

## SPARK 104

(Matrix Code: **SPARK104.00** for [StartOver.xyz](http://StartOver.xyz) game.)

**DISTINCTION:** You may never know the value of what you write. Write anyway.

**NOTES:** Your four bodies are continuously evolving within you. The limits of consciousness that you can reach are unknown and continue to expand into unexpected domains. That process does not occur *en masse* or without struggle. Growth occurs one consciousness at a time, one risky step at a time. Because of the personally confrontive nature of the discomforts of leaving known territory you can encounter feelings of desperation and groundlessness. It is here, at the edge, that the writing left behind by you as a previous explorer can be quite beneficial.

There is no guaranteed method for successfully evolving. The way of it cannot be known. Expanding the Box is nearly miraculous, given all the internal and external resistances. Although you face your personal destiny, you also stand on the shoulders of many courageous men and women who have gone before you. They have proven that evolution can happen and have laid the groundwork for you to get at least as far as they did. In your busy life it can be easy to forget two things: others went before you, and it is you who carries the torch now.

Evolution only happens now. The individuals who are pushing the envelope are amongst us. They strive to explain how things are and how things work from their point of view. They may see with such clarity that it blinds them even in the dark of night when everyone else is dreaming. They dare not sleep because precious moments go by and there are too few moments left for them to say everything that needs to be said. These men and women may live in the house next door. They may be in a village on the outskirts of modern civilization, pecking away on an old Remington mechanical typewriter by kerosene lantern. They may be you if you take the risk to authentically write down how it is on the frontlines of your perceptions.

Each human being stands at the doorway of unexpected creation. Each of us. That means you. Right now. Are. Standing on the ledge after which there is only possibility. In pure possibility there is nothing to hold your weight. It looks like you can only step out there weightless. I invite you to go there waitless, meaning without hesitation, without having to figure it out first. During invention, the luxury of figuring things out is only available in hindsight.

We all have our favorite excuses. So what? Maybe what you write will never help anybody. Maybe your whole life's effort to write one vital sentence will come to no result. But you never know. And that is exactly the point here. You never know. As dark as it may seem in the moment when you reach out to write, the writing itself may redeem the darkness. Your lonely attempts through pain and confusion to put down words you don't understand could add just enough hope to bring dignity back to someone's lost vision.

You think I'm kidding? Were you never moved to tears by the song *Amazing Grace*? I was, and more than once. (My favorite version is track 4 on Mike Oldfield's *Millennium Bell* CD.) *Amazing Grace* is the writing of a man so numb-hearted that he could

repeatedly drag chained human beings from their homeland and deliver them into a life of slavery across a sea voyage that half of them might not survive. Could anyone predict that such a man would write words of vulnerability that would still touch people over two centuries later? Think of that man, John Newton, late December, 1772. It was a cold night in England. He had no computer, no electric lights, not even a ball point pen. He wrote by candle light on rough paper with a stripped down feather dipped in an inkwell. He had no modern permission to think freely. He had to wrestle his way through a belief-twisted morality system to express the healing truth of his crippled soul. Being touched by his sentiments does not convert you to Christianity. It converts you to humanity, because he is you.

What if John Newton had never brought pen to paper? What if he was too afraid? What if he felt what he felt, thought what he thought, but never dared the impossible task of transferring his wretched states and his moment of clarity to paper? No one could force such a one to re-live the agony of his memories to write those lines. The writing was his sacrifice. And he made that sacrifice for an unknown cause: you and me.

Memes\* have their own will to survive. The valuable core pieces of writing no matter where or when they come from will continue to be reproduced and cherished through the centuries. But only if you first dare to transform them from ethereal precepts into hard little ink marks on paper. Are you still waiting?

\*Memes: look at <http://www.ncrtc.eu/M.153.0.html?&L=0>

## **EXPERIMENTS:**

**SPARK104.01** When we started thinking of the Earth as round instead of flat did we get new possibilities? Definitely yes. Did the Earth itself change? No, of course not. The Earth is the Earth. We got new possibilities because we do not interact with the world as it is. We interact with our thoughtmaps of the world. If you adopt a new thought map, you get a new world.

Assume your life is an experimental laboratory for discovering new thoughtmaps. In your laboratory, give yourself a new purpose: to discover what is worth writing. And commit to doing whatever it takes to pay back your debt to those who have written whatever has made a difference for you.

You would not be reading this book if you did not already know how to make use of the written word for benefiting your life. The cover price of a book could never pay back the debt you owe to that man or woman who ventured past the borders and returned with a handful of chaos to hammer into reason and light through the written word. The only way to pay back that debt is through taking your turn at the pen.

It does not mean you will succeed. For every page I write of value I can show you ten pages of crap. Don't write to succeed. Write to share your inspiration. Write your thoughtmaps of what is working and what is not working for you. Something you thought about or experienced today made you angry or made you laugh. Write it down. Write what happened last night and what you learned from it, at least one page. Then keep going each day. Make regular time to do this writing practice. By not writing you rob future explorers of the opportunity to benefit from your mistakes, and your

discoveries. Simply write with radical reliance on faith. As John Newton put it: "Through many dangers, toils and snares I have already come. 'Tis grace hath brought me safe thus far, and grace will lead me home." Write now.