

The Call of the Mystic: Going Within

by Nicole Rose

Angels of Heaven
Gather one and all,
Building pyramids of light
To answer the call.

Like the bees of spring
Let us pollinate the Earth,
And arouse mankind
For God is giving birth.

I scribed the above poem more than 26 years ago, while sitting alone in the back of my sister's beat up 1985 Toyota Tercel. We had parked at Baby Beach on the Island of Maui and my sister got out to check the elements to see if it was friendly enough to spend the day there. Closing my eyes, I turned towards the sun streaming in through a backseat window, and my mind went quiet. The atmosphere turned silent and still, and out of a poignant sense of emptiness came the first words of that poem. They began to pour into my mind as if emerging from some internal well of consciousness, and I scrambled to find something to write on. I'd written some 250 some odd poems by that point, but hadn't written much in the previous year, and now suddenly I was overcome by the presence of the words now flooding my awareness and not a pen or paper in sight. Scanning the car, I found a crumpled up brown paper bag on the floor mat, and a chewed-up pencil on the dashboard. Needless-to-say, I scribbled the poem down in a flurry.

There came a point, years later amidst my spiritual awakening process, when I threw out all of my previously written material, and all the poems I'd recorded and crafted were lost.....all, save one--The one you've just read about the Angels, the pyramids and the bees. Somehow it has etched itself into the recesses of my mind and it remains the only poem of all 250-something that has been memorized. I've been writing since grade school, and it's the occasional moments as a writer that seemed touched by grace.... Moments like "receiving" this poem that fill me with wonder about the process and keep me writing. But this is not really an article about inspired writing. It is an article about receiving insight and grace when we take the time to get quiet, to still the noise in the world around us and bask in the inner silence. As a mystic who centers my life around the spiritual, my experience has been touched by Grace more times than I can recount, and although it always comes as a surprise, I realize that grace isn't something that suddenly comes out of nowhere. It's something that seems to arrive when we are ready for it. Regarding the poem above, I didn't just suddenly receive a beautiful sonnet from "on high," without an ounce of effort or attention. I had embraced a daily practice of prayer, devotion and reading at the outset of each day. In other words, I kept myself primed for communication with Spirit.

26 years ago I received the gift of those words and I'm only now beginning to comprehend the depth and expanse of their meaning. I have, in the last 26 years, experienced many deeply penetrating moments of silence and Self-realization... moments that have taken me deep inside to the mystery of myself and all of life, and none of those moments arose through the "busy-ness" of life. We are spiritual

beings, yet we can only come to know ourselves as we really are when we turn our attention from what we are not. As we begin earnest practices of meditation and fundamentally practical spiritual exercises, such as those found in A Course in Miracles, we discover that everything “outside” is a projection.... A reality that manifests according to our inner-conditioning and fickle point of perception—a point of perception that is always in flux.

There is, however, a point of insight within each of us that is beyond the reaches of our mental and emotional conditioning. It is the “still point” of our being. All deeply insightful moments are attempting to guide us to this inner-point where we can finally discover the energy generating light-systems that we are. As A Course in Miracles tells us, we are, quite literally, the Light of the World. But, in order to experience the truth of that statement, we must turn our backs on the world as we know it, and go deep within, through all the inner-gateways of our being, to meet ourselves and life as it really is, before judgments and projections have tainted our perception. Knowings do not involve explanations of reality. They are immediate—a direct transference of awareness. Such knowings can only emerge and announce themselves when we quiet all the other voices screaming out in desperate attempts to control and explain our lives away. We think our daily minds are helping us to create order, when in fact, they’ve created a world of continual chaos.

When we are silent.... When we are still.... When we dedicate even a few moments of our time and energy to turning our attention fully from the world, we hear, see and feel in new ways, and finally meet the God of our being. New thoughts begin to spontaneously arise from that fresh direct experience of hearing, seeing and feeling the life-infused energy that is the very core of what we are. A life guided from such a practice of “going within” is a very different life indeed. It is not the life we will read about in our history books or learn about in our science labs.... But rather perhaps something more akin to stories of Saint Francis of Assisi, Hildegard of Bingen, or Mahatma Gandhi, where silencing the world through turning one’s attention to the inner sanctum of the spirit becomes daily practice. It doesn’t become regular practice because one wants to be a saint, but because the deep abiding presence of that inner-sanctum calls us back to ourselves again and again.