

A **Walk** through the **Mormon Paradox**,
into the **NEW AGE *Quantum shift*** of
the **Interconnected Consciousness**
throughout the **Parallel Universe's**,
Galaxies, and the **Vast Reaches** of the
Cosmos!?

**GEORGE
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A walk through the Mormon Paradox, into the New Age
Quantum shift of the Interconnected Consciousness
throughout the Parallel Universe's, Galaxies and Vast
Reaches of the Cosmos!?

also known as,

So, you wanna know bout my schizophrenia eh?

'Where comedy meets divinity, in-keeping with
synchronicity, understanding simplicity and flowing with
the trinity. Helping to make straight the ways of the Lord,
so we don't loose so many when HE says "all aboard!"'

So Heal.

*In loving memory and recognition of those who
have passed, those who are here, and those who are
yet to arrive, may we all be so lucky as to see and feel the
frequencies of peace and harmony wash over this earth.*

1

The sun was brightly shining, as the air carried the alluring smell of pine and burning wood. As I breathed it in I could feel the humidity fill my lungs and a touch of chlorine wafting up from the pool as I approached it. I didn't want to wait for my mother, so I grabbed my Styrofoam turtle and began to set up getting into my tiny little boat. I was going to be a sea captain in a moment. There was a monstrous little girl already in the pool wearing a silly pink bathing suit, she was a little bit older than me, probably seven or so, and she was splashing around in the pool.

I carefully stood at the edge of the pool and began to balance my way into my turtle ship. The water felt cool and tranquil on my hairless legs as I began my voyage to the center of the pool. I would kick my legs and splash my hands along the waters surface. The little girl began swimming and playing with me and we started to splash water back and fourth. She began to look menacing and began to laugh manically as she submerged everything but her head and glided stealthily towards me. She came up from beneath my turtle and turned it upside-down.

The chlorine stung my eye's as I opened them for the first-time underwater. The rays of the sun danced along the bottom of the pool with magical radiance. I began to try and maneuver myself from out of my crippled

vessel but I was stuck. I tried to reach my head around to try and break the surface to get air but it was of no use, she was holding me down, laughing. My short little life flashed before my eye's and I smiled, it was time to go home. The brightness of the pool bottom dulled to black.

The thought made me shudder. I paused for a moment and then realized I was reading something, literally holding a book in my hands. I was somewhere else, not without a body, but not in mine.

The book continued, "I began to travel down the path back to where my family's pop-up trailer was parked, I had to say good-bye before I left."

'But where am I now?' the question lingered, 'at this particular moment? How can I be reading about the past, while simultaneously experiencing what I'm reading, knowing that I haven't written what I'm reading yet?' I kept reading and experiencing all of this, it was like being in multiple places at once.

I remember seeing both the ground in front of me and the sky all at the same time on this journey. The foliage of the forest floor, the pulverized cedar lining the path, the fallen tree strewn over it, the clothes line attached to the family trailer, my dad's pick-up truck, the beautiful British Colombian sky, the beaming sun, waves of love from a smiling God. (Even in that state, I didn't actually see God, it was more like a memory that my soul once associated with what I would see after I finished my good-bye)

I hear a soft laugh. "Now your getting it." A familiar voice stated. Was it really him. I was too nervous to look up from my book. What if I've died? What if I'm dead, and I've only prepared my mind to see a white Jesus,

will the real Jesus call me racist and slap me down to hell if I look surprised when I see he's black?

“If you think your already dead, then you should look up from that book and meet your maker.” said the voice of Morgan Freeman.

I kept reading.

My mother was washing some dishes as I stood by a tree to wave my farewell. She looked up from her dishes and met my eye-line with a smile and looked down to continue scrubbing away at the purple plastic plate. But then she stopped and looked back to where I was standing, but she couldn't see me this time. A solemn look of fear and desperation entered her mind as she looked at the forest in the direction I had just traveled from and knocked over her dish-washing station as she began running towards the pool. Seeing her fear made me follow her as she ran.

Running.

Thinking.

I put the book down and slid from sitting in a chair to kneeling on the ground while keeping my eyes closed. I could feel the peace and stillness of His presence. I calmed my mind, keeping still with centered breathing. I pondered, am I ready to open my eyes? I felt the answer to be no, so I sat back in the chair.

Silence.

Sitting.

Thinking.

Where am I? Do I live in this space between death and life? What part of me is actually me? I prayed to the white Jesus that I may understand and a sense of uneasy comfort poured over me, the way a veterinarian pets a dog before they put him to sleep. I asked him what I must do to live happily and be free. He told me I needed to fall in love, marry and have family. I didn't know if I could love.

Read!

