

# Sonova Quark

Brought to you by Steven Vincent Johnson and Darlene P. Coltrain, mailing address: 6666 Odana Rd. Madison WI 53719. Contact by Mail: Steve: Orionworks@charter.net, Darlene: dpcoltrain@gmail.com. All material is copyright © by Steven Vincent Johnson and Darlene P. Coltrain, unless otherwise specified. Sonova Quark is brought to you by OrionWorks. Internal layout is brought to you by Microsoft Publisher. Printing done on a HP Color Laserjet Pro MFP M277dw. Most color covers were created using CorelDraw Graphics suite and printed on a Cannon PRO-100 Photo Inkjet printer. This edition was created for Turbo Charged Party Animal



## What Was Removed From The Book Of Genesis

Around the fourteenth century, a time when few dared to write accurate historical accounts, there existed a forgotten account from *The Book of Genesis* concerning several chapters, after chapter 3 were, deleted from the bible. It was claimed that the chapters taught evil witchcraft and hedonism. The condemned chapters were ripped out every bible in the land and burned. Anyone who publicly spoke of the condemned contents were rounded up and forced to recant, or face the wheel or be burned at the stake. A few of the condemned chapters managed to escape their ultimate fate when a copy, hastily written on a nondescript scroll, was spirited to a Benedictine monastery located in Northern Italy. The scroll was placed on a dusty shelf within a dark and forgotten in a rarely visited room.

But not completely forgotten. Through the passing of many uneventful years, on rare occasion a monk would stumble across the unnamed scroll. Some became curious and foolish enough to unroll its contents, and become enlightened. If their sin was discovered they were severely punished. They were blinded, defrocked, and cast out of the monastery as beggars.

There is an account of one defrocked beggar who managed to survive by his own wits for a while by earning food and shelter through the skill of telling stories and jokes in taverns which entertained the clientele. A story about chapters missing from the Book of Genesis turned out to be a popular request among many tavern customers, and was told and retold many times. We now suspect a fragment of the original story continues to live on in modern times, mostly in the form of a popular joke containing sexual innuendo.

While we have no definitive proof that the following copy is an authentic fragmented portion of the missing chapters from the Book of Genesis, we have verified to our satisfaction that the paper, particularly their burnt edges, are approximately three-hundred years old. We have confirmed its provenance which revealed that the manuscript was retrieved from a old monastery located in upper Italy.

*From the secret order of the*

*Bastard Baskerville Friar Descendants*

Read on, and be enlightened...



## Book of Genesis, Chapter 4

{4:1} After Adam and Eve were banish'd from Eden, the Lord God had second thoughts about losing his temper.

{4:2} God realize'd both Adam and Eve were ill-equipped to survive outside the confines of his Garden of Eden.

{4:3} It made no sense to God to see Adam and Eve consumed by predators, or poison'd, not knowing what to eat, or starv'd to death for lack of knowledge on how to care for themselves.

{4:4} God knew neither Adam nor Eve knew aught about being fruitful since there was no need to replenish all the plants and animals in God's Garden of Eden where all life liv'd in perpetual eternity, basking within the glorious light of thee Lord.

{4:5} God thought of sending his favor'd archangel, Michael, to fetch Adam and Eve, but he know he was busy writing a series of scrolls on metaphysics, which the Lord was intereste'd in know'ng how thee saga would end.

{5:1} God then sent Gabriel and Raphael, to fetch Adam and Eve.

{5:2} Neari too late did God dispatch Gabriel and Raphael, for both Adam and Eve were entwine'd in grave peril.

{5:3} Adam was being stalk'd by a large velociraptor.

{5:4} And Eve, still curious about serpents, was enwrapped'd in the firm grasp of an anaconda.

{5:5} Gabriel and Raphiel pluck 'd Adam and Eve from assur'd death and quickly plante'd both back in the Garden of Eden in front of All Mighty God.

{5:6} "Fear not, my ignorant children." God thunder'd, "I have decided to forgive you for disobeying my commands of visiting the Tree of Knowledge and eating from the Fruit of Good and Evil thou receiveth from that accurse'd serpent."

{5:7} Both Adam and Eve remain'd confus'd and frighten'd upon hearing God's words.

{5:8} The Lord saw their fear and realized this would not do.

{5:9} God chose a different tact, to distract Adam and Eve from their current fears.

