

It's Beautiful!

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In April, I took a trip to visit with friends for a weekend get-together. At some point a few of us were discussing the Seth Material, (by Jane Roberts). I mentioned that I had recently started re-reading all of the “Early Sessions” and was really enjoying Seth’s ideas on energy, the creation of matter, dimensions of existence, dreaming, and consciousness and how it all fit together. We had all been reading the material for many years, and soon the conversation got around to the topic of various experiences we had had when we first began reading the Seth books. I brought up an interesting event that happened to me in the late ‘80s:

It was shortly after I had graduated from university. I was at home, with my roommate. We were both sitting up and reading. I was reading a Seth book (most likely one from the “Unknown Reality” series, as it was the late 80’s when I purchased those particular volumes.)

Suddenly, as I was reading, a deep violet light emerged from thin air just centimetres above the book. It moved slowly, blooming outward, twisting, and unfolding, then it folded back upon itself, and contracted back to a point of nothingness. “That’s beautiful!” I thought to myself.

I wasn’t alarmed at all, and actually just kept on reading. The event hadn’t startled me because for all of my life I have seen small points of light appear at various times, in various places. However, those points of light are usually silver, but occasionally I’ll see a sapphire-coloured point of light wink into and then out of existence. But I did recognize that this “violet light bloom” was not quite the same thing, and was much bigger than a point of light (at its greatest point of expansion, it was about the size of my hand).

A few days after I returned from my trip, I had the following dream.

I am in a darkened room, with one or two other people, but I can't see them. They may be standing behind me or off to the sides just out of my peripheral vision. I hold out my left hand, palm up and focus my attention just above my hand. Somehow I don't focus with my eyes, though I am looking at the space above my palm. I seem to somehow be able to focus from the middle of my forehead – I can feel a slight pulling and “warm” sensation there. A few moments later, a perfectly formed, deep violet sphere appears in the air above my palm. It is translucent, and seems to be made entirely of light. It doesn’t move. I am thrilled that I've been able to do this, and I exclaim happily to the others in the room. It seems we have been trying, or at least I have been trying, experiments with light and form.

Then, the sphere is no longer visible. Focusing on the area above my palm, (with that way from the forehead and not just my eyes), I blow air where the sphere had previously appeared. The process is very hard to describe, as it seems that the movement that would be associated with blowing on the sphere, also seems to emanate from my forehead. It is like the intent (primary) comes from my forehead, the breath or wind (secondary) from my mouth.

When I do this, long thin, rectangular-shaped, multicoloured particles of light erupt upward in a vertical spray and disappear after a height of about half a metre. Each particle looks like a mini light spectrum; the top portion being the violet end, the bottom portion the red end. It's beautiful! When I stop blowing the lights disappear. I'm surprised and elated, and I exclaim this as well to the others in the room. I do this once or twice more.

When I woke, I knew instantly and without doubt that the violet light sphere and the violet light bloom I saw over 20 years ago were connected in some way. My thoughts on the matter kept tumbling through my mind while I went about my day.

One of the main points that Seth speaks of is the non-existence of time; that time only appears to exist in the physical dimension, that really everything is simultaneous, there is no linear time, no past first, future later, everything is happening right now, in the "spacious present." He also stated that some events in the dreaming "universe" are actualized, or became manifest in physical reality. (Anyone who has experienced precognitive dreams has seen this.)

Regarding my 'bloom/sphere' experience I could easily see how removing the time factor could make these two seemingly separate events be manifestations of one single event. What if, I thought to myself, my dream experience of doing experiments with light and form in the dream state was momentarily perceived by my waking self, but my waking self, unaware of the true nature of the event, was only able to perceive movement and sudden existence of light but without specific geometric form? Or, had I, while reading, perceived an earlier "failed" attempt at constructing/creating a sphere in the dream state? Had I managed to evoke light, but not been able to direct it into form?

Seth goes into great detail in the Early Sessions, with regard to reality creation, energy, and dreams to name only a few topics. On page 168 of Book 1, Seth summarized and radically simplified the process of matter creation when he said:

"Energy is received by the mind through the inner senses, transformed by use of mental enzymes into camouflage patterns."

By "camouflage patterns," Seth refers (in this case) to physical matter. Seth describes a mental enzyme as a catalyst, a "spark" that initiates a transformation. Seth also said that there are many types of mental enzymes; and that light is a mental enzyme. He also spoke of mental genes as being "psychic" blueprints for physical matter. In other words, (and in a very, very simplified manner) what he is saying is that our world is created through the use of light.