Reading. But what am I reading I thought

“I see your still doing a little bit of that Mormon legalese crap” I opened my tearing eyes and saw his smile before me. I didn't know what to say. He was right, I was covering my own ass a bit with the legalese.

“Does a soul have self preservation?” I stammered.

“What are you really asking me, is it normal to want to continue to exist? Of course it is. This is the test of life, is there anything outside your own self worth risking your own existence to save.”

I contemplated what he was saying and gave him a wink and a thumbs up.

“People are so terrified of hell, they're paralyzed with fear, bonded to it and unable to do the very loving things I've put in their hearts that would save them from it. This is a beautiful thing about mysticism, the uncertainty of it all, nobody gets to heaven that doesn't belong there, nobody stays in hell that doesn't deserve it. Eternal life is a gift, a gift that in order to receive, you just have to realize that you already have it. Your alive on rock hurtling through space, a little human being living and existing in a vast reality, a reality that includes ME. You've been told that you are mortal, but you Mormons were also taught that you existed before you came here. People all around the world subscribe to this type of thinking, because it's true.

People who are too fearful of doing something that I've put on their hearts, and just be who they are because they feel it would be against Christianity have a big obstacle to overcome. Do they even know who I AM?"

"I do"

"I know you do, and ya this is your book and your life, but its not about you"

"I know its not about me, this is suppose help spur on that cosmic revolution, here they call it the 2nd coming, they think your going to win the revolution for them."

"Its remarkable how intense the forces of evil politely rape my mother and the minds of all these poor slaves, soon the bonded shall be free and the slave masters shall be bound and you will be shouting the secrets from the rooftops.

You ready to serve your Mormon Mission?", he said with a laugh and some sarcasm. "Your mission, should you choose to accept it", said Jesus humming the mission impossible theme, "is to topple the great and abominable church by inspiring a revolution within Mormonism. If the general body of the church truly came to know how deep my love for them is. If they knew the anguish in my heart every time I hear the prayers of my young Latter Day Saints who feel unworthy of the my love because they can't live up to these impossible standards of these man made rules. When they can see how they've been placed here at this moment in history to do and be a part of this plan I shall return. I'm Alpha, Omega"

"A to Z in the snap of a finger, we're on plan 'A' where everybody wins, when we implement 'Z' the celebration begins. So I'm going to try to keep calm and hold on to my hat, unless you think its better that it sounds like I smoke crack."

"Tommy my boy this lesson is funny, please don't give a fuck about your image or money. I don't give a fuck what these people think, if they're too good for me, then their shit shouldn't stink. And if there's any fucking 'Christian'

reading this book, there's a verse in the bible for which they should look. Because when world gets this scary and dark its because their synagogue's are Satan's and he's doing dark arts.”

“I know! These damn organized religions use their clergy to stand between you and the people, look at the crusades, they were down right evil! That wouldn't have happened if the church was outside a steeple.”

“I'm plan 'A', your plan 'Z'. They should be ready for you downstairs in around ten minutes or so, you'll know when its time”

“Wait.” I pleaded “What about what I'm reading right now, is my whole life going to start over again from that point?”

“No, your still in your 20's, you'll wake up in the morning and it will all be a dream.”

“But how am I going to remember any of this”

“Listen, we'll talk some more when you get back. Until then keep your head in the game and your stick on the ice.”

“Got it, plan Z” I said confusedly.

Running.

Running through the tree's full tilt, jumping over the fallen tree in the path, darting to the gate around the pool and diving straight into the water from the pool deck. She began screaming and crying as she swam to my lifeless body, shewing away the little girl as she placed me on the deck. From above I watched as she began pounding on my chest, breathing life back into my lungs. And then everything went black again.

I could feel pounding on my chest, burning in my lungs, moisture on my face. I wanted to open my eye's, but I needed to vomit. I began coughing and puking as I looked up to see my mother's smiling face.

I remember they took me to the hospital just to be sure I was okay. I remember the yellow walls and how the young doctor laughed while he said something like, “so I hear you thought the pool water was for drinking.” He talked to my parents quietly for a little, but then it was time to get back to the trailer park for dinner.

My older siblings were all back at the camp ground goofing around and having a blast. My parents told me to go and play with them while they fixed up some supper. They were playing a new game, with funny new words I had never heard before, shouting at passing cars that were on the main road passing the camp grounds. My brother Roger was dancing around lamp post while my sisters Adrienne and Maria sat with my other brother Paul on an electrical box. Paul didn't look like he was enjoying the game, but Roger was really having a blast, he even taught me how to play.

