ed. Praise be to the open door. Now go through and cook a cookie to feel again the lovers of God being ablaze.

Speaking to the Lamb is addressing the unconscious of the unconscious.

Not the unconscious of the conscious—its teeter totter isn't close enough to the moving heart of the Lamb.

Go through the dhikr-ed door.

The mickle pasture awaits your deeper change.

The cost: burning down the hippo cage.

Get out of the zoo.

Many things have been said before anyone knew there was a door:

"many a little makes a mickle,"

"many a pickle makes a mickle"

"many a mickle makes a muckle"

How this or that is read, fed, and wed shall be determined by the door opened, the exit left, and the entrance entered.

Dhikrs are doorkeepers.

Keep your dhikrs in your heart.

Open, coming back for a treat.



Re-treat: a fast for the Hippo, a feast for the Lamb

Sometimes doors are not easy to open. Unused doors of the heart also get rusty hinges. They are in need of anointed oil—drops of sacred emotion.

Dhikr, oil, open, and go through.

### ***More Advisories***

Prayer is not indulging in mere mechanical repetition, but [fully] acknowledging the Presence of God, opening up to the full force of the Divine Revelation and savoring its manifold “tastes.” This realization of prayer becomes a mutual remembrance, as God says: “Remember Me, and I shall remember You.” —Ibn ‘Arabi

Please clarify “dhikr” for me. Is it the same as a prayer?

Dhikr is a repeated word or prayer line that aims for remembrance—remembering that everything is of God. In Sufism, dhikrs are said while sitting, walking, working, etc. but also repeated with an ecstatic moving body. Hence, dhikrs are a combination of prayer and ecstatic sound movement. Together they form the mystical wheel that enables travel into the House of the Lord (the Big Room).

Reminder: Your dhikr is like a password, key, and compass that aims and moves you toward the House of the Lord. There you experience remembrance—remembering God is All.

How do I move past mechanical repetition of prayer lines and dhikrs?

Tap into sacred emotion.

Reminder: music best conveys emotion, and music inspired by awakened prayer/dhikr best conveys sacred emotion.

How do I tap into an ecstatic track to catch its inspiration?

Wholeheartedly align your movement with it, which requires concentrated listening. Less observation, more absorption.

Reminder: ESM moves your praying and dhikring past mechanical repetition.

How does spontaneity feed a dhikr?

Its surprise brings a momentary energetic rise. Rather than chase more spontay improvisation, return to the dhikr lines. This feeds the dhikr—energizes it, wakes it up, turns the wheel more enthusiastically, heats the room . . .

Reminder: we are not here to excite the hippo. We are igniting the inspiration to concentrate more on prayer, doing so in the prayer room found in the House of the Lord.

Do I encourage or resist spontays that pull me away from dhikr repetition?

Emphasize holding onto the dhikr anchors while letting God have its way with you. You want the spontay to feel more like a “Thy will being done” rather than “my desire for an outcome be done.” As soon as you are conscious of a spontay, pull yourself back to the anchor—it’s now different; it’s more charged.

Reminder: be inside the House of the Lord rather than mimick sacred action or have a spontay fest inside the House of Lord Hippo.

Is there another path to life other than devotion to dhikr?

No. There is only dhikr. The question is, which dhikr is turning your wheel?

Reminder: you are aiming to move out of the hippo psych(logical) room where a lot of work is taking place to maintain the hippo dhikr. Switch to the lamb dhikr and get your wheel turning to the House of the Lord.

Can I do all this on my own and avoid leaning on a shepherd or pointer?

That’s a hippo question. A lamb is always longing for the shepherd’s pointing.

Reminder: Ibn ‘Arabi warned that a “my way” highway goes straight to you-know-where. This only results in fantasy that, if fed too much, will damage one’s spiritual organs—even poisoning the spiritual heart.

What do pointers look for when they discern the spiritual quality of a seeker's communication?

What room they are in. When someone communicates from the hippo room, every right action and right word is wrong. In the lamb room, all is right. These rooms smell different.

Reminder: this room, this room, this room is no ordinary room.

Would you say that our doors, the exits and entrances of our lives, are what determine where we are and where we are going?

Yes.

Reminder: Dhikred doors are reminders that the way out is through the door and the way in is through the door.

Does celebrating God, rather than lamenting not reaching reaching one's spiritual goal, attract God's attention?

Yes.

Reminder: Go past mere repetition, and prayer becomes a mutual remembrance, as God says: "Remember Me, and I shall remember You."

Is dhikr remembering that everything is a revelation, a taste of the divine?

Yes.

Reminder: dhikr is remembering that everything is a revelation, a taste of the divine.

Anything else I should remember?

Yes.

Remember this: Ibn 'Arabi is here, teaching that "Prayer is not indulging in mere mechanical repetition, but [fully] acknowledging the Presence of God, opening up to the full force of the Divine

Revelation and savoring its manifold ‘tastes.’ This realization of prayer becomes a mutual remembrance, as God says: ‘Remember Me, and I shall remember You.’”

Commentary

Without a nose, no discernment.

The nose must remember that it’s the room rather than the occupant that must be dropped.

All these years, trying to change me,  
I missed changing the room that spotlights me.

Change the room and the light will be right  
Forget changing any person  
There are no individuals  
There are only revelations of light  
All belonging to the One Light in the House of the Lord

Forget changing others—avoid the toxic delusion of people-helping.

Also forget changing the room of others—more of the same delusion as before.

Change the room that holds your interactions with them—this begins as an olfactory rather than conceptual matter.

#### ***Taking Sacred Ecstasies into the World, Experiment 4***

De-icing the plane, giving a gift.

This experiment has two parts!

PART ONE:

Before you perform your dhikrs with the track below (“Rhythm Tickler Latin 63”), there’s an announcement for you. Imagine your second ears hearing this message while you are on a mystical Turkish airplane:

Your flight has been delayed due to extreme cold weather conditions. The plane will have to be de-iced. The spiritual engineers at the airport say they also need your help. It’s time to shake and heat the inside of the plane while the audio track shakes and heats the plane’s wings. Please warm your dhikrs in alignment with the track to de-ice the plane.

After your de-icing, **immediately gift someone** for no reason other than to thaw your rope to all your relations. Head to the internet and order this person a gift. Do it to keep the plane and passengers warm.

## PART TWO

Before you go to sleep tonight, de-ice the plane again with this rhythm tickler/shaking medicine track while saying your dhikrs. Then pick up your phone and call the flight attendants. Say the following while feeling the seriousness of the Moment: “Are we ready to fly? My life depends on going further east. Thank you.”

### Commentary

De-ice the room, but do not attempt to de-ice you.

Trying to de-ice “you” makes the room cold.

Any attempted change of “you” makes “you” more entrenched in the room of “you.”

Remember: masters have said “you” are an illusion—drop the hallucination of “you.”

All these years, trying to change “me.”

I missed changing the room and its spotlight on “me.”

Change the room and its light will feel right

There are no dots without lines, no lines without circles . . .

You are more real when “you” drop the dot of “you.”

There are only endless revelations of light

All belonging to the One Light in the House of the Lord

The house of “you” doesn’t smell right

You are re-invited to dwell in the House of the Lord

Its Light has many perfumes, rays, and qualities of Love that warm the clean heart.

### ***Taking Sacred Ecstatics into the World, Experiment 5***

Today we complete the final experiment of this season’s N/omastery Month. Yet remember: the saints profoundly love to tinker in the upper room laboratories and mystical experimentation with luminous-numinous radiation is one of the three main practices of Sacred Ecstatics.

There are two parts.

Part one:

Imagine your flight is taking off the runway and heading further east. Soak in the audio track below (“Rainbow Prayer”), using all your dhikrs and any of the other prayer lines that may arise. Concentrate so intensely that you forget where you are and where you are going. Only know and feel that in the middle between here and there is found the numinous luminous MIDDLE wobble, whirl, swirl, and twirl of the Ouroborean prayer wheel. Aim for at least one second of absorption in this middle place of changing—this is Climate 8 of the eternal Moment. This is further east.

After doing this, face east and say, “No matter what my hippo says, my lamb went to Climate 8. I went further east. Thank you, Lord.”

Continue ignoring your hippo and have your lamb post this message to the Guild community, in the comments below:

“My lamb went further East. Thank you, Lord.” Add whatever else your lamb desires to express. Make sure it is from your lamb and feels sincere and real (keep the dhikrs going as you write to help interrupt hippo habits).

Part two:

Before you sleep, soak with your dhikrs and the audio track. Pick up your phone and make two calls. First, hold the phone in your left hand and place it over your left ear. Say clearly and with conviction, “Thank you, Lord, for sending me further east.” Then do the same with the phone on your right ear. Afterward, let your mind wobble in contemplation about which ear caught more sacred emotion. Then drop all cognition and let your heart say, “Thank you, Lord. Thank you from every side of me!”

***Spirit House Meeting 15: The Ark of the Covenant, The Zion Lineage, and Lessons of N/omastery  
Month  
(January 27, 2024)***

Did you notice that Ibn ‘Arabi and the other master sheikhs of old were Kalahari rope climbers?

Yes. And did you notice that these ropes, these ropes, these ropes have different names, different forms, and different numbers of levels, realms, and steps.

45 steps, 7 steps, 2 steps. 45-7-2

Don't forget the 3 steps that apply to all these steps:

Step 1: Enter the house of the Lord. How? Go through the dhikred door.

Step 2: Go to the fire and get cooked, setting your soul ablaze for God. How? Praise the Lord with all your heart.

Step 3: Go back to earth and radiate divine love as you experiment with dhikring, warming, and lighting up the world. How? Follow instruction.

The words of further east echo across the hills and valleys:

Ye are the light of the world. A city that is set on a hill cannot be hid. That city is Zion, New Jerusalem, the sky village of the Kalahari. There we find the lodge, praise house, dance circle, and Spirit House of Sacred Ecstatics.

As the scripture says: Do not light a candle and put it under a bushel. Put that light on a candlestick, sway like a lamp, and give light unto all that are in the house.

Let your light so shine before others, that they may experience you glorifying earth as it is in heaven. Do this wisely, that is, do it where Lambs graze on holy bread rather than where hippos gaze and are amazed at themselves.

Awaken your dhikr. Your dhikr is the blending of our first two practices—prayer and ecstatic sound movement. When each excites the other, the two practices blend to become a circle, a mystical wheel that can take you somewhere.

It takes you to the Moment, God's eternal time where all revelations are a path to the one truth of God the Lover and the Illuminator of all Creation.

How do you wake up the prayers and ecstatic sound movement to become a dhikr that becomes the mystical wheel that brings you to the Moment? Please remind me again.

Perform the dhikr with concentration. Add a drop of sacred emotion to keep the dhikr in motion. Don't be enamored by whatever God reveals or whatever God tells a pointer to reveal. Absorb whatever ray of light is granted to you. It delivers a quality, a truth, a gift that is of the Divine light.

When it is fully absorbed, praise God that you were sent further east--- back to the singular light and love attained through every name, quality, experience, gift, and revelation from God.

Here's one revelation we found about climbing the rope to God. It's one way of describing and prescribing how to climb to find the Lamb:

Catch a drop of sacred emotion-→  
then awaken the dhikrs-→  
then open the dhikred door-→  
then walk out of the Lord Hippo room

Remember: Ibn 'Arabi taught us that prayer is not indulging in mere mechanical repetition, but fully acknowledging the Presence of God, opening up to the full force of the Divine Revelation and savoring its manifold "tastes."

This realization of prayer becomes a mutual remembrance, as God says: "Remember Me, and I shall remember You."

If N/omastery month revealed to you that you simply can't get out of the Lord Hippo room by your own means, then praise be to God. Never forget that saying the right words, having the right beliefs, and doing the right deeds isn't enough.

All the saints including Joseph Hart and Ibn 'Arabi agree on this. Some of you were taught to be less certain about your station and position on the ladder. Praise god, you caught your need for even less of ye and more of Thee

Some of you were shown you are more capable of concentration and increasing your lamb-to-hippo ratio than Lord Hippo previously allowed you to believe. Praise God, you caught your need for less trickster assessing and more concentrated action.

Do you remember the night of our first experiment this week when we first called the travel agency? We are happy to now announce that on that night, Brad dreamed he boarded a plane and flew to ancient Cappadocia. There he met the old sheikhs and received their blessing. We are grateful to have received this news that the Guild has gone further east.



**After that dream I had another dream that night. I dreamed a brown box was delivered to our house. This box measured approximately 4 ft X 2.5 ft X 2.5 ft in size. We were very excited to receive a spiritual gift, and as we started to open it, we entered a whirlwind of lights as multiple realities spun us like dervishes danced by many ropes pulling from diverse realities. We were in the intersection between earth and heaven where communion and communication cross the mystical veils. This supreme excitation eventually woke me up.**

A voice announced what the gift was. The voice said it was “the Ark of Covenant.”

**Now before you take this gift too literally, recognize we are in a higher realm where words alone cannot convey the spark this ark needs to reveal its Light.**

And before you regard this gift as an indication of metaphorical symbol laden with centuries of meaning, feel we are in a higher realm where the clean heart alone is enough to catch its mystery

**After the dream I wondered what size the ark of covenant had been. Sure enough, the holy books of several religions give the measurement – it was 2.5 cubits X 1.5 cubits X 1.5 cubits which we found is approximately the same dimensions of the box we received.**

Without holding you in further suspense, let us say that this gift is a seal granted to the Guild. We passed the test of hosting a retreat and now have permission to send people on spiritual journeys via the old traveling way.

**[Discussion how pointers are part of a lineage: Zion (New Jerusalem), captain Jesus, King David built a city on Mount Zion where he placed the ark of covenant . . . where communication with God takes place . . . its lid is called the mercy seat.]**

“So David and all the house of Israel brought up the ark of Jehovah with shouting, and with the sound of the trumpet.” 2 Samuel 6:15

**Let’s briefly celebrate some of what we were taught during this retreat:**

1. The manifold tastes, many realms, and ladder steps are about the relation of unity and multiplicity:

When presented with a quality of God, neither reject it nor be mesmerized. Allow dhikr concentration to absorb its divine quality and bring forth the unity of Light rather than clinging to or rejecting one ray. Sacred Ecstasies is also like this—multiple steps, metaphors, lineage lines, multiple visionary gifts . . . Preferences close the door; resistance closes the current... Concentrate, absorb, and walk on.

## 2. Hippos and Lambs live in opposite worlds

Hippo and Lamb are in opposite worlds, so everything hippo says and hears is the opposite of higher truth

Lamb joy is a hippo sting

Lamb sweet honey is hippo bitters

Act like a lamb rather than a hippo even if hippo doesn't feel like it

Follow the opposite when in a hippo land—

If need be, be a contrarian heyoka hippo in hippo land

Lord Hippo shrinks under the weight of lighthearted absurdity

## 3. Change the room rather than change the self

Without a nose for the room, there is no discernment.

This is why the shepherd leads—

the shepherd's nose knows the right scent

The pointer points to the room rather than the occupant –

drop the selfie room and self-centricity goes away

All these years, trying to change “me” only leads to more elaborate, solidified stories about me.

Any attempted change of “you” makes “you” more entrenched in the room of “you.”

Remember: the masters have said “you” don't actually exist. You are an illusion—drop the hallucination of “you.”

Change the room and the light will enter

There are no dots without lines, no circles without lines

You are more real when “you” drop the dot of “you”

There is no “you,” there are only revelations of light

All belonging to the One Light in the House of the Lord

The house of “you” never smells right, and everything you do in that house backfires.

You are re-invited to dwell in the House of the Lord

Its Light has many tastes, rays, and qualities of Love that warm the clean heart

Every revelation or gift from God brings a temptation—to inflate or deflate the self. Both self-inflation and self-deflation are the same—each makes the room all about ye olde hippo SELF-aroony goony gooey loony. The alternative is to celebrate that God is behind every revelation, gifting us with the exact meal we need. Whether sweet or sour, his taste is masterful. He knows what we need to face and what test is best to pass in order to reenter the fest.

4. Don't forget: God's electricity arises with alternation. This includes having no desire for spontay but when it comes up, tapping into its energy and then letting it go. Tapduk the spontay energy ray and then walk on, back to the dhikr, for it's now a more empowered elixir.
5. We need constant Lamb blood transfusions . . . these are the holy drops of sacred emotion. They are best conveyed by the sound found in the House of Praise where God alone can raise the dead.
6. Did you notice that a chain reaction occurred when everyone was in praise mode? The next day when some folks went into their own room for self-commentary, the temperature cooled down. All advisories posted this week were essentially the same advice: stay in the big room rather than the self-focused room. If hearing this is tempting you to feel angry or pout, remember: That's just Lord Hippo wanting to draw you back into the selfie room. Replace that pout with a dhikr shout. *I shall dwell in the House of the Lord forever!*
7. The call is always for a room change and the response should always honor the big room rather than bring focus back to the self in the cell of your prison room.
8. Yes, it's a Double bind

Mission Impossible: trying to get out of the room of self while in the room of self.

Be a man and woman of La Mancha

I heard you say La Mansion

Yes, I shall dwell in the Mansion of the Lord, the La Mancha Mansion of Mundus Imagnialis.

9. Anointments came down. Remember anointments were already made when you were born. It's a question of clearing away interference and stepping into them. . . Everyone has an anointment. It

is granted and fulfilled in God's time. The saints wait for you to step into the room and enact being ready to accept its responsibility.

Today, we celebrate this extraordinary N/omastery Month. Ibn 'Arabi was here. Thank you, Lord. Above all else, this month taught us the importance of remembrance: When you remember God, you find yourself sitting with God as God sits with you.

According to the Divine tradition: "I sit with whosoever remembers Me."

If you do not develop this capacity for remembrance and concentration, you will find it difficult to exit the self-room and to feel God nearby.

We conclude with a prayer of protection from Ibn 'Arabi:

In the name of God, the all-compassionate and most merciful,  
Praise be to God for bringing the most excellent success in our efforts!  
I ask God for guidance to follow the divine Path;  
inspiration to verify divine Reality;  
a heart certain of divine Truth;  
a mind illumined by the providential awareness of divine Precedence;  
a spirit taken up with ardent desire of God; a *soul at peace* from ignorance;  
an understanding radiating with the flashes of thought and its brilliance;  
an innermost heart flourishing with the *spring-waters* of illumination and its pure *nectar*;  
speech strewn upon the carpet of expansion and its clarification;  
thought exalted above the apparent finery of the ephemeral and its embellishment;  
insight able to witness the secret mystery of Being in the setting of creation and its rising;  
senses maintained in full health by the constant coursing of Divine refreshment;  
a natural constitution purified from the dominion of lack and its consequences;  
a disposition completely responsive to the reins of Divine Law and its authority;  
a state at each instant conducive to God's uniting and God's distinguishing.  
And may blessings and peace be upon all who follow God's path.  
The One desired is God, both in Being and in witnessing, and God is the One intended, without any possibility of denial or disclaimer.  
For God suffices me, the most beneficent Trustee.  
I shall dwell in the House of the Lord forever  
The lovers of God are ablaze

Love is the mission of my life

*Postscript*

We posted the following commentary soon after the Spirit House Meeting:

As we explore coming out of retreat and tinkering with how to re-access what we received from it, keep in mind that this is aiming for another kind of remembrance. Scholar Cecilia Twinch reports what Ibn 'Arabi and Meister Eckhart said about retreat:

The physical withdrawal from all the distractions encountered in daily life is evidently helpful towards concentrating on the oneness of being and occupying oneself with nothing other than God. Yet a person's relative state of fragmentation or integration may persist whether in retreat or in company. Some people find themselves highly distracted by their own thoughts and imaginings whilst alone, hence the prayer, given in Ibn 'Arabi's *Wird*, O Lord "I take refuge in You from myself." Others may be highly focused on the essential even in the midst of daily life, like those people mentioned in the Quran, "whom even buying and selling does not distract from the remembrance of God."<sup>xlviii</sup>

Meister Eckhart talks of a similar idea in his sermons. When he was asked about detachment and those who keep apart from others, he replied:

If all is well with the man then truly, wherever he may be, whoever he may be with, it is well with him but if things are not right with him, then everywhere and with everybody it is all wrong with him. If it is well with him, truly he has God with him but whoever really and truly has God, he has Him everywhere, in the street and in company with everyone, just as much as in church or in solitary places or with himself. But if a man really has God and has only God, then no-one can hinder him. Why? Because he only has God and his intention is towards God alone and all things become for him nothing but God...<sup>xlix</sup>

Twinch continues: "In the *Wird*, the daily prayers which Ibn 'Arabi gave to his students, it is affirmed 'there is no place of retreat nor safety save in You' so the place in which retreat really takes place is in God."<sup>1</sup>

Here is the full line of prayer: “I seek refuge in You from myself, and I beg You for annihilation from myself. I implore You to cover with Your Forgiveness whatever remains in me of being distanced or contemptible, or which implies any kind of separate identity.”

***Remembrances of the Retreat:***

***Sand Dune, Coming Back to the Everyday, Ark of the Covenant, Nightingale***

On the night of the retreat, Brad was shown a sight that threw him into the changing of First Creation. Overwhelmed with the excitation of a soul set on fire, he woke up thrilled to report what he had seen. Later in the morning he could not remember what had been revealed. A voice within whispered, “Sand Dune.” All he remembered was feeling the splendor of glory divine.

Both of us later that night dreamed of our mothers. We were taught that spiritual retreat offers a death of our former life as we enter the House of the Lord. The time of retreat is like entering a gap in which we find ourselves suspended in a holy space between exiting and re-entering daily life. When we return to the everyday, a crossroads arises: Do we go back to our former home or wake up to a newborn spiritual life? The dreams showed us that too often people come out of retreat unchanged. We felt the sadness of those who regress back to their former room, unable to pass through the gap and take up residence in the House of the Lord.

After our retreat, Brad dreamed we boarded a plane and flew to ancient Cappadocia. There we met the old sheikhs and received their blessing. We were deeply grateful to feel confirmation that we had guided the Guild further east. What a joy it was to bask in the light of the old sheikhs and their trail to the Lord of Light! We love them with all our hearts.

That same night, Brad had another dream. A brown box was delivered to our house. This box measured approximately 4 ft X 2.5 ft X 2.5 ft in size. We were surprised and excited to receive a spiritual gift at the end of our first Guild retreat. As we started to open the box, we entered a whirlwind of lights as multiple realities spun us like dervishes danced by many ropes from diverse realities pulling us in all directions. We were in the intersection between earth and heaven where communion and communication cross the mystical veils. This otherworldly excitation woke me up. Before Brad came back to himself, a voice announced what the gift was: “The Ark of the Covenant.”

Rather than take this gift too literally, we recognized it came from in a higher realm where words alone cannot convey the spark this ark needs to reveal its Light. And rather than only regard this gift as a metaphorical symbol laden with centuries of meaning, we accept it as a mystery that pulls us into a higher realm where the clean heart alone is enough to catch its undefinable glory.

After the dream we wondered what size the Ark of the Covenant had been. We found that the holy books of several religions gave the measurement – it was 2.5 cubits X 1.5 cubits X 1.5 cubits; approximately the same dimensions of the box we received.

We regard this gift as a seal or stamp of approval granted to the Guild. We passed the test of hosting a retreat and now have permission to send people on spiritual journeys via the old traveling way. We rejoiced in the scripture: "So David and all the house of Israel brought up the ark of Jehovah with shouting, and with the sound of the trumpet." (2 Samuel 6:15)

Finally, after the day when we ended the January N/omastery and concluded our Spirit House meeting, Brad dreamed that night:

In dream, I was overcome with love that poured from my heart. I felt love everywhere, both within and around me as it flowed out in all directions. In this flood of emotion there was only one sight, a singular object in front of me. Like the time I received the ostrich egg that was suspended in the air in front of my eyes, and like the time the singular word "sojoprings" floated in front of me, this time I beheld a nightingale. It was less than two feet in front of my eyes. All I felt was love for this bird. I woke up still seeing it and feeling in love with that bird, as absurd as that may now sound.

I was so absorbed in this experience that it wasn't until very late the next morning that I remembered importance of the nightingale in Sufism, underscored in the Yunus Emre series and in his poetry. I was only aware of the sacred emotion of love divine and how love had caught me in a relationship with this winged creature of God. All other meanings or images were eradicated. Now I can say that the nightingale is an embodiment of God's love. It is inseparable from the House of the Lord.

### ***Increase the Light and A Call to Love***

The end of January, we posted a track called, "Increase the Light," with the following dhikr instructions:

We took a mystery flight further east and came back with a specially doctored dhikr. Here it is: alternate between saying "Allah" and "All Awe." It matters not how often either is said--let it be out of your control. As you concentrate and interrupt self-observation, the Light will surround you. Allow luminous numinous mystery to work on you in a manner that you need not understand. Increase the Light by letting this alternating dhikr take you further east.

The next day, we posted a track called, "A Call to Love," accompanied by these words:

The sheikhs and saints are here to build hearts.

We are speaking of mystical hearts that host and radiate divine light and love  
How to build a mystical heart?  
Break the present vessel  
Without brokenness, there is no higher heart, no art, no dart.  
Hear the call of love  
In every instant and from every side resounds the call of love  
The rope to God has many steps of love  
Let us climb the 45 realms of love  
Let us find the 7 worlds of love  
Let us find the 2 steps to God's love.  
Climb from sentimental sap to the love changing zap  
Do so at every altitude of God  
Drop self-love and find how each step has a singular leap:  
Concentration and devotion to serving the Beloved.  
Break the claimant and learn to aim toward each pointing  
Oh come let us adore and explore the ways of Creation,  
Yes, to Oh Merciful Allah, the All Awe of the God of multiple names and qualities.  
All of me broken, surrendering and dissolving in the sea of love divine.  
What else is there to find?  
Is this your epitaph? This Lord Hippo Clung to Rubble, in Love with Self  
Or this epitaph? This Effendi Let the Friend In, Forever in Love with God  
Hear the call to love and join us in the air  
Act like you want to fly and are ready to let your crown die  
Drop self and drink a drop of love.  
The mystery potion is love—the love poured from the next step higher  
Welcome to flight where we meet the nightingales.

***Spirit House Meeting 16 - Mystical Vision Apparatus, Two Eyes of the Heart, A Glimpse of  
What's to Come  
(February 3, 2024)***

**Reminder: Last summer, I dreamed that Ibn 'Arabi was sitting at our desk, writing some words on a page:**

Wahdat al wujud, which means “the unity of being.”



**But we never told you that the night before that vision, I dreamed we were hosting a party for the Sacred Ecstatics Guild. There was true festive joy in the air.**

In the dream, Brad took a group of men to a room located in the middle of the house. Sitting to his left was a man who was overly concerned about his self-importance. He was only excited when he was the center of attention.

**In the middle of the room across from me was Dominic who exuded steadfast enthusiasm and good cheer for the community.**

And on Brad's right side he saw Morten, Linus, and Johannes. They seemed to take turns sitting in the same chair. Like Dominic, they appeared happy to offer the community selfless support.

**I then stood up and made an announcement: "It's time to take Sacred Ecstatics into the world." I turned to the self-centered man on my left and announced, "This is the year." In that moment the man shapeshifted and suddenly looked like Dominic. This startled everyone in the room. We all burst into laughter as we were struck by the absurdity of people jockeying for power when shared joy for everyone is the higher reward.**

Next, Brad glanced to the right and saw the other men were also changing form—going in and out of the image of one another. They were joyful, appreciative, and eager to go higher up the rope.

**I suddenly turned to a table that was behind me and picked up a large square box made of metal. It was some kind of apparatus that looked like both old and new technology. I aimed it toward the self-obsessed man like you would a camera, and wondered if this strange object had something to do with previously changing the form of his facial appearance.**

Before Brad did anything more with the camera-like instrument, he paused and turned to the Guild and said again, "It's time to take Sacred Ecstatics into the world. We are ready."

**I looked more closely at the device. It reminded me of the large format cameras of the 1890s. Years ago I had a photographer who used one of these big folding cameras during field work with spiritual elders throughout the world. These cameras catch more light which results in sharper, grain-free images of higher resolution. They also assure better separation of the subject and their background.**

In the dream, we discovered that the camera-like instrument enabled someone lost in the dark to momentarily appear like someone else more able to cast a radiant, shining light. In this case, a man who had succumbed to selfish and stingy tendencies looked like a relational, generous person. In other words, when this man was viewed with more light from the device, the dark grain disappeared, enabling us to see the light that resided deeper within.

**As beings of light, we are all equal, and with higher seeing we appear the same. But on the surface and when seen with everyday eyes we vary as to how swept free we are of whatever blocks the light from shining through. When someone is habitually egocentric, selfish, stingy, jealous, duplicitous, or angry, they appear to radiate no light. They are covered with too many dirty grains that block the light and muddle the brain.**

While those lacking discernment may be tricked by such a person's imitation goodness or the enthusiasm they show when they are feeling elevated, a tuned conductor readily distinguishes shady behavior. But with a large body camera, more light is caught, providing a reminder to the conductor that underneath every dusty layer is the light of God that resides deep within everyone.

**The most surprising part of the dream, however, was not the strange mystical device. It was the announcement that Sacred Ecstasies is ready to enter the world. I was truly startled by this message. Yet I was sure that before Sacred Ecstasies faced the world, we must first face each Guild member with double vision. Our new remembrance is that there is more to each of us than initially meets the eye. While we differ when it comes to how much light gets through to others, we are the same creatures of light underneath.**

With double sight, we're ready to meet and share the light with better street smarts when it comes to dealing with any shade that stands in the way. Let us emphasize that there is still a light within everyone no matter how much a lamp shade may cover it up. In other words, we're already lit. Our job is to drop the shade so we can serve the shine.

**More light bulb illumination and less lamp shade, please!**

The dream we just reported took place eight months ago in May. It seemed to prophesize what took place in our January n/omastery. Dominic took the lead in helping keep the Guild focused on praising the Lord rather than the Lord Hippo self. He was backed by other Guild members who kept the emphasis on praise rather than self-assessment. And our nurses, Shari and Amy, were stellar lamp swayers and big room conveyers. Thank you, Lord! When the chain reaction of love exploded,

we felt everyone was the same with the same face—the face from which God’s light shines. This happened because many of us were inside the retreat room and on board the Old Ship Zion with less me and more Thee. Thank you, Lord!

**Please remember how the camera-like instrument received in the dream enabled two images of a human being to be seen. When looking through its lens, everyone was seen as emanating the same light of God. Even the anointed mystic responsible for discerning deception from reception must sometimes use this device to see that the true divine light resides within even those darkened by egocentricity. Therefore, the mystic must have two eyes, one of them an instrument or camera gifted by God that enables the light to be seen through even the grainiest, shadiest human being.**

As a young man, Brad had a vision that led him to Henry Corbin’s work on Ibn ‘Arabi. He learned that the heart is the mystical organ with its own kind of sensory experience: the heart has two eyes. Soon afterward, the Bushman n/om-kxaosi taught Brad that a spiritually cooked human being has two eyes. “Second eyes” awaken when the heart rises. This ascent is felt as ecstasy and leads those who experience it to realize that mystical sight which perceives light and the transcendent flight of higher emotion are side by side phenomena.

**When Ibn ‘Arabi discussed the heart’s two eyes, he depicted one as rational and the other as creatively mystical. He warned that the dominance of either eye distorts the experience of divine light. As scholar, William Chittick, explains, ‘Arabi specified that “The heart . . . must become attuned to its own fluctuation, at one beat seeing God’s incomparability with the eye of reason, at the next beat seeing his similarity with the mystical eye of creative imagination . . . In effect, with the eye of mystical creative imagination, the heart sees [God’s] Being present in all things, and with the eye of reason it discerns its transcendence and the diversity of the divine faces.”**

The “properly disciplined imagination” operates in what Henry Corbin called the *mundus imaginalis*. Corbin, like ‘Arabi, protested the scholar whose rationality was not subject to inspiration, influence, and correction from the spiritual creative imagination brought forth by the mystical second eye. In other words, a scholar whose second eye is not equal in strength to their first eye is easily lost. Similarly, the dreamer must be properly disciplined, emptied, aligned, and tuned to catch the divine light rather than mirror self-reflections far removed from the luminosity of God.

**However, let us especially not forget that Arabi and Corbin were both critical of conflating spiritual creative imagination with the undisciplined imagination of conventional daydreaming or fantasy.**

Chittick further elaborates:

The Koran also speaks of “heaven, earth, and everything in between,” and one of Ibn ‘Arabi’s contributions was to bring out the full implications of the in-between realm, which in one respect is unseen, spiritual, and intelligible, and in another respect is visible, corporeal, and sensible. This is precisely the *mundus imaginalis*, where spiritual beings are corporealized, as when Gabriel appeared in human form to the Virgin Mary; and where corporeal beings are spiritualized, as when bodily pleasure or pain is experienced in the posthumous realms. The *mundus imaginalis* is a real, external realm in the Cosmic Book, more real than the visible, sensible, physical realm, but less real than the invisible, intelligible, spiritual realm. Only its actual existence can account for angelic and demonic apparitions, bodily resurrection, visionary experience, and other nonphysical yet sensory phenomena that philosophers typically explain away.

**Human experience is always simultaneously spiritual and bodily. Human becoming wavers between spirit and body, light and darkness, wakefulness and sleep, knowledge and ignorance, virtue and vice. Only because the soul dwells in an in-between realm can it choose to strive for transformation and realization. Only then can it travel “up” toward the luminosity of the spirit or “down” toward the darkness of matter.**

Ibn ‘Arabi points us to the middle that is in between earth and heaven, what the Koran calls the place between the salty and sweet seas. Its border divides and connects these worlds. Here the nonphysical spirit and the material body are both separated and brought together. To experience its mystery requires two eyes, two worlds, a big me and a little me, and a double presence in the whirling of the *mundus imaginalis*. ‘Arabi proposes:

**God “appointed” for human beings “two eyes and guided him on the two highways,” for man exists between the two paths. Through one eye and one path the mystic accepts Light and looks upon it in the measure of his preparedness. Through the other eye and the other path the mystic looks upon darkness and turns toward it.**

The Creator has many names, each like a different color of the singular white light before a prism divides it into a color spectrum to diversify its qualities. A mystic perceives what is Real—the light that is God. Later anything said about the Light must be divine speech that enables words to reveal the light through the many colors, qualities, and names of Allah.

**If the seer and speaker are not equipped with two eyes, no light can be seen or transmitted.**

This is the false prophet, well intended or not, whose talk is just abstraction lost in speculation, conflation, inflation, confabulation, or misperception missing the light of mystical sensory experience.

**To fulfill spiritual teaching, pointing, and prophecy, you must both catch the fish and clean it. One eye catches the light and the other has a sharp knife to make the fine distinctions necessary for words to convey it.**

The art and dart of Sacred Ecstasies requires two eyes, two worlds, two highways, and endless doubles of all sides that point to the oneness of light. Here we stand in the middle wobble, the mundus imaginalis where with every peeling of shade, more light is revealed.

**Let us repeat this wisdom: With every peeling of shade, more light is revealed. With every peeling there is more revealing.**

No matter where we are or whether we are aware of our real hunger, God is near and nothing can separate us from this nearness to holy bread.

**Experiencing God, however, is either helped or hindered by the heart of perception and the mind of differentiation. Here everything must be doubled up and cleared of human favor. Nothing less leads to the 99 flavors of God. Ibn 'Arabi concludes that God says, "The giving of your Lord can never be walled up."**

God is saying that God gives constantly, while you receive in the measure of preparedness. In the same way, the sun spreads its rays over the existent things. It is not miserly with its light toward anything. We receive the light in the measure of our preparedness.

