

The Awakening Universe

by Andrew Brown

Chapter One: Creation

In the beginning, there was what was. And what was, was aware that it was. Thus, consciousness was the beginning, and consciousness pursued meaning of what was, to experience itself, to know itself. Without form, and void, only possibility existed. Thus, in a state of only awareness and possibility, imagination is born, unlimited, waiting to be learned.

To experience existence, to touch it, to feel it, to hear it, to taste it, these are the tangible aspects that make it real, even when these aspects are but an illusion. But, purpose and meaning require something that transcends these illusions, a manifestation of the value to be placed upon existence, and that, is love. To embrace and appreciate the extraordinary gift of simply being, with the opportunity to know that one exists, and to share that feeling, this is love. And so love of life, of existence, and sharing of that love, became the driving force of creation, and reason for being.

What was could not be measured. In the absence of space or time, what was existed beyond any standard against which it could be measured, as no such standard existed. But with imagination, consciousness conceived a vibration, and a wave, and a particle. The symbiotic existence of each, inherently dependant on the others. And with a particle, and a wave, space was born, and with it, distance and time. And there was light.

As the first moment came into existence, the infinitely small particle began defining space and time within itself, space and time which spontaneously expanded toward infinity, and eternity. The light burst into existence, propagating, creating, and filling the space and time it had created. The heavens had come into existence, in an infinite universe, and while in it's infancy, infinite possibility lay before it.

And for a time, consciousness went to sleep, and rested, having set into motion the course of events required to invent itself.

Several billion years later...

It was raining. The old man sat at the desk, looking over at the window, as the raindrops did their dance, pattering on the pain, dripping downward. While it was a cold and somewhat dreary morning, he knew that the rain brought new life, in the never ending cycle of birth, death and rebirth. A cycle he himself came to appreciate with growing certainty in his late years, realizing the transcendent nature of all living things. His existence felt transcendent to the physical world in which most people believe they exist. He took responsibility for his thoughts, his intentions, for his entire universe.

He had not always lived by such spiritual aspirations however. His thoughts turned often in recent months to his early years. A time when a little boy, full of love and hope, was growing up in a cruel and hostile world. He remembered the pain and fear that would forge him into an angry man, full of strength and indignation, and ultimately forward in a journey toward knowledge, and eventually, peace.

The little boy was quiet, thoughtful, always observing. He had been born with an insight, he could see into truth and the minds of people, although unknown or understood by him for many years to come. A light seemed to radiate from him, an energy that was noticed and felt by those near him, A gift which, when compromised by ego, vanity and pride, inspired in others that blind instinct to redeem themselves in their own eyes. The little boy frequently saw abuse, and violence, and would be forced to learn great strength within himself, in order to survive.

As a small child in those early years, he recalled playing out in the sun one day, and feeling the presence from above, consciousness looking down upon him, he always knew that he existed as part of something much bigger. This innocent true self was soon buried beneath years of pain, abuse, and confusion. For many years he remained a young man hopelessly unaware of his true self.

He recalled the adolescent young man who pondered the enigma that, the world perceived in the minds of people, was not the world he observed. The world he lived in was filled with hypocrisy at all levels, even within the minds of individual people. Professing, even to themselves, a moral code or method of self absolution, while quite evidently living their lives according to a different standard. This simple observation, in those unbridled and adolescent years, manifested in himself as a callous judgement and contempt for humanity.

In retrospect, this makes evident the propensity in humanity for self deception, even to the extent that this weakness in all of us manifests in our modern society at all levels and in every institution, from government, to mass media and entertainment, and especially commercial advertising. We enjoy lying to ourselves, and we are eager to believe these lies, even to the point of basing our entire system of moral values upon them. This was the world seen by the little boy who had known only love for all living things.

"Truth can not be given or taught to a man, but rather, it must be pursued. Such a man cannot be lead to truth, lead him only to know himself, and he will find truth on his own."