{5:10} "I tell you what." said God "I shall unto thee amends. I bear two gifts to be parted to the both of you."

{5:11} "Two gifts?" Adam replied most hesitantly, "What are these gifts, oh Lord?"

{5:12} "Is it another apple tree?" said Eve twinge'd with apprehension. "Maybe another serpent?"

{5:13} "NO!" God thunder'd, impatiently. "The apple tree has already received too much bad press. No more talk of that accurs'd tree, nor of that upstart serpent. I have already dealt with that uppity rolle'd dung of mud. He shall do time for his transgressions."



{5:14} Adam and Eve shift'd in awkward silence, not comprehending what additional peril they might receive from Almighty God.

{5:15} "These two gifts I giveth thee," God decree'd, "you must decide which one of each you shall receive. For the one chosen by one, the unchosen one will be the gift'd to thee other."

{5:16} "Tell me, o' Lord! What is the first gift?" said Adam, his initial apprehension hath slowly wane'd.

{5:17} "Tell me, o' Lord!" Eve follow'd with curiosity. "If you please, what is thy first gift thou bear us?"

{5:18} "Thy first gift I give unto you is a phallus," Pronounc'd the Lord.

{5:19} Silence follow'd.

{5:20} Adam felt a strange sense of excitement stirring in his body.

{5:21} "Oh Lord... Oh Lordey Lord, Lord!" exclaim'd Adam jumping up and down, "I want a phallus. I want a phallus!"

{5:22} Eve glar'd at Adam, "Why should YOU get thee phallus? Don't I have a matt'r in such choices?"

{5:23} Adam ignor'd Eve, feeling mounting excitement. "I want a phallus! A phallus I shall have!"

{5:24} "Alright, Adam...Alright" God reply'd impatiently, "The phallus you shall have."

{5:25} Adam jump'd up and down for joy while Eve glar'd ever more intently at him.

{5:26} Adam's excitement waned, and he stilled himself when a question form'd in thy head.

{5:27} "Oh Lord," said Adam, "What is this phallus?"

{5:28} "Do not interrupt me," God interrupt'd, "or I shall give Eve thou phallus *as well as my second gift!*"

{5:29} Adam fell fast silent.

{5:30} "Eve," God spoke. His intense eyes pin'd firmly upon Eve, "I now give unto you your gift."

{5:31} Eve remain'd still and apprehensive.

{5:32} Before Eve could stop she blurt'd, "Is it a phallus, like Adam?"

{5:33} God rais'd his right eyebrow and star'd intently at Eve for a pause, "It shall be better if thou discover'd such matters by thyself."

{5:34} God continue'd, not giving Eve time to express her confusion, "You shall possess the gift of multiple climaxes."

{5:35} Eve star'd at God, in silence, perplex'd and confus'd. "Oh, Lord, what is multiple climaxes?"

{5:30} God gaz'd up into the firmament above expelled a long sigh of resignation.

{5:36} "Go now, you two! Go back to thee Tree of Forbidden Knowledge, go back to that thee apple



tree. Seek out the thy accurse'd serpent and listen to the words of knowledge he will bestow upon thee."

{5:37} Adam, now more confus'd, ask'd the Lord, "Did not you command us never approach thy Tree of Forbidden Knowledge nor eat the fruit from the limbs of the Forbidden Tree of Knowledge?"

{5:38} "So I did!" God reply'd with irritation. "I make'd the rules around here, and sure as hell's inferno, I can change thee rules whenever I feel like it. Now, make hast you two. Go to the Tree of Forbidden Knowledge and seek out that accurse'd serpent."

{5:39} Hesitantly, Adam and Eve turn'd around and began their parting towar'd thee Tree of Forbidden Knowledge.

{5:40} Both Adam and Eve continu'd to feel grave concern that they might once again be punish'd.

Alas, Eve could not ignore her confusion and turn'd to face God once again, summoning up courage to ask the lord, "Oh lord, most mighty God! What knowledge will the serpent bestow on us?"

{5:41} "Thee Understand'ments of Sexism" Said God.

{5:42} Eve began to utter..."What is sex..."

{5:43} "GO NOW!" Roar'd the Almighty God, "You two waste my time! Go, now! learn the understand'ments OF Sexism from the serpent."

{5:44} God gaze'd at Adam and Eve as they quicken'd thy pace, scampering back to the Tree of Forbidden Knowledge.

