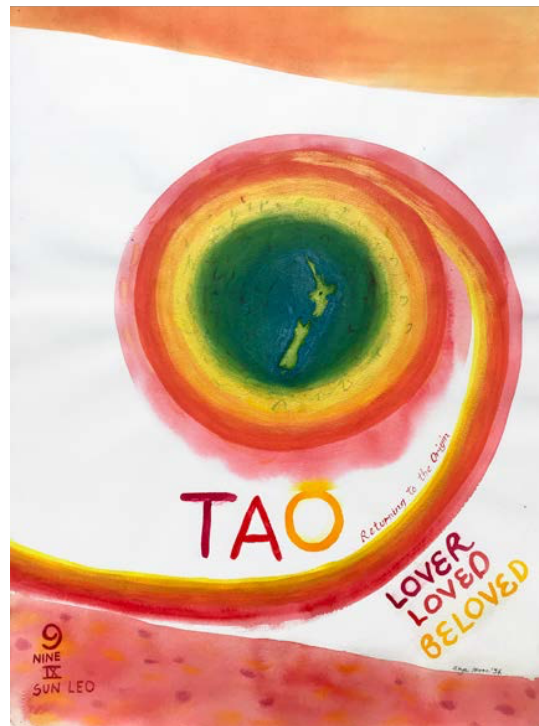


The exploration of invisible worlds. Ninth day. **Co Creation.**



The Human evolutionary journey has had thousands of tribal years and thousands of Empire Era adolescent years for humans to become autonomous and individuated. Now we are collectively invited to ‘grow up,’ to heal the inherited splits deep inside ourselves, and to learn the interdependence of one individual upon the next. During the ninth day of Creation an unseen shift in priorities takes place.

Humankind has been absorbed in the Physical, visible world. One day I noticed that my priorities were Spirit first, Mind follows, Body belongs.

“Do what Light’s me up.” I thought. All that really matters is to notice when the wick is lit or unlit? Momentous for our world and our global community, yet this evolves silently, deep within, as any one of us is awake enough in the moment to allow the infinite, underlying awareness to change us. My limited ‘I know’ intellect, has evolved into intuition and increasingly reliable insights of the heart mind. We learn not to fragment, splinter, or split, but to breathe, integrate and understand.

The conscious heart centre of our Being calls us toward ever deeper union

with our own True Self deep within. In the ninth stage all qualities are comprehended and circulated within.

“I’ll tell you a secret,” said Jean Houston. “Building a new mind isn’t limited to thinking in new ways. It involves more than just the rational intellect. It’s a combination of your passions, your spirit, your heart and your capacities as you explore the untapped dimensions within you, deepen your insight, open up your imagination and step beyond the normal understanding of time to harvest the wisdom of experience, past and future. It’s an integrity of intellectual, psychological and spiritual wisdom.”



Two months in Bali imprinted invisible worlds in me. *“Ahhh!”*

I deep breathed ocean again and again. Sand under my feet in crinkling waves with frilly foam edges. I played and wandered. Candi Dasa. A coastal scattering of huts overlooked by the only temple to a female deity. Timeless ocean. Sand, sunlight glittering ripples. Another deep breath. Ahh! My peripheral vision alerted me to a concrete wall with the raised symbols of the world’s main religions. Zoroastrian, Hindu, Buddhist, Jewish, Christian and Muslim.

Curious, I walked through a small wooden gate to an open grassy space surrounded by bamboo and trees, traditional Balinese dwellings and a large, covered

dining area for about twenty-five people. A cow and her calf grazed peacefully. After some time a beautiful Balinese girl wearing a frangipani crown and traditional clothes, greeted me.

“Can I help you?”

“What is this place?” I asked.

“It’s special. An Ashram,” she said.

“Can I stay here?”

“It’s no alcohol. Only married couples. Ibu will be back soon.” I turned around. As if by unseen forces my hands came together in prayer position in front of my heart and I bowed.