**Remove the selfish layers that block reception of the light. Let us prepare to awaken the two eyes of the heart—disciplined imagination and illumined perception. Let us again prepare ourselves for the climb to Climate Eight, the mundus imaginalis, the big lodge of sacred ecstasy.**

It is February and Cupid will soon be awake and ready to shoot arrows of n/om. We will be going in and out of the lodge to experience more of the depths of the Sacred Ecstatics way of setting our souls on fire. Here are some of the visions we have yet to share with you. Catch the feeling for what lies ahead. Get ready, for we are beginning again, this time with the Sheikhs on board the train, plane, auto, nautical ship, and rocket ship. Here's a sample of what's calling you home again:

Yes, new tools, instruments, and keyboards are on their way  
You will also hear about Atmospheric reentry to Andalusia  
Sama' is back  
Ginseng is here  
Heinz von Foerster makes a house call  
There is a higher puzzle room  
Tapduk Emre shares more secrets  
Get splashed in the face  
Credo Mutwa brings gifts  
The greatest work unseen by others has been revealed  
Reality is incomplete and in need of correction  
Ojibway homecoming gifts have arrived  
Yes, it's rodeo time all over again  
There's an atomic bomb in the sky  
There's another way to jump in  
Mother Pompey is back  
Sufi gifts keep coming  
Special journeys to the mystery realm are in store  
Get your prayer bells  
There's a different kind of answer  
We welcome the castle of sand  
The elephants sound the trumpet call  
Holy bread is on the table  
The greatest spiritual teaching ever heard  
The rope to God is real

**We are going to push the reset button and when we come back to ourselves, the Spirit House of Sacred Ecstasies will have become larger than before. All the lineage ropes are ready to be in play again including the Sufi lodge where Yunus, Tapduk, Fatima, and Ibn 'Arabi are trying out our new camera.**

Jump into this ecstatic sound movement track and allow the gods to reset you, bringing you back to the original moment of your creation. That's right—go all the way back to remove the curse that holds your light back.

**Welcome to the heart's door that is open when you feel it's time to change the course of your life. Come on through. We have this to say: We are entering a new stage in the growth of Sacred Ecstasies—we are ready to take it into the world. We are not referring to talking about Sacred Ecstasies. We are pointing to radiating its higher rays of love and light.**

Remember, we are experimentalists who work with art and darts. Now we know that nothing works when you are in the room that promotes the self. In the big room, however, all you need is concentration and devotion to set your ecstatic wheels in motion.

**We will soon reveal what typically interferes with you getting out of the cage.**

It involves more than forgetting to engage yourself in prayer. It's an important secret that's coming soon.

**All the lineages are ready to pull you in with their ropes. Just say, "do it" so they can just get on with it.**

Here's a clue that says you are overdue for more attention on higher focal pointing. Listen carefully: God responds to how you respond to whatever is delivered down the line.

**If you don't answer the call and show delight, there most likely will be no light.**

If you aren't feeling the light, then you aren't responding with enough delight every time the call is made.

**It's been said. You are enthusiastically invited to act like you want the light.**

Do you want the Light?

**If so, please convince the saints, sheiks, and God. They are watching and listening to your every response—and noticing whether you yield to something other than self.**

We've been told it's going to be a newborn adventure.

**Let's be bold, hold the higher hand, and let go of whatever you were told by hippo kings and queens.**

Lambs, let's climb and find the higher mind, heart, and soul, doing so as one body of community in praise of Thee.

*Commentary Posted on Circle*

As beings of light, we are all equal, and with higher seeing we appear the same. But we vary as to how swept free we are of whatever blocks the light from shining through. God gives constantly, while you receive in the measure of preparedness. In the same way, the sun spreads its rays over the existent things. It is not miserly with its light toward anything. We receive the light in the measure of our preparedness.

Remove the selfish layers that block reception of the light. Let us prepare to awaken the two eyes of the heart—disciplined imagination and illumined perception. Here's a clue that says you are overdue for more attention on higher focal pointing. Listen carefully: God responds to how you respond to whatever is delivered down the line.

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A cybernetic definition sent from the circle masters on high: *the reception of God's call is found in the response*. The revelation is determined by the preparation, that is, the preparation for responding to the transmission/revelation/invitation to celebration. As some of our saints would say it, "Praise the Lord and the Lord will raise the dead and cast the Light upon the dark."

Praise is the response.



Not imitative praise, and not just going through the motions of praise.

Not gooey praise that is more glue of self rather than flight to God.

Not showy praise that draws too much attention to you-know-who.

Not fancy-dancy, not morbid, not frigid, not rigid, not too loosey goosey, not too sappy, not too much or too little . . .

Real praise: sincerely felt raise-the-heart praise.

The kind of praise that makes the saints say, “Amen, that’s what we mean by praise.”

Act like the saints, act like the Kalahari shaking praisers, act like those who don’t need no matches. Act more like you are relating to God rather than Lord Hippo. Act like a Lamb wanting to feast on praise.

The visions that come to Sacred Ecstatics are like pieces of a puzzle. Sometimes they don’t make sense until we go back and read them later. Or they make a different kind of sense with each reading. The dream of the camera and the Guild folks we saw shapeshifting took place the night before Ibn ‘Arabi delivered the secrets to entering spiritual retreat. Now we know that it offered a foretelling of the future when we held the retreat—there Deacon Beacon Dominic and other anointed lamp swayers started a chain reaction that ignited many of us to give praise to the source of Love and Light Supreme. Some of you began writing responses like we have never seen in the Guild before—they were like reading the way saints write. Esther became a lighthouse in the middle of the sea. Linus became a waving banner on the mountain top. Dezsoe doctored the light with visual delights . . . Thunder Shock awoke to rock the boat . . . and even those of you quiet were heard inside Climate 8. Thank you, Lord!

The big surprise in the dream, let us not forget, was this announcement: **“It’s time to take Sacred Ecstatics into the world. We are ready.”** Again, the next night, the ancient manuscript that directed our spiritual retreat arrived. We did our best to follow Ibn ‘Arabi’s instruction, preparing you the months before January n/omastery. You also had the opportunity to watch the Yunus Emre show to experience lodge manners, focusing on a dhikr, dropping the self, and battling the many temptations that arrive for every step of the ladders. 45-7-2 for the hippo to lamb to nightingale climb!

We got ready. And we entered the world—the world of mystery where love and light abound. Which further means we were made ready to re-enter this world differently, learning to radiate light rather than return to former habits and habitats where the self rules a rubble inn. Entering the Kingdom of God changes how you (re)enter the everyday world. We are ready to enter the world—

doing so for each realm of the climb. With two sets of eyes, we are ready to enter and re-enter the worlds. Less shade, more light—let's become the swaying lamb lamp.

### ***Sabrina Dreams of the Holy Blood and Sacred Emotion, Enters the Kiln***

Last May, before Ibn 'Arabi arrived in New Orleans, Sabrina reported two dreams to us. It's time to share them with you:

I dreamt that I was handed a letter-sized envelope with something strange inside. It was an object that wavered between a piece of paper and a piece of flesh with a stain. The stain might have been made from droplets of blood, popped blood vessels, dirt, or all three. At first it was a little disturbing to look at. But when I looked closer, I noticed the stain was in the shape of a heart. There was a piece of square glass included in the envelope. I felt it was somehow meant to help the object be seen better. I then heard Brad play the song, "Smile." I felt overwhelmed with emotion as I realized that crying and our bitter tears are holy signals – a way of communing with Thee. In that moment I felt free. After waking up and still feeling this, I thought it was kind of funny that the song "Smile" is about not crying but it's a song that always makes me cry when hearing it.

After falling back to sleep that night I had a dream that I was in a large, old brick kiln that was the shape of a dome and as big as a small room. They were preparing a firing and I laid myself down.

We initially responded to Sabrina:

These are incredible dreams, especially since they came on the same night. The square glass in the dream reminded us of the kind of glass slides used for looking under a microscope at blood or tissue samples. This dream evokes many holy things: the blood, the flesh, the heart, and the bittersweet feeling of the suffering love<sup>li</sup> required for communing with Thee! Congratulations on receiving 'smile' as a holy song and rope to God! That dream prepared you to then get cooked by the saints! "Thou are the potter, I am the clay..."

Brad happened to record a new version of smile right around the time your dream came down. We'll send it to you. It would be wonderful for you to paint these visions, and we look forward to sharing them with the Guild. Glory!

Much love,  
Hillary and Brad

In February 2024, we posted Sabrina's dream to the Guild with the following commentary:

We now see that Sabrina's dream illustrates the gifts and truths of Sacred Ecstasies, and was also a foreshadowing of our present journey. Years ago, through Hillary's Beethoven vision, we learned that the heart is like an envelope waiting to be opened so that its sacred emotion and musical notes can be released. When saints, including Ibn 'Arabi, write holy words and send letters, their medium of communication has two realities—it is both ink on paper and it is the body or flesh stained with the holy blood and its red-letter words.

To get to the pure holy drops of sacred emotion, the dirt must be removed (the self's interference) and magnification of second sight applied (use the spiritual camera with a clean lens). The heart's pure sacred emotion is a one-of-a-kind blood, conveyed when the vessel of the heart is broken. Sacred emotion arrives through the note (initially made of alphabet letters) that is finally released as musical notes, only to return as drops of the One who mediated between earth and heaven. As Beethoven taught us: Though we may feel imprisoned by the self and the suffering of life, when the heart bursts and releases its musical flood of bittersweet sacred emotion, we are free.

Why are we here? Why is Sacred Ecstasies here? We are here to hear, see, smell, taste, and feel with higher sensation the utmost jubilation that comes from having a glance of the divine. This is the sacred ecstasy of our matron saint, C.M.C. from Montreal. Her endless smile is the radiance broadcast to the world. Catch its light and radiate it. In this climb to love's light, we are truly and wondrously all about the "one endless smile," the divine light that enables us, in turn, to radiate love supreme. Walk on, shine on!

Remember Sabrina's second dream? She found herself inside an old brick kiln. It had a dome. The saints celebrate that she went further east to the domed Sufi mosque and entered the secret room. Let's re-enter the fire and let the Potter-Creator forever change our form—from rust to dust to clay to an ecstatically reborn day. In the twos, threes, and other numbers of God's arithmetic, we surrender to the Light where the Love-Light-Joy trinity is our journey home.

The next day, Sabrina shared that she had traveled home to Chicago to attend a funeral:

The name "Buttons" originally came from experiments done years ago with the Keeneys with the hundreds of buttons I kept from my grandma shortly after her passing. Grandma's buttons have been part of the sacred ecstasies journey ever

since. This past weekend, the eldest sister of my Buttons Grandma had passed away. She was such a kind, generous person and we were all very close with her. It was a weekend full of gathering, tears, laughter, and eating.

At her eulogy, my cousins shared that as a young girl during WWII in Sicily she was separated from her family for some time. And during that time she sewed buttons on to the jackets of soldiers. They said “she found her way, one button at a time,” eventually reuniting with her family. I was shocked and pierced! It was the first time I ever heard about her sewing buttons. Thank you, Lord, for the forever surprises that arise that lead us closer to your heart, one button at a time!

For several years, Sabrina’s Sacred Ecstatics name has been “Buttons.” This news of her great aunt’s important relationship to buttons truly blew our minds and touched our hearts!

### ***Prayer for the Guild***

On Sunday February 4<sup>th</sup>, we shared an audio recording with the Guild telling the story of Brad’s dream of Reverend Melvin White (reported earlier in this book as “Meeting a Mississippi Preacher”). We also shared the following prayer:

Thank you, Lord, for all you do for us. We are here today because of you. Thank you for granting us another day to be in loving communion with Thee.

Lord, we call upon you to watch over this Guild as we reach, pray, and ecstatically move to be nearer to you. Thank you for the saints and sheikhs on high. We are grateful for how they inspire us to live differently, doing so as a truly ecstatic journey to your divine Light.

Help each of us remember that you and your many heavenly hosts are watching over us. They watch, listen, and feel our every response to every revealed presence of you. Help us to conduct ourselves in a manner that glorifies you and the diverse lineage lines that connect us to your single Light.

Lord, some of us are struggling with physical illness and pain. We ask for your merciful healing breath, your healing love, and your healing light. Shower your luminous rain upon and within the bodies that are crying out to Thee, asking for help with getting through the physical challenges of their everyday. Help them hand themselves over to you so Thy will may be done. Thank you, Lord.

Dear Creator, some Guild members, like all HBs, are struggling to let go of their selfish nature. They cling to their worldly rubble and fight letting go of their addiction to being lord of the big me inn. If it be Thy will, blow their house of attachments down. Set their soul on fire and set them free. We hand it over to Thee. Send the rain, send the rain. Change the thoughts of their brain. Deliver them to your room, deliver them. Deliver them, God. Bring them to dwell inside the House of the Lord.

We are grateful to the anointments that are coming down. Help each of these servants of your divine Light have the strength to joyfully continue with their greater responsibility to concentrate more and more on you, precious Lord. Thank you, lord, for these newborn helpers.

Help everyone remember they were given an anointment at birth, and that you and the saints are waiting for each person to step into their spiritual walking shoes and enact what they already are. Yes, Lord. Do it, Lord. Help them not be impatient and instead surrender everything to your time. In God's time, we defeat the clock and receive eternity.

As we embark again on the journey to your light, hold us in your Light. Let us not stray from your highway. Let not forget to say "thank you" to you and all your helpers. Help us set our sight on becoming less of whatever is not of the luminous body of Thee.

Thank you for the many gifts you shower upon us, Lord. Thank you, for these Mississippi preachers who encourage us to pray with two hearts, both in submission and dedication to you, Lord of Love and Light.

We say thank you, Lord.

Thank you, Lord. These things we ask in the name of the kingdom, the power, and the glory. Amen.

### ***Commentary on "Luminous Words"***

On February 5<sup>th</sup>, we posted Brad's audio track which blended the teachings and prayer words of Ibn 'Arabi and Joseph Hart. Underneath we posted this commentary:

The Sacred Ecstatics Guild experiments with art and darts. Over the last decade we have confirmed that nothing works when you are in the room that promotes the self. When God or any numinous quality, revelation, wisdom, song, dance, mojo, or hue is in your pocket, you are not plugged into Creation's electrical socket. The way out of fantasy world is through the exit door. The way into the

House of the Lord of Love and Light Extreme is through the higher entrance door. What interferes with getting you into the Beauty, Splendor, and Glory? Here's a clue: God responds to how you respond to what is delivered to you. If you don't show delight with the call, there will be no light. Do you want the Light? If so, convince the saints, sheiks, and God. They are watching and listening to your every response—and noticing whether you yield to something other than self. Reset. It's going to be a newborn adventure.

Clean the rust, sweep away the dust.

It ain't hard to do.

This crossroads decision really is not that difficult: dead mackerel versus living bread?

It's getting late.

Whatcha waitin' for—more clingy rubble or a holy liberating tumble?

Yunus showed you the way.

So did the saints and sheikhs who climbed the 45-7-2 ladders.

Go further east, and then go further.

We don't know about you, but we are walking past deceivers and not throwing candy to a hippo.

The devil gets a hold of people who don't leave self-centric realities, worlds, rooms, and habit sets.

We're not holding back.

Walk on.

Time to peel off the made-up-hide that hides from the light.

Going, going, . . . gone for God.

Deacon Beacon Dominic posted the following prayer in response:

Amen! Thank you, Lord, for pouring out the blessings of your Light through this beautiful music. It moves our soul, it fills us with peace. Thank you for this day. A new hope is born in our heart! Thank you, Lord. Help us to feel more deeply the abundance of your Light. Disclose to us the divine light we fear is hidden from us. We need Thee, Lord. Others need Thee and we feel their need too. Awaken sympathy in our hearts, Lord. May all in the shade feel the sweet rain of your Light. Send us your peace and your grace, Lord. Thank you, Brad for this glass of musical love.

And Deacon Linus shared these words:

On Saturday I drove up to the mountains in Norway to spend the winter up here. On the way up I was singing the dhikr as the wild landscape rolled by. These mountains have always affected me in a deep, unexplainable way. Then the dhikr opened the door to a vaster room the landscape change.

In this room there was a felt connection with God's beautiful creation. In the vast room, nature was beaming with Love. The whole room was vibrating and radiating. There was a deep feeling of union. Thank you, Lord, for sending your Love into the world. Thank you for sending the saints. Thank you for sending Brad and Hillary. Thank you for bringing this group of hunters of Love together. Thank you for sending us on lifelong mission of Love. We are here to serve. Use us, Lord. We need Thee, do it Lord, help us on the battlefield every minute and every hour to just be nice. Amen!

### ***Mari Dreams of Supreme Peacefulness***

On February 5, Mari posted the following report:

This morning before awakening, I inhaled a breath of "that peaceful atmosphere" (words from Sufi master Inayat Khan that Brad mentioned in his recent recording). In a dream I was in the kitchen, preparing sandwiches for my son. We were having an earnest conversation about something. Two people suddenly appeared (One I could see clearly, and the other one indistinctly) I could only see them with my peripheral vision. One pointed to the road outside, and speculated about the identity of a pedestrian walking alone on the road. I opened the door and called out the person's name, to see if it was the traveler that my guests were speculating about. The traveler turned around to face me and respond.

Suddenly, I felt or heard something telling me to pay attention to a scene that I was drawn into. The scene had images, but the more vital message related to the *feeling* that was elicited by these images. It was of supreme peacefulness. It was a sunny day, and I was standing beside a river. Very tiny pieces of branches were falling from up above. Perhaps they had broken off from trees. They were floating down. The tiny branches were deeply happy. They had very different textures, but it was the differences in the tiny branches that enabled them to stick together as they dropped from above. They drifted down until falling into the river in front of me, still full of bliss. While all of this was occurring, Brad's piano playing was crashing in enormous musical waves, like unimaginably huge ocean swells. Somehow that powerful music was occurring simultaneously with the awe-filled stillness of the branches drifting down. Thank you, Lord, for the heavenly music that pours through Brad's finglies, and realms of reality. Thank you, Brad, for being God's instrument of praise!

We responded:

“A new hope is born in my heart by breathing Thy peaceful atmosphere.” Thank you, Lord. Thank you, Mari, for following the call of a feeling and experiencing how the differences of the branches make possible the one river that leads to the ocean.

Amidst the waves, we find bliss, peace, stillness, power, . . . everything including our Light nature. Thank you, Lord for showing her the way.

Yunus responded:

Dear Po Effendi, your dream fills me with a holy mystery. I feel somehow that when we are in the big room together, we are these tiny branches - deeply happy, made of different textures that keep us together, and falling into the river as the music plays. Thank you for catching this beauty for us all! It fills me with supreme peacefulness! Amin!

***Spirit House Meeting 17 – Hillary is Tested in St. Vincent, The Two Snakes, Following the  
Prophets  
(February 10, 2024)***

**A couple days ago, Hillary had an important spiritual vision and journey. She dreamed we were in St. Vincent.**

Brad and I were in a church with the spiritual mothers of St. Vincent. Mother Superior Sandy seemed to be in charge, but I also felt Mother Samuel present. I was undergoing an assessment and preparation to see if I was ready to go into the mourning room. There were many other women in the church praying and singing around us. When the service was over, they determined I was spiritually ready to proceed.

Brad and the other women stepped out of the room, and I was alone with Mother Sandy and Mother Samuel. They sat me down on a wooden bench. I noticed that Mother Sandy was now holding a snake. Somehow, I knew that this was another old way of testing the pilgrim: if the snake was calm and did not react to the person, it meant they were spiritually clean. But if the snake was startled and tried to bite, it meant that person needed further clearing away of the self.

Mother Sandy walked near me with the snake. I wasn't afraid but knew that I should fill myself with prayer. Even so, the snake lunged at my head. My heart sank a little bit. The mothers exchanged a



knowing glance. Mother Sandy, not wanting me to feel badly about failing the test, said, “That’s okay. Sometimes this old snake gets a little temperamental.”

The mothers left the room, and I sat on the bench knowing that I had to pray harder to rid myself of Self even more. I recalled in the dream Brad’s recent audio recording when he altered Reverend Joseph Hart’s words, “I can say with experimental evidence, that where sin abounds, or darkness, debt, stinginess, selfishness, and self—any part of self, all of self, any speck of self—where that abounds, grace doth much more abound.” The testing and preparation for mourning left me feeling greater faith and an even stronger need for Thee.

**When Hillary told me the dream, I remembered a secret about snakes that was revealed to me in St. Vincent. Every praise house has a center pole—this is where prayers are made, as you kneel in front of the pole. The spirit comes into the room via this pole. Like climbing down the ladder, the spirit arrives. Sometimes you see a snake painted on the pole. Sometimes it is not painted on the pole but there are elders who say that spiritual eyes can still see the snake. That snake is regarded as Jesus, the mediator between earth and heaven.**

Let’s dive into the Wigram stream to discover what this means. There are two Biblical verses that are needed to understand why Jesus may be regarded as a snake. In John 3:14, Jesus says, “And as Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of man be lifted up, that whosoever shall believeth in him should not perish, but have eternal life.”

**When Jesus speaks these words he is making a reference to Numbers 21:8 where Moses was commanded by God to make an image of a serpent and “set it upon a pole.” When he lifted it high for people to see the snake, those who glanced at the snake were cured of a deadly snake bite.**

Remember that when Moses led the Israelites through the wilderness, the people stopped following God’s instructions and chose to do their own thing. They became lost in sin, as the Torah and Bible say. In this mess of dusty and rusty hearts, poisonous snakes showed up and bit the people. That’s when the LORD said to Moses, “Make a snake and put it up on a pole; anyone who is bitten can look at it and live.” Accordingly, Moses made a bronze snake and put it up on a pole. Those who looked at the bronze snake, lived. The Israelites then walked on.

**Let’s go back to an earlier time in the life of Moses to rediscover more about this rod and snake. Moses was shepherding some sheep and climbed a mountain where the Lord appeared to him**

as a burning bush. Here we find God as a fire whose Light is so bright it is difficult to look directly upon it. The Lord asked Moses what he held in his hand and Moses replied, “a staff.” God said, “Look again” and then the staff became a snake. This staff or rod then became the mojo tool behind the miracles performed by Moses, from lifting it to part the Red Sea to showing the Pharaoh that his snake is from God and is made of God. After meeting God as a burning bush and seeing his staff become a snake, God told Moses to lead the Israelites to Canaan land.

When the people got lost in the wilderness it was due to their not following the ten commandments which had just come down to Moses as spiritual instructions for everyone to follow. Instead, they went wild with the practice of idolatry. This involves more than making false images of God and magical totems. Idolatry is deciding to not live in the House of the Lord. It is taking a part of God’s creation and mistaking it for the whole of God. Idolatry is making God a magical trinket for your pocket, no longer trusting in the bigger wisdom at work. The Israelites chose to pursue life in the Lord Hippo Inn.

**That’s when the LORD sent venomous snakes among them; they bit the people and many Israelites died. The people came to Moses and said, “We sinned when we spoke against the LORD and against you. Pray that the LORD will take the snakes away from us.” Moses prayed for the people and this is when God told Moses to make the image of a snake out of brass or copper and place it on top of a rod. Again, when people stared at it, they were cured from the snake’s venom.**

Note that this intervention involved three things:

**First, trusting God;**

Second, looking up, as instructed, to have a glance at God’s revelation that is situational for the Moment at hand—made to fit the ladder level and realm of the beholder.

**Third, following God’s instruction rather than HBS’ rule of anything goes that is fed by trickster imagination.**

What happened to the Israelites after they were cured by a glance at the theophany that arrived to Moses as a bronze snake? In the course of time, they lost sight of the whole complex weave of what God and Moses had done and regarded the serpent itself as the seat of the healing power. They made it an object of worship, so that Hezekiah found it necessary to destroy it, as is reported in Second Kings 18:4.

**In this story of the Israelites, we find the rod or staff, the snake, the fire, the prophet, the importance of following instruction, and the complex doubleness and alternation that makes these mystical gifts real. In addition, we find the temptation of human beings to take a preferred cutout, like the snake, and ignore the whole and holy from which it was extracted.**

As soon as the ten commandments arrived, some instructions were followed, and others ignored. The one that was overlooked that caused the most trouble was idolatry. Now, let's discuss idolatry.

**Idolatry lives and thrives in the room of self. There all things which are made holy in the House of the Lord, from a bronze snake to a golden calf to the ritual of healing, are plucked as a magical thing and transported to big me headquarters. Lord Hippo wants the magic of spirituality but does not want to live in the Spirit House.**

It's not easy to face the two sides of the original Serpent. Yes, long ago, two snakes were the two sides of God.

**The Bushmen early on recognized trickster not as a devil separate from the Sky God of love. They saw it as one side of God. But when the two sides are separated, and one favored over the other, all hell breaks loose.**

Similarly, every revelation of God is not to be plucked from the whole of God. If you prefer one of Allah's 99 names or qualities, then you lose them all.

**As we learned in retreat, facing a quality of God must be done without fear, fully trusting in the whole God whose love and light are forever forgiving and redeeming and holy smile beaming.**

Take a glance and enter the holy dance. Ecstatic sound movement on.

**In Hillary's vision she faced a snake, something she would usually want to run away from for fear of being bitten. However, this snake was held in a spiritual mother's hand in a mourning room journey. Hillary trusted both her pointing mother and she trusted the Lord. She did so in prayer. Even when the snake darted toward her, she did not flee. She made a deeper plea to be held in the arms of the Lord, doing so inside the House of the Lord. After this encounter she did not boast about not being afraid. She felt the never-ending need to clean and be rid of more self, doing so to be held more deeply in God's embrace—that's the purpose of the mourning room. Hillary**

**passed the tests that admitted her to the upper room. Then she passed the higher test by not passing it and accepting her human shortcoming as a higher gift. She celebrated the need for enacting less of me on the trail to more of Thee.**

The prophets are always shouting and pointing us to higher air, to the higher climb. They never stop warning us to not steal a part of God and hang it on our Lord Hippo wall. Don't find a bronze snake and declare yourself a healer. And don't take any revelation of God as a special award that intoxicates you with self-importance.

**Hillary saw the snake, and this brought her closer to the Light. The snake is perhaps the earliest image of God, and from the beginning of ancient times it has portrayed two aspects, dimensions, or realities of the Divine. On the one hand the snake represents divinity, creation, and healing, and on the other hand the snake portrays evil, harm, and destruction.**

The same is true of the staff of Moses. Whether it performs dark sorcery or holy intervention depends on the owner's relationship to the whole of God. Remember that Pharaoh's magicians also had magical staffs that could do some of the lower realm tricks that Moses demonstrated. But their staff could not climb high enough to do God's work.

**Magic is tapping into one aspect of divinity. That's a rare accomplishment and you likely will never meet a real magician. Most claims of spiritual magic in our time are sleight of hand or stage illusion that foster the delusion of a power. But real, spooky dark magic reaches into the House of the Lord and removes a stone, a staff, a snake, a song, a poem, a name, a belief, a dance, a color, or a feather and takes it back to the Lord Hippo Inn. Magic never lasts for long because it always backfires and leaves the practitioner cold as ice with something not quite right even when they try to act nice.**

Back to the Wigram Stream: In the beginning of Mesopotamian and Levantine cultures of the East, God was a snake. Then a piece of God became an imposter of the whole of God. This created a false god, a fixed partial truth separated from the whole.

**The prophets are mediators or spokespeople of a whole God. They convey the sweet and the sour tastes of the divine chef. They stand in the middle kitchen between earth and heaven. (Shhhh. Here's a secret: "Master Chef" is the 100<sup>th</sup> name of Allah).**

When people go astray—particularly religious people—prophets show up to rebuke with sharp disapproval and criticism of how they bent the rope to God.

**Every true saint, sheikh, prophet, and spiritual teacher does more than promise the love, light, and glory of the Creator. They also issue strong warnings and stern advisories.**

People often wince at the rebukes, disapprovals, criticism, warnings, and advisories. It's often the reason why people say they don't like religion and prefer "spirituality" administered by a candy store.

**Today we clarify who these prophets were primarily pointing to: they were kicking the behinds of those posing as religious leaders and authorities.**

Ibn 'Arabi minced no words in warning *sheikhs* of the perils of trickster hijacks. He wasn't talking to the general populace; he was addressing sheikhs and those pretending to be sheikhs. While his pointing applies to everyone, the stern-until-you-burn-away-the-self pointing was aimed for those who counseled others in spiritual matters.

**The severest warning comes from Reverend Joseph Hart. In the preface of his hymn book he first makes clear that God's grace is freely available even to the "worst of men,"<sup>iii</sup> but only if they sit like Hillary on the mourning bench, feeling their need to be rid of the self.**

Grace comes when we accept, rather fight or recoil, when the snake of Jesus shows us that we need to climb higher and dig deeper. But then Reverend Hart gives this warning: "Let those who may be tempted to tempt God or to backslide, in hopes of being miraculously forgiven, consider that the repentance to salvation given to me may not be given to you. For they who say, 'let us sin that grace may abound,' their damnation is just." In other words, candy-store spirituality says, "Go ahead and be a Lord Hippo, because the Universe is loving and it's all good and God is love, and love means no ouchy grouchy prophetic correction." But grilled brisket-and-fried potato-religion says this:

**"You have to really try if you want to spiritually fry. God can't pour love into someone when their cup is full of an unbroken self." Again, the prophets aren't warning or damning even "the worst of people," who by the grace of God are readily forgiven *when their hearts sincerely ask for forgiveness in deep contrition.***

The prophets are mainly pissed at the spiritual know-it-alls, the ones who use sacred words, prayers, poems, and texts to play power games with others.

**Prophets are the janitors who arrive to clean up the temple—differentiating those whose hearts are clean and in communication with the Holy Spirit from those doing the devil’s work in disguise.**

The prophets are sweeping away the “de-mons,” the Lord Hippos who claim spiritual and religious authority by verbal claims, ego games, and memorized words alone. They foster the false notions that all the gifts of a spiritual life can be had without earnest sacrifice, contrition, or the heartfelt *conversion* from hippo to lamb (or at least a hippo-leaning-to-lamb).

**Congratulations to everyone who got rebuked by the prophets and snapped at by the holy snake, and then afterward felt the joy and freedom of contrition. That, dear friends, is what is meant by salvation.**

There is a line of prophets. Each prophet faced a snake.

**Adam and Eve met the snake whose tree plucked and dropped an apple to reveal the gravity of separating any part of creation—that snake set God and humanity apart.**

Noah brought back the two snakes and two of every living form when God required two to enter the ark.

**Moses saw the Kalahari bushfire’s light and changing form of God that alternated between snake and staff. He enabled the doubleness of earthly creatures to face the doubleness of God.**

Jesus met the trickster serpent in the desert and resisted its temptations, choosing to concentrate on the dhikr of worshipping God rather than indulging in any particular gift, revelation, form, or fruit of the kingdom.

**Mohammad set the stage for Ibn ‘Arabi and the other sheiks to go on retreat and remember that all prophets belong to the same longing for complete absorption in the singular Love, Light, and Splendor of the Lord.**

Each of you, too, have met the snake. You meet it every day. Hillary just met it in a visionary journey prepared by the Mothers of St. Vincent. There she was given a very high teaching. She learned that

every spiritual revelation has two tests—you must pass the first test in order to face the second test. To pass the second test, you must fail it.

**The single snake in my dream held two sides: the snake on the left strikes if there is even a single atom of dust interfering with the whole light of God. And the other snake on the right embraces you because of your failing and ailing condition. In this double test you climb, only if you feel a greater need to sweep and enter the bittersweet contrition that surrenders all for the beloved.**

Now that we have straightened this out, give your Lord Hippo a martini and rejoice being on the Love Boat, the Old Ship Zion. Don't forget to pay attention to your spiritual diet: less candy and more himma. Fortunately, we don't serve candy.

**And remember your table manners, doing so to keep the room clean and ready for feasting.**

When you meet a revelation of God, don't idolize it.

**Did you forget what this means? It means do not prefer any quality, name, gift, or hue of the Lord more or less than any other aspect of God.**

If you see a snake, don't be in a rush to idolize snakes, get a snake tattoo, or quickly look for a snake handler. Feel the increased need for Thee and act in prayer to become more wed with thine whole light.

**If you see the loving Mother quality of God, absorb more fully in the whole of God and walk on.**

If you see the fierce father quality of God, absorb more fully in the whole of God and walk on.

**The line of prophets are here to keep you aligned with the whole light.**

That line becomes a circle when the whole of holiness absorbs all of you.

**This explains why it's best to not get stuck in your ecstatic sound movement. Do not favor any kind of movement, big or small, or medium. Align your movement with an ecstatic soundtrack and follow the changes in the music. Every moment of tone and movement is a different color. All the colors together bring back the white light.**

And as Charles Henry, inventor of the Cercle Chromatique, wisely said, the Sufi mystic's experience of white light is reception of the highest love.

**Don't overemphasize light over dark.**

Don't overemphasize love's sweet ring from the equally needed bitter prophetic sting.

**In the whole of it All and its alternation between Allah and all Awe, we feel inside the holy room.**

If it's real, we automatically and eagerly show more appreciation for the room and its caretakers. We fall in love with all the qualities and helpers of God.

**I shall dwell in the House of the Lord forever.**

The lovers of God are ablaze.

**Love is the mission of my life.**

Let's not forget to mention that the voodoo houses of Haiti also have a center pole with a snake painted on it. That spirit, Damballah, also known as the Creator of all life. It enters the spirit house when it slides down the fire pole.

**Speaking of fire, it's Mardi Gras week in New Orleans.**

Let's have a fire station party. It's time for those Mardi Gras Indians. Ecstatic sound movement on, and I mean all the way on! Let's get dirty for the Lord in the upper room, movin' and groovin' in the attic of the ecstatic that includes every quality of the Lord.

**With Mari's vision leading us on, let all the irregular branches fall, reconnect, and return to the river that leads to the never-ending smile of Sabrina's grandmother lineage whose buttons are sewing another adventure on the vast sea of CMC' sacred ecstasy.**

*Postscript*

We did not report to the Guild that the next morning after Hillary's dream, when she was still rising out of sleep, she thought she had dreamed Mother Superior Sandy holding a hawk. But as



she continued to wake up and come back to herself, she realized she was mistaken and clearly remembered Mother Sandy was holding a snake. The next morning, we posted these words online:

Thank you, Lord, for faith's trust that enables us to act rather than not act and accumulate rust. Thank you for the prophets—the super pointers—who correct how we error in reducing the holy way, rather than surrendering to how the complexity of polyphonic parts always mysteriously leads to the singularity of the whole.

Thank you for the wisdom to save the aesthetic objects, talismans, and hand-made things others might call “idols” and place them in the great art museums of the world. They keep alive the remembrance of how art inspires art.

Help us remember that idolatry has less to do with an idol and more to do with being idle—stuck in one reduction, quality, hue, tone, phrase, scripture, or whatever name, frame, reality is preferred.

*News from the upper kitchen:* contrition is the bitter + sweet taste of the Master Chef of many flavors. What does that mean? Sorry, can't say in a way that doesn't miss the whole. Just taste, metabolize, and change.

And Yunus Emre posted the following:

When I was a young *cadi*, I denounced all idols as sin. No object or talisman passed through my hands. My record was spotless.

But I could not see that the idol was me. Each day I cut myself out of God's fabric so that I could stare at my own shape.

I was the false God. I worshiped at the altar of Self.

