



Esoteric Dictionary

*101 Aphorisms for God's Jesters and Lovers of Life
From A for Angels to Z for Zero, The Eternal Circle*

by
Christine A. Hale

INNERCIRCLE PUBLISHING

A decorative flourish consisting of a horizontal line with a central circular motif, from which several elegant, swirling lines extend downwards and outwards, framing the publisher's name.

Esoteric Dictionary

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Are You Aware?

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To My Children

.....

Sonja-Jade and Damien

May you recognize
the many red herrings
splashing around you in joy
and Marcus, for being
There with a generous heart.

And to all of those
who have stood with me
through the ravages of time and mind,
who were the still Eye of the storms,
who brought insight to bear.

•~~~~~ *Author's Preface*

When did this book begin? It is hard to say.

Maybe it all started as a very young child, when, behind my grandfather's woodshed, I would meet and play with my imaginary friends who were made of light. We played 'thinking' games with each other. They told me many wondrous things which I have now forgotten.

Or was it years later in Asia, when I watched a small child fishing in an open drain and saw, for the first time, deep suffering in the innocent? Those same eyes I saw a continent later, starving, in another child.

Or on a clear summer's evening in the northern hemisphere, when I died giving birth to my first child? I imploded into a sea of translucence, only to be drawn back into a black, crushing quagmire. On opening my eyes, there was only one thing that gave out any light: a single tear. It belonged to a mid-wife who was leaning over me, coaxing me to life. One silent tear for a stranger in all that darkness. It was of greater beauty than all I had just seen in those magnificent realms.

I fell in love with human kind.

This book comes from a desire to communicate what I have come to think and feel about life, death and laughter. Few, if any of the essential ideas are original - most exist in one form or another in scriptures, mystical poetry, and symbols.

After years and years of wrestling with form and style (a novel or work of scholarship?), and many drafts relegated to the fire, I traveled to India to give myself a break. It was in the Himalayan foothills in January of 1990, during a stunning sunrise of red glistening snow, that the 'dictionary' format came to me, and page upon page folded open in my mind's eye.

I returned to Australia to copy what I saw in that moment.

This is it.

•~~~~~ *Christine A. Hale*

Introduction

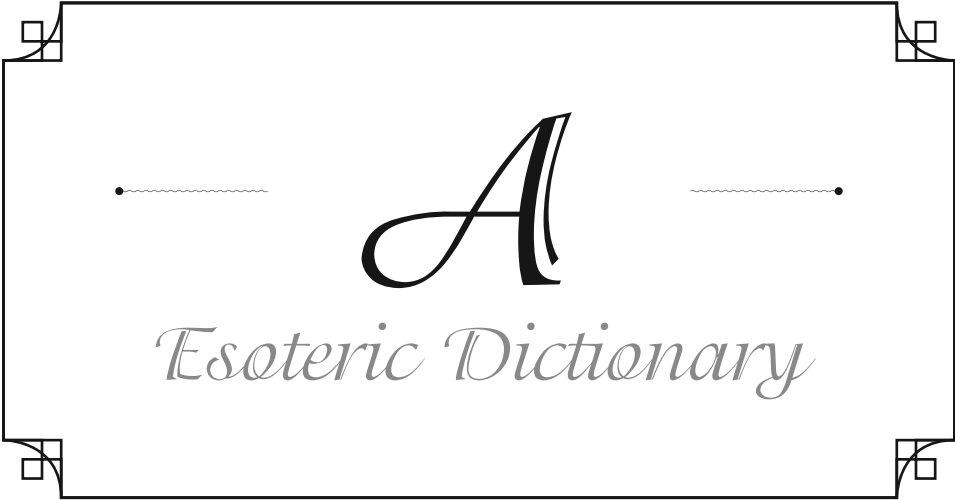
Map & Maze: Suggestions on Approach.

This book can be a mental maze for those who like distinct, linear avenues of thought and belief systems; and, simultaneously a map - for divine fools who trip along paths fearlessly and unwittingly - musing on the words, and allowing a turn of mind to put them in another part of the landscape.