Lecture from the School Master

"In all you do, every thought, every word, every action, ask yourself if the choice you make is founded in ego, vanity or pride. These are the three very subtle enemies that blind us to truth, and attach us to perceived misery. They will lay the foundation of self destruction, we lay waste to our own lives pursuing their vain fulfillment. So in every moment, with righteous indignation, demand truth of yourself, remaining ever vigilant against these three weaknesses, and when we are wrong, own our choices, do not allow ego vanity or pride to persuade us to blame anyone else. And finally, always come from a place of love, and you will find the wisdom to know truth by the peace it brings."

The words surfaced into his thoughts, as the toaster interrupted his ponderings, bringing him back to the small apartment he occupied. He turned up the small space heater to combat the damp chill that would intrude into his domicile. The sound of sizzling bacon could be heard, heating in the skillet, the rich smell filling the small kitchen. He proceeded to butter his toast. As he sat down in his small but adequate living room, he reflected on his appreciation of simple pleasures in life, buttered toast with strawberry jam, a crisp cold glass of orange juice, and exceptionally rich coffee with cream, just the way he liked it. Like a ghost, the elegant, Shimery black cat appeared at his side on the couch. Gazing into the eyes of his affectionate side kick, he broke off a small piece of the crisp bacon. With an audible purr of approval the happy cat devoured the tasty treat. The old man smiled, happy in this simple moment of shared appreciation.

His thoughts drifted back to an earlier time in his life...

"All life is vanity. Vanity is to be self absorbed, and the entire universe is an expression of consciousness inventing a way to observe, experience, and know itself."

He wondered if love was vain. Ultimately it may be, but he felt compelled to know that the love we feel is what transcends the sum of our parts, consciousness being a basic property of the universe, like space and time. He knew that this placed upon all men the incumbent responsibility to act and live according to truth and honesty with one's self, we should all aspire to be the best possible example as a manifestation of consciousness in this universe. The fact that we are here at all, to observe our existence, is the greatest miracle of all, and places great value upon each of us.

He pondered his own weaknesses as a human being, the ego, vanity and pride which all too often blinded him to truths, always laying the foundation for personal destruction. It feeds off our own fear of losing those things we value the most, the driving force behind the deep passion that leads us to insanity. He felt only compassion and love for humanity, he truly empathized with their pain, their fear, their confusion.

He began to meditate.

Quietly detaching from the limits and burdens of this world, he went to a place where existence spanned billions of years and all was one. He reached for that singular universal consciousness and the perfect peace in simply being. He could feel the entire world and embrace it, feeling only love for all things. He felt the pure soft warm white light that fills, permeates, and embraces the universe. The pure white light felt like perfect love, and perfect peace, a oneness.

With a suddenness and a surge of emotion, he remembered that he was that universal consciousness, as what felt like the entire universe, reached back to him, remembering that it was him. A quiet tear formed in his eye.

He became aware of the happy song of a bird somewhere outside, the rain had stopped, and only the last grumblings of the retreating storm could be heard. Bright sunlight was beginning to pierce the overcast sky, filtering through the window as a soft warming glow. He rose from the couch, gently nuzzing the cat on its forehead, assuring him that all was right with the world, and with the press of a button the room was filled with the gentle melody of Chopin, Nocturn No. 2 in E Flat. It was something he and the cat agreed upon, the cat knowing that this marked the daily routine, as the old man grabbed his raincoat and hat.

It was a brisk morning, chilly, but he could feel the warmth of the sunshine on his face. In the tree high above him, a happy bird seemed to announce his presence, as if it knew him. The sidewalk was still damp from the morning rain, and the air had the sweet smell of spring. Within the background of city noises he could hear the distant sound of children playing, and somewhere a dog was barking. He could sense the people through out the town beginning their day, and moving about through the town. The old man took in the totality of the moment, he felt the hope and love in the hearts of people, the driving force of all they aspire to become and experience. He perceived the expanse of the entire universe, he felt at one with it, all a single creation. He felt life itself happily celebrating existence in this peaceful moment. It was a pleasant morning.

And so it was that consciousness observed the universe it had created through eyes it had invented, and said to itself, "I am, and this is me"

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