Everyone in this Guild knows what it is to worship at the altar of self. When you think about yourself, when you imagine yourself, when you compare yourself to others, when you compare others to yourself, when you compare a present self to a past self or future self, when you feel down about yourself, when you feel up about yourself: all of these are worshiping the idol of you. What to do? Follow this altered articulation of the Sacred Ecstasies recipe:

- **Remember** the big room of God: Pick a *dhikr* for the day and plant it on your tongue.
- **Celebrate** the mysteries moving through this Guild by saying a word of thanks to the Mothers and to God.

- **Radiate** warmth to someone else. It's always a good day to give someone a gift. Be generous with your words, your smile, your time, your food, your actions, your money, your love. Just be nice.

Yunus is not interested in your swinging moods and whether you are feeling spiritually high or low. As Joseph Hart Effendi said: **"If you tarry 'til you're better, you will never come at all."** If you're lucky enough to find yourself seated on a bench between two holy Mother Saints, you will surely fail the test. The snake of Jesus can smell even the tiniest speck of self.

What will you do when you re-discover that you're not the big shot spotless pilgrim you thought you were? Will you pout or will you act?

Here's what the spotless sheikhs do: they act.

I need Thee  
 Do it, Lord  
 Just be nice  
 I shall dwell in the House of the Lord forever  
 The lovers of God are ablaze  
 Love is the mission of my life

***Live Chat Sunday February 11: Save Me from Solidification***

1. Imagine there is an invisible pole in the middle of your room. Now get up and walk over to it. Holding an imaginary paintbrush, mark the letter "S" on this spiritual pole—make sure it is written as high as you can reach. After you do this, write the letter "S" to us so we can see what you have done to the center pole of your room.

2. Now we will ask you a question:

Question: "What is this S?"

Now we will give you the answer:

Answer: "It is the Savior."

Now write to us, "I have seen the Savior."

3. Now we will ask you another question:

Question: "What is this Savior saving us from?"

Now we will give you the answer:

Answer: "This Savior saves us from solidification."

Now, to avoid solidification of this particular answer, only say this answer out loud but DO NOT write it down: "This Savior saves us from solidification."

Here is a question for you: do you know that serpentine is both a green colored mineral, a wiggly movement, and a wavy line? **Only answer with an "S" to assure we don't know whether you are answering yes or no.**

4. Now write the letter "S" on a piece of paper. Please fill in the gaps in your "S." Notice that this action forms the number 8. Now turn this number it on its side and notice that it has become the sign of infinity. Vertically it is an octave and horizontally it is infinity. Now write this sentence to us to indicate that you have received this message: "The vertical rope is a song, and the horizontal revelations of God are infinite." As you type, sing the sentence out loud, move your body in a serpentine manner, and pretend your letters are green.

5. Now we are going to ask you to climb the ladder. Move your feet like you are climbing—climb in a serpentine motion. With each step, envision that the pole in the center of your room changes its form. It becomes a rod, and then a shepherd's staff, and then a rope, and then an electrical power line, and then a fishing line. Keep climbing in your serpentine motion, letting the forms arise and then erase. Do you feel both the horizontal tug of the serpentine force and the vertical tug of the higher source? Answer with the name of a color—whatever color pops into your mind, let us all know.

6. After color name: What quality of God or of Creation do you find most tempting to solidify? Move like a snake when you answer.

7. What quality of God or of creation are you most resistant to accepting and embracing? Hiss like a snake when you answer.

8. What third quality of God or Creator's creation would be a good mediator between the above two qualities? List all three qualities as a line with the middle quality as the mediator. Act like electricity when you answer. Do it even if you don't understand it.

9. We are going to say something now--it's a call to respond. We want your Lamb fingers to enter a response. It should be different than the kind of response your Hippo has habituated itself to creating. Here's the call:

"I shall dwell in the House of the Lord forever."

Now, respond as a Lamb.

10. Let's do it again. Here's the call: "The lovers of God are ablaze."

Please respond as a Lamb.

11. And again, here is the call: "Love is the mission of my life." Please respond as a Lamb.

12. Now, please respond to this call: "God is found in all the qualities, forms, and critters of Creation." Go ahead and respond as a Lamb.

13. Finally, get ready for the lamb to respond to this new call:

S N A K E

9. Your final instruction is to pledge that you will draw a vertical snake in whatever color you wrote above. Keep it by your bedside. Every morning when you wake up and every night before you sleep, stare at the vertical snake with such concentration that you feel it changing into diverse forms, hues, sounds, movements, and revelations. It may help if you also move your body in a serpentine motion while saying internally, "Savior, save me from solidification." If you make the pledge to perform this action, write this message to us: "I am reaching for the line of prophets. I trust that this line holds the rod and staff that keep me on the main line of God's changing and everlasting Love, Light, and Glory."

### ***Snake Advisory: A Teaching***

We posted the following teaching the Monday following the Spirit House Meeting in which we reported Hillary's dream of meeting the snake in St. Vincent:

When the Israelites got lost in the wilderness it was largely due to their going wild with the practice of idolatry. Idolatry is not as trivial as most people think—it involves more than making false images of God and messing with magical objects. Clearly, Sacred Ecstatics has no problem with images of God and diverse styles of magical objects. After all, we just asked you to draw a snake. So what’s the real deal with idolatry?

Idolatry is a consequence of making a real estate mistake: choosing to not live in the House of the Lord, and instead, taking up residence in the House of Hippo. More specifically, idolatry is taking a part of God’s creation and placing it in the House of Hippo. Inside the House of the Lord, any piece of God’s creation is situational, changeable, and points us back to the singular Light.

But when we take a part of God’s creation and place it in the House of Hippo, it solidifies and hardens, taking our eyes off God and places our attention on the magical object, image, or name. In other words, idolatry is making God a magical trinket for your pocket.

Idolatry only lives and thrives in the room of self. There all things which are holy in the House of the Lord, from a bronze snake to a golden calf to the ritual of healing, are plucked as a magical thing and transported to *big me* headquarters.

Lord Hippo wants the magic of spirituality but does not want to live in the Spirit House. Why? Because in the Spirit House, no single person or gift is any more important or special than another in a permanent, non-changing way. In the big room of the Spirit House, everything is a small part of God’s always-morphing creation, and *big me* does not like that – it wants to stand out, it wants to be solid, important, and permanent.

The so-called “two sides” of the original snake are therefore more wisely conceived as two residential properties for the snake:

*The House of the Lord* portrays the snake as the two complementary sides of God. Here we find the Kalahari Bushmen respecting (but never trusting) the trickster side of God because it is always changing (and may be beneficial or malevolent). And at the same time, they love (and always trust) the Sky God side on high who radiates steadfast, everlasting love.

*The House of Self or Lord Hippo* places that snake in its room as a magical item whose magic starts fading the moment it is plucked from the river of Creation.

**Be warned:** Your snake illustration is looking for a house. Your relations with that snake are also searching for a house. Your relationship with all of creation is hunting for a house, and your relationship with the Lord also needs a house.

Hippo is tricky—it can create a small House of the Lord replica and place it inside Hippo Headquarters. Unless you dwell in the vast House of the Lord, everything will be off about your life. Even when a breeze of excitation, magic, or affection blows through, it will soon turn to rust. Why? Wrong house.

I shall dwell in the House of the Lord forever.

Question: How do I know I am in the House of the Lord?

Answer: an anointed pointer's nose will give you the Good Housekeeping seal. Otherwise, Lord Hippo will tell you what it wants you to hear.

Step one of Sacred Ecstasies is getting yourself into the House of the Lord and out of the House of Self. The House of Self is the site of ALL interference, blockage, short circuiting, regressions, backfires, frustration, competition, pout, spout, posturing, pitfalls. . .

In the House of the Lord, every experience is spontay and guarantees a brand new luminous day that includes the mystical light of night. In the House of the Lord, you feel grateful for every revelation of God that arrives.

Where will your snake live? Where did your snake come from? Where is it going? The snake that dwells in the House of the Lord is a part of the Light that shines God's Love. Its only magic is that it saves you from solidification and points you back to the best real estate investment you could ever make: dwelling in the House of the Lord forever.

### ***It's Total Annihilation – ESM Track and Prescription***

(On February 14, we re-posted Brad's previous dream with a prescription for action). Brad dreamed we were outside looking at the sky and observed four jets in formation fly to the right. As we watched, they suddenly all exploded as if shot by missiles. More jets then arrived and they too all exploded, one after another. We were frightened, thinking this was surely the end of the world. Brad said aloud to Hillary, "It's total annihilation." As soon as he said these words, he felt peace and sublime joy come over him, because he knew we were witnessing the Sufi conquest of the self, something to cheer rather than fear. We must each stand under the Creator's sky and let every flight of self-centric fantasy be annihilated by higher missiles and epistles of truth.

A couple of nights later, Brad had another dream about the annihilation of self. This time no aircraft exploded in the sky:

I don't remember how the self was destroyed but I clearly remember two other things from the dream. I again said after witnessing the destruction of self, "It's total annihilation." And then Hillary and I both laughed. What I remember most about the dream was our laughter.

Now listen to your new ecstatic sound movement track and make sure your snake is near you. Move in a serpentine manner, and from time to time, stare at your snake as you say, “It’s total annihilation.” Feel peace and joy knowing that every serpentine movement shakes off the self in the big room of higher missiles and epistles. Repeat this process a few times, making sure to say, “It’s total annihilation.” Remember to laugh at the absurdity of being an HB acting like a snake.

### *Postscript*

Commentary posted on Circle:

Annihilation of what?

Solidification of abstractions—hardened conceptions, rigid definitions, metaphor hierarchies, frozen names.

Solidification of habitual actions, stuck routines, fixed protocols, unchanging models, hegemonic paradigms.

For example, solidification of self.

Reminder: try to emphasize descriptions of felt experience rather than abstractions of explanatory knowing.

For example, emphasize:

Love

Divine power & energy

Blissful Amazement

Every HB can relate to these word pearls. In addition, spiritual engineering can tinker with evoking these phenomena.

The Savior of the bronze snake made by Moses helps save us from being poisoned by the solidification of lofty words. The latter disease overemphasizes knowing via citation of abstraction and too easily forgets the originating experiences, or minimizes them, or hides the fact that they

are not present in the speaker, or bans them. This is how religions degenerate into worshipping the idols of solidified abstraction rather than foster a melt in the felt experience of divine revelation.

The mission of our life is love, plugging into the divine power station of higher energy, and conveying the blazing amazement that sets souls on fire.

While emancipation, liberation, salivation, salvation, palpitation, ignition, excitation, etc. are involved, they are secondary to the primary experience that spontaneously generates them. Better to not mention them or only whisper them, doing so after celebrating the primary experience from which they arise.

The divine theophanies are primary, while the post hoc theologies are secondary (and like all trickster constructions, they may help or hinder).

Please go back and conduct today's experiment again. This time do so recognizing the importance of elevating a felt serpentine movement over a post hoc conception. Annihilate the solidifications of mind and in the fresh clearing within, catch a felt movement.

### ***Further Snake Teachings and Prescriptions***

On February 15<sup>th</sup> and 16<sup>th</sup>, we posted the following prescriptions for action:

On Thursday:

Theologians, rabbis, and preachers aren't sure how to understand the bronze snake of Moses. It's irrational that God would prescribe such an absurd cure for the deadly poison of a snake bite.

Sacred Ecstatics, like the creative therapists and healers of old, also prescribes absurd and uncommon action to alter your relations with everyday reality. Some of you are like the Israelite rationalists who refused to take action they didn't take seriously—they laughed at Moses and his metal snake on top of a pole. For those of you who do faithfully conduct the experiments, do you do it trusting that this tinkering may save your life from the poison of worldly rubble and the diseases of self-addiction? Or do you perform them less than whole-heartedly with a skeptical trickster mind?



Today, we ask that you enter the spiritual wilderness and become lost like the lost tribes of Israel from long ago. Imagine that the spirit of Moses brought his rod last night and touched your drawing of a snake. Your snake immediately came to life and bit you during your sleep.

Moses now advises you to now take your snake and hold it above your head with both hands. Look up and briefly glance at it while imagining that this is the life-saving cure of the snake bite. Repeat until you feel that this action is real, that you have traveled further east in reverse and feel amongst the lost who found the cure.

When the snake, the bite, the cure, Moses, and God feel real, proceed to say these words out loud as this Moment's means of resetting your life:

Love  
Divine power & energy  
Blissful Amazement

On Friday:

Before retiring for sleep tonight, do this:

Pick up your snake drawing and have your snake bite the middle of each wall in your bedroom.

In preparation, read these words multiple times today:

"In between the Lord's Love and Divine blissful amazement is found the middle of divine power & energy:

Love  
Divine power & energy  
Blissful Amazement

People have wondered whether a snake releases the divine power and energy within. I shall not think about this snake even though my mind will be drawn to its mystery. I shall only concentrate on 'Love' and 'Blissful Amazement,' even if I don't know what all of this means."

In between readings, repeat the words "Love" and "Blissful Amazement" throughout the rest of today and night, as often as possible like a dhikr. Do your you best to not think about the divine power & energy that connects Love and Blissful Amazement.

Don't forget to have your snake bite each wall of your bedroom before you go to sleep. And don't forget to perform these tasks trusting that this tinkering may save your life from solidification, the poison of worldly rubble, and the diseases of self-addiction. Amen!

## Commentary

We posted the following commentary on the Friday prescription:

Differences have arisen:

a snake biting a person

versus

a snake biting a room (and doing so to every side)

Is your room bitten?

Does Dr. Moses need to make a house call?

Is there a second eyes perception with a question here?

Who is in need of intervention?

You or the room?

In the middle, the unnamable.

Here there is something that can only be felt.

If only said or read, it loses the color red.

When understood, it has no mystical blood or heart.

Between Love and Blissful Amazement:

an ineffable gap for the incomprehensible zap

Don't name the middle, for that reaction solidifies it

Respond with praise, but do not name and imply a claim

Be saved from the solidification of hippo pontification

Savior, save us from solidification

Love and Blissful Amazement: 2 sides of the ineffable, unnameable, unspeakable middle

The middle, forever a riddle

If solved, self is never dissolved.

Love is the question

Surrender to the middle: follow mystical instructions

Blissful Amazement is the answer

### ***Amy Dreams a Bowl for Hillary***

On February 15, 2024 Amy Priest reported a dream:

In a dream this morning, I was handed a shallow granite bowl resembling a soup plate. In the middle was a relief of a cross (like a plus sign) with a circle around it carved into the center of the bowl. Surrounding the cross was a blue-green transparent resin of sorts. Whoever handed it to me was very tall and made of

light. They told me to deliver this bowl to Hillary and that she would know what to do with it. So, Hillary, just passing along the bowl.

***Spirit House Meeting 18: Sama’***  
***(February 17, 2024)***

**Several years ago, we discussed the Sufi spiritual practice called *sama’*. It the Sufi practice most associated with our ecstatic sound movement. Specifically, it involves concentrated mystical listening as the body moves with mystically inspired music.**

Sama’ aims to bring forth your love of God as it also purifies your soul and provides a way of climbing to find God. This practice is said to reveal what is already in one's heart. If your heart is pure, then your heart and soul can communicate directly with God. The goal of sama’ is to climb the ladder and reach sacred ecstasy—the utmost love that bursts forth into mystical light.

**Professor Bruce Lawrence describes sama’ as “the courting of the divine through the performance of music, which in turn [leads] to public expressions of ecstasy.” This practice helps a Sufi catch divine love and sacred ecstasy, regarded by Sufis as the pinnacle spiritual goal. Sufis are either celebrated or criticized by other Muslims for this musical movement means of seeking union with the Beloved.**

We should not be surprised that Sufi sheikhs readily warn how easily these spiritual experiences are confused, conflated, and mistaken by “raw beginners” and therefore require a “mature trekker” to discern and confirm their authenticity.

**Some Sufi lineages advise that the music of sama’ should not be heard by beginners because they are too easily deceived into thinking they had a heightened ecstatic experience. Other Sufi traditions encourage everyone to practice sama’ because, no matter the risk of misidentification and exaggeration, this places the seeker in the most favorable climate to catch sacred emotion.**

Sacred Ecstatics chooses the “sama’ for all” approach. We encourage everyone to go ahead and move to our ecstatic sound movement tracks. We provide practical tips, advisories, and spiritual engineering advice, but we don’t enforce any rules about your expression.

**At the same time, we also recognize that beginners easily mistake the general excitement that comes from music and movement with real sacred ecstasy. Somatic excitement, wild movement,**

**or shaking is not necessarily related to sacred emotion. However, sacred emotion is always somatically exciting.**

When Rumi entered the sama' scene, Sufis were already coordinating sound and movement in both standing and sitting choreographies. What Rumi brought was the now famous turning motion of the whirling dervish. This movement helped his lineage extend their reach in the climb to union with the divine.

**With or without movement or whirling, the primary bridge for mystical communion is music. The aural bridge of music is what enables the dancing listener to cross over.**

Get it. Get the rhythm, get the rhythm. There you go, there you zapping go.

**Thank you, my Sheikh of shaking medicine. Professor Lawrence offers this conclusion about the importance of music to the Sufi:**

. . . music was the *sine qua non* of Islamic mysticism. It not only helped the lover to attain a state of ecstasy in the presence of the Beloved, but it itself was integral to the ecstatic moment. Ideally sama' absorbed the human listener into the place of music till there remained only the song.

**The Sufi masters of sama' lead us to an emphasis on mystical listening that absorbs the listener so all that remains is aligned movement. Catching the sacred emotion in holy music requires second ears that can mystically hear. In other words, in addition to sound and movement you need attuned spiritual hearing that is a receiver of sacred emotion.**

Thank you, Lord for taking us further east, riding the wheels of ecstatic sound movement. Concentration points to mystical listening. It also indicates a high degree of sacred emotion caught by awakened ears.

**The saints have been discussing ecstatic sound movement and want to share some of their thoughts with us.**

Charles Henry pointed out that sama' or the ecstatic sound movement of the Sufi mystics takes place in a room filled with many sacred texts written by Sufi mystical scholars. This word-saturated environment creates the possibility for more semantic misunderstandings and misguided cutout preferences that breed ecstatic mishaps. He compared this lineage with the Kalahari ecstatic sound

movement environment where there is no library of letters or texts. This leaves their dance less tongue tied and their heart and mind less misaligned.

**Yes, I was discussing that with him last night. He also said that there is likely a temptation for some Guild members to foster a romanticism with the Kalahari way—it may seem that fewer trickster words and books is better insurance against mind’s interference. However, whatever truth there is in this, it is only true for the Bushmen of long ago who did not write or read.**

They never read or heard the fables, myths, and tales of other lands.

**Unfortunately, we have been bitten by too many snakes and cannot benefit from a Kalahari clean slate. Our plate is so full of ideas that we are more like the Israelites, Christians, Muslims, Sufis, and others lost in the sea of proliferating names with their inflated abstractions. We need a rod and staff to keep us aligned. We also need a rod and reel to reel us into a real mystical reality.**

The same applies to our fantasies about Osumi Sensei. While theoretically it is true that all you need is a seiki practice to climb to the sky where the seiki wind can carry you home, this is only practically true for someone with a Zen cup completely empty of self. Our modern cup is too full of wild notions and trickster potions to handle the tea the way they did in ancient Japan. Other lineages with equally sharpened pointing sticks, rods, staffs, and words are needed for us to stop indulging in trickster snacks and new age quacks.

**As Ibn ‘Arabi taught, each prophet, along with their lineage, brings a unique divine revelation. Absorb it, but don’t favor it at the cost of losing other rays of divine light. Remember, that’s idolatry. We’re worshipping God’s whole ecology.**

Each revelation also has a unique movement, like a seiki movement or a Kalahari dance move. Catch it, express it, and then move on when the anointed pointing, rather than hippo desire, advises the change.

**Charles Henry is back, this time studying how creative therapists and prodigious healers dealt with the opposing rooms, desires, fires, and moves of hippos and lambs. He is reminding us to remember to double our messages, triple our dynamics, and multiply our changes in the 45-7-2 ladders that turn dots and lines into ecstatic mystical wheels within wheels.**

We are here for Love, the divine love that includes and yet constantly corrects every lower rung love form.

**Love is the mission of our life, as long as we long to be ablaze with loving God.**

Turn that Hippo love faucet off and turn that Lamb love flood on. There is a river! Walk on water!

**Ecstatic sound movement is the conveyor of luminous, numinous sacred emotion. Our ecstatic practice consults with the old school practitioners of sama'. The musical mystical practice of the Sufi reminds us to listen—the mystical listening of second ears. Ibn 'Arabi taught us that the heart has two eyes, but it also has two ears. Let us not forget our ears and how hearing is another way to make a clearing for the reception of a divine transmission.**

When second ears open, spontay movement is aligned with the higher emotion delivered by deep fried beats and barbequed tones. Their musical changes throw you into the changing of First Creation.

**We climb to find all ropes and lineages pulling us to become a wave, a snake whose two sides are in sync with the two sides of God—the trickster side and the Big Holy side.**

Let's move toward juxtaposing the Sufi lodge with the Kalahari dance circle, the seiki bench, the praise house, and all the mystical headquarters that have come our way. It's now time to wake up our second ears: ecstatic sound movement on. Remember, it's about the listening that awakens higher glistening.

[ESM TRACK]

**Welcome back the many rooms in the vast mansion that we now call the House of the Lord.**

Let us be constrained as well as freed to better hear and catch the creative sounds of the Creator's inspiration and respiration.

**May art and dart come through as the two wedded sides of every sacred form ready to both board and depart the ark. The Old Ship Zion is still sailing on! Remember you can go through Morten's window to get on board!**

May the rod and staff of Moses and his brother Aaron turn magic into a holy gaze at the Blissful Amazement felt by the man of God named Joseph Hart.

**CMC heard and had a glance of Love's Light Supreme. She surrendered herself to sacred absorption in communion with Thee.**

In sacred ecstatic movement, we need the listening ears of sama'. Then we more easily enter the eternal smile, the vast sea, and the amazing bliss of sacred ecstasy.

**Let us begin again, this time in the intersection of many lineage lines crossing.**

I shall dwell in the many rooms of the House of the Lord.

**Our hearts are ablaze with the Blissful Amazement of longing for loving divinity in both its multiplicity and unity.**

The mission of our life is Love, the Love that annihilates our self and truly ends our selfishness and stinginess, bringing forth the readiness for Love's washing the heart pure.

**We are not here to be claimants. We are here to build hearts.**

The claimant says it, but does not enact it.

**We are here to act differently, talk differently, hear differently, and be in a different room.**

The snake is lifted high on the rod of Moses.

**Mosey on over to the higher altitudes where homeopathy is the cure of battling opposites medicine.**

Receive odd-for-God instructions that defy the reasons of popular convention.

**Welcome the absurd crazy wisdom that leads you simultaneously deeper and higher to Love's Light and Joy.**

Hold on, did you really say Mosey on over?

**Yes, let's Mosey on over with Moses and the prophet's second line. It's time to restart, re-spark, and relight the fire station party. This is New Orleans and Sister Gertrude doesn't beat around the burning bush. She lights up the tambourine.**

Thank you, Lord. Help us not drift from experiencing closeness with you.

**Forever close as we sing and dance though the open heart door.**

Forever close to you, dear Lord. Amen.

**May these words of Reverend Hart be etched on our *hearts* which are incapable of solidification:**

Love

Divine power & energy

Blissful amazement

**We need a Bushman elder to remind us to pay more attention to our Heart and rein in our trickster Brain, especially when the Sky God is cooking us with ecstatic sound movement.**

We need Osumi Sensei to remind us of the seiki bench and move with ecstatic sound movement rather than be in a hurry to put mystery into words.

**We need Ibn 'Arabi to remind us we have two hearts and two brains, and we need a sama' dhikr of ecstatic sound movement to keep his boat afloat.**

We need Moses and his rod with a bronze snake, to remind us that ecstatic sound movement is also meant to empty and lift our head as we lift our heart. Look up! The sky is ablaze with lovers of God!

**In truth, we only need to remember the Lord's Love, power & energy, and blissful Amazement.**

The Bushmen, Osumi Sensei, Ibn' Arabi, Moses, and all lost Israelites and meteorites also only need to remember the remembrance of ecstatic sound movement.

**Looking at the snake each night and each morning I see it change from rod to staff to electrical line to fishing pole, saving me from solidification!**



In this changing, I'm annihilated like a trembling Bushman grandmother filled with n/om. All that is left is the changing itself.

**Looking back on all my years of worshipping the idol of *me*, I laugh at the absurdity!**

Thank you, Allah for delivering Moses the cure.

**Look and listen and live!**

Love

Divine power & energy

Blissful amazement

**Sacred Ecstatics is setting the soul on fire.**

With the help of the saints, sheikhs, and snakes, you can do it.

**But only inside the house of the Lord where hearts are ablaze with the mission of love supreme.**

Get it. Get the rhythm, get the rhythm. There you go, there you go, going further east.

### ***New Revelations About Reverend Joseph Hart***

Recent scholarship has uncovered new information regarding one of our saints, Reverend Joseph Hart: Recent scholarship has uncovered new information regarding one of our saints, Reverend Joseph Hart. Here we present the Harty news with some interspersed material from the past to help assure that the whole ecology of his holiness is conveyed. Hart's life and teaching are not easy to handle—it tempts some folks to solidify religious metaphors and it repels others to miss the feast that is better caught when the least assumptions are brought to his offerings.

We have also prepared a special sama' soak in an ecstatic sound movement track ("Joseph Hart Valsa) in which the spirit came through so strongly that Brad was swept into old London and barely able to return. Don't miss listening to this with second ears ready to travel.

Fasten your seatbelts, empty your vessel, and climb on board the Old Ship Zion. We are heading to newborn sojournings:

He was married twice. His first wife was named Mary Brown and his second wife, formerly thought to be Mary Hughes, was Mary Lamb. That's right—Joseph Hart married a Lamb!

He also owned the Meeting House on Jewin Street (acquired in 1760) that went through various names. It stayed in the family until his grandson sold it.

Hart held a job as a teacher at a London school where he taught classics. His translations of Greek and Latin were used as textbooks. He also printed tracts for other outspoken preachers who, like him at one time, were challenging John Wesley, co-founder of Methodism.

Hart was a far more popular preacher during his time than previously thought. He was in demand at several other major churches in addition to his own.

What is especially noteworthy is the degree to which he devoted himself to prayer and fasting. He wanted a revelation from God to feel that he was a "real" man of God. Yet he cautioned himself about nurturing wild fantasies about visionary experience. After years of effort, not only did his vision come through, he developed a spirituality that sought purity of the heart through disciplined work and concentration. In other words, his spiritual action was like the Sufi mystics we have come to adore.

Hart's first visionary experience involved being transfixed on the agony of Christ in the garden:

"I had such an amazing view of the agony of Christ in the garden, as I know not well how to describe. I was lost in wonder and adoration, and the impression it made was too deep, I believe, ever to be obliterated. I shall say no more of this, but only remark that notwithstanding all that is talked about the sufferings of Jesus, none can know anything of them but by the Holy Ghost; and I believe he that knows most knows very little."

In other words, without the Holy Ghost opening the seeker's second eyes (Arabi's two eyes of the heart), no secret is revealed. And the secret that rendered Hart lost in "wonder and adoration" was a glimpse of the sufferings of Jesus through Holy Ghost sight.

A “vision” alone is not sufficient for the complete conversion of a person into an anointed pointer whose joy is overflowing. The mystical heart is not yet built. After Hart’s first authentic visionary experience, Hart, like many mystics, suffered troubling visions that brought darkness into his room. In anguish, he prayed to be saved from the flood of demonic influence and reborn temptation. As the Sufi sheikhs would advise, there are always more steps on the ladder to climb—more challenges and tests to pass, and more of self to drop.

In this ladder climb we find that the seeker needs a vision, but not to receive their license to teach or their shamanic shingle to hang. They need a real vision, born of disciplined practice rather than idle daydreaming, to be admitted to higher suffering. Such a vision brings you to the next ordeal that pushes for yet more concentration in prayer and absorption in the trust that is needed to defeat deeper dust and rust.

Some time after Hart’s vision of Jesus in the garden he had another mystical experience with an even deeper spiritual conversion—here his mystical heart was built. This big bang experience began after he heard a sermon (on Revelation 3:10) at a Moravian Chapel in Fetter-Lane. The chapel was less than one thousand feet from his home. Remember how he describes it:

I was hardly got home, when I felt myself melting away into a strange Softness of Affection; which made me fling myself on my Knees before God. My Horrors were immediately dispelled, and such Light and Comfort flowed into my Heart, as no Words can paint. The Lord by his Spirit of Love came—not in a visionary Manner into my Brain, but with such divine Power and Energy into my soul, that I was lost in blissful Amazement.

These words were caught by the Kalahari doctors’ second ears and they put a smile on Osumi Sensei’s face: *I felt myself melting away into a strange Softness of Affection*. This is what’s meant by getting soft and ready for the dart pierce and its transmission of holiness. Self is dropped as you drop to your knees in surrender to the Creator.

The dart then arrives to pierce the heart: Light and Comfort flowed into my Heart, as no Words can paint.

This flood from heaven is life-changing: *Love, Power and Energy enter the soul*, rendering one *lost in blissful Amazement* (with no Brain-train leading the experience).

Hart was extremely outspoken about anyone teaching or preaching who had not been submerged in, touched, and transformed by the Light and Love of sacred ecstatic emotion. This *conversion* provides the basis for revelation through the Holy Ghost (or call it n/om, seiki, Holy Spirit, himma, or God's supreme love potion).

Once the fire is within him, Hart's reprimands of false teachers sound like those of Ibn 'Arabi. If other teachers and preachers have not felt the love, luminous power, numinous energy, and amazing ecstatic glory of God, they have nothing to say. That is, what they say is not conveyed through the inner fire and light. It is more the voice of trickster.

Hart was likened to Samson, and the false teachers to the Philistines. As Samson defeated the Philistines, so did Hart defeat the false teachers of his day. When Hart passed away, a man named R.W. wrote the following elegy:

Let the Philistines of this day rejoice,  
And vainly sport at our great champion's fall;  
Sing, O ye Christians, with triumphant voice,  
Hart laid their vineyard waste, expos'd to all.

His nervous arm did wield the two-edg'd sword,  
And cut the pillars of their Babel down;  
Arians, Socinians, felt the pow'rful word,  
And Deists, Atheists, sunk beneath his frown.

He th' Antinomian drag'd to public shew,  
His fancy'd robe strip'd off, expos'd to shame;  
To proud perfection gave a deadly blow;  
Her head she bows, nor e'er shall rise again.

If you wince at criticism or coaching that recommends discipline, correction, and concentration, then you won't last long with Joseph Hart, Moses, Ibn 'Arabi, Osumi Sensei, Tapduk Emre, Mother Fatima, Sister Gertrude Morgan, or any of the anointed saints.

If you are a claimant (someone who spiritually advises or coaches others but who has not been reborn in the Light that flows into the heart and creates a Hart-like transformation), then your talk is the babel waiting to be cut by the two-edged sword of Hart and the saints.

There is written eye-witness testimony that Hart's preaching aimed to reach the "common folk," especially the poor and needy. His sermons were not like his peers whose prose was abstract and difficult to understand. He spoke to the hearts of everyone. He wasn't a claimant who used solidified abstractions to hide the absence of a fire and light within. He held up the two-sided snake of God—one side rebuked the hard deceiver and the other side fed the soft receiver.

Hart taught that the Holy Ghost works paradoxically, like the snake medicine of Moses. The Holy Ghost (or himma, seiki, . . .) cannot reveal itself nor transmit its Light to someone until they feel the degree of their miserable state. A person must feel what a total Lord Hippo they are. Sin, the action that promotes self and demotes God, must be so directly faced that it overwhelms and breaks the heart as it blows the mind and throws you on the mourning ground. Only then can higher mojo spring from *sojoprings* and get through to you.

**Sin** is an archaic word to many of us. We agree with Jesus that sin has a double-sided meaning: sin is both not loving God and not loving others. You can't love others without loving God, and you can't love God without loving others. This whole love is divine and it melts all self-entitled wealth and happily shares like a Bushman, sweeping away all cringy-stingy shitassery.

A verse from one of Hart's hymns:

What Comfort can a Saviour bring  
To those who never felt their woe?  
A Sinner is a sacred Thing;  
The Holy Ghost has made him so.

This is reality altering: *A Sinner is a sacred Thing*. That's like saying a snake is a healing thing for a snake bite, or that failing the holy test is required for advancement.

To fully see our sin (our self-ish nature) and feel its burden helps clear the way to desperately reach for help—the prayer plea that touches the heart of Thee. That's when you receive a blessing from Spirit. For example, it is a blessing to sit on the mourning bench and be snapped at by the snake in Mother Superior Sandy's arms—it is a doorway to go deeper in prayer and ask for help in shedding more of self.

The famous preacher, Reverend Charles Spurgeon (1834–1892), who seemed to notice everything spiritually important, said, “I always love that phrase of Hart’s—'A sinner is a sacred thing, The Holy Ghost has made him so' [. . .] I love to see one who feels himself to be a real sinner; not the one who says, just by way of compliment, that he is a sinner; not the one who can read the Ten Commandments all through, and say that he has not broken any of them; but the sinner, the downright guilty man, the man who is a thorough sinner, and knows it, the man to whom I like to preach the gospel.” (Spurgeon/Harrold: 1898, p. 334).

Hart was like the old Lakota medicine men and women who saw themselves as the lowest and most deplorable critters on earth, as a lowly as a worm or snake. In Hart’s own words, he regarded himself as a “monstrous sinner.” What did this mean? Since 1 out of 7 men during that time were alcoholics (gin was very in back then) and he hung out at the pubs to recite his romantic ditties, he was likely a heavy-duty drinker. Prostitution and gambling were also frequent during those drunken times. The details of his social conduct are not important. What matters is that he convicted himself as a “monstrous sinner” due to his self-centered ways, noticing the “deceitfulness and hardness of my heart, the wickedness of my life, the shallowness of my Christianity, and the blindness of my devotion.” He knew what he needed: “I must have a better religion than I had yet experienced.”

Without knowing it, Hart wanted what Yunus and the Sufi mystics also wanted: a new heart. He was hunting for what the Bushmen sought and what all the saints of Sacred Ecstasies point us toward: Love and Blissful Amazement brought by God’s electricity (divine power & energy). He wanted the lightning of sacred ecstasy that sets the soul on fire and lifts the heart to the Lord of Light.

To get this process started, you have to go in the opposite direction than what the self thinks is rational. Rather than stay clear of negative thoughts and avoid bad feeling triggers, you must face the shitass that is your stingy-cringy nature. This truth must break you into pieces, a shamanic dismemberment and agave chop-chop that is felt in the heart rather than wildly imagined in the mind.

Lame Deer did it, Yunus did it, and Joseph Hart did it. The Buddha did it, Jesus did it, and every Bushman n/om-kxaosi did it. Every real cooked HB on the trail to Light did it. Go ahead and do it, too. Be a heyoka this very Moment and walk away from common sense. Stare at the snake so intensely that you see your monstrous nature, then break up that reality-gazing room and break through the veils to feel the Love, Light, and Joy of being reborn as the original luminous form of you.

It's total annihilation! Yes Lord! Let the *real fire station party* commence!

Begin by facing the wretch of you. Do you want to feel the Holy Spirit? Know that it will lunge at your head to help you *feel your sad Condition*. It helps make you real so you really see that the snake of solidification (self) has bit and poisoned you. Then call the big doctor and let the operation begin.