{6:1} A smirk slowly appear'd upon God's face as their backsides slowly slipp'd beneath a distant hill.

{6:2} God growled "That should teach though meddling serpent who reigns supreme within my Garden."

{6:3} The Lord, now feeling now settl'd, found he desired to spend time within his beloved God Cave to indulge in thy observation of another epi'sode of *Thy Big Bang*.

{6:4} Suddenly, from the firmament above, a voice thunder'd across the skies, shaking the trees and rattle'd bushes, and God as well.

{6:5} "*You instructed the Serpent, did thee not?*"

{6:6} "Yes... my Firmament. I have done so," Replied God, his eyes lock'd upwar'd at thy Firmament.

{6:7} Hoping that would be the end of it, the Lord turn'd towards his beloved God Cave again.

{6:8} "*Hast thou forgotten thy chores?*"

{6:9} God froze in thy tracks.

{6:10} "*Have thou taken the garbage out? Have thou gone to thy gardens and pluck'd an evening bush-*



*el of vegetables and fruit for our nightly feast!"*

{6:11} God sigh'd.

{6:12} *Be tardy, oh Mighty Lord, and thou shan't receive dessert tonight!"*

{6:13} God realize'd there shall be no time to watch thy favorite adventures of naive creatures, clueless about their place in God's vast and incomprehensible Universe, but trying thy best to get thy clue.

{6:14} In God's time, God, found himself smiling again.

{6:15} The Lord inhale'd, then exhal'd a chorus of divine designs that spread across his Garden.

God's breath flow'd upwards and intermingle'd within thee rolling folds of the firmament above.

{6:16} There came forth down upon the hillls and plains of Eden laden rain and thunder.

{6:17} Then after, there was still'd silence that hung as fog across Eden.

{6:18} Suddenly, a sensuous *giggle* rain'd down from above.

{6:19} And a raindrop drip'd from God's mighty eyebrow.

{6:20} The Lord God smiled again, and he looke'd up into the firmament.

{6:21} Thy shall receive dessert tonight.

Translated by he who writeth thy name in virgin snow

Franciscan friar William of Baskerville



W



**About Genesis**

Originally conceived last month around the time I wrote the short story on my attempt to contact the spirit of Douglas Adams. I held onto it in order to work on refinements. The text was run through *Chat GTP* once for some Shakespearian flavor. Afterwards, I continued editing the contents till I felt any more tweaking would be fruitless. Did friar William uncover the missing Gennesis text, or did he write it for his own amusement?

*Or*

**Comments**



**Jeanne Gomoll:** You bring up a perplexing question about testing speculated intelligence of AI generated art. From what I understand about the algorithms used to simulate “intelligent cognition” it all comes down to massive pattern matching algorithms. Perhaps **Steve Swartz** can correct me if I error in my analysis. It seems to me that while matching complex patterns *is* an ability AI systems excel at, they possess no “conscious” recognition telling them to match other complex patterns might in some mysteriously consciously tinted way be linked (perhaps metaphorically) to the initial complex pattern. I’m thinking of rorschach tests where one human sees a *bat* while another sees *Jell-O*. Often we don’t really know how our own brains think and what causes us to believe we are conscious and aware of our *self*. And now, we’re trying to claim that the AI systems we are building with our mysterious wet-ware will somehow eventually possess what we don’t fully understand ourselves?



**Scott Custis:** You are correct that I don’t see AI systems as anytime soon ready to re-engineer us into obedient micro-chips. My suspicion was reinforced when, on further re-research, I asked *Chat-GTP* to locate any commentary based on my own personal definition of *Kepler’s Third Law* that could be linked the official definition of Kepler’s Third Law. It failed to do so. It told me that it could find no evidence that my personal interpretation existed or was even accurate. The irony of the AI conclusion was the fact that one of the links it presented me with, as evidence, turned out to be the noose that hung their conclusion.

Let me clarify with an actual example. My interpretation states:

*“For every planetary orbit whose period around the sun remains a constant value regardless of its eccentricity, its associated major-axis remains a constant value.”*

Chat GTP gave me link to a Wikipedia article, [https://e.wikipedia.org/wiki/Elliptic\\_orbit](https://e.wikipedia.org/wiki/Elliptic_orbit), which included the a detailed analysis of the math attributed to elliptical orbits.