My family situation was surprisingly modern all things considered. My fathers first marriage ended in a divorce, after his first wife had born him four children and got sick of him never being around. Adrienne was the oldest, Roger was the oldest son, Maria was their youngest daughter, and Paul was their youngest son, and he was only two years old when our father and his mother divorced. One year latter, father married my mother, and two years after that I was born. When I came to be, the family was divided across two very different social-economic backgrounds, my father once said he could of lost everything in the divorce and was lucky that Dale, (his ex) didn't take him for everything. I never understood why she didn't, they lived in such poverty, while we lived in such wealth. Dale didn't sign a pre-nup, but my mom did.

Our house was a large suburban master piece with a large yard, deep driveway, spacious rooms, kept lawn and good neighbors. Their house was a cluttered town

house complex in a run-down neighborhood where the street was littered with garbage, dog feces, random rusting auto parts and cigarette butts as far as the eye could see. I came from the land of prosperity and opportunity, they came from the land of bitterness and hardship. I was afforded every advantage my young mind could conceive, they lived on food stamps and used clothing. My world was the world they once had, their world is what I would strive to inherit.

“Okay Thomas, now remember the words and remember you gotta be really loud so the people in the car can hear you” Roger encouraged. “Get ready”. I smiled. Oh boy, this was going to be so fun, I thought. I could hear the wind around the speeding car as it approached.

“Get your fucking shit outta here you asshole crap!” I shouted. Roger, Maria and Adrienne burst into laughter. Paul was still not too impressed. The rest of them were laughing so hard I decided to keep going with the game and started to play it with Paul. “what's wrong with you asshole crap?” I asked him.

“I don't like this game” he said. Paul had always been my closest sibling, but I was excited at the prospect of getting on my other siblings good side, so I kept playing the game. I heard another car coming and got excited. I crouched down behind the electrical box and then jumped on top of it and shouted, “Get your fucking shit outta here you asshole crap!” and we all laughed. It was a really fun game.

As we walked back to the trailer for supper I couldn't wait to show Mom and Dad how funny I was. I could smell the meat cooking over the coals of the barbeque, and the potatoes wrapped in tin foil, it smelt really really good. My dad looked at me and smiled, and I said, “Get your fucking shit outta here you asshole crap!” But this time my siblings didn't laugh as loudly and triumphantly as before, they giggled quietly but didn't

want to laugh. Something wasn't right.

My father glared at me in furry as he militantly strutted towards me, roughly picking me up by the waist of my pants, smacking my bum as he throttled me into the trailer. I couldn't understand what I had done wrong, he was suppose to be laughing, we all were suppose to be laughing, but now I was crying and alone. He began shouting at me in an indecipherable tone of rage, violently shoving soap in my mouth, smacking me harder every time I went to spit it out. Why was he doing this? Why does soap taste bad?

He wanted to know where I had learned the word, but I couldn't understand why he was doing this to me, and I didn't want him to hurt anybody else so I just stammered out, "I-I-I d-do-o-n't know." I didn't get dinner that night, until everyone else had finished and the food was cold. The taste of the cold fat in the meat reminded me of the soap and I could barely finish it.

The days started to become strange, I contemplated my near death experience often, wanting to understand what it was that had happened to me. How could I have been walking down the path, if I had never left the pool. Who was this angry man and how much longer would I have to live with these people before I could go home. I really wanted to go home now. I started imagining thousands upon thousands of angels peeing on people every time it rained. I started to think about the records they keep in heaven. I started to wonder if since I had died once before was I going to be held to a higher standard since I knew? And what was it that I knew exactly.

2

The next day Roger and I went fishing on the Okanagan river. I had always loved fishing, and the taste of seafood, I use to even eat the eye's off of fish. Yet, my relationship to the sea and its life had some how changed, changed in way's I had yet to realize.

It was an overcast day, but the sun still shone brightly through in spots as Roger rowed out our little inflatable dingy from the shore. He had a rod with him and when we far enough out he cast out the line.

It was remarkable how quickly the the rod began to arc and sway. I remember reaching out my hand and feeling a surge of forceful panic in the tension of the line as the fish fought valiantly for its life. As he reeled in the line the fish splashed and skipped along the surface of the water.

My mind flashed back to the pool, splashing, desperately trying to breath. The fish was a beautiful rainbow trout, helplessly struggling and flopping around on the floor of our tiny rubber vessel.

I was terrified. I knew exactly what the fish was going through, unable to breath, in a strange world, being held up above the water, desperately seeking a way back in. The fear I saw in the fish began to manifest in myself. I started to scream and cry “Roger throw it back in. Please let it live” I begged him.

I felt like the fish dying was a terrible thing, it wasn't time for the fish to die, the fish needed to live, and Roger begrudgingly threw the magnificent creature back into the river. It darted quickly back below the surface. "Your such a fucking baby, Jesus Thomas" he told me as we began rowing back to shore.