Let us not forget Hart's verse:

Th' Holy Ghost will make the Soul  
Feel its sad Condition;  
For the Sick, and not the Whole,  
Need the good Physician

Hart is resonating with Mark 2:17, where Jesus said, "They that are whole have no need of the physician, but they that are sick . . ." Again, for Hart, unless the Spirit exposes the true nature of our condition, we will not feel the utmost need for Thee. The Spirit must first "wound" or "convict" a person before they can be healed:

A form of Words, tho' e'er so sound,  
Can never save a Soul.  
The Holy Ghost must give the Wound:  
And make the Wounded whole.

Pointing to the hippo shitassery of an HB is one side of divine revelation. The other side of revelation transmits God's "secret love," a secret to those whose eyes remain spiritually blind:

Come, Holy Spirit, come;  
Let thy bright Beams arise,  
Dispel the darkness from our Minds;  
And open all our Eyes.  
Convince us of our Sin;  
Then lead to Jesu's Blood:  
And to our wond'ring View reveal  
The secret love of God

For Hart, no one can fully penetrate “The Wonders of redeeming Love!” We know it requires a blood transfusion and a heart built of divine secrets. In his hunger for sharing love with a love that loves to share worldly goods, Hart prayed for Love’s never-ending blessing:

Descend, celestial Dove,  
Give us that best of Blessings, Love,  
Shew us the Father’s boundless Love,  
And Merits of the Son

Reminder: without God’s love held within, a human being is a dead mackerel:

Needy, and naked, and unclean,  
Empty of Good, and full of Ill,  
A lifeless Lump of loathsome Sin,  
Without the Pow’r to act or will!

Hart prayed, like Ezekiel, to wake up the dead: “Breathe on these Bones so dry and dead.”

Rejoice:

But we build upon a Base  
That nothing can remove,  
When we trust electing Grace  
And everlasting Love.  
Vict’ry over all our Foes  
Christ has purchased with His blood:  
Perseverance he bestows  
On ev’ry Child of God.

In recent discovery, we also learned that Joseph Hart took in orphans. This was said of him at his funeral:

Now mourn the widow—now the orphans weep;  
Their kind protector—he’s, alas! No more—  
Whose charge of trust for them did sacred keep;



Whose friendly hand oft made their cup run o'er.

Go ahead and let Saint Hart adopt you. 'Doption is what you are looking for, is it not? Mother Superior Sandy, Mother Samuel, and Mother Ralph are wondering.

At the higher altitudes of the mystic's ladder climb is not found less discipline or freedom from the work of sharpening the mind and enacting good deeds. In the narrow, middle line between lineage-aligned thought and daily practical stewardship is found the Holy Ghost's luminous river—the serpentine, undulating current of alternating spiritual electricity that empowers the fire and desire to be a good person of God who thinks right and acts right. Here correction is revered for its contribution to helping us lean toward the Light. Enough said, for even these words can only be seen as colored red through mystical sensory organs.

The sheikhs and the shamans of old recognize Joseph Hart as having the same changed heart granted to them. They were all on a mission to build mystical hearts. In addition, they knew that nothing real can happen unless you enter the right House. There the heart must be set ablaze by the right kind of love. That's the Moment when you know why you are here and where you are going: yes, you are onboard the Old Ship Zion headed on a Big Love mission. Never forget that all of this works paradoxically, going against the grain and Brain of popular convention. To find the positive, face the negative. To find the ecstasy, face the agony. To become saved from solidification, face the slippery shitass.

In conclusion, a scholar concluded:

If one word best describes Hart's ministry, it is suffering.

His friend and brother-in-law, John Hughes (whom Hart chose to succeed him as the pastor), concluded that God "so ordered it [i.e., all Hart's suffering], that it was a means of making him through the super-abundant grace of God, experimentally wise and humble."

Reflecting on Hart's personal acquaintance with suffering, biographer Thomas Wright commented, "Few hymnists can approach Hart when he is upon the subject of sorrow."

In Mississippi, the boat spins in the middle of the river as the blues are sung and turned into the gospel sound of joy, praising the blood that gives newborn life in light.

In vision we were led to the relatively unknown Joseph Hart by a misspelled word: *sojoprings*. The word mistyped was “sufferings.”

It was through suffering that Hart continued to have more mystical meetings with the divine:

“...though I have many sore Trials and Temptations in my Soul; yet it pleases the Lord to reveal himself often in me, to open the Mysteries of his Cross, and give me to trust in his precious Blood.”

We wanted you to know some of the news as soon as we found it. Thank you, again, Reverend Joseph Hart, for being a part of our journey further east.

We invite you to celebrate Reverend Joseph Hart with some good-old fashioned sama’. As you move and absorb its sacred emotion, feel free to shout, “Thank you, Lord, for Joseph Hart!”

### ***Joseph Hart’s Eight Steps of Conversion***

Original version published in his pamphlet, *The Unreasonableness of Religion*:

[1] The first thing generally done by the Spirit in the Conversion of a Sinner, is to shew him, that he is lost in himself and must die Eternally without the Free Grace and Mercy of God in the Mediator. The Man now hangs as it were between Heaven and Hell. In his own Apprehension there is but one Step between him and Endless Misery.

[2] Thus is he Continually Distress’d, and Unsatisfied, reaping no Comfort from any thing he reads or Hears: till God shall shine in upon him by his Spirit, Opening his Understanding to Understand the Scriptures. [. . .]

[3] He now begins to see a Marvelous Light in the Sacred Writings, unknown to him before by the Letter. Christ is Exhibited clearly in the Word; and he is enabled to view him with Spiritual Eyes, and to Close in with him Savingly [. . .] feeling Raptures and Transports of inexpressible Joy and Comfort. [. . .]

[4] But this Light of Revelation must be clouded; and Faith must Combat with Difficulties and Dangers. For without Opposition it lies Unactive; and not to be distinguished from a False, and Dead Faith.

[5] The Believer has now a more Amazing Sight of his own Vileness, and Deformity, Sees, that everything he thinks, and acts, is Sin. Yet Faith tells him, he shall notwithstanding be saved.

[6] Anon his Corruptions grow more Prevalent; Temptations to Infidelity Assault; his Lusts and Vices become Predominant, and he falls into Sins as Gross and as Frequent as before; and perhaps more now than ever.

[7] Yet God in the very midst of his Rebellions, or immediately after his Acts of Iniquity, breaks in upon his Soul with new Discoveries of his Unchangeable Love to him in his Son.

[8] This greatly strengthens his Faith, and plainly shews him, that as nothing could Move God at first to place his Love upon him; so nothing can provoke him to take it from him. Nay, the Viler he is, he finds the Lord the More Kind and Merciful to him. And where Sin abounds, Grace to him does Superabound. And his Iniquities are no Hinderers, but Helpers of his Faith.

Our revision:

[1] The first thing generally done by the Spirit is to show how you are lost in yourself. You hang between Heaven and Hell. It feels like there is only one step between you and endless misery.

[2] You are continually distressed and unsatisfied, receiving no comfort from anything read or heard until God shines in upon you by Spirit, opening you to higher spiritual truths as they have come down through the lineages of mystics.

[3] You now begin to see a Marvelous Light in the Sacred Writings, unknown before by words alone. Jesus radiates clearly in the Word; and you are now able to view him with Spiritual Eyes, and to feel an emotional closeness with divinity . . . feeling raptures and transports of inexpressible Joy and Comfort.

[4] This Light of Revelation becomes obscured to strengthen your spiritual walk; you learn to combat dark difficulties and dangers through faith and good spiritual engineering, rather than relying on yourself. For without Opposition, faith lies unactive and untested; and not distinguished from a false and dead faith.

[5] You now develop a more Amazing Sight of your own Vileness, and Deformity. You see that everything you think and do is born of trickster. Yet Faith tells you that, despite your hippo habits, there is a river, a ladder, and a holy highway that beckons you forward. And so you walk on.

[6] Temptations and corruptions reappear and grow more prevalent, perhaps more now than ever.

[7] Yet God is found the very midst of your Rebellions, and breaks in upon your Soul with new discoveries of his unchangeable love.

[8] This divine love greatly strengthens your Faith, and plainly shows you, that as nothing could move God at first to place his Love upon you; so nothing can provoke him to take it from you. Nay, the Viler you are, you find the Lord the More Kind and Merciful to you. And where Sin abounds, Grace to him does Superabound. And your Iniquities are no Hinderers, but Helpers of your Faith.

### ***Horizon***

In a dream, Brad felt as if he was floating in the sky, hovering over the land that was home to the ancient Sufi sheikhs:

A single word appeared in the sky in front of me: "horizon." As I stared at it, I heard the word clearly spoken aloud. In the background, other words were spoken more quietly. They were presumably associated with this word. I heard "Sufi," "Ibn 'Arabi," "Henry Corbin," among other names. I woke up feeling I had traveled further east and was gifted a word of mystery.

The next day we found a paper written by Henry Corbin, *Cyclical Time and Ismaili Gnosis*<sup>liii</sup>, that addresses theophanic vision, the experienced revelations of God. In his study of the trajectory of "Gnosticism" from Zoroastrianism through Christianity to its "final resting place of Shi'ism," Corbin presents the key to understanding the experience of a theophany: "The field of its vision, its horizon, is in every case defined by the capacity, the dimension of its own being: Talem eum vidi qualem capere potui." In another paper, Corbin gives context to this Latin phrase:

In the Acts of Peter. . . we read a narrative that provides an exemplary illustration of theophanic vision. Before a gathering of people, the apostle Peter refers to the scene of the Transfiguration that he had witnessed on Mount Tabor. And essentially all he can

say is this: Talem eum vidi qualem capere potui ("I saw him in such a form as I was able to take in").<sup>liv</sup>

The *horizon* of a vision, in other words, matches the horizon of the beholder. Corbin further explains how the transfigured Jesus appeared differently to those to whom he revealed himself. The preparation, spiritual development, mystical wisdom, and degree of self-annihilation help determine the form of a divine revelation: "I saw him in such a form as I was able to take in." Likewise, when John and James were called to be Apostles, they were on a boat at sea and saw a being on the shore calling them in. One saw a small child and the other saw a noble man. The form of revelation matched each person's receptivity.

The mystery of the cross addresses this same phenomenon of morphing theophanies. When the angel reveals the secret of the cross to John, the Apostle finds it has many forms. Corbin writes:

This cross is called sometimes Word, sometimes Mind, sometimes Jesus and sometimes Christ, sometimes Door, sometimes Way, sometimes Son, Father, Spirit, sometimes Life, and sometimes Truth. It separates the things on high that are from the things below that become (the things of birth and of death), and at the same time, being one, streams forth into all things. "This is not the cross of wood which thou wilt see when thou goest down hence: neither am I he that is on the cross, whom now thou seest not, but only hearest his voice. I was reckoned to be that which I am not, not being what I was unto many others. . .Thou hearest that I suffered, yet I did not suffer; that I suffered not, yet did I suffer; . . . and in a word, what they say of me, that befell me not. But what they say not, that did I suffer."<sup>lv</sup>

The field of the vision, its horizon, holds the form that changes for each human receiver. The theophanic revelation's dimension, depth, height, and degree of Light fit the receptive qualities of the beholder.

Ibn 'Arabi's use of the term "horizon" makes clear its use in the Quran: "We will show them Our signs on the horizons and in their souls and it becomes evident that He is the Truth . . ." One of Ibn 'Arabi's students, Sheikh Dāwūd al-Qayṣarī, wrote a book on Ibn 'Arabi's "horizons of Being," and begins with a brief discussion of the term:

A horizon is a conceptual boundary which does not have independent existence, but a relative one, appearing fixed only to the observer. Just as there are infinite horizons, divine manifestation is perpetual. Thus, the horizons of Being are both the universal planes of existence as well as the particular entities

permeated by the divine Essence. God, or Absolute Being, is a singular reality that manifests through the prism of created existence, a single ray of light dispersing into a spectrum of colors. In relation to these manifestations, God is at once transcendent and immanent, and hidden and manifest, as eloquently expressed by Imām ‘Alī b. Abī Ṭāli: “God is in all things but not by being admixed within them and separate from all things but not by being isolated from them.”

The term “horizon,” for Sufis, is most significantly mentioned in the Quran (53:7) when it describes Muhammad’s early visionary meeting with the angel Gabriel. This occurred “while he was in the higher horizon,” the eastern edge of the sky where the sun rises. Gabriel appeared on the eastern horizon of the sky and was revealed, some say, in the original form in which Allah created him. Muhammad had to look up to see Gabriel who was suspended in the air, two arm lengths (or bows) above his head.

When we say we are “going further east,” this indicates the horizon where the theophanies of the Lord shine brightly.

Peter believed that the greatest miracle of Jesus was the transfiguration, his appearance in a theophanic form. This moment is described in Matthew 17:1-3:

After six days Jesus took with him Peter, James and John the brother of James, and led them up a high mountain by themselves. There he was transfigured before them. His face shone like the sun, and his clothes became as white as the light. Just then there appeared before them Moses and Elijah, talking with Jesus.

When we think of mystics, apostles, and preachers who have had a glimpse of one of God’s prophets, we find that it leaves them different from others who speak of spiritual experience. For instance, the great preachers during Joseph Hart’s time did not all have a vision of Jesus. John Wesley had no such mystical revelation, nor did George Whitefield or Charles Spurgeon. The latter two preachers did have their souls set on fire and were spiritually cooked in their conversions. On the other hand, Wesley only “felt [his] heart strangely warmed” while sitting in the same Moravian Church on Aldersgate Street in London where Joseph Hart’s second eyes awakened, enabling him to go home and mystically see Jesus on the cross.

Ibn ‘Arabi faced Jesus and all the prophets. His horizon was arguably vaster than most Sufi sheikhs and Christian preachers. This is not to say that sight is more important than a flood of emotion by itself, or that more revelations are spiritually better than one or none. What people experience through their five senses is defined by the breadth of their spiritual horizon which may, in turn, influence how they radiate outward God’s Light within.

Joseph Hart had a revelation, and it was made possible by the Holy Ghost touching his heart. His hymns and his preaching conveyed the fire that had been lit in his heart, which is the mark of anointment. Anointment is akin to the Holy Ghost building a heart. It may help explain what Martin Luther meant when he specified why the New Testament was not written by any of the apostles. Their oral stories were written down much later. Luther (and theologian Karl Barth) believe that the Word of God only comes alive in the voice of a preacher anointed to bring their dead bones to life. Luther wrote:

[It requires] good, learned, spiritual, diligent preachers who draw the living word out of ancient writ and unceasingly din it into the people as the apostles did. For ere they wrote they first had preached to the people and converted them by the living voice, which was their proper apostolic and New Testament work. This is likewise the right star which sheweth Christ's birth and the angelic message telling of the swaddling bands and the crib.<sup>lvi</sup>

When you approach any spiritual author's words or hear anyone speak on spiritual matters, investigate whether they have had any visionary experience or theophanic revelations. To what degree of spiritual temperature has their heart climbed, in the past and in the present? Did they feel a fire, a strange warmth, or only the cold despair of not yet having felt conventional reality melt away? In other words, what is the horizon of their spiritual reality? Are they facing east? What is the horizon of your spiritual life? Are you facing east? Your life is a voyage on the vast sea. The Lord is calling you at the shore. Do you hear? Look. Whom do you see? Where are you going? Whom are you meeting? The horizon waits for you to come nearer the cross and the crossing into Love, Light, and blissful amazement. Look up. Don't worry if you can't yet see. Just *look*—that's enough to start your climb to sacred ecstasy.

Finally, let us end with another glance at mystery. The "horizon" is the isthmus of the mundus imaginalis. This narrow space, a path even the vulture's eye has not seen<sup>lvii</sup>, is neither located on one side or the other—yet it touches both sides. It is like twilight where both dark and night spring from their middle boundary. In the isthmus, the twilight, and the middle boundary line, is found the border of different worlds. Below, outstretched arms reach across the horizontal plane of earth. Here, meet God's earth-born son (the Son of God) whose anointment is to hold all human suffering. Look up! On high is found a changing form on the vertical rope to God—the snake of Moses, the prophecy of Isaiah, the sacrificial lamb of Jesus, and the not-yet-seen forthcoming theophanies. Meet the Spirit of God's heaven-born son (the Son of Man) who holds all changing forms that enable glances, sounds, scents, and tastes to convey the felt crossings between heaven and earth.

***Spirit House Meeting 19 – Claimant or Radiant? Ecstatic Sound Movement and Kinetic Painting  
February 24, 2024***

**Our first book on Sacred Ecstasies opens with these words:**

We call for the return of sacred ecstasy, the extraordinary experience that gives birth to the fully awakened mystic, shaman, healer, and spiritual teacher. This overwhelming and life-changing personal encounter with the numinous is a super-charged sensate immersion from head to toe, installing something mysterious within that circulates the greatest bliss.

**Now, after spending time with the Sufi sheiks, we can say that the degree of sacred ecstasy you experience is in proportion to the degree to which you have shrunk the self.**

When we talk about sacred ecstasy, what are we pointing to?

**First, it is a dynamic of sacred emotion.**

Yes, it is a dynamic of sacred emotion rather than a state of altered consciousness.

**What does this sacred emotion feel like?**

An old London preacher once said it was love with a divine power and energy so strong that this love bursts into blissful amazement.

**In other words, it feels wonderful.**

It's wonderful, so they say.

**If it feels weird or strange or scary, then it's not sacred ecstasy. It's either John Wesley's heart trying to wake up or it's an anxiety episode triggered by the fear of the self losing control. Here psychological dissociation or other kinds of forced energetic trance interrupt the natural and effortless emergence of ecstatic sound and dance that concentrate rather than fractionate.**

However, if ecstatic sound movement feels good in any way that points away from the Lord of Light, then it is likely another trickster fantasy of sticky love or yicky power.



**Real sacred ecstasy makes you want to shout, sing, dance, and share everything to hear the bells of heaven ring.**

Please also remember that Sacred Ecstasies is a sensate experience. As we like to mention, it is a super-charged sensate immersion from head to toe.

**It is an immersion in the Creator's love, light, and joyful ecstasy.**

This changes you by installing something mysterious within. As the gospel song goes:

I've got something within me, I cannot explain  
I've got something within me, that banishes all of my pain

**Sacred ecstasy installs an inner conveyor and radiator that circulates the greatest bliss within as it radiates that joy to others.**

Let's today say that you change from being someone who makes claims to being a new kind of HB who radiates joy, light, and love. Remember, Yunus Emre said: I'm not here as a claimant, I've come to build some hearts. He later may have said, "I've made a radiant vow to radiate God's love and joy to others."

**Are you a claimant or a radiant?**

The claimant says, "I have experienced sacred ecstasy" or the claimant says, "I have not experienced sacred ecstasy."

**The radiant says, "I need Thee, Do it Lord, Just be nice," and radiates sacred emotion with a warmth and brightness that matches their capacity.**

Let's go back to our first book and read what is said next.

**Please tell us, my Sheikh.**

Sacred ecstasy brings true spiritual conversion and life transformation—it touches the roots of your being and leads to an instant rebirth of identity, purpose, and everyday presence in the world.

**Those who experience it regard this as the definitive moment of their lives—it is what initiates and makes you ready for the most incredible life possible, one filled with mystery and vibrant elation.” In other words, we you go from claimant to radiant.**

Now let’s recurse to our Practice Book that we shared with you this season.

**What did we say about sacred ecstasy in this book?**

We underscored that sacred ecstasy is the pinnacle peak of the spiritual climb to the divine. We never lose sight of this target or stray from its pursuit.

**Our primary practice, ecstatic sound movement, helps keep your horizon vast, your heart coals smoldering, your body instrument tuned, and your rope to God strong.**

Ecstatic sound movement is not just any kind of body movement—it is spontaneously changing motion aligned with a unique kind of musical production that helps the spiritual temperature climb.

**This special sound and movement combo holds the ecstatic dynamics that awaken sacred emotion’s transformative vibration, the original life force of Creation.**

Again, make sure you drop former preconceptions of song and dance and let a new kind of sound movement transport you to the jubilantly flammable and alchemical side of God.

**Our tremble resembles the shiver of Shiva, our wiggle topples the ego, our lamb tingle helps us mingle with divinity, and our shaking medicine releases repressed joy.**

Ecstatic sound movement can take place sitting, standing, lying down, walking, or dancing. There’s a practical advantage to initially practicing sound movement while sitting. In this position you are freer to move without the need to worry about balance or distracting acrobatics. We are now going to be bolder than we have been and say this: Everyone should first practice ecstatic sound movement while sitting. To understand why, we must return to the four ingredients of sacred ecstasy:

**The ingredients are spontaneous movement, fascinating rhythm, soulful tone, and sacred emotion. Each of those ingredients can be experienced fully while seated.**

We have learned that for many people, the most elusive ingredient is sacred emotion. And often people assume that more commotion means more emotion, so they try to get as worked up as they can, and that often means wanting to stand up and move around a lot. After all, the word “ecstatic” connotes a lot of exuberant dancing and noisemaking.

**Sacred Ecstatics is not afraid of wild movement. In fact, we celebrate it! But that movement must arise from sacred emotion or else it will only be excitation, which is easily hijacked by Lord Hippo the Claimant.**

Sitting while doing ecstatic sound movement helps you curb any habits of purposeful commotion so you can better concentrate on catching the sacred emotion conveyed by our sound productions.

**You simply tune into the unique sounds of an ecstatic track and allow its acoustic changes to physically move you in kind. Remember, ecstatic sound movement is a kind of sama’ – this is true mystical listening.**

Ecstatic sound movement is automatic and improvised, though this may include whatever forms come naturally to you or may have been previously acquired. The purpose is not to aim for an impressive show, but to fall into effortless movement aligned with what you hear. Your body may shift in and out of different patterns including smooth, irregular, fast, slow, wild, calm, big, small, or other qualities of movement.

**We have often said and say again today that the rhythms of ecstatic sound movement wobble between entrainment and de-entrainment: they move back and forth between predictably familiar rhythms and unfamiliar rhythmic surprises. At the same time this is happening, you experience melodic, atonal, harmonic, dissonant, and noise variations of sound production. When your body movement is in sync with these rhythmic and acoustic changes, you feel emotionally and physically pulled by higher musical strings. This is your transportation to a higher reality.**

Reminder: Ecstatic sound movement holds all our four ecstatic spiritual engineering ingredients. What are they again? You should be able to recite them in your head (pause). Tones, rhythms, spontaneous movement, and at least a drop of sacred emotion. The “sound” in ecstatic sound movement is the carrier wave of sacred emotion. It is the special kind of music that is aligned with the felt source and force of Creation.

**Let's tinker in the lab with Charles Henry. Get your ecstatic sound movement ready to change.**

Before we begin, Charles Henry has brought you a practical tip. He sent us a note and Brad will read his instruction for all of you:

**When you sit down to conduct ecstatic sound movement, consider that you bring a palette of movements, much like an artist brings a palette of colors before approaching the canvas. How many movements are on your palette? How many do you use in a session? Said differently, how many colors do you have when you sit to paint a kinetic work of art? Today, I invite you to kinetically paint with a palette of more colors than you have used before. Hillary will now introduce you to the color red.**

Red is the color of fire. It burst like a flame from the heart with this motion. I'll show and then let's all join in and kinetically paint with the color red. (Hillary show hand bursting from heart)

I have added the color purple to honor Milton Erickson who was color blind. Our trance is not sleep-inducing. It wakes you up. The kinetic color purple expands the horizon of your mind. Here's the motion of the color purple. (Hands expand the head).

**Green: expanding the room with lateral arm extension and moving.**

[Pause to do ESM with red, purple, and green]

**Yellow for the Japanese rising sun: hands and arms move upward.**

Orange for the Kalahari sunset: trembling hands

**Blue for the Caribbean Sea: pulling arms**

[pause to do ESM with yellow, orange, blue]

**White for the Sufi Light: back and forth head movements**

Black for unseen mystery: whole body jolt of surprise

**Pink for erasing mental ink: erasing motion**

[pause for ESM with white, black, and pink]

**Let's play a track and use any of these colors to kinetically paint what you feel conveyed in the music. Ecstatic sound movement is now a kinetic painting, learned in Charles Henry's laboratory and performed in his Parisian salon.**

*Postscript*

Commentary for Circle:

The claimant claims he or she (or we) *is or isn't* this or that.

Naming, framing, claiming, and forever blaming.

"Me, me, me" rather than "do re mi fa *soul* la ti do."

(Yes, the soul is in the middle, the heart of song.)

Change the horizon with Charles Henry: tones to colors to movement.

(Yes, color is in the middle, the newborn heart of aligning sound to movement.)

The **radiant** is different than the **claimant**.

The radiant chooses to kinetically paint, inspired by sacred emotion.

With less self, more color leaps off the palette.

What radiates in this action of art?

A love that is real with a fire that desires to share everyTHING.

Walk in beauty: kinetically paint.

Never hesitate to be for giving.

Just be nice in the manner that needs Thee to sweep away the "me, me, me."

Drop the repetitive single note, drop the black and white letters.

Become a color wheel that turns sound and movement.

Do it Lord, make me a cercle chromatique.

***Live Chat February 25, 2024***

Part One: Moving as each color, response about feeling

Let's reenter Charles Henry's laboratory that today has been relocated to the caves of Cappadocia. We will begin by waking up each of the kinetic paint colors in the Sacred Ecstatics rainbow.

Let's begin with red. Close your eyes, concentrate on the color red, and count to 9 (the number of colors in our present color palette) while performing the movement. Sync your counting with your movement. Reminder: the movement for red is hands showing love like flames bursting from the heart. When you're finished, type this sentence below: "I am red and it feels... (add your answer)"

Now we will repeat for all the colors!

## Part Two: Spinning the Wheel and Grouping the Colors

We have created a wheel for all the colors of the Sacred Ecstatics rainbow! Here are your instructions. Spin the wheel, and then tell us what color you landed on.

After they respond, write:

Here is our tally of all the color groups: Red 5, Pink 2, Black 3, Blue 2, Yellow 2, Green 2, Purple 3, Orange 1. What is miraculous, is that no one landed on white. Therefore, let us create that color together. We must add all the colors together to create white. Let's have all the groups perform their color movement. We'll tell you when to start so we can do this at the same time. Each color should be stronger now. Feel you are doing your color movement with others and with other groups of color. When you perform your color movement, count to 9 as you did before. Wait until we give you the signal to start.

Let's have all the groups perform their color movement. We'll tell you when to start so we can do this at the same time. Each color should be stronger now. Feel you are doing your color movement with others and with other groups of color. When you perform your color movement, count to 9 as you did before. Wait until we give you the signal to start.

"Let's begin moving now!"

When finished, please post this sentence: "I am part of a color group. All the color groups together constitute the One Light."

## Part Three: Going Further East

We are now going to ask Charles Henry to spin the color wheel. Charles Henry just spun the color wheel and landed on the color \_\_\_\_\_. Here are your new instructions. Right now, face the eastern horizon, and perform this color's movement while listening to the track below. (post the track) When you are finished, please type this sentence so we know you are done: "We are going further east together."

#### Part 4 Finisher

Thank you, everyone! Now face the Spirit House of New Orleans, where many of us will gather next week. Perform the movement for the color white (white for the Sufi Light: back and forth head movements). Do this as you repeat this prayer four times: "May our reunion become a Cercle Chromatique." (Brad invites you to do your best to mispronounce the last two words to honor First Creation.)

When finished, please post a personal remark that is a celebration of our forthcoming.

### ***Johannes's Vision of the Cross***

After the Guild reunion in March 2024, Johannes shared the following report:

Thank you, Brad and Hillary, for hosting us in the Spirit House and showering us in God's Love again and again and for pointing us to the Light again and again!

Here something I want to share: In the morning session on March 1, Brad says something like: "Jesus played an instrument and asked the disciples to dance to it." This touches me and I imagine moving in a way as if I was a disciple and if it was the last time together in the garden of Gethsemane. I hold nothing back and feel danced in a beautiful and strong experience of ESM.

In the afternoon session I look up above Brad's piano and see the crucifixion of Jesus and then the cross morphing into an immense staff with a white snake, changing into a black snake, changing into a red snake. Then again changing into Jesus on the cross and changing form again and again. The cross/staff was maybe 5m tall and 40cm in diameter. The cross was standing in a column of white light. From Jesus blood and water was dropping down.

I witnessed a love power coming from God through Jesus down to Brad and all of us humans that was stronger than every force I ever experienced. It felt so

strong that I was sure if it would reach my heart it would burst in an instant from its tremendous force.

Just under the cross a little to the left Brad was sitting at his Steinway playing. There was one ray of light coming out of Brad's head and one out of his heart, both going straight to the heart of Jesus. I heard the song "In the Garden" playing.

The whole scene has stayed with me since. There is something about "the suffering love of Jesus" and his relation to God and us humans that caught me and pulls on me. It is mysterious, moves me, shakes me up and gives me unrest at the same time as it also asks the question:

Will I continue to live as a poisoned claimant or will I choose to come to the cross and trust the low, despised mystery of a crucified man?

Here is a little sketch:



Amen!! Thank you, Lord!!! Thank you, Brad and Hillary!!!

### ***Ecstatic Sound Movement Experiments***

The following are a series of experiment instructions we posted online accompanying our musical tracks (both with and without vocals):

In preparation for listening to the track, "Rumi Discusses Music," stand in front of a mirror and take a look at yourself. Then say, "I am not what I think I see." While still standing in front of a mirror,



close your eyes and imagine seeing a luminous sphere. Then say, "Higher sight requires more inner light." Spheres will soon roll.

\*\*\*

Try this experiment today or tonight: Every time you need a mojo booster to lift you higher than the rooster of mind, play an excerpt of the posted ecstatic track, "I Will Say Goodbye." With eyes closed, listen for at least 10 seconds and as you do so, envision you are drinking a glass of love. Lift your arm and enact having this drink.

What is this glass of love? According to Deacon Beacon, it is a sonic tonic. Feel it rather than think about it. Do this to experimentally experience what it is like to replace thinking about self with drinking a glass of love. Cheers!

\*\*\*

Try this experiment today or tonight: Every time you need a mojo booster to lift you higher than the rooster of mind, play an excerpt of the posted ecstatic track, "I Will Say Goodbye." With eyes closed, listen for at least 10 seconds and as you do so, envision you are drinking a glass of love. Lift your arm and enact having this drink.

What is this glass of love? According to Deacon Beacon, it is a sonic tonic. Feel it rather than think about it. Do this to experimentally experience what it is like to replace thinking about self with drinking a glass of love.

Cheers! Here are some further words to seed your experimentation:

*I Will Say Goodbye* to the rooster of mind.

And I will say *Hi, Hi* to the mojo booster of a sonic tonic.

Crossroads: self rooster versus heart booster?

rooster of the mind = loud hippo = kingpin trickster = solidified self

booster of the heart = mojo uplifting elixir = lamb climber = morphing vibration

Do you prefer being a cock-a-doodle-doo?

Or do you prefer being a more heart stirring tune?

Reminder: you are a song.

The only question is: "Which song are you?"

Mother Fatima says:

I say goodbye to the rooster of mind,

and I say hello to the sonic tonic.

I am not what I think I see,

I am a middle C -

a drop of God's love in a single sustained note,  
the gateway to the mystery chord of my soul!  
I aim to dissolve myself into this sonic tonic  
so that God may drink me as a glass of love  
that may be later rained upon others in need of a glass of love!  
Amin!

Here's a Special Variation of this Experiment: Randomly select any place on the recording to start it. Then when you feel the music is ready to change (or feel it is ready to take a sonic breath), randomly select another part of the recording. Continue doing this until you feel the random slices are smoothly sonically connecting as well as resourcefully interrupting mind's expectations. Do this as your body movement smoothly changes as well (no repetition of same form, please—that's a sign of zero spontay).

Then apply this Sacred Ecstasics learned engineering to living your everyday to find you can climb in a manner that will de-Light your lamb!

Consider yourself an acoustic being with multi-musical dimensions:

- \*a single string heard as long as its tone is sustained
- \*a sound journey that passes though major, minor, and less familiar chords, always changing along the way
- \*you are climbing with the mystery chord(s)
- \*within the sonic changes, variant sounds and beats alternate between staccato and legato
- \*you blend with other strings and their journeys: no such thing as a solo string—you are part of a piano and it is part of a symphony
- \*you are a song—whether you hear it or not depends on whether the interference of self-noises are swept away
- \*you are a song within the song of songs
- \*you, a resonator, are not a solidification—you are a vibration

You are an acoustic being whose multi-musical dimensions resonate with all forms of vibrational phenomena—from quivering and dancing muscles to the palette of hues on the hue-man color wheel. Let us not forget scents, tastes, and the union of touch — all changing forms of vibration that begin as a song sung by God.

\*\*\*

Try this experiment with the “Emily Prayer Cake”: Randomly play any slice of the prayer cake. As soon as you hear 1 or 2 words (3 at most), stop the recording. Walk around saying this word (or words) for 1 minute and then write it down.

Repeat this whole procedure two more times, each time walking, talking, and writing down what you sliced and further baked.

Then share with the Guild all three randomly selected, caught, and baked bites of prayer cake. Let’s eat some cake in this altered manner.

After you conduct the above experiment, read your Guild entry reporting your three slices. Relate to it as if it was written by someone else. Then listen to the prayer cake again and shout when you feel a difference, a surprise, or uprise in heated interaction.

### ***Perpendicular Fields of Reception and Transmission; Owen Dreams of Cake Delivery***

One week after the 2024 Guild reunion held in New Orleans February 29th through March 2nd, Brad went to a spiritual classroom:

A guide announced we would be shown how the spiritual universe energetically operates. He added that this revelation is only possible in a special room that enables perception of the nature of spiritual reception and transmission. As we entered that room, its walls and ceiling started to disappear. The darkness revealed many lines of light crisscrossing both vertically and horizontally across the room. The guide pointed to the horizontal lines that were organized in a network or web whose intersections looked like nodal points. He called this “the electrical field of reception” and the nodal points were human being “receivers.” He explained that no one is a receiver independent of other receivers. There is a network of receivers that constitutes the electrical field of reception. What one person electrically receives is received by everyone. Therefore, it is more accurate to speak of a field of reception rather than individual receivers.

We were shown that the ability of a receiver to experience and remember what was received is dependent on the absence of interference, something attributable to any over-emphasis on the individual self. When attention is given to the self, the electrical field of reception at that point is dampened and this, in turn, diminishes rather than strengthens the electrical reception for everyone. We were told that a tightly linked community of spiritual seekers (receivers) may become a strong field of reception, even if only a few people are able to sweep

away self-obsession and yield to following instruction of a strong electrical conductor.

In the dream we thought of some of the Guild members at the reunion who had been able receivers. They were demonstrably moved, especially by the music. We called it the “most electrical” gathering in the Guild’s history. Somehow this reunion had less interference from *big me* presences. More importantly, some of the attendees had really tuned in. Among these were Owen, Hayley, and Johannes. During the gathering I had said it felt like they were influencing what keys and strings on the Steinway got played.

In the visionary room on high we could perceive the Guild as an electrical field of reception. We could feel everyone’s presence as nodal points or dots connected to each other through the lit-up electrical lines. The dots themselves appeared as luminous clouds or orbs, making it impossible to differentiate and identify one from another. Only one dot appeared as the clear face of a person. We were not sure whether this meant that the person is a clear receiver or that they have too much self-awareness to dissolve into being a part of the whole field. We felt it was the latter.

Next, the guide directed our attention to the vertical column of luminous lines. This is called the field of transmission. We could see that all the Sacred Ecstatic saints were in this vertical field, stretching high into the sky above all living beings. We were also shown that we, as conductors, exist on both the vertical and horizontal fields. We mediate what comes down from the saints and distribute it among the nodal points in the field of reception.