One may begin at Angels and end with Zero, or begin with Red Herrings and finish at Destiny - it makes no difference, for this is a map/maze which readers create in their own mindscape. There is no beginning and no end, changing form and dimension in the mind's eye.

Mental travelers may find some areas of the book not relevant to their map. For those creating a maze, paragraphs may appear as confusing and paradoxical dead-ends.

Beware of the lurking Minotaur within the mind!



•~~~~~ Angels ~~~~~•

It seems within these times, the angel notion has been taken from the back pews of medieval superstition and given renewed status. Angels may not be cupid-like creatures that flutter about flaunting latin-embroidered banners, shedding feathers on the potential witness, but, rather, an epitomized reality. A reality of such magnitude and consequence, that should we grasp and realize even a peripheral aspect of their existence, we would be rendered breathless.

Angels are a species unto themselves. In the simultaneous roles of warrior and messenger, they cohere the cosmos. In certain realms they appear as winged humanoids, emanating compassion in severity - their eyes pierce the soul, penetrate to depths we may prefer to have remained hidden. As with all things, they are essentially energy - a calibre of energy that is found nowhere else in its focused form, than in the swirling nucleus of the angel intelligence - a consciousness that is given form and transcends the realms in undertaking the will of the creator and perpetuator.

An archangel may have a realm manifested in his/her honor (see Planes & Death), but due to the non-existence of time and place in the finer echelons of god, an angel can simultaneously exist, by the act of the note of his/her vibration, throughout the cosmos. A creation of form is given by decree (as in desire from the aspect of Self that is the merging with the Source of Life), and as the form becomes manifest, the Laws of the given realm become operative.

Angels are recognized within worldly tradition as being winged humans (see Human Beings). It is a symbolic creation to convey the essential nature of the angelic state, namely, a merging of aspects of worldly creation: bird and human in divinity, the soul and the worldly joined, heaven and earth without duality.

Negative archangels and angels exist, and accordingly, have their own realms in astral planes. Their existence is due to the turmoil that took place at the Beginning/End of the Cycle in one of the more astounding Thoughts of God that created an epoch of duality. Should any individual's perception evolve beyond duality, (that is, the negative and positive become merged) then, of course, the astral is hardly relevant to their perception; and the appearance of angels ceases to be a problem of discrepancy, or of good or evil. In fact, such an individual will cease to see any embodied astral forms at all because they no longer separate the world from esoteric realms. They have realized omnipresence - the one within all, the all within one - they have Transcended.

•————— *Apocalypse* —————•

Hold your hat! It's happening! The earthquakes of your soul, the overwhelming vortices of stimuli, the onslaught of choices; nothing now seems as it had formerly?

Seeing through things?

Disillusionment is a hard process: reaffirming priorities.

Blood moons are in our heads, explosions of light are in our souls; angels' trumpets blast notes of revolution in our slumber whereby the worldly mind feels only a bare movement of anticipation. Shock waves of awakening are hitting us now in rippling tidal waves from the Center of the Cosmos. Wake up or Die! The coma of earth is finishing, and those who wish to remain unconscious will find themselves left in Night - as they wish. Those who dare to face the full brightness of Day, where all shadowy detail is laid bare for all to scrutinize will be transported into the Sun, the exposing source.

Disillusionment is often painful initially, but adapt and flow and find the dissipation of the illusion of ourselves - and a whole, new world will be before those self-same eyes.
(see Second Coming)

•~~~~~ *Astral* ~~~~~•



There are the dreams of many minds, realities built through sheer co-operation of perception. And from the dreamers come myths. And from the I AM comes the material to mold, that the dreamers form, know and allow to become ... even beyond sight. In every moment we affect these interrelated realms by mere thought, unwittingly.

Kingdoms are made and lost in the unseen, unfelt recesses of Mind. Too many dimensions to speak of ...





•~~~~~ *Aura* ~~~~~•


*E*manations flow, spark, swirl and barb from everyone. The power of presence, of greater or lesser degree, is an attribute of soul (see Chakras)

An opened soul allows spirit to soar and flutter in the surrounds.

