

Living Consciously Waking from the Dream

Swear not to die, you holy Son of God! 2 You make a bargain that you cannot keep. 3 The Son of Life cannot be killed. 4 He is immortal as his Father. 5 What he is cannot be changed. 6 He is the only thing in all the universe that must be one. 7 What <seems> eternal all will have an end. 8 The stars will disappear, and night and day will be no more. 9 All things that come and go, the tides, the seasons and the lives of men; all things that change with time and bloom and fade will not return. 10 Where time has set an end is not where the eternal is. 11

From A Course In Miracles

Ninety-nine percent of the time we walk around as “me”, recognizing ourselves as our name identity with attendant stories that justify who we think we are. After all, we remember sixth grade graduation and our driver’s license tells us our name with the address printed. Chronically and reflexively our memories recount that I am “me” because my memories say so. But is that really you? If you rigorously examine the matter all you will find is memories that you assume is “me.” But there is another level of your real identity that can be reached, and awakened, an identity to consciously live from that has nothing to do with this-life-time memories, and the value from *living within that identity as much as possible* is the holy song master shamans and mystics have sung since the beginning. It’s all well and fine to proclaim we are immortal, that we have a soul, or after we die we have an after life, and so on, but no shaman worth his salt would ever settle for belief systems and platitudes. The master shaman literally refuses death, and knows exactly how to do so. If I live forever, then “I” am alive right now and “I,” not “me,” can learn to recognize mySelf, the one who is never born and never dies.

First one must recognize the glue that binds us to a “me” identity consciousness that stubbornly dwells within our stories, and more than a few spiritual systems will deliver this attainment with daily discipline and practice. The glue is found in the stories that we tell ourselves, how we incessantly recount our experience internally and spoken. There is no way we cannot tell ourselves stories since doing so is tantamount to a definition of human. But the stories must be purified and many accomplish this, though too few indeed take the next step, to uncover who is there without miserable stories. Basically, guilt, fear and anger (self pity) are the glue that establishes the mind within a self referencing loop, continually justifying elements of our stories with enough mental and emotional impact to convince us that our life is our story. It’s so convincing that seldom we pause to examine who we are, and what about us is real.

Think about this for a moment since this is simple and can be checked against your experience. Can you not see that your anger, guilt or fear *justifies* some element of your story? Think of something that angered you and then notice what it justifies. Most often it’s your opinion, your point of view, except you call it the truth. Whatever happened, happy or sad, it no longer exists except as the story you tell yourself and the result *always makes you right*, at least in your thinking and feelings, and that’s their purpose; to uphold your stories as your identity. They reinforce your belief in your little “me” by constantly justifying guilt, anger and fear in order to make you right; to make you the hero of your dream. Too seldom do we notice the enormously toxic effect this justification produces.

God did not create miserable little stories and accepting them as your identity locates you as a body ego that does not really exist, no more than you live on a DVD. We hear your voice on the DVD and we see your image on the screen, but the master shaman recognizes your real identity is the light that shines through the projector, not the image on the screen. Regardless of what's on the screen or the celluloid in the projector (the world you perceive) it's the light that places the image in front of you. Very few people in the audience are dumb enough to confuse themselves with the movie on the screen. Yet we make this very same mistake daily. We see what's in front of us as the projection of our internal story and that's exactly the intersection where freedom or death can be found. You are not what you see and you are not what you think, no more than the audience is the movie on the screen; rather *you are the creator*. Start there and you can begin to see how easily you can change the image that reflects what you *choose* to justify.

Full Self recognition comes from experience but it must begin with enough understanding to realize, at least substantially suspect, that 99% of your head talk and feelings represent what doesn't even exist. It's only your story, your default head program. Psycho-neuro physiologists tell us that 90+% of what we think today is the same thing we thought yesterday. Does that sound like a default program that's set on auto replay? Recognize this and you can begin another road, a road to high holy adventure, the determined search and find mission for your own real identity with a singular goal. To experience that "I" live forever, that death is impossible, that you are no longer fooled by body/ego identity no more than you believe that a hotel is Home when visiting out of state. We should enjoy our stay while realizing it's neither Home nor real identity no more than the title on your business card. It's a title, it's a concept, it's a story, it's an ideality, it's a DVD that may run the full course of your hotel stay but that still does not make it you. You can believe it's "me" all you like but when the movie ends, what then? At that point you can only choose to die as long as you believe you're the movie that's ending. But is that a real choice, or only fooling yourself with potentially confusing consequences?