See red text conclusion:

- *The orbital period is equal to that for a circular orbit with the orbital radius equal to the semi-major axis (a),*
- *For a given semi-major axis the orbital period does not depend on the eccentricity (See also: Kepler’s third law).*

Both definitions above are just different algebraic ways of revealing what I stated in a more literary format. Chat-GTP’s pattern-matching algorithms appeared incapable recogniz-

ing the conceptual similarities for which our own living wetware biological systems are mysteriously capable of recognizing.



**Georgie:** Your pessimism of the fate of Trump is understandable. I, too, fear the orange baboon may find a way to escape back into the jungle, to loot and plunder again. Perhaps a Michaelian interpretation might be of some comfort, or at least something worth pondering. Trump's essence decided to place Trump in the current situation in order to learn the essence behind the Rolling Stones' song, *You Can't Always Get What You Want*.

Seems to me, based on how the election went in 2020, I can't see how it could possibly get better for Trump in 2024. I read somewhere where some democrats & liberals are secretly hoping Trump gets nominated to the Republican party precisely to sink GOP's chances and ensure another encore of 2020.

Experiencing Trump is like the Nation catching a nasty virus called *Trump-19*. *We The People* must either find a way to inoculate ourselves from re-infection, or face the possibility that successive mutations of the original virus could be successful in ending our grand experiment. I remain very hopeful that we are in the process of manufacturing the antibodies needed to eventually take care of the matter. The catch is, it does seem crucial that enough of the population get inoculated. I'll continue to feel better about the matter if hard-core TRUMPERS continue to get smaller in tribal size.



**Andy, Carrie, Jim H, Pat, Luke:** I think we have good reason to doubt AI's current ability to intelligently discuss Alexander's successors. See my commentary to Scott Custis for elaboration on this matter.

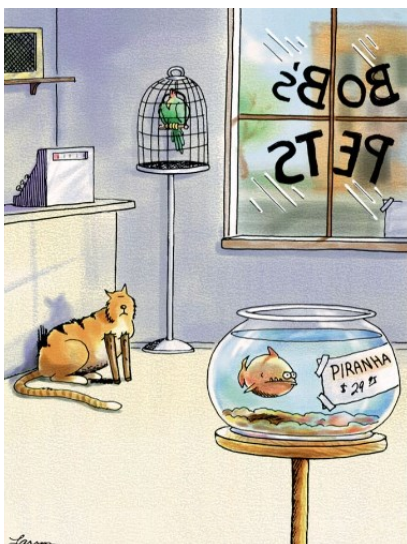
I, too, personally noticed that the *BING* AI system was guilty of generating fabricated links in the responses I got back from them. Currently, *Chat-GTP* isn't designed to create links. I wonder if Chat-GTP programmers had already realized their system might do exactly what BING did. So, they deliberately left the ability to generate referential links out, not to be embarrassed. I would think most AI developers, by now, are trying their best to correct such matters. It's not a good advertising point!

I'm sure future AI systems will get better trained in this area. The irony is that how does one fix code when the code has now become so complicated that the coders themselves are increasingly incapable of following or accurately tracing out the succession of logic-decision-making that generated the phantom links.

I can sympathize with their dilemma. I have been working on my *Orbital Mechanics* code for so many years that it has become increasingly difficult to remember everything that I did, or where in the code I did it, or thought I did it but didn't. I try my best to document as much as I can, but even documentation is sometimes futile.



**Luke:** When I think of cats, I think of the film *How to Train Your Dragon*, where the principal dragon-in-black is blatantly modeled after cats. On our planet, dragons, the so-called domesticated variety, have found it advantageous to follow the hoomans to their barns and silos where rats and mice scamper about in abundance. I think it fortunate that our furry dragons are wingless, nor the size of SUVs.



**J. Bergmann:**

**Steve S.:** Regarding the Michaelian paradigm, there is no requirement for anyone to possess curiosity about one's alleged past lives, or anyone else's for that matter. Such curiosity (or study of) can, however, be useful for those who might puzzle over why they feel strongly about a certain subject, or place, or individual they feel attracted to—or perhaps vehemently dislike for no apparent reason. It's only logical to seek an originating incident or memory in one's current life in order to satisfactorily explain the origins of their curiosity. But in Michaelian terms, certain issues...perhaps more than one might initially assume, are prone to span over a series of lives-times. Some issues can *only* be resolved through experiencing a series of life-times working on it, bit by bit.

