

## Visions: Matter, Spirit & Love

Fri, 03/19/2010 - 11:31 — John@HeavenlyJe...

Long ago, (maybe around 1980), in a city far away (somewhere in Southern California), I knew not God.  
I had a dream

A dream of a book, very old,  
so old the wrinkled parchment pages could not be touched  
without causing them to turn to indecypherable fragments.  
It was as if Magnetic Resonance Imaging, a CAT scan, was used to read it,  
to read its strange and foreign handwritten letters.  
When the first page was read,  
the focus was set to read the next,  
without turning, or even touching, a page.  
Somehow, it reminded me of a Bible, an ancient Bible.

<http://www.guardian.co.uk/science/2007/sep/12/deadsea> [1]

Years later, I came to realize I needed guidance.  
I sought after God according to whatever idea I had of spirituality.  
I would take one day off a week, completely off,  
from sundown Friday to sundown Saturday,  
I turned everything off.  
No radio, no TV, no books, no homework, no food, no drink, no friends or family.  
I would let complete boredom sweep over me,  
submerging me as the waves of the sea.  
Blank. Blank mind. No programming of any kind.

I would take slow walks,  
through the tree lined neighborhoods,  
to the quiet side of the parks,  
the lonely trails to nowhere.  
("Where am I going in life?")

I would return to my apartment,  
to read what I could of the Bible,  
the words of Jesus, Jesus Christ,  
the New Testament.  
I would read what I could  
until a peace settled over me  
and gave me rest from my stress at last.  
Often I fell asleep reading  
my Gideon New Testament with the tiny print.

It was the middle of a bright day.  
I awoke on the inside, while my body lay asleeping still.  
I arose to see my own sleeping body,  
on the bed, drifting below me as I arose  
looking down from the ceiling,  
looking down at my apartment complex,  
looking down at Pacific Beach, San Diego, Southern California.  
As I looked down

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Published on The Heavenly Jerusalem (<http://www.jerusalencelestial.com>)

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at the West Coast,  
the Western Hemisphere,  
the planet Earth, Moon, and our solar system  
swept away from my view,  
till I was in complete, utter darkness,  
not a star of light anywhere,  
except what was concentrated into the Cosmos before me,  
about the size of a basketball,  
floating in space before me,  
as I sat,  
so it seemed,  
on the very lap of God.

As I looked through the utter darkness  
at this Universe before us,  
I could see in the same moment,  
the great celestial bodies on the grandest scale,  
and the subatomic structures of which they are composed,  
all in perfect focus.  
This basketball sized Universe  
seemed to separate into twins,  
twin Universes,  
the hard-edged, defined, material Universe  
and its wispy, ethereal twin, the underlying spiritual Universe.  
Each the size of a basketball before us.

As I looked at these twin Universes,  
the material and the spiritual,  
the one on the left,  
the material universe  
started to erode,  
to crumble to dust,  
to dust that floated away into nothing.  
From behind me came a voice,  
a voice I'd never heard before,  
yet seemed as familiar as my very life.  
The voice gently resonated through my whole being saying,

***"Without My Spirit, it all falls apart ..."***

The material universe reformed  
as twin Universes came back together,  
the material universe with its underlying spiritual twin,  
recomposing the Universe into its vibrant, original self.

***"... without love, it means nothing."***

And so I was sent back,  
back into the Cosmos,

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"The spiritual is not first, but the natural, and afterward the spiritual. The first man was of the earth, made of dust; the second Man is the Lord from heaven. As was the man of dust, so also are those who are made of dust; and as is the heavenly Man, so also are those who are heavenly. And as we have borne the image of the man of dust, we shall also bear the image of the heavenly Man." 1 Corinthians 15:46-49 NKJV

to our galaxy, our solar system,  
the West Coast came into view,  
then San Diego,  
Pacific Beach,  
my apartment complex,  
my very physical body asleeping on my bed.

I awoke in my body

and sat on the bed

pondering what had happened.

I thought, musing softly to myself,

**"That's it: the meaning of life..."**

**Love's the only thing you can take past the grave.**

**The New Testament is the 'How To Love' manual.**

**Christ is our Teacher.**

**And the World, (the Cosmos), is our classroom."**

Only later would I come across verses like the following:

1 John 4:15-16

15 If anyone acknowledges that Jesus is the Son of God, God lives in him and he in God. 16 And so we know and rely on the love God has for us.

God is love. Whoever lives in love lives in God, and God in him.

NIV

Acts 17:28

'For in him we live and move and have our being.'

NIV

Hebrews 1:2-3

He made the worlds...upholding all things by the word of His power

NKJV

1 John 4:7-8

7 Dear friends, let us love one another, for love comes from God. Everyone who loves has been born of God and knows God . 8 Whoever does not love does not know God, because God is love.

NIV

John 17:3

Now this is eternal life : that they may know you, the only true God, and Jesus Christ,

NIV

1 John 5:2-3

2 This is how we know that we love the children of God: by loving God and carrying out his commands. 3 This is love for God : to obey his commands.

NIV

John 6:45

It is written in the prophets, And they shall be all taught of God. Every man therefore that hath heard, and hath learned of the Father, cometh unto Me.

KJV

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**Links:**

[1] <http://www.guardian.co.uk/science/2007/sep/12/deadsea>