

Ascension Notes



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Oh My God! I'm coming out of the closet and declaring that I'm on God's side. Of course that isn't really saying much for God but rather a lot for me. In the final analysis God's side is like a Klein bottle, a single surface that contains everything. My odyssey has been a long process. It began with disbelief, progressed through cynicism and arrived at an evolving conviction about the nature of creation and the absolute reality of a Creator, aka God. That certainty is the result of experimenting with inward inquiry and varieties of spiritual exercises.

My early agnosticism was the inevitable defensive reaction to an apparent failure of my Confirmation in the Episcopalian church of my youth. Confirmation was a major rite of passage at about age 14 or so. There were a couple years of prior classes in preparation for The Spirit to infuse our beings. I'll never forget that day when the Bishop laid his hands on my head and nothing happened. I really expected my fears would be allayed, my insecurities would disappear or at least something equally wonderful would happen. Nope. Nothing. I must be deficient or The Spirit was a lie, I thought. Personal deficiency was not a desirable admission so I embraced the fraud argument.

That led me through a period of intellectual excess during which I fell in love with my own brilliance. Although motivated by a sincere desire to comprehend the structure and organization of the Universe, I only recognized physical reality. Emotional existence was blocked for it hurt when I dealt with feelings. That fostered suspicion toward those who expressed religious sentiments and I knew better than to be trapped by such 'childish views'. Underneath that bravado-laced certainty was a mass of unacknowledged insecurity. I floundered in disorientation after losing faith in the authoritative foundations on which my world was built.

During my most extreme moment of doubt and confusion, while still maintaining a staunch skepticism, I experimented by asking inside for guidance. I suspect it was more of a wail of child-like need at the moment of birth but one that came from the heart not the head. Sure enough there was an answer, dramatic enough that it was obvious even to me. Continuous experimentation with the simple premise of asking for guidance and then trying to follow it has led me, forty-odd years later, to proclaim that there are absolutely religious experiences to be had. They don't reside in institutions but through one's own inward discoveries and subsequent attempts to manifest the values of a more perfected spiritual nature. For doing this you become closer to God. You become more real. Realize.

I'm convinced that there is a fragment of God that resides within each of our hearts. Acting upon the guidance toward Love provided us by this bit of Divinity creates the spiritual substance of the Soul. That unique bit of the Creator along with our Soul and personality are the elements of survival after death. Working toward spiritual perfection ultimately will lead to knowing God. Each of us discovers an individual path. That is the warp and woof of our existence.