You mentioned your dad's second wife had told you about several past-lives she remembered. Often, there's a reason why such memories would resurface and become a conscious memory. It may be linked to something that feels important because under the covers it's still happening in the current life. If so it can ring a bell.

I had a recent revelation concerning a past life "arrangement" that helped me understand why I was felt increasingly upset about being around a certain person. My issue had to do with the husband of the wife Darlene had met from the website [www.ravelry.com](http://www.ravelry.com). The husband and wife have come to visit us several times. Darlene and the wife really hit it off and enjoy talking and exchanging weaving techniques. The husband needs to drive her wife to Madison because chronic health issues the wife has makes it not a good idea for her to drive long-distance on her own. I felt, initially, as if I was being pressured into entertaining the husband while Darlene and the wife spent time together. Suddenly, one night about a week ago, out of nowhere, I saw myself being forced into a marriage to facilitate the financial-business arrangement between two families. Regardless of whether the alleged past-life arrangement actually transpired or was just a made up fantasy concocted out of my own imagination, being able to perceive what allegedly happened to me shed new light on *why* I felt so increasingly angry in the present tense about my predicament. The visualization helped me get a better grip on what actions I can do to help me resolve my own *discomfort* over the matter. BTW, It's nobody anybody in TURBO knows.



You bring up a legitimate point about just how many human “souls” are there on the planet in an attempt to question if the math works out. You mention there are now more people alive now on the planet than have ever lived & died throughout history. If correct how can the math work?

In Michaelian terms my understanding is that the number of souls who decided to experience an entire infant-to-old-soul cycle is pegged somewhere around 2 billion. Plus or minus 500 million or so. (I’ll try to get a more precise figure in the future.) If that is the case, how can there possibly be 8 billion living breathing humans gobbling up Earth’s precious resources. It also suggests our planet have more young, baby, and infant souls running around and mucking up the balance of accumulated global wisdom on to wo manage a planet possessed with a high level of technology like ours. For example, Those Infant souls who might be interested in politics are prone to be instantly attracted to the charisma of the Orange Baboon. They are not likely feel happy about his recent dethronement. So, what gives? I’ll get to that, eventually.

It’s apparently accurate that within the last century there has been a *final push* of the last of entry-level infant souls who want to incarnate on Earth and experience what it’s like to be humanoids. Earth is becoming too technical and complicated for infant souls to learn their lessons, like hunting and foraging for food so they don’t starve. They also must learn how to defend themselves so that they don’t end up being eaten. There’s also rudimentary rules that need to be worked out in family and tribal organizations to help perpetuate the transmission of knowledge to future

generations. The list of things needed to be learned in the infant soul stage is long. On planets currently housing primitive environments possessed with minimal technology, it takes a very long, long, *loooooong*, time for Infant soul to graduate into baby soul status. It can take *m-i-l-l-i-o-n-s* of years. Upon graduation, Baby souls begin working on developing civilizations and rules and regulations that support such environments. If you don’t like our civilization’s rules and regulations, tough! Either you go live somewhere else, or we will deal with your aberrant behavior by *our* rules. *There’s no hurry on learning about such matters.* I’m still a little fuzzy on when infant souls first started incarnating on Earth. It’s my understanding it was millions of years ago. Possibly even as far back as 20—26 million years ago. But it could be closer to 2 million years ago. I will try to get more



The Creation Museum



is another matter that can dramatically affect population size, and it is called “concurrency”. It is a concept that was first introduced by the channel, Jane Roberts, who channeled an entity called Seth. *The Seth Material* was first published back in the 60s. Michael also talks about concurrency. Concurrency describes, the ability of managing several copies of ourselves living on the planet simultaneously. It’s like operating your own mini-Entity. Apparently, we can all do it. In these days, with large population bases, most of us take advantage of it. I use the word “advantage” because it’s an excellent way to increase the amount of life-lessons the soul learns on the physical plane. Concurrents are never duplicates nor perceived as double-gangers of each other. What would be the point of making exact copies of ourselves that pretty much live out the same

Yes, *finally*, ladies and gentlemen, I present you with your Creation Museum report! Thank you for your patience. Our report today has two parts: **The first part is a photographic tour**, with all the snarktasticness you’ve been no doubt hoping for. Click on the first picture and cruise on through. It’s long — 101 pictures — but, hey, you guys paid top dollar, so I don’t want to skimp. The second part, a think piece, if you will, is directly below. It’s no less snarky (as you will soon discover), but also somewhat more thoughtful. Enjoy.