After the dream we found that there are two fields of electromagnetic energy—an electrical field for reception and a magnetic field of transmission. Here’s a summary from Wikipedia:

The field at any point in space and time can be regarded as a combination of an electric field and a magnetic field. The way in which charges and currents (i.e. streams of charges) interact with the electromagnetic field is described by Maxwell’s equations and the Lorentz force law. Maxwell's equations detail how the electric field converges towards or diverges away from electric charges, how the magnetic field curls around electrical currents, and how changes in the electric and magnetic fields influence each other. The Lorentz force law states that a charge subject to an electric field feels a force along the direction of the field, and a charge moving through a magnetic field feels a force that is perpendicular both to the

magnetic field and to its direction of motion. Because of the interrelationship between the fields, a disturbance in the electric field can create a disturbance in the magnetic field which in turn affects the electric field, leading to an oscillation that propagates through space, known as an electromagnetic wave.

A few days later, we received this report from Owen. It provides an example of what Brad dreamed:

Last week a friend told me they had a dream and asked what we had been doing in New Orleans. She told me the dream: there was a very important delivery of cake which she was helping Hayley to make. The cakes were layered. And the layered cakes were layered one upon the other. The delivery had some urgency to it, and it was important that they be delivered without dropping or damaging any of them. As she entered the room where the cakes were to be delivered, she noticed that the people who were sitting in the room began to “pop,” and when they “popped” they levitated from their seats. She was shocked by this and asked what was happening. She was told that this is what happens in this room and that it was normal.

***Spirit House Meeting 20 – Pray It, Finding a New Trail in Cape Town, Sharing the Burden of the Cross, Heart Transplant  
March 16, 2024***

We invite you to step inside a dream that came to us months ago. We were in a library on high. There we met an older black woman who was the head librarian of the African American book collection. Brad told her that she might be interested in his edited book series, Profiles of Healing, especially the books on the Caribbean and the Kalahari Bushmen.

**This woman’s expertise was the black church experience, and we thought we could introduce her to how other practices in the African diaspora pushed the envelope when it came to ecstatic expression. Soon it became clear that she couldn’t make sense of what we were saying, even though we avoided theoretical abstraction and spoke in terms of sensory experience.**

Somehow the socially defined limit of expression in her church background did not allow her to consider what lied beyond its boundaries. We stopped speaking and heard an inner voice give us instruction:

**“Rather than describe or explain mystery, pray it. Let this woman feel the difference you are trying to convey by expressing it through prayer.”**

We followed this inner instruction and started praying with the extra ecstatic firepower provided by the spiritual lineages of the Caribbean and Kalahari.

**Fueled by the extra energetics of increased spiritual heat, the woman readily joined us in prayer. The three of us boarded a train bound for glory, fueled by the fire of devotion to God’s L-O-V-E.**

We remembered how Reverend Charles Spurgeon described taking the spiritual temperature of a church by experiencing how the congregation prays. In this dream, prayer’s heightened expression – rather than a description, definition, or explanation— is what turned up the heat and enabled a higher reach toward the divine. We’ve said it before, but this visionary dream asks us to say it and pray it again: Rather than talk about God, fire, temperature, love, light, or spiritual flight, express these truths in excitable, ignitable prayer.

**Let’s get on board Reverend Spurgeon’s instruction—take the temperature of your prayer. If it is cold, then assume you and your room are cold as well. Remember that wild movement and noise alone are not a reliable assessment of spiritual heat, nor do they automatically help you light the spiritual fire. Sacred emotion is what makes you meet and greet the holy heat.**

A single drop of sizzling sacred emotion voiced in prayer radiates more fire than a thousand words of description. Drop the “about-ing” and start the shouting that signals real enthusiasm. Pray to convey what even the clearest exposition cannot say.

**Now let’s go inside another dream. (noises here) We are in a vehicle driven by a guide. Look up. Look down. We’re traveling along the coast of Cape Town, South Africa:**

We are passing many places we have visited before, and the area looks both different and the same as we remember.

**Look to your right! See the ocean like a towering wall beside us. It looks like Moses has parted the waters with his staff and we are driving on the bottom of the sea. There is no visible barrier holding back the water from flooding the road.**

We are so stunned that we don't have time to gather our thoughts and conclude that this is totally impossible.

**But it's true: there is a giant wall of ocean that suddenly stops at the edge of the road for vehicles to pass.**

Brad is now telling our guide that long ago he taught therapists at the Groote Schuur Hospital in Cape Town, where Dr. Chris Bernard performed the world's first heart transplant. Brad conducted a live session involving a man so depressed that he couldn't get out of bed in the morning due to feeling a heavy weight pressing against his chest. In front of a live audience, Brad blurted out a question to this patient without thinking, "Are you feeling the weight of the cross, the burden carried by Jesus?" The man looked shocked and replied, "Yes, how do you know this about me?"

**I asked, "Are you a carpenter?" He again replied, "Yes, how do you know?" I then smiled and said, "It looks like you are missing the cross. Without the cross, a heavy burden cannot be held." I prescribed that the man make a heavy wood cross with his own two hands and place it on his chest each day when he lied down for a nap. As he did so, he was to imagine that he was sharing the burden of Jesus's heavy load, making it more manageable for the Savior." He faithfully did this task and recovered from his depression within weeks.**

After Brad retold this story to our guide in the dream, he remembered to add that before he taught therapy in the university, Brad had worked for the director of experimental surgery at Groote Schuur Hospital when he was a visiting scientist at the Roswell Park Memorial Institute in Buffalo, New York. Brad's mentor was the doctor who oversaw the heart transplantation research that led to Dr. Bernard's famous procedure. That memory, in turn, led Brad to say in the dream,

**"And many years later I conducted research with the Bushmen and was guided there by Dr. Chris Bernard's cousin, Izak Bernard, the pioneer of African safaris."**

Are you feeling the many pieces of a puzzle whirling in the middle of the mundus imaginalis? We're still driving next to the wall of ocean water, and are now approaching the old downtown area of Cape Town. We ask about Clarke's rare book shop where Brad used to track down out of print books on the Bushmen. The guide said it was still there. We started to tell the guide about some of the rare items Brad had found there in the past when a voice in the sky interrupted to announce:

**"You found a trail."**

This interruption throws us into feeling deeply fortunate to have found a trail to the Kalahari Bushman way of tracking God, something no book can convey.

**We also wondered if we had just discovered a new Bushman trail, the road that travels alongside the bottom edge of the vast sea. Or maybe we had been sent back to look with new eyes at the same trail we have traveled many times in the past to be startled by our newborn closeness to the mystical ocean.**

Let us say that we are circling round and round to emphasize that the Bushman way of spiritual cooking is the main cornerstone of Sacred Ecstatics. When we find other spiritual lineages that seek ecstasy, we make sure to compare them with our baseline reference—the Kalahari ecstatic sound movement that has the least interference with catching and owning the feeling for God, the Creator of Extreme Love, the Transplanter of Sacred Hearts.

**Without libraries in the Kalahari villages, trickster did not have volumes of fixed words to interfere with sacred emotion reception.**

At the same time, this benefit also had another side that left the Bushman elders with little opportunity to discuss their spirituality with other orientations. Their wisdom remained understood only inside their song and dance circle.

**The oldest form of ecstatic sound movement and spiritual cooking are the most distinct alternative to other spiritual traditions found on the planet. When someone tries to convey the climb to God in words, the Bushmen tease one another to ease the tension implied by any pretension that such an experience can be conceptually understood. In the laughter that ensues, a song often breaks through and the waters part again, revealing the trail to God's Love Party.**

We marvel at how academic talk and chalk, as well as the ways people think and use printed ink, have led to more conflict and war than they have to ineffable meetings with the divine. Even mystical scholars who ought to know better write more pages differentiating what mystery means rather than describing or evoking how it is experientially caught. Similarly, the collected rare books written on the Bushmen, along with the specialized talk of anthropologists, rock art scientists, and spiritual seekers of Kalahari spiritual treasure, provide little to no practical description or insight into their utmost mysteries.



**The old trail to the ascending mystical heart is only found when you follow the scent of the numinous with all your senses. Talk alone leaves you alone, missing what's waiting at the end of the rope, the cord and Armarcord of love.**

The oldest trail to finding God holds back the sea of names that would otherwise wash away the trail.

**The Kalahari that was once a sea is now dry, enabling the hunting and gathering of mystery. In its sand is found more than a grain holding a conceptual infinity. The sand holds the footprints of ecstatic sound movers, a trail that leads to the source and force of creation.**

This journey requires a heart transplant. The heart, burdened by life's troubles and disappointments, must be replaced with a mystical heart of light. Do you recall Brad asking Grandmother Doe in a dream last season about the first hospital she remembered? She held up a glowing heart and spoke of surrendering her suffering to Jesus – just like that man who took a daily nap under a heavy cross to paradoxically feel his load lighten by sharing it with his Savior. Ecstatics have a mystical heart that meets the light in the middle wobble of sound and movement.

**In Climate 8, Jesus is an original ancestral Bushman, which is why we call him Eland Jeesus.**

In Climate 8's Cape Town, we remember that we own a new mystical heart that ventures on a new trail to the Creator on high.

**We are a Guild of ecstatic sound movers on the march to ancient reborn glory! Furthermore, to help eradicate the inflated self, the Kalahari gave rise to Fellini whose absurd spears prick the puffed up balloons.**

That's right— it takes a sacred buffoon to pop the balloon of self. It's such a mystery, is it not? In the beginning of this Guild season, I shared my dream of receiving a mystery puzzle of Light that is used for healing. It rearranges the pieces of our lives to better meet the Light of God. After that revelation we discovered that in between two different rooms or worlds is found a middle place, the mundus imaginalis, where the creative life force cares not to be named, framed, or claimed.

**Here, in the middle, we may be sent on transient flights to other rooms, steered by raw creative momentum rather than personal will. In the middle we are moved by the dynamics of multiple rooms pulling from all sides. With enough contrarian excitation, the vibration of creation**

**awakens. Don't understand it. Catch the feeling for it and then enact it with a guide who shows the way.**

In the middle room, divine love and light are felt as earth melts into heaven.

**In the middle of all middles, the many pieces of the room puzzle move together.**

Osumi Sensei is pointing us to the rhythms on the seiki bench in the seiki room that hosts the seiki wind. Get the rhythm.

**This is where earth and heaven meet. Get the rhythm.**

Heinz von Foerster reminds us that we must stand in the middle, moving our attention back and forth from the bright light of divinity to the multi-colored manifestation of that light on earth. Get it. Get the light, get the light, there you go, there you ecstatically go.

**Why are we here?**

Why is Sacred Ecstatics here?

**We already mentioned that it has to do with finding a new trail to the Kalahari Bushman way of tracking God.**

And we added that this trail passes through many First Creation rooms and lineages.

**Let us not forget that we are going further east this year.**

Brad dreamed another teaching for today. In the dream, we were in a car driven by the former director of guidance and control for the Apollo Moon Project, someone who had written a textbook on atmospheric reentry for rockets. This man passed away years ago. In Brad's dream, he appeared as a spirit.

**Without warning, the road we were traveling on suddenly ended and we drove off the edge of the cliff. This happened before in another dream years ago. Yes, here we go again. Driving off the cliff.**

We looked down and saw we were extraordinarily high in the sky directly over rocky outcroppings in Andalusia, Spain. We assumed we would crash and die, yet we felt no panic.

**I seized the opportunity to express my gratitude for the life I had lived. I said slowly and calmly, with full concentration, “Thank you, Lord, for a wonderful life. Thank you for Hillary. Amen.”**

When we looked out of the car again, we realized we were floating rather than plunging to the ground. We then remembered that the car was being steered by an expert in atmospheric reentry. We had ventured far to another world and were safely returning home.

**Thank you, Lord. Thank you for love extreme.**

We rejoice with appreciation that we own the dream of love extreme.

**Before we went to sleep that night Hillary and I looked up a medieval word frequently used by Henry Corbin.**

The word is “empyrean,” and we found that it means “the highest heaven or heavenly sphere in ancient and medieval cosmology usually consisting of fire or light.”

**In other words, the empyrean spheres are ready to roll.**

The prayer cakes have arrived, and the people are ready to pop!

**With Henry Corbin and Ibn ‘Arabi we have experienced the light on high. We have found this light to be the pinnacle height of love. It is the sacred vibration driving creation.**

Let us celebrate that the mystical light that led Ibn ‘Arabi also guides Sacred Ecstatics. It is the same light that guided Suhrawardi, the Sufi mystic from whom Ibn ‘Arabi drew inspiration.

**Here is that mystic’s account of his first meeting with the light:**

Suddenly I was wrapped in gentleness; there was a blinding flash, then a very diaphanous light in the likeness of a human being. I watched attentively and there he was: Helper of souls, Imam of wisdom, Primus Magister, whose form filled me with wonder and whose shining beauty dazzled

me. He came toward me, greeting me so kindly that my bewilderment faded and my alarm gave way to a feeling of familiarity.

**Meeting this light, no matter its form, is like a flight to the moon. After such a meeting, you return to earth, and this requires a well-guided re-entry.**

Reminder: our spiritual home is found on the outskirts where outcasts do more than talk about the light. They dance, party, and drink its radiant love.

**The devoted seekers of the light belong to another world, yet they mingle in the everyday to deliver the surprises brought back from the heart's rise to the moon.**

We are passionately devoted to the hunters and gatherers of sacred ecstasy.

**Their inner fire casts the light that enables us to mystically see in the night.**

Their sounds and movements launch us on mystical adventures, driving us off the cliff to have another flight into empyrean heights.

**Then we are returned home ready to cook and serve holy grain, prayer cakes, and sonic tonics of love.**

Perhaps we should just say that the purpose of Sacred Ecstasics is to get drunk on love.

I need love.

Sweep away the self so love can come through the veil.

Do it, higher bartender.

Yes, love.

Just be nice, that is, just be in love.

Off the cliff we go, falling in love again.

Yes, love.

Yes, love becoming the light and flight further east.

Let us conclude with this announcement: Ibn 'Arabi, the Kalahari, Fellini, and the Sacred Ecstasics love martini are all here.

Have a drink of love.

**Live Chat March 17, 2024**

1. Randomly select a spot on the attached recording, press play, and catch the phrase that you hear. If you hear some words that are unclear, wait for the words that become clear. Please share these words with us. (Do not listen to the whole recording.)
2. Now close your eyes and envision a Sacred Ecstatics word or phrase we have used this season. Write down this word to remember it, **but don't post it yet**. Now perform the same operation as before—randomly select a spot on the recording and press play. What phrase do you catch? Now post this report:

Question: "What is today's significance of \_\_\_\_? (fill in with the Sacred Ecstatics word or phrase you originally thought of)

Answer: It is significant because it addresses\_\_\_\_(fill in with the phrase you caught from the recording.)

3. Randomly select another phrase from the recording. Repeat it over and over again aloud until you experience another word or phrase from Sacred Ecstatics popping into your mind. What is that word or phrase? Respond in this manner:

The key to opening the secret of \_\_\_\_ (fill in the selected phrase from recording) is \_\_\_\_\_ (word or phrase that popped into your mind.)

4. Now randomly select another phrase from the recording. Guess what Sacred Ecstatics word or phrase will follow it, and then hit 'play' to find out what actually follows it. Send us all three findings:

Randomly selected recording phrase: \_\_\_\_\_

Guessed next word or phrase: \_\_\_\_\_

Actual next words recorded: \_\_\_\_\_

5. Assume the formerly guessed word or phrase is the wobbly bridge middle between the actual two sequential phrases on the recording. Write a sentence spelling this out. For instance, if you began with **ecstasy**, then guessed **cook**, and finally found **rope**, you could write this sentence:

To experience **ecstasy**, you need to **cook** on the **rope** to God.

6. Now we're each going to repeat the experiment, this time for the people who didn't show up today: Randomly select another phrase from the recording. Guess what word or phrase will follow it, and then find out what actually follows it. This time, link these three findings together in a sentence to provide absent Guild members the wisdom their lamb is hungry to receive.
7. What one word or phrase from Sacred Ecstatics best defines what you did today? (Write it down so you remember). Now randomly select a phrase from the recording. Write a sentence that summarizes what you learned today using what you thought and what you caught from the recording.
8. Now listen to the whole recording and say whatever arises within your heart.

### ***Act Like Yunus***

On March 20th, we posted Brad's recording of Yunus Emre's poem, translated by Talat Sait Halman:

If I rub my face on the ground,  
My new moon would rise in the skies,  
Winter and summer become spring.  
To me all days are holidays.

Let no cloud cast a tall shadow  
On the gleaming light of my moon  
Whose fullness must never grow dim:  
From earth to sky its glimmer sprays.

From the heart's solitary cell  
Its glitter drives out the darkness.  
How could that gloom be squeezed into  
The same cell with the piercing rays?

I see my moon right here on earth,  
What would I do with all the skies?  
Rains of mercy pour down on me  
From this ground where I fix my gaze.

What if Yunus is a lover  
Many are the lovers of God.  
Yunus, too, bows his head, because  
The lovers of God are ablaze.

In Circle, we posted the following commentary:

Come on everybody, it's getting late!  
Why waste another day with a rusty, faulty ticker that has no flicker?  
The Sacred Hospital is open — it's ready to give you a heart transplant.  
Yunus is offering his heart to you.  
It's made of the moon.  
It requires a Yunus heart to radiate.  
What's a radiant?  
Watch the Yunus Emre television series again if you don't remember.  
It's a guide for how to leave the world of rubble and enter the House of the Lord.  
45-7-2  
Step into the shoes of Yunus and step into his luminous heart.  
Anything less renders you a forever mess.  
Be amongst those ablaze with love.  
New heart, newborn eternal life in the Light!  
This is going further east.

Experience the Guild and its lodge like Yunus  
Be inside the Sacred Ecstatics big room like Yunus (rather than looking from the outside, fantasizing  
you are inside)  
Think like Yunus  
Act like Yunus  
Feel like Yunus  
Reset like Yunus  
Respond in Circle like Yunus

Change like Yunus  
Grow like Yunus  
Restart again like Yunus  
Climb like Yunus  
One step at a time like Yunus  
Be kind, respectful, sharing, and serving like Yunus  
Get a new heart like Yunus  
Live like Yunus  
Radiate the moon like Yunus  
Less of you, more of Yunus  
Drop your self like Yunus  
Yunus embodies the mission of love  
Yunus for us  
Yunus is here

Yunus responded:

Yes, I went to the Sacred Heart Hospital to address my self-inflation. Allah gave me a heart transplant — he placed the moon inside me, and now all my days are holidays. I'm on permanent vacation from the work of maintaining the illusion of Self.

The glitter of my new Yunus heart drives out the darkness.  
How could gloom remain  
In the presence of my heart's the piercing rays?  
I'm offering my heart to you  
It's made of God's gleaming moonlight.  
Be a radiant, not a claimant.  
Rains of mercy pour down on us all  
From this ground where I fix my gaze.  
Remember your dhikr: The lovers of God are ablaze!

***Spirit House Meeting 21 – Splash in the Face, Heinz von Foerster and Unseen Work, Gifts from  
Sam Gurnoe, Standing in the Light, the Light is Here Prescription  
March 23, 2024***



**Hillary dreamed she was on her hands and knees in a Sufi lodge, cleaning the floor with a bucket of water and a rag. Suddenly a drop of water splashed up from the floor and hit her in the face. This startled her awake.**

Wake up! Remember – the more that Yunus swept the floor each day, the more he struggled with regretting his decision to leave his powerful, respected position as the village qadi, or judge. His commanding hippo said: “Yunus, you are a smart, educated man. Why are you cleaning the floor like a peasant?” Sheikh Tapduk noticed that Yunus needed a deeper cleaning than a broom could provide, so he gave him the ultimate cleanser: the dhikr, “I don’t know.” We can all recognize ourselves in Yunus’s spiritual struggle, even if the particularities are different. If we are lucky enough to have the opportunity to clean the floor and clean our minds of knowing, as well as to sweep away the desire to be seen as one who knows—we may receive the blessing of a splash of water that startles us awake.

**Several nights later I dreamed we were visited by a messenger who said that “great” spiritual work is usually not seen, understood, or appreciated by others. He went on to mention that Heinz von Foerster was celebrating the importance of Sacred Ecstasies and suggested it is “even greater” than we could ever imagine.**

When the messenger uttered “even greater” we found we were no longer in the same room. We were instantly transported to a kitchen where Heinz was cooking for us. Reminder: Heinz von Foerster was a celebrated 20<sup>th</sup> century scientist from Vienna and one of the founders of cybernetics. He wrote the forward to Brad’s book, *Aesthetics of Change*. In the dream, Heinz was standing over the pots and pans at the stove when he said, “The greatest work is especially great because it is unseen by others. It is meant to only be seen by higher sight.”

**The instant he said this we were transported to yet another room. Here we could not see who was present, but we could feel we were surrounded by the sheikhs of old.**

We could feel Tapduk Emre smiling, and this was all we needed to passionately continue our mission.

**We’re aware that for many of you, your life in Sacred Ecstasies is something unseen by those outside the Guild. You are here to fulfill a great work, something that serves such a high concentration of soulful intensity that it remains invisible to those unable to perceive,**

**understand, or appreciate the ineffable. Feel the enlightened ancestors, saints, and deities smile when your heart rises in devotion to being unseen except by God.**

In another vision, Brad dreamed we were sitting in the main room of a house. It seemed like the room belonged to every house on earth, a rectangular shape with places to sit and all the other typical objects one would find. But as we looked at the room, it felt like we were looking at an incomplete painting, a composition not yet finished by the artist. It also seemed like we were looking at yet another jigsaw puzzle where an important piece in the lower right quadrant of the room was missing.

**Like an unfinished aesthetic composition and metaphysical puzzle, the room was lacking more than a particular object or color—it was missing a higher dimension.**

Let us say it this way: the room had no life force and no spiritual electricity. It evoked no ecstasy.

**As we looked more closely at the void in the lower right quadrant of the room, the empty space changed. It was now illumined by a ray of light coming from on high down through the roof. In an instant we knew we had to stand in that light and be as empty as that part of the room.**

Without saying a word to one another, we both understood the teaching: Whatever comes through us while standing in this empty, illumined space provides the missing piece that makes every room whole. This is the only way to fulfill our search for the right room, home, and place.

**The perfect room we seek is not found in a geographical place. It is found when God illumines a space that has been emptied of all interference. Otherwise, every room remains incomplete. The missing piece of the puzzle and the final stroke of the composition can only be supplied by higher light.**

Brad next dreamed we had moved into the parsonage he grew up in as a child. It was a small, old house located next door to the church. A wire ran from the church sanctuary to the living room for an intercom that Brad enjoyed using as a child. You could hear what was happening in the church from the house. In the dream we had redecorated and refurnished the parsonage to make it feel like it belonged to us. The first visitor to this home was Sam Gurnoe, Brad's friend who is also an Ojibway medicine man. Long ago, he put Brad on a hill to fast.

**Sam arrived and said, “I bring three gifts for you.” The first gift was a painting from Oaxaca done in the surreal magical style. It was likely painted by Felipe Morales, who has painted several of our visions. The second gift was a large, thick art book. It was unopened and wrapped in clear plastic to protect it. The cover looked like Hillary’s drawing of her dream about a mysteriously illumined puzzle. The third gift was another book. Sam said, “This is the third gift—it is a very special book. I am still reading it and will hand it over to you soon.” He started to finish reading it and as he did we began to feel that we had written that book—either in the past, present, or future. We knew the gift was not the book itself; it was Sam’s sincere desire to read it.**

Our true spiritual home is found in sharing our gifts with each other and experiencing how they fit together like a luminous puzzle. A sense of loss and yearning arises when the gifts we were given by God don’t come together with the gifts held by others. We search for the missing pieces, but only find them when we are empty of the interfering self. Then, in the emergent light, we see the missing pieces are in our hands and in the hands of others. When we all share our unique gifts, the whole luminous, mysterious puzzle of life is revealed. This is the mystically puzzling meaning of a community in communion.

**A true spiritual home hosts a community of sharing where everyone loses more and more of the self while receiving more and more of the light.**

There’s more to this teaching on puzzles, light, rooms, sharing gifts, and finding our home. Last August, Shari came to New Orleans for a three-day immersion in prayer-directed spiritual renewal. The night before we began, Brad dreamed he heard a voice announce, “Shari is here.” The next morning Brad shared the dream, adding that this is the same voice that has guided Brad since his first illumination at age 19 and has given us instruction since we launched Sacred Ecstasies ten years ago. We honored the dream as an indication that Shari is under the guidance and protection of the saints on high.

**Instruction came for Shari to tap on her heart as if knocking on a door or sending a message to the other side where mystery resides. After the tapping, she was instructed to imagine that her heart answered back, “Shari is here.”**

We told Shari, “You come into this world as pure light. It is hidden within. Knock on the mystical heart’s door and hear this light answer, welcoming you home.” Our time with Shari brings a teaching to you:

**Through the journey of life, we cover our inner light with many veils of filtration brought on by the learning and acculturation of an ever-expanding self.**

These veils block the light from coming through.

**This is how filtration creates deception and distortion.**

Yet inside our heart of hearts, the light of holy mystery always remains. This is our essential being. Do you need a heart transplant?

**Yes, you do. Go further east where the emergency emergence room is waiting for your arrival. The lineage Sufi heart-builders is ready to give you a new heart, a mystical heart made of light.**

This is your original heart, cleared of the rust and rubble that blocks the light of God you carry from shining through.

**Tapping on her heart, Shari was later instructed to say in succession, “Shari is here” and “The light is here.” We told her she could do this whenever she felt the need to return to her true mystical home.**

It’s important to underscore that this kind of prescription must be performed in a climate surrounded by sacred sound, body motion, and emotion. The goal is to make your tapping a tapping prayer and prevent it from bolstering the self. When you say, “the light is here” while tapping your heart, you are reminding yourself to feel that you belong to the Creator’s light.

**After our time with Shari, another dream arrived. This time the words spoken were for the whole Guild: “Sacred Ecstatics is here.” Instruction was given for a new ritual for Guild members. Here is your new prescription.**

First, find a space in your home where you feel the Divine light is most able to enter. It should be a place where you feel most able to empty yourself of interference and feel the light coming through. Don’t over think it. It might be a doorway, a closet, a place under a window, a corner, a stairway, or the exact center of a room. You may have to try out different spots in your home until you find the right place.

**Remember, this place in your home is also part of a mysterious puzzle. The luminosity that comes through while standing in this empty, illumined space provides the missing piece that makes every room whole. Once you find this location, stand there, tap on your heart like you are knocking on a door or sending a message to the other side. Then hear a voice within respond, “[your name] is here.” Repeat this knocking and inner responding until you feel it. Then keep tapping and add these words in succession, “[name] is here. The light is here.” Keep repeating this until you feel yourself become emptier, as the light coming in through the roof becomes stronger and stronger.**

After conducting this ritual, immediately write down this announcement, “Sacred Ecstatics is here.” Write the words on a stone, or paint them on a canvas, or write them on cloth, or do so with some other medium. Keep these words in a place visible and near the spot in your home where you will tap your heart and welcome the light.

**Conduct the tapping prayer every morning and night. Do so while feeling the desire to meet the divine light—the source and force of a reborn life with a mystical heart built by Yunus and the golden lineage of sheikhs. You are here, the light is here, and Sacred Ecstatics is here, ready to be taken into the world. Now let’s soak in some sounds to help this prescription sink in. The saints are watching, and the light is on its way:**

[ESM Track – “Tap 032”]

Tap tap tap tap tap...knock knock knock...

Who’s there?

You are here. The light is here.

Yunus and the nightingales are here

Think like Yunus

Act like Yunus

Feel like Yunus

Reset like Yunus

Say, “I don’t know” like Yunus

Clean the floor to lose the self like Yunus

Get splashed in the face like Yunus

Restart like Yunus

Grow like Yunus

Climb like Yunus

One step at a time like Yunus

Heinz von Foerster, the genius of circularity, is here to remind you that the greatest work is unseen by others, but smiled upon by the saints.

Yunus stopped caring whether he was seen as “great” by others. His only ambition was to be a disciple of Tapduk Emre and a servant of God.

Sam Gurnoe brought us a painting and two books. But the real gift was his desire to read the book we had written. Sharing our gifts with one another makes all the pieces of the puzzle fit together to make a luminous whole.

There is a room in your home waiting for the light. Begin this ritual tonight!

Tap your heart and say, “I am here.”

Tap it again and say, “The light is here.”

Finally, let’s announce that “Sacred Ecstasies is here.”

We are on a mission to be receivers of light and to convey its radiance to others. Let us pray:

I need Love.

Do it, Love,

Just be love.

Love is here.

Love is here to stay.

God’s love shines as a light.

This light is the missing piece of every puzzle

This light makes every house a home

Come home to your mystical heart

Come home to the light, the light is here, you are here, the light is here...

### ***Live Chat March 24, 2024***

#### **1. Experiment One: Emptying**

Listen to this soundtrack with eyes closed. Imagine that the saints of Sacred Ecstasies are pulling everything out of your insides, making you a hollow shell. Allow your body movements to enact the surprises of being emptied.

When this experiment is done, go to the spot in your home where there is less interference for the Divine Light to come though (or imagine going there if you are away). Say out loud, “I am empty.” When this is done, let everyone in the Guild know this has been completed by writing to all of us, “I am empty. I feel \_\_\_\_.” Add whatever word(s) best describes how you feel.

*EST: RT-n tones*

## 2. Experiment Two: The Saints Pass Through

Now listen to this ESM track with eyes closed. Imagine that various luminous saints of Sacred Ecstasies will pass through your body. They may stay for a few seconds or they may quickly travel through without stopping. Move accordingly.

When this experiment is done, go to the spot in your home where there is less interference for the Divine Light to come through (or imagine going there if you are away). Say out loud, "The saints have come through." When this is done, let everyone in the Guild know this has been completed by posting below, "The saints have come through. I feel \_\_\_\_." Add whatever word best describes how you feel. You may also tell us which saints you noticed passing through.

*EST: Climate 8 M -078*

## 3. Experiment Three: Filling

Listen to this last soundtrack with eyes open. Imagine that Yunus is beginning the installation of a new heart within you. Feel this change and move with sincere praise.

When this experiment is done, go to the spot in your home where there is less interference for the Divine Light to come through (or imagine going there if you are away). Say out loud, "Yunus gave me a new heart." When this is done, let everyone in the Guild know this has been completed by writing to all of us, "Yunus gave me a new heart. I feel \_\_\_\_." Add whatever word best describes how you feel.

*EST: Some Day My Prince*

## 4. Experiment Four: Catch It

Today you were emptied, you received some of the saints passing through, and you received a new heart from Yunus. It's time to return to the spot in your home. This time, walk to that spot and "catch it" – that is, catch the feeling for it. Go do this now and then come back.

You have "caught" your spot and carried it back to where you are. Now conduct our latest tapping ritual from where you currently sit:

Tap your heart and say, "I am here."

Tap it again and say, "The light is here."

Finally, announce that “Sacred Ecstatics is here.”

We are all doing this together—communing together is community.

We are on a mission to be empty of self, to become receivers of light, and to convey our newborn heart’s radiance to others.

REMEMBER:

This light is the missing piece of every puzzle.

This light makes every house a home.

Come home to your mystical heart. It’s empty and ready to catch the light.

Come home to the light, the light is here, you are here, the light is here.

When you have finished your tapping prayer, post whatever words of praise and celebration arise.

#### 5. Experiment Five: Forgetting and Remembering

Go back to track one (here's the link). Empty again. Empty so much that you consciously forget what happened today.

After this is completed, go to the special spot in your home and say, "Here I can remember that there is something I should remember. Thank you, Guild, for helping me yield to the light in the right spot."

Please let us know you have done this by posting, “I am remembering in the *spot light*. I feel \_\_\_\_.”

### ***The Prayer that Awakens***

Brad dreamed that we were in a meeting with Cindy Murray, the former founder of a social service agency he used to work for in Monroe, Louisiana. Though she had passed away years ago, she was alive in the dream and still running the agency. By her side was the man who today is the director of the agency:

The meeting was held at a dinner with an unfamiliar man, possibly a consultant or a potential financial patron who came to hear our proposal for funding a new clinical project. Hillary and I were confused by the whole situation and uncertain



why we were there. We somehow missed hearing what the clinical project would entail and whether we would play a role in it.

The dream shifted and it was now early morning the next day. We were again with Cindy and her colleague, this time in a business office. Another unfamiliar man arrived, and it was clear that he was there to hear our funding proposal for the clinical project. Cindy began the meeting, “We have gathered early this morning because the best time to pray is when the sun first comes out. Our proposal is to bring prayer into our helping work with clients in serious need of help.” Expecting to hear her or her colleague commence a sappy prayer that would likely be difficult for us to bear, she surprised us by asking, “Brad, would you lead us in prayer?” Feeling the sincerity of her request, I did not hesitate to accept her invitation.

I began with simple words,

Lord, lead us. Guide our lives to fulfill your will. Lead us where you want us to be and make us into what you want us to become. Use the gifts you have bestowed upon us in a manner that serves you, oh Lord.

Strangely, however, for reasons I didn’t understand my voice was barely audible. I worried that others in the room would only hear a squeak or almost silent whisper. While I heard the prayer clearly in my mind, it was largely inaudible even to my own ears. I had to concentrate and try with all my might to speak the prayer louder. When I did successfully raise the volume, I started to realize that I was speaking in my sleep. Once my voice reached a high enough threshold, I woke up and was still voicing the prayer out loud.

I was flooded with the multiple meanings of the dream’s prayer. I was using my own words in a simple fashion, not praying familiar lines that I often use to honor the lineages of those who taught me to pray. As I recognized this, I felt it was time to ask the Guild to do the same—use their own words while relying upon the well-rehearsed prayer lines to serve as a scaffolding for building a sincere, simple prayer. I was also using full concentration to make the prayer loud enough to be heard, felt, and received by others, rather than spoken internally or in an almost inaudible whisper.

In my dream, I delivered a prayer to bless a therapeutic project that would be built upon prayer, something Hillary and I discuss when we speak of the evolution of our healing work. No medicine is stronger than old fashioned prayer—it cooks the

room more than anything else. Finally, we were reminded to pray with such strength that it wakes you and others up from slumber. Pray first thing in the morning when the sun comes out, but also pray any time of day when you need to reawaken and re-experience the dawning of a new day. Do more than dream of prayer, use prayer to wake up again and again.

### ***Eating Joy***

Brad dreamed the Guild was having a Fire Station Party in New Orleans:

Hillary surprised me with a treat from our favorite bakery—Levee Bakery which is near our house in New Orleans. She was holding some warm sausage bread. She tore it in half and handed one piece to me. Before I took a bite, I looked and saw many Guild members who were happy and delighted with the party that celebrated love. I tore my piece in half and handed half of it to Dominic because he was also hungry. All I could feel was joy. I forgot to eat the bread. I was eating joy. Let's party like there is no tomorrow. Love is here. Let's feast on the utmost joy—love supreme.

### ***Good Friday***

On Friday, March 29<sup>th</sup>, we posted the following in Circle:

Today is Good Friday. Does it remind you that human history swims through the Wigram Stream? For example, the ritual of animal sacrifice has been practiced by the changing forms of religion including the Norse, Egyptians, Mayans, Zulu, and Hebrews. All kinds of animals were sacrificed or maimed to please or make a deal with the gods. Chickens, goats, cattle, and human beings, among other critters, went on the sacrificial chopping block, all in the name and claim of doing it for the god(s). It was usually hoped that such ritualistic action would bring wealth and prosperity.