“Namaste.” I had not said or done that before. When I looked up, there was a small, brown woman of about seventy with a springy step and alive eyes.

“Namaste. I was expecting you,” she said. *“You can stay in the small room up the ladder if you like.”* It was all as if it were meant to be. The days and nights passed with dawn, noon and sunset chanting and meditation. We ate black rice with banana and papaya for breakfast, red rice and vegetables for a midday meal and white rice with more delicacies in the evening.

When the Japanese occupied Bali in World War Two Gedong (Ibu) Oka, who was educated in Java, returned to her family in Bali. She had forgotten her local dialect. So that she wouldn’t be suspected of spying, she pretended to be mute.

“That eventually took me to Gandhi’s Ashram in India,” she told me. *“Gandhi affected my soul to the core of my Being. I owe all this to him. Now I sit people around the dinner table and make peace between religious leaders that way.”*

It was true. It was extraordinary. She was a self-actualised woman. With responsibility for the Ashram, the guests, her home and husband in Denpasar, she must have lived under pressure. What was the source of her apparently endless vitality? Yoga on the beach, wholesome, organic food, Ocean breath? Daily rhythms?

My illumination in Bali with Ibu Oka stretched the depth and breadth of me so that my small self that knew ‘lots’ had backed off to let the unknown in. To ‘not know.’ To avoid premature closure. In hindsight this was preparation for the shattering of who I thought I was. The Waiheke island joy-filled life of love and

freedom was to be abruptly pushed into a deeper integrity. A testing. A testing for over thirty years. What happened?

The invisible worlds of neurodiversity

Our family tree is creative and somewhat eccentric. Early on I did notice that my son was different. A ‘standout’ gentle, peaceful creature. From the very beginning I would lose him in many ways. It took me a long time to pay attention to what was needed to engage him. To stay connected was easier with games, physical activity, music, singing, painting, drawing. Even as a three or four year old, he would wander off on his own, fall asleep under the house or get absorbed by ants somewhere. Years later he would come home with a pack laden with obsidian, or some other natural wonder, but without the clothes he took with him. One afternoon I came home from teaching to find him as a nine year old, sitting on the roof. Love, Joy Nature, Beauty and some churches and Music hushed him deep and reflective. But I and everyone else would lose him after a sentence or so.

“Too many words,” he would say. It was puzzling to notice that he would bring parsley but not mint when I had asked for both. Or his beanie when I expected a sunhat. That he read or ‘made up’ the story of simple books before he went to school, stopped reading as soon as he started school, didn’t read for five years, then began reading again as an eleven year old.

It was puzzling to notice that although he started high school in a class of immigrants for whom English was a second language, he passed University Entrance and was top of the school in Art. It was puzzling to notice that although he was tall, good looking, captain of cricket and badminton teams and sought after by lovely, young girls, he could not maintain a relationship. Why? He was unable to converse. I asked for advice. None knew about Autism then.

What has this to do with the Ninth day. Co Creation? The exploration of invisible worlds? Neuro-Diversity is yet another aspect of the vast and ever changing invisible worlds. I started to understand my son’s way of thinking when I read,

“May not hear the words. May hear the words and not understand. May hear and understand but not be able to process the words quickly enough to respond. May misinterpret and be misinterpreted. May become mute with overwhelm from the pressure to answer. May smile and nod even when that is untrue. Is usually unable to

ASK or to speak up for himself. “

“Speak five words. Pause. And see if you have connected.” was the workshop facilitator’s advice.

What happened? Trauma for myself, my son and our family, through ignorance and the misunderstanding of the invisible worlds. You can read more of this story in my book “*GIFT. Unfurl True Self.*’ www.skyeisaac.nz



I was getting to know and understand more invisible worlds. The purpose of Life in the ninth day of co creation is that we do become the hands and feet, the heart and spirit of compassionate love for ALL Life.

Unwittingly and automatically we take spirit into matter as we breathe in and return spirit to the material universe every time we breathe out. Inspiring the world. Simple breathing models our vocation as a human being.