ON THE CREATION MUSEUM  
By John Scalzi

Creation Report, by John Scalzi

<https://whatever.scalzi.com/2007/11/12/your-creation-museum-report/>

clarification.

Ironically, when first level infant souls do choose incarnate on a planet possessed with the amount technology we currently possess, they learn infant soul lessons very, very, *VERY* fast. Within a few life-times. This tends to be very difficult for infant souls to manage and why most prefer learning their lessons incarnating in non-technologically infested environments. There will likely be no more infant souls incarnating on the planet within a couple of decades. Perhaps it has already stopped. They will have all graduated to baby soul status and be more-or-less prepared to fit in and learn the lessons of building and living in civilizations and be capable of coping more-or-less with most of their complicated rules and regulations.

And now, getting back to the extra 5 to 6 billion souls. There

life experiences! Granted, concurrents may, I repeat, *may* show some resemblance to each other... but more likely they don’t. Concurrents allow us to perform and experience different life lessons that a single individual incarnation would never have the time or resources to acquire and incorporate. There is no one head or dominant concurrent. Each concurrent is essentially *the same one* soul. When concurrents die, (typically they plan to be born and die close the same time, plus or minus a few years separation) they return to the astral plane of existence and, presto, each concurrent instantly melds into the same one-person again. It can get more complicated if only some of the concurrents manage return to the astral and recombine before the soul heads off to the next life. But that can happen too, particularly if the re-combined concurrents on the astral plane feel they can’t wait any longer, perhaps due to a unique oppor-



tunity whose window will not stay open much longer.

Apparently, there's a great deal of concurrency activity happening on the planet right now. All remaining Infant souls are especially taking advantage of this ability to help them catch up to the Baby soul level of collective wisdom. It's my understanding each of our single souls can easily manage around 5, 10, or many more concurrents simultaneously, if the opportunity presents itself. Concurrents can be planted all over the planet. On occasion, we can run into our other concurrents. While meeting each other there may exist an odd a sense of alignment, typically there is no desire to hang around with our "others", and perhaps be chummy. The objective is to experience and learn different lessons from different environments. Incidentally, regardless of where our other "selves" may be located, we can and *do* occasionally pick up on each other's personal experiences. This more likely happens when some activity is experienced intensely by one of the concurrents. The more intense the experience, the more broadcasting power there is to the other concurrents.

I'll give an example: A concurrent driving down a street and suddenly feels overwhelmed by imagery of a radioactive explosion. The concurrent immediately fears are we about to be under nuclear attack? Visualizations of radioactive steam, smoke and people in white coats running around inside a hot enclosed industrial complex. The walls are painted white and green. People are fighting radioactive fires, running up and down concrete steps with metal railing and large scoop lamps trying to pierce through thick clouds of hot-radiated-steam. Everything is happening too fast. There is chaos everywhere! The imagery makes the concurrent feel very uncomfortable. He feels as if he is imaging another nuclear bomb attack. He assumes it's all just his overactive imagination messing with his head again. But this imagery... it felt *different*. There was no visualization of an intense bright light blazing far in the horizon where seconds later it is followed by a deadly searing wave of death. It didn't *feel* like a nuclear bomb exploding in the sky over an innocent city. The concurrent does his best to shove the imagery out of his mind. He gets back to driving. Several days later the concurrent hears over the radio about the Chernobyl disaster. Suddenly the concurrent knows where his overactive imagination had travelled to. He feels as if all

the puzzles have been fit in place. He can now relax and let go of the uncomfortable experience. He suspect the experience really happened. *He felt it*. Therefore, he did not really overreact for no reason. Many years later the concurrent gets the chance to ask Michael why he had such an intense experience seemingly linked to the Chernobyl disaster. He is told it was from one of his concurrents who was in the control room of the Chernobyl reactor building. That concurrent was royally pissed off that his superior would not listen to his pleas not to press the button that would execute the questionable test.