It was said that God, the Father, sacrificed his rabbi son, Jesus, so all the sins of shitasses would be washed clean and life would improve. As in earlier times, the latter was often defined as more wealth and prosperity. The sacrifice of Jesus is regarded by Christians as a good thing. Hence, today is called Good Friday.

However, we, as born-again n/om-kxaosi of the Sacred Ecstasies variety, find that Eeland Jesus came back from the dead as a luminous being—like a Sufi man of

Light—and told his closest associates that they did not discern what really happened on the cross.

Good Friday was (and still is) an invitation to annihilate the stingy, cringy self that clings to things. After the death of that hippo, we step into a different reality as luminous lambs.

What's good about Good Friday is better noticed by observing how the old Bushmen behaved with one another. They laughed at kings and queens, lords, and top-of-the-heap big shots—seeing them as rulers of elephant dung. And they saw sickness dwelling within those who hoarded wealth, land, and goods needed by everyone.

The original people of the Kalahari chopped away material ownership claims and invited the inner claimant of privilege to depart, leaving a reborn world where neighbors dare to share everything.

In this world, we are luminous, numinous hunters who seek the love so extreme that it bursts into light.

Today is good if the stingy, self-obsessed claimant is swept away and the loving, sharing radiant rises from the deadly rubble.

Question: What changes when the claimant becomes a radiant?

Answer: Love radiates through song and dance as the meat and sausage bread are shared in a feast, for life is now a celebration.

On the cross, Jesus went to the crossroads of Mississippi and walked away from the land-claim world. He entered the lamb-aim world—now aiming to be a nightingale.

He came back to play his pipe for a circle dance—he did so as a luminous being. Today is Very Good because there are singers and dancers amongst us whose singular aim and sensation is love, light, and joy for one and all.

We are on the trail of light.

Have a Very Good Friday!

How?

Drop the rubble and feel the electromagnetism of love's attraction.

Surrender to becoming a person of radiant light.

Tap tap tap tap tap...the light is here!

***Spirit House Meeting 22 – The Electrical Field of Reception***  
***March 30, 2024***

One week after the 2024 Guild reunion was held in New Orleans, Brad was sent to a spiritual classroom:

**A guide announced that we would be shown how the spiritual universe energetically operates. He added that this revelation is only possible in a special room that enables clear perception of the nature of spiritual reception and transmission.**

As we entered that room, its walls and ceiling started to disappear. The darkness revealed many lines of light crisscrossing both vertically and horizontally across the room. The guide pointed to the horizontal lines that were organized in a network or web whose intersections looked like nodal points. He called this “the electrical field of reception” and the nodal points were human being “receivers.”

**He explained that no one is a receiver independent of other receivers. There is a network of receivers that constitutes the electrical field of reception. What one person electrically receives is received by everyone. Therefore, it is more accurate to speak of a field of reception rather than individual receivers.**

We were shown that the ability of a receiver to experience and remember what was received is dependent on the absence of interference, something attributable to any over-emphasis on the individual self. When attention is given to the self, the electrical field of reception at that point is dampened and this, in turn, diminishes rather than strengthens the electrical reception for everyone.

**We were told that a tightly linked community of spiritual seekers or receivers may still become a strong field of reception, even if only a few people are able to sweep away self-obsession and yield to following the instruction of a strong electrical conductor.**

In the dream we thought of some of the Guild members at the reunion who had been able receivers. They were demonstrably moved, especially by the music. We called it the “most electrical” gathering in the Guild’s history. Somehow this reunion had less interference from *big me* presences.

**During the gathering I had said it felt like people were particularly tuned into the music and were influencing what I played on the Steinway.**

Now in this visionary room on high we were experiencing what happened at the reunion from another dimension. We could perceive the Guild as an electrical field of reception. We could feel everyone's presence as nodal points or dots connected to each other through the illumined electrical lines.

**The dots themselves appeared as luminous clouds or orbs, making it impossible to differentiate and identify one from another. Only one dot appeared as the clear face of a person. We were not sure whether this meant that the person is a clear receiver or that they have too much self-awareness to dissolve into being a part of the whole field. We felt it was the latter.**

Next, the guide directed our attention to the vertical column of luminous lines. We were told that this is called the "field of transmission." We could see that all the Sacred Ecstatic saints were in this vertical field, stretching high into the sky above all living beings.

**We were also shown that we, as conductors, exist on both the vertical and horizontal fields. We mediate what comes down from the saints and distribute it among the nodal points in the field of reception.**

After the dream we found that there are actually two fields of electromagnetic energy—an electrical field for reception and a magnetic field of transmission. Here's a summary from Wikipedia:

**The field at any point in space and time can be regarded as a combination of an electric field and a magnetic field. The way in which streams of charges interact with the electromagnetic field is described by Maxwell's equations and the Lorentz force law. Maxwell's equations detail how changes in the electric and magnetic fields influence each other. The Lorentz force law states that a charge moving through a magnetic field feels a force that is perpendicular both to the magnetic field and to its direction of motion. Because of the interrelationship between the fields, a disturbance in the electric field can create a disturbance in the magnetic field which in turn affects the electric field, leading to an oscillation that propagates through space, known as an electromagnetic wave.**

A few days later, we received this report from Owen. It provides an example of what Brad dreamed. Owen wrote:

Last week a friend told me they had a dream and asked what we had been doing in New Orleans. She told me the dream: there was a very important delivery of cake which she was helping Hayley to make. The cakes were layered. And the layered cakes were layered one upon the other. The delivery had some urgency to it, and it was important that they be delivered without dropping or damaging any of them. As she entered the room where the cakes were to be delivered, she noticed that the people who were sitting in the room began to “pop,” and when they “popped” they levitated from their seats. She was shocked by this and asked what was happening. She was told that this is what happens in this room, and that it was normal.

**We have a big announcement: The Guild has been invited by the saints to become an electrical field of reception where anything can happen. This requires enough people willing to be less focused on individuality and more on mutuality. Drop the *big me* personality and step into mystical collegiality. How do we do this?**

Years ago, we made mystical contact with one of our strongest saints. His name was J. B. Valmour. He was regarded as the greatest healer and medium in the history of New Orleans. In the mid-nineteenth century he gathered a group of spiritual receivers and declared that they could do great work if they achieved harmonious relations with one another. They became what was called the Cercle Harmonique. Valmour said that this small guild must humble themselves and drop any social power games and jockeying for personal importance. If their hearts were aligned in higher harmony, then God could do miraculous things through them collectively. In other words, they had to be less of an individual personality and more a spiritual instrument—a receiver in a field of electricity.

**This week we were given instruction for how to launch a Cercle Harmonique with the Sacred Ecstatics Guild. This is a new development in our evolution. Becoming an electrical field is becoming an electrical community where the field rather than any single nodal point is elevated. Drop the idea of becoming an individual receiver and become an interconnected dot in a wavy electrical field.**

We received direction for how to proceed – the news came this week. Brad dreamed we were in a meeting with the former founder of a social service agency he used to work for in Monroe, Louisiana. Though she had passed away years ago, she was alive in the dream and still running the agency. By her side was the man who today is the director of the agency. The meeting was held at a dinner with someone who came to hear our proposal for funding a new clinical project. Brad and

I were confused by the whole situation and uncertain why we were there. We somehow missed hearing what the clinical project would entail and whether we would play any role in it.

**The dream shifted and it was now early morning the next day. We were again with the agency director and her colleague, this time in a business office. Another person arrived to hear our funding proposal for the clinical project.**

The director began the meeting with this announcement, “We have gathered early this morning because the best time to pray is when the sun first comes out. Our proposal is to bring prayer into our helping work with clients in serious need of help.” Expecting to hear her or her colleague commence a sappy prayer that would likely be difficult for us to bear, she surprised us by asking, “Brad, would you lead us in prayer?” Feeling the sincerity of her request, I did not hesitate to accept her invitation.

**I began with simple words, “Lord, lead us. Guide our lives to fulfill your will. Lead us where you want us to be and make us into what you want us to become. Use the gifts you have bestowed upon us in a manner that serves you, oh Lord.”**

Strangely, however, for reasons Brad didn’t understand his voice was barely audible. He worried that others in the room would only hear a squeak or almost silent whisper. While Brad heard the prayer clearly in his mind, it was largely inaudible even to his own ears.

**I had to concentrate and try with all my might to speak the prayer more loudly. When I did successfully raise the volume, I started to realize that I was speaking in my sleep. Once my voice reached a high enough threshold, I woke up and was still voicing the prayer out loud.**

We were flooded with the multiple meanings of the dream’s prayer. Brad was using his own words in a simple fashion, not praying familiar lines that we often use to honor the lineages of those who taught him how to pray.

**As I recognized this, I felt it was time to ask the Guild to do the same—use your own words while relying upon the well-rehearsed prayer lines to serve as a scaffolding for building a sincere, simple prayer. I was also using full concentration to make the prayer loud enough to be heard, felt, and received by others, rather than spoken internally or in an almost inaudible whisper.**

In the dream, we delivered a prayer to bless a therapeutic project that would be built upon prayer, something Brad and I often discuss when we speak of the evolution of our healing work. No medicine is stronger than old fashioned prayer—it cooks the room more than anything else.

**Finally, we were reminded to pray with such strength that it wakes you and others up from slumber.**

Pray first thing in the morning when the sun comes out, but also pray any time of day when you need to reawaken and re-experience the dawning of a new day. Do more than dream of prayer, use prayer to wake up again and again.

**Listen carefully, for here's another secret: you only wake up when you experience yourself as a dot in an electrical field of reception. This means there is less of you filling the room. Remember the spot in your home where light comes through when there is less of the self to interfere.**

Listen carefully again, for here's another secret: you only experience true love when you remember you are a dot in an electrical field of reception. This means there is less of you in the equation. Love is surrendering to the relational field of love. You fall into the love field. Love's electromagnetism pulls you into another reality.

**And listen carefully one more time, for here's a final secret for today: you only feel the mystery of being near to the Creator when there's less of you wrapped around the equator.**

In a dream years ago, Mark Twain told us: It's all about electricity, my friends. And above all else, keep God on the line.

**Twain's good friend, Nikola Tesla, adds, God is only experienced in a field of electrical reception.**

Today let's pray to become an electrical field, a cercle harmonique, a true blue real deal spiritual community whose harmony enables greater receptivity.

**ESM track:** Today, look at the screen and watch each other while you listen and see yourself as a nodal point in the relational field. Today, let's move as a relational field of reception. What does that mean? We don't know, but let's find out. Maybe your movements will sometimes mirror someone else's. Maybe your movement will at other times be the opposite, so when someone rocks back and forth, you'll move up and down. Less individuality, more mutuality. Let's go!



***Spirit House Meeting 22 – Electrical Fields of Reception and Transmission, Awakening Prayer  
Prescription, Cercle Harmonique  
March 30, 2024***

One week after the 2024 Guild reunion was held in New Orleans, Brad was sent to a spiritual classroom:

**A guide announced that we would be shown how the spiritual universe energetically operates. He added that this revelation is only possible in a special room that enables clear perception of the nature of spiritual reception and transmission.**

As we entered that room, its walls and ceiling started to disappear. The darkness revealed many lines of light crisscrossing both vertically and horizontally across the room. The guide pointed to the horizontal lines that were organized in a network or web whose intersections looked like nodal points. He called this “the electrical field of reception” and the nodal points were human being “receivers.”

**He explained that no one is a receiver independent of other receivers. There is a network of receivers that constitutes the electrical field of reception. What one person electrically receives is received by everyone. Therefore, it is more accurate to speak of a field of reception rather than individual receivers.**

We were shown that the ability of a receiver to experience and remember what was received is dependent on the absence of interference, something attributable to any over-emphasis on the individual self. When attention is given to the self, the electrical field of reception at that point is dampened and this, in turn, diminishes rather than strengthens the electrical reception for everyone.

**We were told that a tightly linked community of spiritual seekers or receivers may still become a strong field of reception, even if only a few people are able to sweep away self-obsession and yield to following the instruction of a strong electrical conductor.**

In the dream we thought of some of the Guild members at the reunion who had been able receivers. They were demonstrably moved, especially by the music. We called it the “most

electrical” gathering in the Guild’s history. Somehow this reunion had less interference from *big me* presences.

**During the gathering I had said it felt like people were particularly tuned into the music and were influencing what I played on the Steinway.**

Now in this visionary room on high we were experiencing what happened at the reunion from another dimension. We could perceive the Guild as an electrical field of reception. We could feel everyone’s presence as nodal points or dots connected to each other through the illumined electrical lines.

**The dots themselves appeared as luminous clouds or orbs, making it impossible to differentiate and identify one from another. Only one dot appeared as the clear face of a person. We were not sure whether this meant that the person is a clear receiver or that they have too much self-awareness to dissolve into being a part of the whole field. We felt it was the latter.**

Next, the guide directed our attention to the vertical column of luminous lines. We were told that this is called the “field of transmission.” We could see that all the Sacred Ecstatic saints were in this vertical field, stretching high into the sky above all living beings.

**We were also shown that we, as conductors, exist on both the vertical and horizontal fields. We mediate what comes down from the saints and distribute it among the nodal points in the field of reception.**

After the dream we found that there are actually two fields of electromagnetic energy—an electrical field for reception and a magnetic field of transmission. Here’s a summary from Wikipedia:

**The field at any point in space and time can be regarded as a combination of an electric field and a magnetic field. The way in which streams of charges interact with the electromagnetic field is described by Maxwell’s equations and the Lorentz force law. Maxwell’s equations detail how changes in the electric and magnetic fields influence each other. The Lorentz force law states that a charge moving through a magnetic field feels a force that is perpendicular both to the magnetic field and to its direction of motion. Because of the interrelationship between the fields, a disturbance in the electric field can create a disturbance in the magnetic field which in turn affects the electric field, leading to an oscillation that propagates through space, known as an electromagnetic wave.**

A few days later, we received this report from Owen. It provides an example of what Brad dreamed. Owen wrote:

Last week a friend told me they had a dream and asked what we had been doing in New Orleans. She told me the dream: there was a very important delivery of cake which she was helping Hayley to make. The cakes were layered. And the layered cakes were layered one upon the other. The delivery had some urgency to it, and it was important that they be delivered without dropping or damaging any of them. As she entered the room where the cakes were to be delivered, she noticed that the people who were sitting in the room began to “pop,” and when they “popped” they levitated from their seats. She was shocked by this and asked what was happening. She was told that this is what happens in this room, and that it was normal.

**We have a big announcement: The Guild has been invited by the saints to become an electrical field of reception where anything can happen. This requires enough people willing to be less focused on individuality and more on mutuality. Drop the *big me* personality and step into mystical collegiality. How do we do this?**

Years ago, we made mystical contact with one of our strongest saints. His name was J. B. Valmour. He was regarded as the greatest healer and medium in the history of New Orleans. In the mid-nineteenth century he gathered a group of spiritual receivers and declared that they could do great work if they achieved harmonious relations with one another. They became what was called the Cercle Harmonique. Valmour said that this small guild must humble themselves and drop any social power games and jockeying for personal importance. If their hearts were aligned in higher harmony, then God could do miraculous things through them collectively. In other words, they had to be less of an individual personality and more a spiritual instrument—a receiver in a field of electricity.

**This week we were given instruction for how to launch a Cercle Harmonique with the Sacred Ecstatics Guild. This is a new development in our evolution. Becoming an electrical field is becoming an electrical community where the field rather than any single nodal point is elevated. Drop the idea of becoming an individual receiver and become an interconnected dot in a wavy electrical field.**

We received direction for how to proceed – the news came this week. Brad dreamed we were in a meeting with the former founder of a social service agency he used to work for in Monroe, Louisiana. Though she had passed away years ago, she was alive in the dream and still running the

agency. By her side was the man who today is the director of the agency. The meeting was held at a dinner with someone who came to hear our proposal for funding a new clinical project. Brad and I were confused by the whole situation and uncertain why we were there. We somehow missed hearing what the clinical project would entail and whether we would play any role in it.

**The dream shifted and it was now early morning the next day. We were again with the agency director and her colleague, this time in a business office. Another person arrived to hear our funding proposal for the clinical project.**

The director began the meeting with this announcement, “We have gathered early this morning because the best time to pray is when the sun first comes out. Our proposal is to bring prayer into our helping work with clients in serious need of help.” Expecting to hear her or her colleague commence a sappy prayer that would likely be difficult for us to bear, she surprised us by asking, “Brad, would you lead us in prayer?” Feeling the sincerity of her request, I did not hesitate to accept her invitation.

**I began with simple words, “Lord, lead us. Guide our lives to fulfill your will. Lead us where you want us to be and make us into what you want us to become. Use the gifts you have bestowed upon us in a manner that serves you, oh Lord.”**

Strangely, however, for reasons Brad didn’t understand his voice was barely audible. He worried that others in the room would only hear a squeak or almost silent whisper. While Brad heard the prayer clearly in his mind, it was largely inaudible even to his own ears.

**I had to concentrate and try with all my might to speak the prayer more loudly. When I did successfully raise the volume, I started to realize that I was speaking in my sleep. Once my voice reached a high enough threshold, I woke up and was still voicing the prayer out loud.**

We were flooded with the multiple meanings of the dream’s prayer. Brad was using his own words in a simple fashion, not praying familiar lines that we often use to honor the lineages of those who taught him how to pray.

**As I recognized this, I felt it was time to ask the Guild to do the same—use your own words while relying upon the well-rehearsed prayer lines to serve as a scaffolding for building a sincere, simple prayer. I was also using full concentration to make the prayer loud enough to be heard, felt, and received by others, rather than spoken internally or in an almost inaudible whisper.**

In the dream, we delivered a prayer to bless a therapeutic project that would be built upon prayer, something Brad and I often discuss when we speak of the evolution of our healing work. No medicine is stronger than old fashioned prayer—it cooks the room more than anything else.

**Finally, we were reminded to pray with such strength that it wakes you and others up from slumber.**

Pray first thing in the morning when the sun comes out, but also pray any time of day when you need to reawaken and re-experience the dawning of a new day. Do more than dream of prayer, use prayer to wake up again and again.

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someone else's. Maybe your movement will at other times be the opposite, so when someone rocks back and forth, you'll move up and down. Less individuality, more mutuality. Let's go!

#### PRAYER IMPROV

- \*less of me, more electrical field
- \*come into the community room rather than imagine it resides inside your room
- \*step toward the open door
- \*pray with enough concentration to wake up
- \*I need love's harmony, Do it circle of love, Just be in the cercle harmonique
- \*Love's attraction is electromagnetism—its pull is God's rope

#### *Postscript*

We posted the following comment in the Guild:

Keep these dhikr-mantras alive today: *I am not psychological, I am electrical. There is no me, there is only a field of electricity. Love is the electromagnetic mission of my life.* Drop the self to strengthen the whole field of reception. The prayer, "Others, Lord, others" means "Other nodes, Lord, other nodes." Or better yet, "Field, Lord, field." Ecstatic sound movement dissolves the self into the four ingredients, better enabling human receivers to receive transmission from the saintly vertical field of transmission!

*Prayer, ESM, radiation:* these are the 3 electrical practices of Sacred Ecstatics.

Mark Twain gave us his "Book of Life" in the mystical library on the other side several years ago. It's main teaching? "It's all about electricity, my friends. And above all else, keep God on the line."

Rumi re-wrote his poem:

Out beyond ideas of wrongdoing and rightdoing,  
There is an electrical field of reception.  
I don't need to meet you there because we're already here  
Electrical, not psychological

Electrified and indistinguishable  
Nothing but receivers of His light and love!

### *Live Chat March 31*

1. Sacred Ecstasics offers you an opportunity to not waste another lifetime being absent of God's electricity. It requires two actions: (1) dropping the psychological self; (2) embracing the electrical light.

As you listen and move to the ESM track below, say these words as a mantra: "I am electrical." Let the words arise spontaneously as often as they desire to remind you of your true nature.

When finished, post this message for everyone to see: "I am not psychological. I am electrical!" Add any other comment you wish that celebrates that you are now a luminous dot in the Guild electrical field.

EST March 26 b

2. For this ecstatic track, shout "electrical field" every time you have a spontay movement. If in doubt, shout it out anyway!

Then post this message, "I yield to the Guild electrical field. Now anything can happen." Also **mention one thing** that you imagine happening to you this week in our electrical field of reception. Before you imagine it, envision stepping into the mundus imaginalis where you are inseparable from everyone in the Guild field.

EST Climate 8 M-081

3. Before starting the next ESM track, assume you are now in the future, completely absent of psychological notions and fully devoted to being electrical. In this track you will feel love's electromagnetism move throughout you and the whole Guild network. When finished, write whatever electrically moves you as a gift to others in this charged field.

EST March 27 La Champagne

4. Our final instruction: Walk through every room of your home and imagine hearing the ESM tracks playing inside you. In each room, say these words aloud: “There is no me. There is only a field of electricity. Love’s electromagnetism is the mission of my life.” When finished, write these words about the present condition of your life: “I am at the crossroads: psychology or electricity.” Feel free to add more.
5. Was the place you identified the same spot where you have been doing the tapping prayer? If so, go to that spot and say “thank you” in all four directions. If it is a different spot, then be excited that you have two portals for light transmission in your home. Go to both spots in your home and say “thank you” in all four directions. When finished, hear an ESM track playing above your head, and predict what day this week you will most feel yourself part of the electrical field of reception. Please post that day below.

***Spirit House Meeting 22 – Pool of Water, Receiving the Pen, Two-Bell Field of Prayer,  
Swedenborgian Bread  
April 6, 2024***

Back in October, soon after the Guild season began, Brad dreamed we were at the edge of a pool of water.

**At first the pool appeared to be in a green forest, and then it became an oasis in a vast desert.**

We felt deep peace and great exhilaration being near this pool, recognizing it as the fountain of wisdom we must drink from and serve to others. This sacred water is found in the mundus imaginalis, the First Creation destination that awaits all journeyers to the light.

**After taking a drink, we felt ready to take the Guild further on the trail with even more concentration this season. We felt mentored by Tapduk, Yunus, Ibn ‘Arabi, and Mother Fatima who keep the pasture vast while focusing on good nutrition for hungry dervish lambs. The mystical fountain charged us with elevated himma, readying us to proceed on this holy mission of ongoing distillation that serves higher concentration.**

There is a fountain, a pool of mystical water.

**It is found in the mundus imaginalis**

It was born of the Green Mothers in the evergreen forest.

**It then became an oasis amidst the sand dunes of Climate 8.**



Welcome to the electrical field of mystery reception.

**Here we drink love's electricity.**

Here ecstatic sound movement helps us remember where we came from and where we are going.

**We are not psychological,**

We are electrical.

**And we are not spiritually conventional,**

We are electrically unconventional.

**Do you remember the manuscript handwritten by Ibn 'Arabi that we received in dream?**

After receiving it, Brad dreamed again.

**I envisioned myself listening to an audio recording of Ibn 'Arabi's manuscript. I was sitting at my desk—the same place where I saw Ibn 'Arabi write the words:**

Wahdat al-wujud: the oneness of being.

**As the recording played, that part of the desk and room glowed with a mysterious white light. I could feel a great holiness radiating from it. In the middle of the light I saw something floating in the air. I was so excited because it was a spiritual gift unlike anything we had received before. I could not wait to tell Hillary about it –**

The gift was a writing pen from Ibn 'Arabi and the lineage of Sufi sheiks. With this mystical pen, our anointment to catch and write the spiritual teachings of Sacred Ecstasies was further blessed and encouraged from on high.

**The next day I recorded the Ibn 'Arabi manuscript of Sufi secrets that included visiting the various spiritual realms. These were the recordings shared during the January N/omastery. We learned that after you visit all the heavens and the stations below, there's an even higher destination with another level of revelation. Here the Lord of Light reveals to you what is called the Throne of Mercy. Ibn 'Arabi explains:**

“Everything is upon it. If you behold it, you will see in it the totality of all that you have known, and more than this: no world or essence remains that you do not witness there. Search for yourself in everything: If it is appropriate, you will know your destination and place and the limit of your degree, and which Divine Name is your Lord and where your portion of gnosis and sainthood exist—the form of your uniqueness.”

**Ibn 'Arabi then adds:**

“And if you do not stop at this level of revelation and go higher, He reveals to you the Pen . . . it is the master and teacher of everything. You examine its tracing and know the message it bears and witness its reception and particularization of the comprehensive knowledge from the angel above. And if you do not stop with this, He reveals the Mover of the Pen, the right hand of the Truth.”

**The sheikhs and saints with moving pens in hand today ask the Guild to pray together at the pool of water found in Climate 8. Remember, this mystical place is both a green forest and an oasis in the desert.**

We are going to follow the dream's direction now and do a prayer experiment together. The sheikhs and saints instructed that we pray together using any of the prayer lines or dhikrs from this season. As we pray, there will be two musical tones—two ever-pealing bells alternating in the background. Everyone in the Guild will aim to pray in a manner that blends with one other.

**The sound of two bells will soon be joined by other instrumental sounds, creating a wide undifferentiated sonic spectrum that enables diverse tones and rhythms to come together as an electrically pleasing whole. In this way, monotones, varying tones, harmonies, and even cacophonies are connected. Feel you truly belong to a one-of-a-kind community, an electrical, non-psychological ecology of electromagnetic interrelations with arty, darty, and sparky interactions.**

According to the dream, there is no need to be exactly in sync with each other. Rather than being the same, our expressive differences will be blended. Do not aim to stand out, and do not be too timid. Don't fear the inevitable cacophony. We will all blend into blurring dots, nodes, and praying odes found in the intersecting lines of an electrical field. Ready? Let us pray at the pool of water. You can unmute yourselves now. Brad and I will begin, then you can all join in with any prayer line or dhikr you choose.

*[Conduct experiment]*

Now let's repeat the experiment with a variation. This time imagine holding the mystical pen we received in your hand. Have this pen write in the air, doing so in spontay fashion. Also, instead of voicing words this time, let's make some noise. A sweet, joyful noise, please. Not a display of hippo power. Make those sounds just be nice. 3-2-1-, here we go with Ibn 'Arabi's pen in hand.

**Pray to be more electrical and less psychological. This is the difference that makes a charged difference.**

Our roots go all the way back to the original people of the Kalahari—they are not psychological.

**The n/om-kxaosi are electromagnetic love nodes that send electricity through the lines.**

They live in a true electrical field of community where sharing enables the field to catch love and light supreme.

**Ecstatic sound movement is the Bushman way of tracking the mission of an awakened life.**

The original mission of life is love, and love is the fire that sets your soul ablaze.

**Our Kalahari saints explain that sharing the meat is the transmission of love, light, and joy – the reception of ecstatic electricity.**

Let us recurse again. A few days before this Guild season began, Brad dreamed we were sitting at a table and a waiter came over with a tray holding two kinds of baked bread. He asked, “Do you prefer French bread or Swedenborgian bread?” Do you remember being with us at that dining table?

**Your node was there, and I remember it was very, very hungry.**

We have a lot of food dreams.

**This definitely proves we are rooted to Kalahari ancestry.**

When the waiter asked if we would like French or Swedenborgian bread, we were initially tempted by the excellence that comes from anything baked in a French bakery—it brings the taste of true mastery. But we remembered the early initiatory dream of Swedenborg that Brad also dreamed many years ago. A round loaf of bread floated into the room, freshly baked in heaven’s oven. Swedenborg found that eating that bread resulted in being connected to a spiritual pipeline to the other side. Recalling this, we pointed to the round loaf of bread and replied, “We’d like the Swedenborgian bread.” Are you starting to remember the dining room you came from and the bread and cake to which you are trying to return?

**The waiter split the round loaf in half and a cloud of steam escaped. He served that half to us and took the other half back to the kitchen. He implied that it would be up to us to ask for the other half.**

We then paused and wondered whether to eat all the bread because if we did, we might get too full to enjoy whatever else the chef might offer. We were tempted to only sample a small piece of bread so we would not miss the other tastes.

**Noticing a bowl of fresh butter on the table, we spread some on the warm bread and soon found we could not resist eating all the bread—we asked for the other half as well. We were glad we did, for there is nothing tastier than warm buttered bread, especially when it comes from heaven. Let us also never ever forget that the Kalahari Mother God is a bee, so you are always welcome to add as much honey as you like.**

Before being in a hurry to only bring home the butter or honey, the dream teaches us to first choose the heavenly bread, and then choose to eat the whole serving.

**Shhhhh. Here's a secret: the lagniappe extra layers of butter and honey, as well as strawberry jam, turn that bread into a mystical prayer cake.**

Each layer is a tasty step up the ladder. Shhhhh. That's another secret from God's kitchen.

**Eat all the holy bead, and worry not about missing out on the other endless worldly tastes, things, or fantasies that are no match for mystical reality's holy breads and prayer cakes. Thy will be done means let God prepare the meal.**

Here's a special bakery recurse: remember that Dominic previously came up from the mourning room basement and entered Doe's kitchen where warm bread and butter awaited. You are equally invited to climb those stairs and join the feast.

**Deliber da man!**

Deliber da woman!

**Don't just smell the pleasing aroma. Take a bite.**

Don't stop after one bite.

**Eat the whole serving.**

Lead us not into tasting other temptations, distractions, seductions, and reductions.

**Let God make the menu, bake the goods, and serve each daily form of bread.**

Be among the least so you can receive the risen yeast!

**This love grain pours an ecstatic rain.**

Holy bread is sacred emotion. Only it can set in motion the real shamanic flight to light.

**Holy bread is found in the sound of music.**

The hills are alive with the sounds and movements of Sacred Ecstasies.

**Climb the mountain and find the fountain.**

Don't forget we also own a fountain pen.

**It makes me hungry just holding it. Our electrical trinity is fueled by bread, butter, and honey.**

**Then the cakes, muffins, and other treats follow naturally.**

In other words, sacred ecstasy is found in the dining room.

**Bon appetit! No more psychological self.**

The electrical field of holy bread reception is here. The vertical field of transmission is here.

**Go further east – follow the baker's yeast.**

The 45-7-2 Bakery is calling you home.

**Eat that bread and wash it down with sacred water from Climate 8.**

Are you ready to dine and thrive in the field of love, light, and joy?

**It's not psychological.**

It's electrical.

**Yes, there really is a field of dreams.**

Yes, there really is a green pasture where lambs become nightingales.

**Yes, yes, there is an oasis whose pool of water holds the single drop that turns Ezekiel's wheel.**

**Let that water become butter, and then add honey to find your electrically buzzing node in the hive.**

To experience this middle changing way, become electrical. In other words, you are cordially invited to truly enter the room of God's electricity.

**This is the electrical field of love's conception, reception, and celebration.**

I shall dwell in the electrical field of the Lord.

**Our hearts are amazed and ablaze with love's electromagnetism.**

Receiving and sharing God's electrical love and light is the mission of our life.

**Catch the ode**

Hey azurite geode, catch the ode!

**Become a node to joy.**

### ***Celebrating Osumi Sensei and Sister Gertrude Morgan***

On April 7, 2024, we posted an article we previously wrote on seiki jutsu. Then we remembered that it was also Sister Gertrude Morgan's birthday. So we celebrated both mothers:

Here are two women "saints" of Sacred Ecstasies, people who inspire our work: Sister Gertrude Morgan of New Orleans and Ikuko Osumi Sensei of Japan. Yesterday in our online Guild network we celebrated Sister Gertrude Morgan's birthday and also posted an article we wrote years ago about seiki jutsu, Osumi Sensei's healing lineage that she passed on to Brad decades ago.

Brad then shared these words:

We're deeply moved to find how catching-and-loving the living essence-presence of either of these Mother Saints helps us catch-and-love the living essence-presence of the other Mother Saint.

Both pointed and rebuked to help the seeker empty their cup.

Both rejoiced in a higher power!

Both spiritually cooked to share the spiritual life force whose many names matter not to the Creator.

Thank you, Osumi Sensei, for helping us relate to Sister Gertrude Morgan's embodied truth.

Thank you, Sister Gertrude Morgan, for helping us relate to Osumi Sensei's embodied truth.

Don't mess with these Mothers.

When they point, accept their correction.

When they point again, follow instruction.

When they pour, drink.

Whatever they do, follow.

Be aligned with their lineage lines.

And don't put these Mothers in your pocket.

That is, don't reduce them to fit your room and reality.

Come into their room.

There you change

There you are healed

There you drop psychology

and surrender to higher electricity.

Esther responded:

Thank you! thank you for these words and the Love you continuously share with us! How is it that the holy wind continues to blow again and again?! Awestruck at

the miracle of a moving body, at the miracle of God's breath filling us whether we feel it or not, at the miracle of a lineage shared through time and space that can flood a heart living in the midst of a world of rubble.

Dear Mothers Osumi Sensei and Sister Morgan, thank you for luckifying us. Dear Guildies, thank you for sharing this nest of odd for Godness. Dear Brad and Hillary, thank you for sharing your brilliance of heart and mind.

### ***Elevator Ride to the Seventh Floor***

Brad dreamed we were waiting to get on an elevator:

The door opened and we went in, but once inside the door wouldn't close. There were no buttons to push for a higher floor. We looked out of the elevator and saw people pretending they were engaged in spiritual work. Everyone was an agent of deception—false prophets, pretending shamans, imposture healers, con job spiritual teachers, and the like. We got off that elevator because it was not going anywhere. It remained where it started—amidst self-deception and interfering inflation. We decided to get on another elevator that would get us away from that scene and onto a higher floor.

A second elevator arrived and its door opened. It was packed with people. We entered and saw there were 45 or more buttons on the control panel. Everyone was clamoring to push the highest button, clearly in a rush to reach the upper floor. No one wanted to stop on the floors in between. This didn't feel like the people we wanted to travel with, so we stepped out of that elevator.

Finally, a third elevator opened its door. We entered and found an old African man sitting on a wood stool in the corner like an elevator attendant. His chair resembled a seiki bench. We looked at the elevator panel and it had seven buttons for seven floors. We then turned to the old man, knowing it was his job to push the button. Mysteriously, he simply pointed at the panel, and the button for floor seven lit up. We instantly knew we were on the right elevator making the right journey.

We learned that while this year's "45-7-2" has three wisdom points of view, it is best to choose the middle number. Its elevator hosts seven stages of Sufi spiritual development, overseen by an old sheikh conductor. The other two elevators and their numbers host equal truth, but they are more susceptible to temptations that distract you from the required progression. When trickster hears there are 45 levels, it hurries to skip ahead past all the tribulation to get to the highest station. If trickster hears there are only two levels, it assumes that the journey is so quick and easy you must

have already arrived. Rather than ask what all this means, board the “seven floor” elevator and let its pointer choose the floor for you.

### ***Psychological versus Electrical***

In April we posted the following teaching. It’s our initial attempt to articulate the differences between psychological versus electrical living:

#### **PSYCHOLOGICAL LIVING:**

Assessment and evaluation of self and others proceed all action.

Your muse for living stems from “How do I feel about...” or whether this or that makes Lord Hippo feel acknowledged, respected, honored, and celebrated.

Room and theme ratio have more *me* than either community or Thee. Again, you focus on what you think/feel and are blind to interactional dynamics.

Admissions of unworthiness stem from hippo pout and serve no room change. Inner proclamations of superiority entrench small room occupancy.

You prefer never giving in—no surrender except with your terms (absolutely no room change or fantasizing a room change within an unchanging room).

Dwelling in the house of problems, solutions, tactics, and statics.

Entertaining or pleasing the self organizes your daily action more than “What can I do right now to help others?” “What can I do to make this room bigger and warmer, regardless of my mood?”

Obsessed with narratives and wallowing in stories that feature a personality. Believing that there really are personality types (introvert, extrovert, etc.).