Recalling all of this, I wondered if my violet bloom/sphere experience was symbolic of this process. About a month later, on May 14, 2010 the following took place:

Before sleeping, I took a shower, as I usually do. At one point, I turned towards the back of the shower. Suddenly, about 30 cm to the right of the showerhead a sphere appeared out of thin air for a moment or two then vanished. It was a bit bigger than a ping-pong ball. It was a deep indigo-blue, with a black sheen on the top left. I was a bit surprised -- not to see a sphere of light -- but was surprised by the colour and size. As with the violet light bloom, I was not alarmed. In fact I thought it was pretty cool and had no doubt it had something to do with my recent ideas about the seemingly two events of the bloom and the sphere.

About an hour or so later I went to sleep. Then at about 4:00 a.m. I woke up, for seemingly no reason. The same thing had happened the morning before, and like the morning before, I couldn't get back to sleep. Around 5:30 I got up to get a drink of a breakfast shake as I was getting quite hungry. I thought to myself, "Well yesterday when this happened, I had a lucid dream when I finally got back to sleep. Maybe I'll have another lucid this time too." I went back to bed, still had difficulty falling asleep, then what seemed like about an hour later, got up again (not immediately realizing I had gotten up out-of-body):

I noticed that it is still fairly dark, darker than it should be for that hour, but I know it must soon be time to get up for work. I walk out into the hall and turn towards the kitchen, stopping suddenly when I see that bright pink blossoms are growing among thick lush green leaves that hang down either side of the door-less kitchen entrance. With happy surprise, I say out loud, "My plants are flowering!"

I intend to go to the fridge, but kind of hesitate, realizing, vaguely, that something is not quite right regarding the location of the plants. (In waking reality, there are plants on the other side of the kitchen. However these are not flowering plants, they are ivies.)

I take a step back and look into the living room at a wooden bookcase in the corner. I check the top of it to see that the large ivy that grows there, is in fact still there. It is. I feel reassured to see things there look "normal," but I do seem to be in a bit of a daze.

I'm about to go into the kitchen again, presumably to get another sip of the breakfast shake, when to my left appears a purplish image rising out of a dark mass, or perhaps out of the dark leaves of the plants. It is a domed building, hanging in the air, at shoulder level, about the size of a dinner plate. It is translucent, made of violet light. The edges of the structure are a deeper violet, the body of the building, a pale lilac. All along the spines of the dome are yellowish-white circular lights, moving upward, meeting at the top, perhaps to rise up a spire. (I know there is more to this scene, but it was forgotten when I woke.)

I think it is pretty too, (like the pink blooms) and move past it, through the kitchen to the dining area. As I do so, I feel liquid in my mouth. I swallow a few times perhaps, but don't notice that it is strange that I still have liquid in my mouth. I have a notion that I'm dreaming, but I don't articulate it as such. However, I notice the liquid has almost the consistency of pop. I try to make it taste like pop. (Pepsi®). The taste changes a bit but lacks the fizziness and sharp tang. I try then to make it taste like a no-name cola, which usually has a sharp tang, but is not as fizzy as brand-name pop. It doesn't work. I either swallow it for good this time, or it simply vanishes. I then step over to the window intending to look out at the cityscape at night below me.

Out loud I say "Oh, it's beautiful!" as I am startled to see, towering above the city, a gargantuan lighthouse, made entirely of blue light, it's base minimally obscured by the trees and buildings of the city below. The outline of the structure is a deep blue, the body a lighter blue, but the blue light is moving. Its colour changes shade of blue as it swirls and dances within the confines of the form, and in places, for a moment at a time, I can see the vertical grains in the "wooden" clap board structure appear. In those instances, the light takes the form of a translucent clap board, then retreats to a swirling mass again within the framework of the light house.

As I gaze at it, I seem to be thinking of too many things at once: how I know that I am dreaming, how I know that this has something to do with the violet bloom and sphere, how Seth described vital energy creating form from a “blueprint” idea so to speak, how somehow, on some level of reality I am learning about these things in ways I can’t quite understand from a waking point of view, but what I see is likely just a conscious translation of a much larger event.....

There are just too many avenues of thought to pursue. Then I tell myself, or a part of me tells myself, to stop analysing the image, and just enjoy the incredible beauty. I do so, in total awe of what I am seeing right before me. For a few more moments I watch the blue light swirling throughout the lighthouse “blueprint.” I then awaken, *delighted*. Please forgive the pun. 😊