In the early 90' the notorious Nagual Carlos Castaneda paid me several visits. He knew the Peruvian Shaman don Eduardo Calderone fully initiated me at the Marawasi Lagoons, a mountain top initiation lair for sorcerers and shamans alike. Carlos came to "talk shop," his term for serious discussions about how sorcerer's of his lineage accomplish leaving this world with an intact consciousness. Carlos believed it imperative that the body must dematerialize while I attempted to tell him that is a mistake. Not to say it cannot be accomplished so much as the wrong emphasis entirely because it elevates the body to a level of significance that is not true. The body belongs to the earth and the decades of discipline it takes to entice the earth to release some of its substance into nothingness potentially confuses the real problem, relinquishing ego identity. How can you be afraid about the body dying, I argued, and not reinforce the very problem of ego identity since only "me" dies with the body? But since "me" is a miserable set of stories, it's not anything that can die, only cease to exist within the body. The DVD has ended. So who's left, I asked him, except "I" that was always there. I argued to identify only with the "I" who is eternal and awake within long before the DVD

ends. I offered the ceremonial craft taught to me by don Eduardo to fully demonstrate what I meant.

Carlos never accepted my offer; in fact he disappeared from my life for five years while he launched his Tensegrity programs. If we believe Amy Wallace's book about that time in his life, it would appear the little "me" wrestled him to the ground. What the world doesn't know is he called me late one night shortly before he passed and thanked me for my understanding that gave him release. Having no idea he was close to leaving this world, a short while later I made a trip to the Amazon and during a ceremony in the jungle with perhaps one of the last old world ayahuqueros, a true master, I witnessed Carlos escorted into infinity by one of the inter-dimensional beings Who wait to take our hand. To be granted witness to Carlos' passing thousands of miles from his body location overwhelmingly affirmed what I tell you now. The divine Masters who patiently await our full Self recognition do not extend to a body hand, rather to consciousness that has been released from remorseful or ambitious stories, no longer attached to human dramas, no longer bound by time. In that dimension we exist as a luminous sphere and in truth we exist that way right now. Culture and socialization inevitably convinces our perceptions to believe our physical appearance and stories is all there is. It's not.

Do you recognize what I'm saying? You should, because you have had many moments of not being your story, rather an intact, fully alive and conscious "not-any-body" except raw, unfiltered awareness. Sudden trauma or even pleasant shocks frequently deliver these out of time moments, except seldom if ever do we recognize what's actually occurring. The problem is these moments quickly fade. But there is another way to learn to live from these moments, first to cleanse the mind of negative attitudes until you can consciously assemble these moments into a coherent internal tapestry of Self recognition. I call it living consciously, staying vigilant to the distinction of "me" and "I" for the purpose of experiencing mySelf. The moment will arrive when I gently lay my body down, thanking it for its useful service, and "I" will continue as "I" have always been. That's not dying and "I" have never been "local" to my body, exactly as our quantum physics reminds us, and the "me" left behind never existed in the first place. Better to learn that now, it makes for a joyful journey. If you recognize what I'm saying you have taken the first step and if practiced daily your real identity will more and more demand Self recognition. The alternative is to die in a body, consciously or unconsciously, and I tell you, it won't work! Creators are forever and this you are in truth. Don't believe me; rather find that out for yourself. Shamans uphold only what they corroborate within their experience and while many ideas are worthy to explore, I dare say nothing so important however you *choose* to address it.

Randy Fuller was fully initiated by Shaman don Eduardo Calderone in 1988 at Marcaawasi lagoons documented in his book **High Holy Adventure** (www.highholyadventure.com).