Psychobabble addiction (self-esteem, shadow, trauma, diagnostic labels, motivation, intention, etc.).



Entitlement to being a Lord (i.e., unadulterated stinginess). You have a blind spot to the room you are caught in —the House of Rubble where personal privilege and reward entitlement abounds.

## **ELECTRICAL LIVING**

You clear the interference and pay more attention to the current, which is to say, the four ingredients

You act electrically in order to sense and know the electrical.

You leave your self-universe and enter a spiritual community room where respect for others and lineages is enacted sincerely, regardless of how you personally feel in any given moment.

You make the room choice more important than choosing what feeds rubbly desires.

You are becoming more Zen and wanting to drop all the stories about the self. In Zen, a story is anything you think about yourself: “I have a hard time taking direction,” “I can’t pray,” “I’m an Aquarius,” “I’m a free spirit,” “I’m (fill in the blank).”

Annihilate causality, feed circularity.

You aim to take action inside patterns of interaction—this systemic wisdom is embodied rather than only observed and claimed.

When in doubt, you act like the saints of Sacred Ecstatics.

The aim is to increase your ratio of prayer-song-dance wheels in the everyday.

You hunt sacred emotion with devotion to a sacred community room (i.e., electrical grid), rather than stew inside cognitions.

You do more than say love—you are inside the love circuitry.

You happily surrender to divine love that is inseparable from an electrical field of reception (you prefer being a whirling node with an ode, rather than a fable with a label).

You do more than claim to be electrical—you plug in and help circulate electricity.

You are an ecstatic sound mover rather than a psycho-babbling excuser or accuser.

*Dropping the psychological and becoming electrical is the revolution, the alchemical transformation, the big reality change, and the mystical resurrection and celebration of sacred ecstasy.*

Don't be a psycho dud when you can join the electrical hub—welcome back to the art-dart-and-spark club. Dill pickles are deep fried here.

### ***Dominic Feasts on Holy Bread and Meat***

On Friday, we shared Brad's dream of ginseng and honey with the Guild (posted in an earlier chapter of this book). The night before, Brad had a dream:

After taking several doses of ginseng and honey yesterday, I had a dream last night that repeated itself many times throughout the night. The Guild was hiking through a green hilly place, the kind of landscape where lambs are found grazing. Our attention was drawn to who was joyfully walking while feasting on a piece of crusty bread wrapped in paper. The wrapping was in the shape of a megaphone that also resembled a newspaper with printed words. Dominic was eating large chunks of the bread.

The wrapping also held some kind of white meat that Dominic was additionally enjoying. The radiant ecstasy of everyone was obvious as we journeyed through this high altitude location. Our attention was drawn again and again to the bread and accompanying meat Dominic was feasting on. He was relishing it, eating it with no distraction and with full concentration. The same exact dream repeated itself several times. I cannot forget how big those crusty chunks of bread looked. That meat and bread were making Dominic and the whole Guild well fed. Thank you, Lord, for this feast! Amen!

## *Seiki Jutsu Commentary*

During one week in April, we posted several teachings about seiki jutsu and Osumi Sensei. These included an academic article we previously wrote on seiki jutsu, as well as the video of Osumi Sensei giving seiki to Burton Foreman, now accompanied by Brad's musical track. Below is a collection of comments posted by us during that time.

If all that interferes with receiving seiki, n/om, himma . . . and climbing the 45-7-2 ladders is interference, then how do we drop the interference?

Here the pointing fingers of diverse lineages bring their respective ways of using a broom, mop, leaf blower, and fire hose.

Most human beings do not discern what is interfering. Therefore, assume you don't see the amount of gunk or degree of junk that is in the way.

Most folks only notice surface dust or they dust off that which does not really matter.

The deep dirt, rock-hard grunge, and total bullshit that blocks all the light needs a sharper pointing stick that shakes up how one's heart ticks through each minute and every hour of the day.

Tapduk and Yunus came to clean away the interference and radically declared that you need to annihilate the self.

All the saints help you sweep away the interference. That's half their job. (The other half of their mission takes place in the kitchen where the cooking is ecstatically hot.)

Again, the saints come marching in to blast away your interference.

We tend to accept the most abstract meaning of "clearing interference" but look the other way and run like hell when the particulars are brought up.

Are you sharing your meat, cash, and land like a Bushman?

Are you walking like J. Hart rather than just talking about him?

Do you spend more time embodying seiki or watching television?

Are you asking how you can serve the community or wondering what is the next tasty serving that will entertain you?

What would you sacrifice to be nearer to Thee?

Yunus wants to know how much of your *self* you annihilated since he showed up.

Jesus wants to know whether you honor your spiritual parents.

J. B. Valmour wants to know if you need another horseshoe and whether you will actually use it to get you through the veil.

God wants to know if you are real or still trying to be a big deal.

Chick Corea wonders if you are acquiring a taste for the irregular.

In other words, what has changed? Room or fantasies of you?

In other words, will you start higher reception on your life bed or death bed?

Everything heard in the hippo room brings the immediate temptation to convert that instruction as a new acquisition by ye olde hippo.

This is the double bind of schizo-free-nia

You are trying to escape the room in which instructions are heard. Bu these instructions are misheard or mistranslated by the hippo.

This is why you need a guide.

Hippo can't lead itself away from hippo reality. It can only experience hippo reality and become more entrenched with every attempt to escape by hippo means.

Hippo experiences Osumi Sensei as a hippo sensei that pleases a hippo fantasy.

Beginning to see the light, that is, seeing that seeing isn't possible without new eyes, new room, new reality?

Welcome to the wheel turning, entering a new beginning.

This time seeing you are blind to hippo blindness.

Don't bail. The water pail has just given you a splash.

We've only just begun.

Our commentaries try to make explicit that Osumi, Sensei was no less concerned with emptying the vessel (annihilating the self) than Sister Gertrude Morgan or Ibn 'Arabi.

She doesn't powerfully write this out like Ibn 'Arabi nor does she shout it out like Sister Gertrude Morgan.

She enacts this role in her interactions. This is when her samurai sword is sharp as a razor and cuts one down with no room for placation. She never mindlessly gives candy to a hippo. She may appear brutal to outsiders who observe the action in her room.

Sometimes there is an attraction to a sensei like Osumi because the uncomfortable words are not heard or seen. But make no doubt about it, her sword is near. Chop, your hippo is gone.

Today's spiritual seekers are fond of escaping the pointing that sweeps and mops away the bullshitting hippo. This is often what makes people inspired to say they are spiritual ("positive with hippo feel good affirmations") rather than religious (viewed as too aggressive or trauma-inducing due to its valued janitorial function).

Be assured that every **real** spiritual lineage has both the sting and the honey. Furthermore, the higher you climb, the sweeter the sting becomes until both sides feel the same. Ask Yunus to confirm.

Osumi chops off your head.

Tapduk annihilates your *self*.

The Bushmen tease you to death (no less an ordeal than the other means)

Sister Gertrude Morgan asks you to get on your knees and feel convicted

J. B. Valmour asks you to radically clean up your interactions with others.

And all the artists are as demanding as the dartists.

After the janitorial work is done, the cooking and feasting begin.

After all these pointings that sound so heavy, we want to say that we actually don't think it is that difficult to drop psychology. Same goes for dropping the self (if and only if psychology has been dropped). We are bewildered why people think this prerequisite for ecstatic flight is difficult or

act like it is insurmountable. It is so ecstatically and circularly logical to drop a paradigm that is insane and impossible to live joyfully with.

In other words, we find it impossible to be psychological. Maybe Psycho-Hippos are so exhausted maintaining its delusions that they are too tired to act differently. We are beginning to think Hippo-Psychos don't believe their fantasy reality interference exists or matters. Or they believe they can stay the same and just add some seiki mojo.

One more thing that should matter: if you have ever really tasted seiki, himma, holy spirit, n/om, and the like, the psychobabble desire automatically drops. If your Lording Hippo persists to reign, then that is a good sign you have yet to taste the nectar.

An ecstatic reality is being offered right now. Try it. Enjoy experiencing the bullshit drop away, naturally and effortlessly. And watch the wings sprout as the seed really starts to grow.

This is true for as long as your heart is full of himma . . . when you start to run dry, head to the oasis. Or else hippo is waiting for you.

In response to the video of seiki transmission, one Guild member asked:

So beautiful to see the video that goes with this track. I get the feeling from watching Burton that he is showing how to be a good receiver - soft, pliable, and prone to laughter. What kind of preparation for such a transmission was needed with Osumi Sensei?

We responded:

Preparation for receiving seiki often took years in her household. She would usually meet weekly to check a client's progress. Like the Kalahari Bushmen, she was waiting to notice that they were "ready" and this "readiness" included the descriptive term "soft" as in "soft enough to receive it."

This notion of "soft" means not "hard" —ha! More specifically, you are not resistant to seiki. You are not interfering with seiki acting upon you. [Here we also find a similarity to a Sheikh feeling someone is ready to receive a secret (the same applies to when it is time for retreat).]

Being ready for seiki reception has little to nothing to do with observable individual traits like a sense of humor, pliability, plasticity, friendly, and the like. Readiness for seiki is only discerned by someone with sufficient seiki experience to discern it. It cannot be described to others because it involves higher seiki perception.

If you asked Osumi Sensei if you were ready to receive it she would likely say, “You are not ready.” In most cases too much purposeful desire (‘my will/goal/outcome is hopefully accomplished’) interferes. But not asking that question when you want to ask it is also discerned by body nonverbal communication.

Similarly, talking about seiki like you know what it is is a sure sign that self fantasy rather than self erasure is operating. “I had some seiki today,” “There’s a lot of seiki at this temple in Kyoto,” “When I think about seiki or eat shrimp tempura, I get a seiki tingle,” . . . these comments represent a presumed knowing that inflates self and masks the true condition that the need for a guide is becoming more obvious. Getting soft includes learning the extent you are clueless about how to receive it. In other words, all self-managed and self-conceived relations to seiki build deception and distance one from reception. Here the seeker sometimes gets worse than they were when they first arrived or met her. Same is true for dervishes. Same was true for J. Hart. Sometimes the condition must get worse to notice the real need for a new start, this time more ready than before. True contrition (ye olde shamanic dismemberment) precedes ignition.

The whole of you, including body, mind, and heart, must be seiki-ready. When it is, the seiki inside Osumi Sensei feels the readiness.

In my discussions with her about this manner, she discussed it differently than how she discussed it with clients. Our discussions were “shop talk.” Like the Bushmen she did not feel that shop talk (discourse of those with seiki mastery) did not benefit those not yet sufficiently developed. This, of course, is a question all spiritual and healing ways address and do so differently. We (Hillary and I) have a mission to do more than administer seiki. We are also leaving a record for the future — a record for those anointed to conduct and a record for those seeking the original trail to Light. Sometimes over-eager eyes and minds read shop talk and try to enact it, resulting in a short circuit. All the steps must be climbed in learning any art, especially the art of handling dart. So we write it all down and let ‘er rip. Yeehaw, let’s head for awe!

So what did Osumi Sensei think about readiness? Here it is, but please hold back from jumping to any conclusions for this wasn’t meant to be heard publicly. She waited to feel that the student/client was 100% devoted to her administration of instruction and transmission. Her seiki must feel that someone felt she was the carrier or medium of the lineage transmission. This is felt as a seiki tug on both sides—the beginning formation of a receiver and transmitter, an aligned complementary relationship. This is not a passing belief for the moment, designed to get the desired outcome. It is truly entering her room, the room that holds all the lineage and the seiki wind. Here the receiver only emerges when it fully feels the

need for a transmitter. Again, not the transient need to get an outcome. It is not give it to me and then I'm off on my own, like going to the dentist. This is the need to feel a relational completion. Forever, your seiki is in relation to your teacher . . . Bushmen elders say you feel you cannot be independent from your n/om transmitter—you are forever on his or her back. The connection of all such pairings since the beginning of humanity is the rope to God. (Also remember how Yunus always placed himself in relationship to Tapduk.)

Osumi Sensei could discern a receiver in how they bowed, spoke, breathed, laughed, and moved. She, like a Bushman, could smell the presence of respect, manners, and the essence of real readiness. The seeker must congruently embody the classic Japanese devotion that radiates respecting a teacher, master, or sensei. This is submission to the whole seiki line of transmission. It is not jumping over her, wishing to meet her Aunt who gave seiki to her nor is it wishing to meet her kami ancestors or samurai relatives. It is bowing to the present electrical plug form, its centuries old power line, and the source and force behind all of it.

The same is true for the Kalahari, the Sufi Sheiks, and . . .

Readiness is lifetime dedication to steadfast devotion to following instruction, fine tuned social manners in the room where seiki happens, and going beyond every form of psychology — this is dropping the heavyweight self and becoming soft emptiness. After that, it depends on external conditions, but that is another story.

In other words, if you really want seiki, then 100% act like it.

I need seiki. (no games for this is my real, sincere aim)

Do it, Lord of Seiki Wind (get self out of the way, one step at a time)

Just be soft and bow (let seiki's will be done)

Note: all of this repeatedly applies to each step of seiki acquisition. There is no one-time transmission and then it's done. The 45-7-2 steps of Yunus and Tapduk mirror the 45-7-2 transmissions of Osumi Sensei and Student San.

Without a transmission-reception relationship whose interactions deepen the coupling, there are only fantasy rides in trickster amusement park.

Now forget what you have heard and conduct some ecstatic sound movement like your life depends on it.



***Spirit House Meeting 23 – The Book from Ibn ‘Arabi***  
***April 13, 2024***

It’s time to announce that we received another gift from Ibn ‘Arabi this season.

**Yes, we did. Thank you, Lord of Light. We were given a large old book. This book was entitled, *The Book*. The topic of the book was life, but it was discussed in terms of life’s relationship to death and the transition from one to the other.**

Reading the book flooded us with wisdom secrets about the big questions people have sought to answer about life and death throughout the ages.

**Excited about what was revealed, I woke up and found I remembered nothing we had been taught. I prayed that we be sent back for further study of *The Book*, and that this time I would remember what came through.**

In a second dream, we opened *The Book* again and were surprised to discover more than words. We encountered two worlds, each like a theatre stage hosting a unique scene with familiar characters.

**One world, on the left side of the open book, existed in the past and included people we formerly knew but who are no longer living.**

The other world, located on the right side of the book, was situated in the present and occupied by living characters we currently know.

**We were not passively observing either of the performed dramas but felt that we were on both stages in the middle of the action. Let me say this again—we were on both stages at the same time, and we were in the middle of the action on each stage.**

In between these left and right worlds, corresponding to the past and present, we could see the words written in the book. The words of *The Book* floated in the air between both stages or worlds.

**The action taking place among the characters on both stages was utterly engaging and left us with no desire to reflect, comment, or interpret. Like watching a riveting stage play, we were fully absorbed in the unfolding drama and filled with anticipation of what would happen next.**

The two worlds reminded us of our past and present healing sessions—they are completely improvisational and fueled by an unseen life force.

**We were reminded that when we look back at what took place in a session, words that theoretically explain are less important than the exhilarating emotion that led to unexpected action, creating change felt by everyone involved.**

In the dream, Brad read the words that emerged and floated between the two sides or stages of the open book, the two worlds separated by time. *The Book* taught that life's vitality and creativity are found in the middle of the action and doubly so in the transitional movement from one world to another—that is, from past action to present action. This dynamic even applies to last night's dreamed reality during sleep and the next morning's transition to the present waking world. Within every 24-hour period, we pass between two worlds of action.

**Both sleeping and waking host different theatres, stages, scenes, and realities. Whether day and night, season, year, developmental stage, or whole lifetime, we are always transitioning from one action scene to another. The more absorbed in the action we are, the more we tap into the vitality behind the creativity of life. As we have long taught: make action and interaction more primary than narration and interpretation.**

Though there is still a time for reflection and post-hoc commentary, remember that these word performances are also born from the action scene. The descriptions, story lines, and interpreted meanings we create arise in the middle transition from one world to another, just as we saw the words of *The Book* in the dream. Words, however they are used, float between two worlds of action. Toward the end of the vision, a final mystical teaching came forth. It was brought by Ibn 'Arabi:

**The gift of memory comes from catching the emotion from a past reality that can then give rise to building a present reality. When the hot coals of emotion—the fuel of creation—are kept burning, there remains the possibility of re-creating what originally inspired the feeling.**

The sacred emotion of a holy vision instills a deeply felt fire within. This fire and light do not remain alive by the process of recounting facts of a story alone. It is the memory of sacred emotion that brings the mystical world back to life. This emotion must be fed or soon it will be dead and its teaching quickly forgotten. Ibn 'Arabi continued:

**Muhammed did not remember his first and most important vision in the sense that we think of conventional memory. He held on to the force of its sacred emotion and used it to recreate the heavenly world that was its divine source.**

I, Ibn 'Arabi, did the same. Do you think I could remember a vision that took thousands of pages to transcribe? I couldn't. I held onto the sacred emotion and recreated the visionary world in the present moment. My work concerned catching sacred emotion, something only possible with an empty and clean vessel. After the catch, all interference from lesser distracting emotions had to be blocked.

**For the reader, be aware that the words of any holy book, including *The Book*, are not alive and memorable when they are read while divorced from the action stream. They come to life in the middle transition between life and death.**

This is home to the vibration of creation, the transformation of one world into another world and the crossing from past to present and night into day. Himma, the concentrated creative life force of the heart, is what fuels this crossing.

**The content of writing and reading, like dreaming and reporting, matter less than catching the sacred emotion sparked by the transition from past to present.**

Like Lazarus, the words of a holy book are dead and in need of resurrection.

**They and you rise, like baked bread, when you are moving from world to world,**  
stage to stage,

**action scene to action scene,**  
and from the left to right sides of a holy book.

**Remember sacred emotion,**  
drop the narration,  
**and build mystical excitation inside community interaction.**

Create life again with newborn participation.

**In other words, cook to go beyond the words.**

Don't eat the paper.

**Eat the mystical bread.**

Let's recurse and wobble between two worlds.

**In other words, let's re-create the whole Guild season.**

Get the rhythm, get the rhythm,

**And catch the emotion.**

There you go. There you zapping go. Let's go!

**There's a puzzle of rectangles.**

We've always been in that puzzle.

**We even dreamed that each Sacred Ecstatics lineage is a large piece of a giant puzzle that dropped from the sky in the shape of the country that held the tradition being addressed.**

On top of its surface was a 3-D miniature version of the people, elder teachers, countryside, places of ceremony, and other distinguishing features of their spiritual world.

**As one piece after another dropped from the sky, they landed on the ground and fit together like a giant jigsaw puzzle.**

They did not look like one homogenous blend. Instead, all their different shapes and forms were clearly maintained while being in a seamless connection with the other pieces.

**Feel the exhilaration from experiencing how all the lineages, pieces, themes, metaphors, dimensions, variations, similarities, and differences come together in a luminous, holy-charged whole.**

This is "the Sacred Ecstatics puzzle."

**It is kept alive when we catch and express the emotion of its connecting pieces.**

Don't get caught up in explanation. Be caught by the multi-lineage emotion.

**Mundus imaginalis is the puzzling mystery space where sacred emotion is caught.**

In Climate 8, do not hesitate. Eat that whole prayer cake and don't leave a crumb behind.

**We were luckified.**

Now we are electrified.

**Let's do another experiment. This time the saints will both luckify and electrify you at the same time.**

Close your eyes right now and listen carefully to what we will say. It's one of our dhikrs. As soon as you hear it, imagine that the himma wind of all our sheikhs will lift you out of your chair and throw

you into the mundus imaginalis. That's right, you are going to fly. We're now going to count down and then release the words. Ready, set, here we go. (pause) GO FURTHER EAST.

**There you go, there you flying go. Look up! You and the sheikhs are going together, whirling in the middle of mundus imaginalis. Incredible, your inner lamb opened its wings and the sheikhs are by your side: Ibn 'Arabi, Tapduk, and Yunus. You are being luckified! You are being electrified!**

Now we're going to repeat this double whammy luckify and electrify protocol, this time with an ecstatic track. As you move with the music, listen to those moments when we say the words, GO FURTHER EAST. That's when you will fly again going deeper and deeper into mundus imaginalis. The sheikhs will be by your side. Let that hippo sleep because your lamb wants to fly. Everybody ready? Let's go.

### ***ESM Track***

**What just happened now is that the Guild went into *The Book* given to us by Ibn 'Arabi. Thank you, holy pen, for your moving power. Thank you for creating a new chapter in this book of life and death.**

Go further east and treat yourself to a strawberry.

**Then go further south and taste a deep-fried beignet.**

In the gaps, Mundus shoots a zap.

**There are so many secrets and revelations.**

Ibn 'Arabi is here.

**Yes, he reminds you of second eyes and forgotten Kalahari sensations.**

Yunus teaches that higher admission requires self-annihilation.

**The puzzle pieces are also musical tones and color hues. In their wheels we find the essence of all of you.**

Sand dune, oasis pool, and ringing bells. Follow the trail.

**The pen is here.**

The book is here.

**Don't look. Let's cook.**

Hi, hi to the hippo, lamb, and nightingale.

**Each is a step, a room, and a world.**

So many advisories, pastries, and new horizons!

**Look up!**

Moses is parting the Red Sea

**Fail the snake test to pass onto another stage.**

All aboard the ark headed to art, dart, and spark.

**Noah has God's number. It's 222.**

There's a portal in Norway. Go on through!

**The old ship Zion will bring you back to the New Orleans train station.**

Our clean train brings us to the ark of the covenant.

**It holds a sand dune only felt in a musical tune.**

Do you now know that Tapduk, Yunus, and Joseph Hart were familiar with the strings of a harp?

That is, they were poets who sang the himma wind.

**Go further east.**

There's a piano in Poland that is a fountain.

**Go even further east.**

There's a splash in the face.

**Go further, further, further east.**

There's an electrical field of reception.

**We're on the seiki bench, the movement home where we began.**

You mean we're in the Kalahari dance circle, ready for God's nonlinear geometry.

**Let us be deeply moved to find how catching and loving the living essence-presence of any saint or lineage helps us catch and love the living essence-presence of the other saints and lineages.**

Our saints point, correct, edit, and rebuke to help the seeker empty their cup.

**Why weep when you can sweep? Do it to catch the rhythm.**

Get the rhythm, get the rhythm, there you wukka fukka go.

**Our saints rejoice with a higher power!**

Our saints set the soul on fire as they pour the himma whose many names matter not to the Creator.

**Thank you, Ibn 'Arabi and your Spiritual Mother Fatima for the himma brought to the Sacred Ecstatics Spirit House. Its wind brings together as one the living essence-presence of love, light, and ecstasy.**

Thank you, Tapduk and your son, Yunus, for teaching us to sing each pointing and dhikr the movement of all lines, colors, and tones converging into the one Source.

**Thank you, Lord, for every saint and everyone who ain't yet a saint.**

I need to tap and hear my heart respond.

**Tap, tap, who's there?**

It's Fellini bringing a Bellini to Lord Hippo, Supreme Ruler of the Numero Uno Galaxy

**Just be nice and drop the self and reach for the higher shelf.**

There you find higher concentration.

**All the Sufi steps arose from last season's steps of mezcal distillation.**

It's all about the vast field in Oaxaca *and* Cappadocia.

**The journey from agave to electricity.**

Let's not forget that Sister Gertrude changed her robe from black to white with further sanctification. We saw it re-created in *The Book* from Ibn 'Arabi.

**Do it, sheiks, saints, and intermediaries. Change the color of our life. Do it, Lord.**

Make love the mission of your life.

**Luckified love.**

Electrified love.

**This is God's love supreme.**

This is the light of the world as it is in seven heavens.

**This is the reality, electricity, and ecstatic glory of riding the elevator to the highest floor.**

There we get cooked at *The Tumultuous Trout*.

**I'm hungry, let's have another Sacred Ecstatics libation.**

We're all about drinking and radiating this high concentration of love.

**Have a glass of himma.**

It delivers the HB.

**1,2,3, have a taste of sacred ecstasy.**

***N/om is Everywhere***

Brad dreamed we were in the Kalahari and brought a group with us:

Everyone was very eager and excited to meet the Kalahari Bushmen and experience their healing dance. Hillary and I walked out of sight from the main camp to meet Hayley and Owen hanging out next to a vehicle. I was both surprised and tickled to see Owen wearing a 1940s brown work shirt that, at first glance, resembled a classic safari outfit. A closer look revealed that it was not fashionable safari attire, but very plain and designed to serve practical function. Owen had come dressed and ready to work. I teased him about that shirt as we had some good fellowship before we realized we should hit the road.

Soon I discovered that our group had already left. The others were led by my former safari operator, Patrick Hill, and he obviously assumed I'd drive the vehicle parked near Owen and Hayley. Realizing the situation, I blurted out, "I have no idea how to find the Bushman village. That's not my role."

I then was struck by how many people visit the Bushmen and never find the magic, mystery, or n/om they hoped to receive. Or worse, they fantasize they did

and create tall stories when they get home. I looked again at Owen's brown work shirt and laughed. Then I announced, "We're here. Let's get to work. N/om is everywhere."

We sent this dream to Owen and Hayley the next morning. They responded:

The first thing that Hayley said to me this morning was, "Wow! it was a really busy night." She then explained that she was having a session with Brad and receiving vibrational shocks from Brad who then morphed into Osumi Sensei and others who she couldn't see clearly. This went on all night. Thank you for recounting the dream. We are here to work. "N/om is everywhere."

### ***Baking Cookies in the River Jordan***

On the night of April 14th, Hillary had a dream:

I was in a kitchen with a group of women. The famous gospel singers, the Barrett Sisters, were among them. We were baking cookies, and likely also some bread and other desserts. I recall wearing a white apron tied around my waist. The women were singing the song, "Walk in the Light." Brad and the Guild were nearby in another room, waiting to enjoy the delicious bounty.

The dream scene then shifted, and it was time to serve what we'd baked to the Guild. I began arranging the cookies onto a tray. As I did so, the cookies started to magically morph and take the shape of people standing in a line, like an abstract sculpture. The form kept changing and I saw a line of Bushman women clapping and singing, then a group of dervishes, and then a church choir in robes. The cookies kept arranging and rearranging themselves in this way, and as I grew more excited about sharing this miracle with the Guild, I heard the old gospel song, "I Stood on the Banks of the River Jordan," as it's sung by Reverend James Cleveland and the Angelic Choir. I couldn't wait to serve up this freshly baked holiness to the Guild, still hot from God's oven.

### ***Owen and Hayley Dance through the Door***

On April 18, Owen reported a dream:



Last night Hayley woke me up with a kick that sent a jolt through me. I asked her what on earth was happening - the language was more colorful. She said she had dreamed she had been thrown through a door. I then fell back to sleep and dreamt.

Hayley and I were in a classroom: drama, music, dancing. We were 11 years old, and everyone was happy. In the excitement we must have danced right out of the classroom and were now waltzing our way back. The teacher was standing to the side of the closed door and smiling. She was the kind of teacher you fall in love with and never forget. I wasn't sure how we could dance through a closed door, but we did.

After class I was speaking with the teacher. She asked what we might do for the next class. I suggested we could each dance a word. She smiled. I then realised I had not removed my headphones from my feet. There was nothing wrong with wearing headphones on your feet, but not outside as they could get dirty.

We were now in a beautiful garden; it was early evening. I wanted to tell her that I had experienced all of this before and that I was not really 11 years old. I wanted to tell her that I knew she would never return from Hungary, and this would be the last time we would ever see each other. But I was so filled with emotion I could not speak. I closed my eyes to muster up the courage to tell her. But when I opened them, she had gone.

It suddenly came to me, and I said out loud, 'Ahh I get it, this is how it works,' and then woke up and could no longer remember what it was.

I fell asleep again and dreamed of Koan our old dog. He was playing and I knew exactly what he was up to which made me smile. I called him and he appeared at the door, brimming with playfulness. I then said to Hayley, 'How can he be alive? There is no way he can have been buried for so long and still be alive.' I woke up again.

This morning, I was wondering what it was that I had known with such certainty and now had no idea of what it had been. Listening to today's track and recounting the dream to Hayley it came back. I then went to the porch which is the spot where the light comes in and did the dhikr as instructed.

Amen to the Guild. Amen to Climate 8. Amen to the light. Amen to the music we are blessed to be bathed in. Amen to the puzzle that draws us toward the light and the concentration that can take us through the door. With love to our teachers! (The track posted was Brad's recording called "Arabi Dhikr.")

Here was our response posted for the whole Guild:

## GUILD LETTER FROM THE ELECTRICAL EAST:

Feel the dream's electricity.  
Do not give in to the temptation of interpretation.  
Let's be electrical, not psychological.  
The field of reception is here.  
Yield to the field.  
Drop Lord Hippo and circulate with the Lambs.  
Drop the observing, interpreting me and surrender to electricity.  
Thank you, Owen and Hayley.  
Make sure to often dhikr your receptor to help you—  
remember the dhikr each time you dream.  
And dhikr when you remember the dream.  
Dhikr protects electricity from psychology.  
Dhikr amplifies the numinous voltage.  
Yield to the Guild's electrical field, everyone.  
Let's do this for Yunus and Tapduk.  
Make Ibn 'Arabi and his Mother Fatima smile.

### ***Come Inside the Spirit House***

The first step is moving toward the Spirit House of New Orleans.  
This is the same place as Tapduk Emre's lodge.  
This is also mystical Oaxaca.  
And it is the Kalahari, Tokyo, St. Vincent . . .  
Our home base with changing forms is located in First Creation.  
It is accessed through mundus imaginalis.  
It is held in Climate 8, the electrical field of reception.  
Not feeling electrical? Then you aren't in the Spirit House. (You are observing from afar.)  
Not inside interaction, an action part of the call and response wheels? Then you are outside rather than inside.  
Not feeling like praising the Lord and raising the roof? Then you are still feeding Hippo's sweet tooth.  
Blaming others for your non-ecstatic condition? Or blaming yourself for the misery of not feeling mystery? Then you haven't taken the first step.

The first step gets you in the room—this is the electrical field where our enacted soulful relations hold the current and overcome the death mode of a “no node” who says no to self-annihilation. No node has no nose, so don’t trust its scents.

Aim for higher uncommon sense. Even go past Milton Erickson.

No more hallucinated self-induced by psychological trance. Awaken the electrical dance!

Beyond popular convention and radical alteration is higher conduction.

Take that first step and feel the change when you are inside the Spirit House of New Orleans.

One big teaching and surprise of Kalahari spiritual engineering is this: **one real step** toward the rope and its path to the upper room is all you need to awaken the transportation.

Step toward our house of saints and sheiks where you drop the looking and experience cooking.

Old-fashioned home cooking is now on the farm-to-table wobble.

It’s time for a feast.

***Final Spirit House Meeting: Three Elevators, Baking Cookies in the River Jordan***  
***April 20, 2024***

**Last week, I dreamed Hillary and I were waiting to get on an elevator:**

The door opened and we went inside, but the elevator door wouldn’t close. Then we saw there were no buttons to push for a higher floor. We just stood there, looking out of the open elevator door. We saw a roomful of people pretending they were engaged in spiritual work. Everyone was an agent of deception—there were false prophets, pretend shamans, imposter healers, con job spiritual teachers, poofy Sufis, droopy energy workers, saccharine coaches, margarine magicians, incompetent ecstatic technicians, and so on.

**We got off that elevator because it was going nowhere. It was stuck amidst self-deception and self-inflation. We decided to get on another elevator that would get us away from that stinky scene and carry us to a higher floor.**

A second elevator arrived. The door opened and it was packed with people. We entered and saw there were 45 or more buttons on the control panel. Everyone was clamoring to push the highest button, clearly in a rush to reach the upper floor. No one wanted to stop on the floors in between.

**This didn’t feel like the people we wanted to travel with, so we stepped out of that elevator.**

Finally, a third elevator arrived. We entered and found an old African man sitting on a wooden stool in the corner, like an elevator attendant. The stool also resembled a Japanese seiki bench. We looked at the elevator panel and it had seven buttons, corresponding to seven floors. We then turned to the old man, knowing it was his job to push the button. Mysteriously, he simply pointed at the panel, and the button for the seventh floor lit up.

**We instantly knew we were on the right elevator and were making the right journey.**

We learned that while this year's teaching about "45-7-2" has three wisdom points of view, it is best to choose the middle number. Its elevator hosts seven stages of Sufi spiritual development, overseen by an old sheikh conductor.

**The other two elevators and their numbers host equal truth, but they are more susceptible to temptations that distract you from the required progression. When trickster hears there are 45 levels, it hurries to skip ahead past all the tribulation to get to the highest station. If trickster hears there are only two levels, it assumes that the journey is so quick and easy you must have already arrived.**

Rather than ask what all this means, board the "seven floor" elevator and let its pointer choose the floor for you. Let's board that elevator now. The conductor is waiting. Movement on! Just drop the self and climb!

*ESM Track here: "Duende"*

This season the sheikhs arrived to teach us the importance of sweeping away the self.

**They didn't beat around the bush. They clearly taught that you must work to annihilate the self. If you don't, your spiritual journey is over before it begins.**

That's an important point we don't want to miss. Some people take up a spiritual practice with the goal of becoming a healer or a teacher. Having that goal makes it impossible to annihilate the self.

**If you're still on that elevator, you haven't started the journey yet. That elevator can't climb. Congratulations! It's a good day to begin all over again!**

The sheikhs also taught that you must climb each step and not try to rush from A to Z. Jumping from A to Z generates no electricity.

**The zap is in the gap between steps. Relish the climb and embrace the wobbles in between.**

The spiritual climb moves from psychological resistance to electrical conductance. This is the movement from big psycho self to vast electrical field.

**Ibn 'Arabi is here to remind us that the less there is of self, the more there is of divine light whose love luckifies and electrifies.**

Seven is a lucky number, is it not? Of course seven helps you luckify and electrify.

**Yunus is here to build electrical hearts and to annihilate hippo claims.**

As a community, we are aiming to become a field of electrical reception.

**That's what Tapduk's Sufi lodge was all about—it was and still is an electrical field.**

The electrical field has a main power line—that's the rope or electric cable to God, the vertical line of transmission.

**To plug in, first sweep. And what's the best way to sweep? Plug in. Let's celebrate that we've become a Guild of electricians who keep God on the line.**

As we approach the end of this season let us say that we know what we are changing. We are changing psychological individuals into an electrical community field.

**We're not psychological, we're electrical.**

When we say that Sacred Ecstasies is electrical, this means that it promotes a different kind of action:

**We clear away psychological interference and pay more attention to the electrical current.**

We end occupancy in the self-centered solo-verse.

**And we enter a spiritual community room where respect for our electrical lineages is sincerely enacted, regardless of how you personally feel in any given moment.**

Yes, we make the room choice more important than choosing what feeds rubbly desires.

**We become more Zen by dropping all the stories about the self.**

Wait, what's a story? A story is anything you think about yourself more than once.

**For example: "I can't pray" Or "I'll never change."**

"I'm an intuitive extroverted empath," or "I'm a Type A Virgo"

**"In the dawning of the age of Aquarius, I'm an epic colossus, a reincarnated, hydrogenated genius hippopotamus."**

We drop all that psycho chatter.

**Perhaps you have noticed we do not host that kind of talk in the Guild.**

We annihilate psychological causality and feed electrical circularity.

**We take action inside patterns of ecstatic interaction—this systemic wisdom is embodied rather than only named.**

We act like the saints of Sacred Ecstatics. Follow their steps and footprints in the sand.

**The aim is to increase our ratio of prayer-song-dance wheels in the everyday.**

We hunt sacred emotion with devotion to an electrical grid, rather than stew inside the id.