The spirit swoops to clasp untruths in its talons, and delivers, bared to Sight. It delivers every word in its delicate beak, to place in others' hearts and minds; builds another nest in the listeners' being, and there gives birth to Knowing.

Feathers fall with the tears of compassion - com-passion, the mid-wife of spirit, the key to open one's soul.

And to bathe in the aura which is vibrant with passion means the death of indifference.



•~~~~~ *Awake* ~~~~~•



Pinch yourself. You probably think you are awake, but it's quite possible you're not. To myopically grope through life and routine, to dismiss anomalies and chance that seem to be obstacles to your desires and set goals, would indicate you are still in deepest slumber.

If you do not see intense and poignant meaning in being born, suffering puberty, marrying someone (who even decades later you still don't really know); moving through the motions of illness only to fade out into reorganized chemicals, or some vague hope of an after-life (where everything may or may not be better) - then you are suffering from sleeping sickness.

To become awake, one needs little or no theoretical knowledge - many theologians and philosophers suffer the above and yet know the most sophisticated concepts to the contrary.

We can appear conscious when we are not, it is the paradox of duality that is indicative of the earth plane at the moment (see Red Herrings & Original Sin/Blessing). Nevertheless, the awakening process is taking place. Believe it or not!

Every morning, when you 'wake up', ask yourself ... ask your Heart: 'who am I?' And eventually, painful as it will be throughout the process, you will discover. (see Salvation)





B

Esoteric Dictionary

•~~~~~ *Being* ~~~~~•

*B*eing, no doubt, is the operative word in 'human being'.

Can we simply Be in our humanness?

Being is allowing, listening, releasing, musing, responding, laughing, insight, weeping...

Being is the spiritual emotion that leads us into the subtle passion for life and living.

Being is the poetry of our humanness, the flow that comes through our body and soul ... our Being ... that be-longs to us all.

•~~~~~ Birth ~~~~~•

Birth happens when we die. We die when everything within us has to die; what we expect from life, hopes, dreams - it all crumbles around and within us in some unexpected blitzkrieg. Somehow all meaning has been shattered, often by our own endeavors.

We no longer know what to think or believe.

We don't know our next move: whether to lie down and allow the steamrollers of life to squash everything but our cries of "victim"; or find a hobby-horse to rock, explaining to an audience that it is really a gallant steed of a new cause. There are many possibilities of action when faced with imminent death. The wise person holds still ... absolutely still ... and smiles at their end, laughs at their vulnerability, and discovers weaknesses are their strengths.

The story of birth is one of paradox (as you may have gathered). One must die to be born, one must be weak to discover strength, one must travel through pain and confusion to be in clarity.

Birth is the story of overcoming inner insecurity: the death of fear.

•~~~~~ *Body/Bodies* ~~~~~•

Don't be fooled by the sensory perception of only one body. We exist in multi-dimensional form. And this, accordingly, takes on different aspects of matter - fine, mental matter. (see Imagination)

We have bodies that can move through other astral areas (see Sleep). We have bodies that can bathe in the Great Sun (see I Am), bodies that permeate the mass mind and bring to awareness gems of inspiration; this body is busy (!) in the artist, inventor and genius. Normally these bodies are not disjointed (if they are, insanity ensues); they are a cohered whole, interconnected with soul, spirit and ultimately, the I Am. And, of course, we may have contacts in the grosser planes of mind (or astral, if you like), so antipathy crops up in our day-to-day thoughts.

To be aware of these various perceptual 'vehicles', forms of mental energy, means one perceives the cosmos in its macro/microcosm - one is aware of the movements that exist in aspects of the I Am and god effecting our immediate earthly moment - an integrated whole.

It's all a matter of perspective: if one clings fearfully to a rock in a valley, all one feels and sees is a cold, stoney surface; but, to stand on the mountain that created the valley (let alone the rock), one sees from horizon to horizon with every intricate movement within that panorama. It just takes a bit of guts to let go of something that appears secure and immovable and journey into the unexplored.