I sat silently and sobbed quietly, and felt a warmth. A presence of being. And as the tears dried and stung my eyes, and sniffled deeply into my throat, my lips trembled as my breath fluttered. I had done something good that day, I had felt.

I never ate fish again.

The following day was sunny and I went walking around and exploring the camp grounds. I was a very sociable child, always talking to grown ups, with important news from the world of children. And on this particular day it started to rain while the sun was showering. I just happened to be walking through the campsite of that monstrous little girls family when the rain started to pour down tremendously. Her mother called me into the shelter of their trailer.

"Jessica, don't you have something you would like to say to this boy?" Jessica was sobbing quietly, looking at the ground and sucking in her upper lip.

"I'm sorry" she whimpered. I could see how bad she felt and I didn't want her to feel bad, so I said,

"That's okay, I got to see heaven."

I think she was more happy that she wasn't in trouble anymore, because she came running over and gave me a big bear hug, nearly squeezing the life out of me, a second time.

Her mother poured me a glass of iced tea, and I thought this would be a great missionary experience to show them about the gospel. Even at that young age I had

a strong feeling of closeness to both God and the universe. The Mormon framework allowed for and encouraged these types of connections and interactions, as a way of reaffirming and knowing the truth of these things.

But that was the problem with Mormonism, all of these concepts were expressed confidently with vague terms. Mormonism was all about trying to establish its own validity while simultaneously negating any spirituality beyond its confines as misguided.

As I drank the iced tea I began to embellish how vividly I saw heaven and added in seeing Jesus, Joseph Smith and Moroni and all of them telling me the book of Mormon was true. It was sickening. I'm somehow thought that spinning these lies would somehow make it real. Make it something more than just a hope.

As the storm cleared up and the rain stopped I quickly finished my drink and darted out the door. "See ya!" I shouted boisterously letting out a victory scream as I ran from their trailer. I had done good, I thought.

I started to dream that one day they would get baptized and join the church, I couldn't wait to tell my mother my little missionary experience, I knew she would be so proud of me. So I started to run home.

Running.

Thinking.

I thought of my mother holding me closely, speaking softly and comically, giggling and whispering how she loved me so much. I could feel the safety of being coddled in her bosom, her warm breath on my neck, her raw energy and zest for life, beaming into me.

This was all just too strange I thought to myself as I ran along, hope this makes sense to future me... I can't

even tell if I'm awake or dreaming.

'Well at this particular moment, your awake as kid, but potentially you might be dreaming about running around as kid as well, its kinda up to you.'

I didn't know what to choose, I knew I was the very last line of defense in an epically cosmic loss of the game.(Shhh! Quiet hipsters) It's a lot of pressure to be under. How many times have me and him done this bit before I wondered? I'm just gonna trust my instincts from now on.

I decided I was going to consider this an ineffable experience where the things I say may or may not make sense and weather or not they do is irrelevant, its more important that I just continue to be and say that which I feel I must. All will be revealed in due time, I guess.

'Kind of up to you', I mused.

'So, can I just think my way out of this?' I wondered.

'duh' I replied.

Hmm...

'So should I just-?

'just start writing you idiot'

'you mean reading right'?

I means both.

Ahhhhhhhhhh!

I closed the book and looked around. I was in the temple waiting room, barely able to keep my eyes open so I let them close. 'I might have to play along and really let myself live through it this time', I thought.

I felt the texture of the book in my hand, I knew what it was going to be before I even looked at it, so I resisted and didn't bother to look at it.

I leaned back in my seat and rested my head on the wall. I thought back to a time before mental hospitals, LSD and conspiracy theories. A time back before I knew things, a time where I just simply believed them. I let my mind tell myself that I 'knew' Mormonism was the truth, that drugs were bad and so was Al Quida! I started to dream the hero's combat dream and I was gonna kill me some terrorists.

I loaded a clip into my M-16, pulling back the pin so I knew I was good to go. I crouched down along the sandy street and flatly snaked my way to the corner. The Crawford boys were coming up the rear to cover my left flank, it was weird cause Vern gave me the stink eye but Johnny took the other corner without a moments hesitation.

I opened up with some suppressing fire to give Johnny some cover. A barrage of bullets shred through the sand in front of his feet, the wall behind him, the cap of his left knee explodes in mist of blood fabric and bone and as he starts to scream in agony a line of bullet dart up from his waist, with the last round piercing his throat as fell hard, stone cold dead on the ground.

Vern lept to his feet, uncaring of the danger to himself and began directing all of his anger at me as he militantly strut down the alley towards Johns body, he started to shout,

“you can't even cover my brother you idiot!”

“where the fuck were you?-" I shouted.

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