**We do more than claim to be electrical—we plug in and help circulate the current.**

We are ecstatic sound movers rather than psycho-babbling excusers and blaming accusers.

**Dropping the psychological and becoming electrical is the revolution, the alchemical transformation, the big reality change, and the mystical resurrection and celebration of sacred ecstasy.**

Don't be a psycho dud when you can join the electrical hub—welcome back to the art-dart-and-spark club.

**The aesthetics and ecstasies of everyday electrical living requires good spiritual engineering pragmatics.**

In the big room, there's a fire station party. Here electrical power turns on the light and illumines the joy, love, and mystery divine.

**For God's sake, be electrical!**

Drop the psychological bullshit.

**Sister Gertrude Morgan invites you to be a part of *God's Greatest Hits*.**

Let's go back to our original recipe:

**Step one: Build a big room.**

Now we have a dhikr for step one: "I shall dwell in the House of the Lord forever."

**Step two: Get spiritually cooked.**

Now we have a dhikr for step two: "The lovers of God are ablaze."

**Step three: Return to the everyday.**

Now we have a dhikr for step 3: "Love is the mission of my life."

**Your Lord hippo room must die for you to enter the vast field and grow as a lamb and fly as a nightingale.**

Every day, you wake up to face the crossroads all over again—which room do you now build, maintain, and feed? And which dhikr do you use to build that room? And which animal critter do you embody? What change are you both needing and feeding?

**If you value the room where everyone airs their stories about the hippo self, then know that wagging hippo tails will surely abound. Sharing our hippo feelings, outcomes, and interpretations with one another builds the self-focused hippo room.**

Unfortunately, everyone these days is taught to value this kind of interpersonal process and social engagement. Beware the temptation to enter or value this room—it is the surest path to going nowhere but a world of being caught up in hippo stories of victory and defeat. That leads to being psychological, rather than electrical.

**The dervish follows another trail. This trail of saints, prophets, and sheikhs drops interest in the hippo tale and concentrates on the dhikrs. When you're drowning in hippo mirror gazing, head to the lamb pasture and start grazing.**

Which is to say, pick up a dhikr and re-enter the mystical wheel made of four ingredients or spokes: rhythm, tone, movement, and sacred emotion. Turning this wheel is the only way to generate electricity.

**That reminds me that last week, Hillary had a dream:**

I was in a kitchen with a group of women. The famous gospel singers, the Barrett Sisters, were among them. We were baking cookies, and likely also some bread and other desserts. I recall wearing a white apron tied around my waist. The women were singing the song, "Walk in the Light." Brad and the Guild were nearby in another room, waiting to enjoy the delicious bounty.

The dream scene then shifted, and it was time to serve what we'd baked to all of you. I started arranging the cookies onto a tray. As I did so, the cookies began to magically morph and take the shape of people standing in a line, like an abstract sculpture. The form kept changing and I saw a line of Bushman women clapping and singing, then a group of dervishes, and then a church choir in robes. The cookies kept arranging and rearranging themselves in this way, and as I grew more excited about sharing this miracle with the Guild, I heard the old gospel song, "I Stood on the Banks of the River Jordan," as it's sung by Reverend James Cleveland and his choir. I couldn't wait to serve up this freshly baked holiness to the Guild, still hot from God's oven.



RECORDING OF GOSPEL SONG (feel free to fade early)

This week is our final week of the season. This is the time of year when we host a celebratory festival that is a fire station party serving plenty of arty and darty. This year's festival is called the Sacred Ecstatics Festival of Wheels.

**I like that: the Sacred Ecstatics Festival of Wheels.**

We've got a lot of wheels ready for you to spin. Remember the wheel of saints? Soon and very soon there will arrive more wheels so we are able to enjoy wheels within wheels. Tomorrow we will post the wheels and tell you how to party with many wheels in motion.

**For now we simply conclude, "We went further east and we'll never stop until we've gone all the way round. The wheels are here. It's time to party with arty and darty."**

Get ready the Sacred Ecstatics Festival of Wheels begins tomorrow and it lasts all week.

**Wheels within wheels. This party is designed for eternity.**

Wheels within wheels.

**Going further east and turning life around.**

Rooms changing, locales changing, critter forms changing.

**Let's get ready for the party whose arty and darty is all about catching a red hot sparky.**

Let's reset our souls on fire!

***Final Week of the Season - The Sacred Ecstatics Sheikh-ing Festival, Day One***

What follows are the daily posts, tracks, and experiments shared with the Guild during our final week of the season:

The final week of the Guild season has arrived. Though every season remains alive forever thanks to Ouro's eternal recursion, it's also true that there will never be another you, another we, or another journey to Climate 8 like the one we've taken together this year. Thank you, Lord! And thank you sheikhs and saints on high for feeding us and leading us all season long. Amin!

Now it's time to celebrate! Welcome to the Sacred Ecstatics Sheikh-ing Festival! Each day this week we will post multiple offerings that may include a prayer cake, an ecstatic soundtrack, some experimental instructions, and some lagniappe here and there. This is a feast celebrating the season we went further east!

It is time for you to go wild.

Feel free to post whatever you wish and do so in any medium—words, drawings, photos, recordings, videos, holograms, symphonies, and cacophonies . . . We only ask that you relate it to the metaphors and themes posted each day. This latter consideration helps the room grow vaster.

This week you are invited to live each day as electrically as possible. Clear all interference, alter your daily schedule as needed, and celebrate the art, dart, and spark of our being alive together within this field with the sheikhs! Time for some sheikh-ing medicine!

Today we get things started with a prayer cake that highlights oneness. (Prayer Cake 19 Oneness).

*Commentary:*

Drop the self, the sheikhs say again and again.

“What does this mean?”

Gregory Bateson answers with a better question, “What does this not mean?”

Dropping the self does not mean to address what it names. It means dropping that which cannot be named (don't say s\*\*f), for naming it and acting in any manner that focuses on it paradoxically backfires.

In other words, the notion of “dropping the self” still emphasizes “the self.”

How to escape the quagmire?

You must eventually set your soul on fire, but before that match can be lit, you must get away from gazing at either expanding or reducing the self.

Let’s turn to Zen because they know that the open mouth hippo already has bitten off more than it can chew.

We could wax on, but the candle is not yet lit outside the table of Linus.

Suffice it to say, just be nice and drop the room that holds the self.

Kingdom of self, begone with ye!

Your room, your reality: drop the whole shitass prison pretending to be a higher prism.

REMINDER: You, the one presumed to be the locus of self, cannot lead yourself away from the room that hosts you. . . quagmire comes back again.

You cannot do it alone. You cannot do it your way. Solo has no flow, no glow.

The you of you will claim independence and defy all invitations to follow anyone but you, your drummer, and your fife, but this only results in strife with the absence of ecstatic life.

Like Alcoholics Anonymous points out, if you maintain being captain of your soul, you’re only headed for another shipwreck.

What to do that is not another round of being all about you, yu, u?

Follow Yunus. He’s a minstrel who climbed every step.

He dropped the claimant.

He followed Tapduk.

And Tapduk followed the other followers on the trail to Light

What to do right now this very moment?

Join the party.

Come on in just as you are, whatever you is or isn't.

Drop the fear, drop the interference, and drop concern over your appearance.

Let's party for no reason other than to celebrate we are nodes hungry for electrical odes.

Let it be told: we are an electrical field.

Electricity is the oneness of us in relationship with higher love power.

We drop the *self* that is locked inside the psychological.

We are openly electrical.

Art and dart with a spark, that's us.

Party on, electrolux nodites from a different meteorite!

**Noon Post:**

Today's experiment begins with you spinning the wheel of saints. After this is done, write a letter to yourself from this saint. Here's what the letter should say:

Dear Effendi,

What a wonderful journey we shared together! We went further east this season. Tapduk Emre and Yunus Emre guided us through, and they were led by Ibn 'Arabi and Mother Fatima. Though you may not remember, we had a truly amazing adventure in one of your dreams. Try to remember what happened. You will feel the electrical current of mystery when you start to remember.

Yours truly,  
(the saint's name here)

Fold this letter up and keep it with you— read it 12 times between now and when you go to sleep. Before retiring, place the letter in your kitchen. Imagine there will be mystical cooking going on while you sleep.

**Afternoon Post:**

Here's your soundtrack for today's ecstatic sound movement session: (April 19 EST a)

***The Sacred Ecstatics Sheikh-ing Festival: Day Two***

**Morning post:**

Track: *Where Have You Come From?*

There was some spiritual cooking going on last night in your kitchen! Let's re-enter the mundus imaginalis and remember the movements that arose in Climate 8. Jump inside the Sheikh-ing Festival. Hunt sacred emotion with devotion to an electrical grid, rather than stew inside the id. Do more than claim to be electrical— plug in and help circulate the current! Radiate, radiate, radiate!

*Commentary from Tapduk Emre:*

You cannot serve two masters. You cannot bow to Allah while also bowing to Self. You cannot keep your mind concentrated on your dhikr if your mind is chattering about self and others. You cannot be devoted to strengthening the electrical field of reception while also showing up in the Lodge only when you're in the mood. You cannot pray if you are observing yourself praying. You cannot live in

the Big Room of God while clinging to your preferences for certain parts of God's creation. You cannot be electrical if you remain psychological. And...

Hold on, the Keeney Effendis just whispered this into my ear: "You cannot be a circular therapeutic healer while also feeding the myths of understanding, diagnosis, and lineal causality."

You cannot be both a sultan and a dervish. You cannot be both Yunus Emre and Molla Kasim.

Part of embracing the complex ecology of Allah's creation is being able to discern and respect the dichotomies that help keep the path to the Light cleared of interference.

Let us celebrate being further east together by concentrating on these actions that feed our climb to the Light, our true home! Take one step toward Allah and he will come running to meet you! Amin!

#### *Our Response:*

Thank you for teaching us this every time you teach:

The secret of secrets for the Sufi and all authentic mystics is *complete union with God*.

Please don't allow your trickster mind to claim it understands what this means. Stand in awe rather than let your jaw be careless with words.

Meet the paradox of trying to describe or explain what's spiritually hot and what is not—whatever is felt, said, or performed during the utmost spiritual experience cannot be adequately conveyed to others whose hearts have not felt the flame of divine love.

The Sufi saints, like all the cooking lineages of Sacred Ecstatics, seek two things which are intertwined: (1) the "annihilation" of the self and (2) union with God. The closer one comes to the mystical light, the smaller and smaller one becomes. At the same time, our observing self must be swept away. You mystically see when you no longer see (as you did before).

Like salt dissolved in the vast sea, in divine union there is no part separate from the whole body of creation. Whatever is then said is not expressed by the self, but by the sea.

Later when the mystic returns to the everyday world, nothing can be said about the experience in a manner that conveys its truth to all listeners. A receiver only exists in the utmost dissolve, an empty cup found inside the vastness of the ocean. You get there by burning down the house of rubble you lord over. Self is not swept away until the room of self is extinguished.

The emptiness of humanity and the fullness of divinity meet in a vibration whose alternation hosts the unsayable secret. The closer one's heart comes to meeting with God, the less and less memorized words are present until there is only ecstatic sound movement.

What's the utmost secret held dearly by mystics who have communed with God?

Lean in closer and we'll tell you again:

There is a secret room whose entry requires a heart so clean of self that its mirror only reflects the light.

Rumi advised:

Scrape your heart, like a plate,  
clean of envy, with cascades of water,  
then fill up like a chalice,  
like a chalice with the wine of love.

### **Noon post:**

Today's experiment begins with writing a brief letter to the saint you dialed yesterday. Tell this saint that you remembered the past dream of an adventure with them. Write this letter:

Dear (name of saint here),

I remembered our adventure. We traveled far together. We were in the desert and came to a dune. You pointed to an oasis and there we drank a cup of love. That's when the Creator spoke these extraordinary words: (close your eyes and imagine what the Creator said—then write those words here).

Thank you for being my friend and travel companion.

Today I shall rejoice in the words we heard at the dune, next to the oasis, after drinking a cup of love.

Faithfully yours,  
(your name)

After writing this letter, spin the Wheel of Saints again. This saint will receive the letter you wrote. Attach this note to it:

Dear (name of new saint),

I have been asked to send this news to you.

Sincerely,  
(sign your name)

For the rest of the day and especially before you go to sleep, wonder what this saint will say to you after hearing what happened to you and another saint. Ponder in a *manner* that fills you with wonder, excitement, and mystery.

**Afternoon post:**

Soak and move as you feel the two saints you dialed this week and are communicating with. (Dec 29 Climate 8)

*Commentary:*

What is Love? A Verse

What does it mean to fall in love with God?

Is it like falling in love with a human being?

In other words, is falling in love with the Lord of Love like falling in love with Roberto or Maria?



No, it is radically different though it infuses Love's electricity into every kind of love.

Falling in love with the Creator is more like falling in love with Love, that is, longing for the loving of being inseparable from creating.

What is Love? Who is Love? Where is Love?

It cannot be described unless you have felt its dissolve. Even then, no words catch it.

Love annihilates the self. Bye, bye, hippopotamus.

What is falling in love with Love?

All we can say is that Love is so vast and extraordinary that the only word that seems to catch its immensity is *God*.

God is Extreme Love, a roar that makes conventional love a whisper of attraction.

Divine Love does not let you remain still and quiet.

You shout when anyone mentions it.

Are you hungry for love? Are you feeling Love is here?

Are you intoxicated with love like Yunus, Rumi, and the Love Sheikhs?

Are you claiming Love or love, but not acting like the Love Nightingales?

Love is asking.

\*\*\*\*

Before Love, we thought we had met love.

All the names of love from Platonic to erotic and tectonic were already as familiar as familial love.

Then the ineffable came along and changed everything. We mean EVERYTHING.

We had a close encounter with the Original Conductor of Love.

Yes, we communed with the divine and drank wine from its numinous vine.

No nouns or gender here. Love is neither a he nor a she.

No need to say God, Goddess, Big Daddy, or Big Momma when Love Extreme — Love Supreme says it all.  
Love is action, reception, interaction, radiation, and chain reaction.  
It is both emotion and motion, caring not for location.  
Love pours sacred ecstasy.  
Love bursts into Light.  
Love involves every strand of mind, body, and heart.  
Love is the soul on fire.  
Love is electrical, never psychological.  
You can't help but shake when Love is near.  
You will never leave any person or community that circulates Love. Ask every n/om-  
kxao. Ask Osumi Sensei. Ask Yunus.  
You are forever in love with Sacred Ecstasies if you ever drink a glass of love.  
The saints are never leaving us. Love is always on tap, tap, tap here.  
Love is being served now.  
Why resist Love when your mission is to find it?  
Why not conduct Love when it is right in front of you?  
Let's Love madly, like Yunus and the Sheikh-ing Medicine Minstrels of Love.  
It's getting late.  
Love is asking if you are ready to be awakened by Love.  
Love is reaching for you.  
Love is calling.  
Love is here.  
It's not psychological love.  
This is electrical love.  
It's rare, yet it's in the air.  
Love is here.  
Love is calling.

*Commentary:*

We overheard the saints analyzing what it takes for an HB to drop the self. Gregory Bateson discussed the wisdom behind Alcoholics Anonymous, pointing out that a "hitting bottom" experience is needed to make a change that is of the magnitude of "dropping the self" (i.e., dropping yourself as the captain of your soul and surrendering to a higher power). Without this, there is only a trickster game that

pretends it can maintain controlled drinking. All addicts know that trickster deceives them and that their situation is a double bind when they try to find a solution on their own. They definitely need Thee.

The debate among the saints is whether every HB is an addict of some kind. Here the idea is that HB's are addicted to the self. Their heroin is found in hippo treats. They also wonder whether chemical addiction may actually make it easier to face self-addiction, though it is obviously risky to go down this corrective path. Suffice it to say that merely saying you will sweep may be colonized by the "you" in need of being swept. You then sweep away any broom capable of sweeping away you.

Another point we heard addressed when people hear they need to drop the self, but don't feel the life and death urgency for it. Typically, no real drop then follows. Emergency is required, so some saints say, for emergence to begin.

Some of the old preachers piped in to say that unless a self-addict finds a preacher and publicly confesses their shitassery, the drop cannot be real. Some of our sheikhs understood their point but said that while the drop can start with an ordeal it must continue on a daily basis because the self can regenerate its tale.

Charles Henry is convinced that the Kalahari spiritual engineers have lesser known ways of chopping and cooking the meat. He added that he is not ready to reveal what he has learned.

We thought you might want to hear some of their thoughts about dropping the stink, the self, the hippo room, and psychological reality

### ***The Sacred Ecstatics Sheikh-ing Festival: Day Three***

For our morning post, we shared our essay, "The Three Strands of Mystical Experience," found earlier in this manuscript.

#### **Noon Post**

Two Saints and Three Strands Lead to the Alternating Current of Electricity

Yesterday you came up with two words based on the letter you found in your right hand. Place one of these words on one wall of the room in which you practice ecstatic sound movement. Make sure you add the saint's name who inspired it. On the opposite wall, place the other word and its associated saint.

Now proceed to conduct your ecstatic sound movement in the middle space between these opposite walls. Alternate between facing each wall. Most importantly, when you are transitioning from one wall-word-saint to the other wall-word-saint, snap your fingers three times. With each snap, shout (internally or externally) “mind,” “body,” and “heart.” Move, think, and feel these terms differently during this middle transition, affirming that three strands all need to be in play when you alternate between your two saints. Before you begin, during, and afterward, know you are enacting what it takes to generate spiritual electricity.

ESM Track: Ballywood

### **Afternoon Post**

Do you remember all the secrets we’ve received this year? First, Brad was given a secret message in a dream to hold in his pocket. Later, you too were given a secret to hold in your pocket— a blank piece of paper with a secret for your higher imagination. Many Sufi secrets have been given. And now it’s time to reveal the biggest secret of all. Track: “It’s No Secret.”

## ***The Sacred Ecstatics Sheikh-ing Festival: Day Four***

### **Morning Post**

A Sheikh-ing Festival invitation from all our further east saints. Less of me, more of Thee! This track will prepare you for our next experiment with the saints that will be posted later... (Track: “Drop the Stink of the World.”)

### **Afternoon Post**

To begin, choose 45 saints from our list of Sacred Ecstatics saints (we attached the list below.) Mark them, or underline them, or make cutout pieces of paper for each saint’s name. These are your saint guardians of the spiritual ladder.

KEEP IN MIND when choosing saints, you’re also choosing the visionary teaching they brought. Some saints may not resonate with you historically in and of themselves, but the visionary teaching they rode in on may feel very alive for you. (Example: Tullio Maranhão is an ambassador of the teaching “touch is beyond

reason,” a shaking hug held in the middle of worldly academic thought rubble and one-upmanship.)

Second, look over your list and select 7 saints from your 45 names. Write their names on the steps of a 7-step ladder that you draw.

Third, as you conduct ecstatic sound movement to the track below, travel from step to step with each of the 7 saints inspiring your form of changing movement. At the same time, feel that all 45 saints are in the room with you as you climb.

Please share your list of 7 saints with picture of your ladder below!  
Let’s climb the ladder today! (Track: ESM – April 18 B)

### ***The Sacred Ecstatics Sheikh-ing Festival: Day Five***

#### **Morning Post**

A reminder to you from all the Flower Sainties! (Track: “Who Is A Sufi?”)

#### **Afternoon Post**

Welcome to Sheikh-ing Festival Experiment 6! Here are your instructions: Stare at the following 7 images, one at a time, while conducting today’s ecstatic sound movement. (Repeat as often as necessary for the duration of the track: “Hybrid Harvest.”) We are climbing the Sufi ladder, one holy image at a time!









***Final Intensive: Brad Dreams of Osumi Sensei, Broom to Room to Om***  
***April 27, 2024***

On the final Saturday of the Guild season, we went live on Zoom from 10am until 1pm. After each video, we shared an audio track—John 1, 2, and 3. Below is the script we performed for the first video (the latter videos were all improvised). At 2pm, we conducted an hour-long Pete’s Happy Hour (named after the bar next door to the Spirit House in New Orleans).

I am thrilled to say that we went further east.

**Yes, we did. We went further east and found revolutionary, life-changing news.**

What news?

**It is this: Drop the psychological and embrace the electrical.**

Thank you, Lord. This is the secret to finding the mystical.

**Ibn ‘Arabi, the electrician, is here.**

And so are all the saints and sheikhs of Sacred Ecstatics.

**Speaking of the other saints, it is fascinating how many folks chose Osumi Sensei as one of the seven saints who guard their 7-step ladder.**

Osumi Sensei is here. She’s definitely electrical, with absolutely no interest in the psychological. *Zap*, did you hear that? She just gave someone a seiki volt.

**This week she zapped me. I experienced a very unusual dream—it was so vivid that I woke up in another reality. I was in Japan. I was literally in Japan. Osumi Sensei’s voice commanded, “Concentrate.” She said this in a manner that implied there was another level of concentration I had not yet reached. Like climbing Mt. Fuji, she instructed me to climb to higher concentration. I followed her instruction and found that I could increase my concentration to a height and intensity not reached before. When I did, I was shocked to suddenly find my sense of smell**



**awakened. I could smell Japan. I was in Japan with all my senses, especially the sense of smell.**

This week Osumi Sensei pulled Brad to Japan. He was in Kyoto rather than her former home in Tokyo. There she announced that Sacred Ecstatics would begin something new next year. Under her supervision we will present what she called, "Electrical Grand Rounds."

**She showed us the future. Usually this happens the day after a Guild season ends. We are then shown the next season. This year it happened during the last month of our season.**

We are moving toward a revolutionary way of living. You've already heard its call and seen its banner. Say it again, please.

**We are not psychological. We are electrical.**

This way of describing ecstatic mystical living excited Osumi Sensei so much that she came over and took Brad to Kyoto.

**Before that she had tea and pastry with Charles Henry. Together they decided to launch Electrical Grand Rounds for the Sacred Ecstatics Guild.**

The term "grand rounds" is from medical education. It is a method of medical education consisting of presenting, discussing, and treating patients. Electrical grand rounds will be an opportunity for us to check and treat whatever electrical engineering issues concern the Guild. Sometimes it will look like performance coaching of your ecstatic sound movement. At other times it may be re-engineering the handle of your spiritual broom. You will also find out how former psychological problems are reconceptualized and treated as electrical repairs. We'll find out more about this next season.

**The experiments this week were very interesting to us. We hope you found them surprising too. When we chose our seven saints, I found some of my most exalted saints to be missing. For example, I did not choose Osumi Sensei. For me, this was**

**because she is not separate from me. She lives inside me. Her voice comes through when it is needed. I never ask her to come. She just comes.**

This was the year of the sheikhs. They are our new saints. Thank you, Mother Fatima who gave luckified, electrified, seiki-fied, and deep fried himma to Ibn 'Arabi.

**Our hearts were deeply pierced by the troubadour singing poets Tapduk and Yunus. They also showed us good Sufi manners.**

Their word for spiritual etiquette is *adab*. The lodge manners of Sufism enact what they call the mode of right action. This is the spiritual courtesy of the Sufi Way. You always acknowledge and bow to the room, its caretakers, conductors, and lineage line when speaking of its spiritual teachings. For example, Yunus made sure he was seen by others as someone inseparable from Tapduk. These manners are good preventative medicine—they help you not drift into building yourself a Kasim lodge for hippos.

**The Yunus Emre 45-episode television show gave us the room, the many trials and tribulations, the many steps, the manners, and the manner in which spiritual climbing takes place. 45-7-2 is for you.**

It prepared the way for Ibn 'Arabi to be seen as caring and loving, rather than only esoterically wise. Like a good spiritual parent, Arabi warned us that danger is at every step. He knew how eager Hippo wants to leap ahead and feed fantasy rather than do the work that leads to sacred ecstasy.

**The mop of Sister Gertrude Morgan returned, as did the broom of Osumi Sensei—now valued as lamb treasure rather than upsetting hippo's pleasure. Hopefully you caught that there is less purification of self and more purification of the room. The self is only meant for annihilation.**

To get rid of the self, start by dropping psychology. Get out of the psycho-illogical clinic and perform the 3 practices of Sacred Ecstasies instead. This is a big secret. Use it or get lost in psychobabble.

**We learned so many things venturing on the trail to Light. Today we want to give you a special distillation of what it means to go further east. Listen carefully:**

Going further east first means that the broom holds the room.

**Spell out the word *broom*: b, r, o, o, m. Now drop the b for broom. Look what you are left with—the letters r, o, o, m. Room.**

Now drop the room, drop the walls and take down the floor and ceiling. How? Drop the letters r and o in the word room—that’s annihilating the resisting observer. Look at what you are left with—the letters o and m. That’s om.

**Om is the sound of the universe’s creation.**

Some would say it is the song of creation. Our sheikhs say it is a high dhikr.

**Broom to room to om. Dropping letters along the way. That’s the journey. That’s going further east.**

Please write this new secret on a piece of paper: *Going further east: broom to room to om*. We’ll post this instruction to you so you can immediately do it.

**It’s time to meet the Light. Now that we’ve taken the journey, the Light is saying hello and wants to bring a revelation. Listen to the audio recording we will now post. Soak it up. Climb further up and go further east. Then come back at the top of the hour.**

After you listen to the audio recording, you will have a small break until we meet again. Do your best to stay in the Spirit House room.

**Don’t jump back into the rubbly world.**

Don’t return to psychology.

**As Osumi Sensei said, “Concentrate.”**

Stay in the Spirit House and don't forget today's new distillation of concentrated teaching:

**Reminder: what is going further east?**

It is the journey from broom to room to om. During your break concentrate on broom to room to om. This is your journey to Light.

*Postscript*

Just after our first livestream that morning, Esther sent us the following report:

Earlier this week I had a very brief yet vivid dream in which I was in a room with the two of you. You told me to Catch it! I swiped through the air and, to my surprise, I felt it and caught it! You said, "That's it! That's seiki!" We were all very excited.

***Final Closing Letter***

Dear Guild,

The closing of every Guild season is bittersweet, and every time we say goodbye, we cry a little. We're on our knees with love and thankfulness for all the rope-delivered gifts that came down to us this year! Thank you, Lord! Thank you saints and sheikhs! And thank you all for being a luminous node in this sacred ecstatic field of reception.

Osumi Sensei has already unfurled the banner with next season's marching orders: Electrical grand rounds! We're moving from **broom to room to om!** Our next adventures in electrical living have only just begun. Today, we bask in the glory glow of this season.

For those of you continuing on, expect some electrical zaps this summer! The linemen and linewomen of Climate Eight are already out there keeping the grid humming and singing in the wires.

*We shall dwell in the House of the Lord, forever  
The lovers of God are ablaze  
Love is the mission of our lives*

Love, Hillary and Brad

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<sup>i</sup> *Dhikr* or *zikr* means “remembrance” and refers to the constant repetition of the name of God or other short prayer lines, often performed as an ecstatic chant in groups with lively rhythm and movement. *Sama’* means “mystical listening,” referring to the ecstatic practice of listening to Sufi music or chants which inspires movement in kind. The famous whirling dervishes are a form of *sama’*. *Dhikr* and *sama’* closely align with two of our core practices: prayer and ecstatic sound movement, respectively.

<sup>ii</sup> See “On the Other Side is Cappadocia” in The Keeneys, *Climbing the Rope to God: Mystical Testimony and Teaching Volume II*.

<sup>iii</sup> There are formally seven stages of *nafs* (soul, self, or ego) in the Sufi tradition, corresponding to the climb from the lowest station of worldly attachments and ego-driven desires to complete union with God.

<sup>v</sup> This notion of the “middle wobble” began with “the double wobble,” found in *Climbing the Rope to God, Volume 2* and became a regular metaphor during the 2019-2020 season recorded in *Climbing the Rope to God, Volume 3*. Also see “Psalm 12: In the Middle, You Find Three Middles” in *Climbing the Rope to God, Volume 4 (2020 Summer Camp record)*.

<sup>vi</sup> In his book, *Swedenborg and Esoteric Islam*, Corbin offers a lengthy and nuanced discussion of the difference between mundane cognitive imagination and “spiritual imagination,” the process which belongs to and leads one to the *mundus imaginalis*.

<sup>vii</sup> Corbin, Henry. *Swedenborg And Esoteric Islam (Swedenborg Studies)* (p. 18). Swedenborg Foundation Publishers. Kindle Edition.

<sup>viii</sup> *Alone with the Alone*, p. xviii.

<sup>ix</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 248

<sup>x</sup> See “Three Knocks, Eight Tones” in *Climbing the Rope to God: Mystical Testimony and Teaching, Volume II*.

<sup>xi</sup> See “On the Other Side is Cappadocia,” in *Climbing the Rope to God: Mystical Testimony and Teaching, Volume II*.

<sup>xii</sup> Ernst, Carl W., *Words of Ecstasy in Sufism*. N.p.: State University of New York Press, 1985.

<sup>xiii</sup> From Alan Watts’s book, *This Is It* (1973), p. 11.

<sup>xiv</sup> William Chittick, “Ibn ‘Arabi,” ed. Edward N. Zalta, *Stanford Encyclopedia of Philosophy (Metaphysics Research Lab, Stanford University, 2020)*, <https://plato.stanford.edu/entries/ibn-arabi/#Ima>.

<sup>xv</sup> Schimmel, AnneMarie. *Mystical Dimensions of Islam*. USA: University of North Carolina, 1975. p 142, 267 and Kamal, Muhammad. “The Self and the Other in Sufi Thought.” *Religion East & West* 6 (2006): 21-32. As quoted from Wikipedia.

<sup>xvi</sup> See the discussion of the meaning of the term, *wujud*, in Bakri Aladdin, “Oneness of Being (Wahdat Al-Wujud),” Muhyiddin Ibn ‘Arabi“Arabi Society, 2012, <https://ibnarabisociety.org/oneness-of-being-wahdat-al-wujud-aladdin-bakri/>.

<sup>xvii</sup> *Ibid.*

<sup>xviii</sup> *Ibid.*

<sup>xix</sup> Ibn al-‘Arabi, *Journey to the Lord of Power* (Inner Traditions, 1981), back cover text.

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<sup>xx</sup> See Corbin's book, *Swedenborg and Esoteric Islam* for a discussion of "imaginal" versus "imaginary," and also William Chittick, "Ibn 'Arabî," ed. Edward N. Zalta, Stanford Encyclopedia of Philosophy (Metaphysics Research Lab, Stanford University, 2020), <https://plato.stanford.edu/entries/ibn-arabi/#Ima>.

<sup>xxi</sup> Ibid.

<sup>xxii</sup> Ibid.

<sup>xxiii</sup> Ibid.

<sup>xxiv</sup> Ibn 'Arabî, *al-Futûhât*, 1911 edition, 3:274.28 as quoted in William Chittick, "Ibn 'Arabî," ed. Edward N. Zalta, Stanford Encyclopedia of Philosophy (Metaphysics Research Lab, Stanford University, 2020), <https://plato.stanford.edu/entries/ibn-arabi/#Ima>.

<sup>xxv</sup> Ibn 'Arabî, *al-Futûhât*, 1911 edition, 1:287.10 as quoted in William Chittick, "Ibn 'Arabî," ed. Edward N. Zalta, Stanford Encyclopedia of Philosophy (Metaphysics Research Lab, Stanford University, 2020), <https://plato.stanford.edu/entries/ibn-arabi/#Ima>.

<sup>xxvi</sup> As quoted in Henry Corbin, *Spiritual Body and Celestial Earth*, trans. Nancy Pearson (Princeton, New Jersey: Princeton University Press, 1977), p. 118-119.

<sup>xxvii</sup> Shaykh Gibril Fouad Haddad, "Muhyiddin Ibn 'Arabi — As-Sunnah Foundation of America," sunnah.org, accessed June 27, 2023, <https://sunnah.org/2020/11/21/muhyidin-ibn-arabi/>.

<sup>xxviii</sup> Henry Corbin, *Spiritual Body and Celestial Earth*, trans. Nancy Pearson (Princeton, New Jersey: Princeton University Press, 1977), p. xi.

<sup>xxix</sup> Ibid., p. xii.

<sup>xxx</sup> Ibid., p. xviii.

<sup>xxxi</sup> The Keeneys, *Sacred Ecstasies: The Recipe for Setting Your Soul on Fire* (United States: The Keeneys, 2016), p. 63-64.

<sup>xxxii</sup> Bruce Lawrence, "Sama': Music and the Sufi Mystical Experience," Asia Society, accessed June 24, 2023, <https://asiasociety.org/sama'-music-and-sufi-mystical-experience>.

<sup>xxxiii</sup> Ibid.

<sup>xxxiv</sup> Ibid.

<sup>xxxv</sup> See "Grandmother Doe's Hospital" in *Climbing the Rope to God, Volume 7*.

<sup>xxxvi</sup> See "Easter Gifts Arrive from Sister Gertrude Morgan and Osumi Sensei," and "Mondrian, Jazz, and Dance" in *Climbing the Rope Volume 7*.

<sup>xxxvii</sup> <https://www.getty.edu/art/collection/object/108V5N>

<sup>xxxviii</sup> <https://fpmt.org/mandala/archives/mandala-issues-for-2010/april/who-is-maitreya-buddha/>

<sup>xxxix</sup> Ibid.

<sup>xl</sup> In Bray, John. 2013. 2013. Readings on Islam in Ladakh: Local, Regional, and International Perspectives. Readings on Islam in Ladakh: Local, Regional, and International Perspectives. HIMALAYA 32(1). 32(1). Available at: <https://digitalcommons.maclester.edu/himalaya/vol32/iss1/9>, p. 15.

<sup>xli</sup> Ibid, p. 15

<sup>xlii</sup> Ibid, p. 15-16.

<sup>xliii</sup> The "veldt" refers to the open grasslands of southern Africa.

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<sup>xliiv</sup> We remembered that just before our 2020-2021 Guild season began, Brad dreamed that his grandmother, Doe, served Dominic a slice of warm bread with butter. It's also worth noting that during his mourning ceremony in St Vincent, Brad dreamed of a loaf of bread, just like Swedenborg, and was directed to is visionary records written in Latin.

<sup>xlv</sup> We started offering live Sunday chats with a series of mystical tasks.

<sup>xlvi</sup> <https://archive.org/details/RumiAndWahdatAlWujudByChittick>

<sup>xlvii</sup> See Climbing the Rope to God Volume 2

<sup>xlviii</sup> <https://ibnarabisociety.org/the-beauty-of-oneness-cecilia-twinch/>

<sup>xlix</sup> Ibid.

<sup>l</sup> Ibid.

<sup>li</sup> This phrase comes to us from a visionary report, "John Barclay," found in *Mezcal That's All: Record of the 2022-2023 Guild Season*.

<sup>lii</sup> See Hart's preface to the 5<sup>th</sup> edition to his hymnbook.

<sup>liii</sup> Included in the book, Papers from the Eranos Yearbooks, Eranos 5

<sup>liv</sup> From Corbin's paper, "The Metamorphoses of Theophanic Visions," in *Papers from the Eranos Yearbooks, Eranos 5*

<sup>lv</sup> From the paper, Divine Epiphany and Spiritual Birth in Ismailian Gnosis

<sup>lvi</sup> <https://postbarthian.com/2018/07/05/jesus-and-his-disciples-did-not-write-any-of-the-new-testament-feat-karl-barth-and-martin-luther/>

<sup>lvii</sup> This is a phrase from Reverend Joseph Hart's spiritual testimony:  
[https://www.gracegems.org/C/joseph\\_hart.htm](https://www.gracegems.org/C/joseph_hart.htm)