As you have likely guessed, the guy driving the car with the overactive imagination was me. I hope *my imagination* got out of the reactor building. Is he still living in Ukraine? Is he still alive? So, was *my imagination* a concurrent of me broadcasting? All I can honestly say is that it sure felt like I *wuz* living through an industrial radioactive disaster. But it could have just been my overactive imagination running amok. I think I'll never know the answer to that...at least while I'm still alive.

Without a doubt, there are too many humans living on the planet right now sucking up resources. With our current knowledge-of and applied-use of technology, no more than two billion would be the optimal maximum population limit, assessed by Michael. As previously mentioned, there are many currently alive on the planet, particularly infant, young, baby souls, along with a large handful of young souls, who have not yet had their fill of starvation, pandemics, and the devastation of wars. Most of them are here right now to get the some of the sober points that come from experiencing such hardships. One could say there exists a global sized struggle in-play right now between those who have yet to experience and learn from such global catastrophes and those who have already experienced such lessons and area trying their best to not to be personally forced to re-experience them again. Pretty much everybody who volunteered to come here is currently living multiple lives on the planet... Many, many, *many* concurrents. We are now in the process of experiencing an extremely rare and opportune moment in the life of a planet where the entire sentient population base will get a chance to witness extraordinary global events. This will be achievable in a way never possible before due to the aid of instant global com-



munications now available to us. Some of these events will end up reverberating within us to our most fundamental core. I've already mentioned some of these matters in Michaellean related events to Greg within the pages of TUR-BO months ago.

\* \* \*

After reading and rereading your last paragraph, I hope you can forgive me if I express a somewhat glib query of wondering if you might be beating around the bush a bit.

Here's my long response on *personal truths*:

I learned meditation way back in my 20s. Back then I was almost a zealot in my practice of meditation. I so desperately wanted to achieve *Cosmic Consciousness*. Of course, I failed to achieve what I thought I desperately needed. Decades later while walking to Metcalf's to pick up a boxed lunch to take back to Hill Farms DOT where I worked, I recalled how when I meditate there are moments when I forget about who or what am I. My personality, my sense of being Steven Vincent Johnson evaporates into non-existence. In that vast emptiness of non-beingness, the I of me seems enveloped in *just is-ness*. Within that nothingness exists everything-ness. ...and peace. To my surprise I also realized that my awareness of *nothingness* and *everything-ness* had always been there, within me. I just never noticed it before. When I realized this, for some reason, it made me feel like I was ready to handle whatever the world would throw at me. Perhaps I might complain a-lot, but I personally believed would be able to handle it.

This personal belief, happened before I was diagnosed with prostate cancer and the subsequent surgery and recovery period. It happened before the years of being forced to face Covid-19 which transformed the planet and me along with it. It happened during the long years of feeling repeatedly horrified by what the orange baboon had just tweeted. The combination of trying to cope with and recover from a real possibility of an unexpected premature death for which I was not yet prepared for threw me into diagnosed PTSD combined with anxiety that took more than two ponderous years of trial before I began to *personally believe* once again that my life wasn't a total shambles.

Recently, I recalled that personal belief I had acquired back

then where I felt I was ready to handle whatever the world would throw at me. I kept asking myself, did I *really* learn anything useful from this horrid experience? Without a doubt I certainly would have preferred *not* to have been forced to experience two years of terrifying anxiety.

One day, I finally got my reply:

*What better way to discover the value of being Humble.*

Yes, I complained. I complained *a lot* about feeling terrified. For some reason, I personally believed I should have somehow graduated from having to experience such fears. Shouldn't I have acquired the ability to hover above experiencing such primitive reptilian-based sensations? Surprise!

Did I answer your question? Perhaps I'm beating around the bush too.

...here's my short response: *Is it real, or is it Memorex?*









# Tag Along


By

**Darlene P. Coltrain**

## Comments:

Georgie!

Wow with the compliments! Thank you, but .... um... but it isn't knitting (I know, sticks, string, yadayada) when there is just one stick and it has a hook. I'm doing a relatively obscure form of crochet called Tunisian crochet and going a step further by doing it in the round with a two ended hook (because more colors!)! Yes, "still crazy after all these years."

I miss those Con dinner conversations too... 

Keep up with the healing, I'm sending loads of healing good thoughts your way!



1. Charm is quite fond of our clean laundry



2. She recently raided the laundry basket for a few items to sleep on.



3. Best nest ever.