The Pulse of Spirit



PASSIONATE SELFHOOD 19 JANUARY 2009

(Bob Shine recited his poem "River of Life.")

cold waves slap me to my senses tumbling me helplessly down the river of life the surging liquid chokes my gasping lungs useless limbs struggle against the thrashing current hammering waves crush me against river rocks as if they were a panicked crowd trampling over me to escape from some terrifying danger but these same waters soothe my aches and heal my wounds while they sweep me along to calmer flows I drift past those who float along the banks *in stagnant pools* clinging fearfully to their life preservers when suddenly the river is tipped upright and I'm sent plunging headlong into wild sunspray delight the river is my playmate and it takes me

on a wet roller coaster spree I bounce spin bobble snake roll dive spring and fly like a stone skipped downstream I pirouette in whirlpools and somersault over cascades the foam tickling my nose I stand up and walk on the holy baptismal waters with a trail of diamonds sparkling in my wake my eyes like two springs overflow the river with tearful joy and as I journey onward I sense the river rushing me to some unimaginable destination so I simply settle back to let the river guide me and enjoy the ride -Bob Shine

Along the lines of oneness and unity, selfhood and incarnating, I bring you something very familiar and yet maybe unfamiliar. "Ev apxn nv 'o logos." That's Koine Greek for "In the beginning was the Word."

"Apxn": beginning. Also "nv," which is translated in English most often as "was." It's a type of verb that continues, and a way to translate it is "was was-ing, is was-ing and will always be was-ing." Another way could be "was is-ing, is is-ing, and will always be is-ing." What is it that's doing that? "O logos." And where is it doing that? "Apxn."

I've given a working title to my consideration: "Passion in Selfhood," or "Passion as Selfhood." Each individual has unique passions. No two are alike. There are no two strands of fiber in this carpet that are alike, and if there are any that look exactly alike they are in different locations, and that in itself makes them different. The two candles behind me look alike, but they're both different—they're in different locations. This is obviously true of each one of us, and our passions.

What is it to have passion? Passion can be about specific things, specific activities, specific desires in one's life. I'm surprised at what I found. At the bottom, the core, passions are uncreated. They come from the uncreated realm, the beginning, "apxn." Each individual's true passions are latent, uncreated—organic, natural. They are much of who we are. Not a separate thing that you can rip out of yourself or put into yourself from somewhere else. What we create with those passions is our choice. We have that power. And, as I have already stated, each individual has unique passions unto him- or herself.

As far as oneness and unity are concerned, one of the greatest clues that point to that oneness is apparently the opposite of oneness—diversity, in extreme. There are no two things alike on this planet. Look for it. We've been looking for eons for two things that are exactly alike and, as I've said, if they appear exactly alike they're in different locations. Amazing! I can't get around that one, because everywhere I look everything is different. And this applies to people, as well. Every person is different!

And in *that*—that everything is different, every person different—is how we're all alike. That is how we're one. I am, in all my glory, exercising what I need to do—I mean more than want, what I *need* to do; I need to be up here right now, I need this, I want this, I choose this, I love this, and I am *passionate* about it. You see my passion, because I chose to stand here today and show you. My passion about diversity, each one of us being different. That is *beauty-full*. Uniqueness. And when we're together, as ourselves, how beautiful, stunning and unified. So the ticket in, the doorway into oneness, *is* being different.

I find it to be utilitarian to be outside of passion; I find it to be obligatory; and I find it to be homogenous. I become like something else, other than myself.

Joyce Karchere spoke earlier of being alive: incarnating. To quote again: "Celebrate all of who and what we are." All! Everybody's invited; everybody's included. We're all together.

I have some questions for the *individual* to consider: If I entertain my passions, exercise them, and *you're* doing the same thing, will ours bump into each other? In a world full of passions—you have your passion, I have mine—how do we fit them all in? Is there enough room for that?

If we can't fit all of our passions, whose do we sacrifice, if we sacrifice any at all? Which passions are most fitting? And who decides what is fitting? Tough questions to answer. *I'm* working on them.

Latent, uncreated passions that are who I am, are in the beginning. What I do with them, how I exercise them, is mine to choose as a creator being. *I* cannot be repeated. *You* cannot,

either. We are unrepeatable. We are here for this round, in this river. The tone that Bob Shine brought through his poem at the beginning of the hour is to be *alive* while in the river. The sun, splashing through the water, taking that ride. It's an honor and a privilege to be alive! A good friend of mine used to say, "While going through life, don't forget to live." So here we are, alive this morning, "ev apxn," and we're "is-ing." We were is-ing, are is-ing, and we will always be is-ing. And ISn't it good?

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