

Chapter One Death of a Star

In another universe a star feels its end approaching. It feels the burning grasp of death through all of its being. It has burned for eons throwing its brilliance into the surrounding universe. Extravagantly using all of its primal fuel, all of its hydrogen, its helium, cycling over and over again, fusing heavier elements, liberating new energy to heat its outer layers, expanding and then, as the new fuel exhausts, collapsing, only to begin again a new cycle of fusion, heating, expanding and collapsing.

It knows it is an incarnation of Being. This is the role it is ordained to fulfill. At the very core of its material existence these are the rules it must follow, rules that are imbedded into the very essence of its existence. But there is something more than the physical at the deepest levels of its being.

It continues building to the heavier elements. Early in its death journey, its brilliance moves from white hot to red. It expands outward as if gulping for a last breath, incinerating all its nearby planets.

After each collapse the star feels a rebirth in its nuclear heart and a new burst of energy, allowing it to push out even further against its own weight, its own tendency to fall in on itself, allowing it to find a new source of energy from the fusing together of the higher elements.

But as always the new fuel exhausts, a new collapse comes, and the star moves to another source creating a new burst of energy, another exhaustion and ultimately another collapse. Until in a final desperate burst, it uses the very last element it can fuse to convert mass to energy, the final bit of energy that prevents its disastrous collapse. In its last gasp, all that remains in its core is iron, the death element, the end of fusion. It can no longer maintain its nuclear furnace. This is the final progression of all of its nuclear processes. The iron heart within grows larger and more dominating, swallowing all the available energy, choking any hope of resurrection.

This is the beginning of the end of its life. The coldness of space creeps through its outer layers, greedily sucking the heat and energy that has kept those layers from collapsing. And now comes the death blow, without that burst of energy from the nuclear furnace at its core, the collapse comes, a collapse that follows many previous collapses. But with the iron death and the end of the synthesis of new elements, there can be no new expansion, no recourse from the final catastrophe. It can go no further. It can no

longer create energy by fusing new elements, new nuclear fuel. It can no longer cause a new expansion in its deadening iron core. It sounds the final knell.

The outer layers of gas and light collapse inward in a resounding boom, the sound of atoms collapsing, generating heat and energy, a heat and energy no longer contained by the gravitational pull of the star. This is the final burst and as the gases rebound off of the iron core, nothing can contain the gaseous fire of the blast. The gases explode outward leaving only the nucleus of iron which under immense pressure begins moving inward, with increasing speed, pulling itself into a point, a spinning point, a point of infinite density and zero volume. The spin becomes a pulsing, the pulsing of a new heart of matter and existence, crushing all infinitesimal particles into their primordial form so that only energy remains, converting matter into pure energy.

Pushing through into a new plane of existence, it creates a new set of dimensions out of the folds of Being. Pure unrestricted energy pulses into the new dimensions and with the pulsing births a new space and time. The central consciousness of the star shifts from its extended tendrils into a new focus, a new being, feeling all the impulse from the void of Being. It enters its new home, constantly expanding, burning with an opaque seething far beyond the brilliance of a trillion stars. It knows only the pulsing, a pulsing energy that moves through time, freed by the collapse, the final collapse, leaving behind only a remnant, a gravitational remnant in the old universe but a remnant so powerful it absorbs all the light and matter within its reach.

The new space time starts as a point and then grows, exploding outward, creating a bubble, a new home for the streams of Being, the streams of mind and matter. As it grows, it cools. Energy freezes into streams of matter. Freed from the parent star, a central consciousness enters the fabric of this new creation and watches. Eons upon eons pass. Through space and time, the streams of mind and matter flow, streaming out of Being, spreading new matter and new consciousness into the new place.

The star consciousness follows. It stretches and shrinks rhythmically as it collects ions into its material being, moving through the ever-growing universe. It both contains and is light, knowing that this is how it will continue its existence, as a being of light, matter and consciousness, gathering all it needs to form the final union with an ultimate identity, gathering all the possible combinations of primordial particles in their

superheated state. Moving through eons of time and an almost infinity of space, as the new universe cools and expands, it jells into another kind of being, gathering the evolving matter in ever growing layers.

The parent universe has passed its rhythms and laws through the remnant black hole. These rhythms bequeath to the growing universe all the critical information that allow it to survive and prosper. Any small deviance in these physical constants will cause this seething, brilliant, opaque universe to either collapse and disappear back into the black hole or explode into the new dimensions. It will be unable to form the structures capable of maturing into vibrant stars.

As part of its inheritance comes the super-force containing much of the critical information. The new universe continues to grow and cool. The one force divides into forces of attraction and repulsion, forces that combine all the primordial particles into new forms of matter, forces that trap light and slowly dim the brilliance. These forces provide the pathways to transform energy into matter forming the multitude and variety of particles that evolve into the basic constituents of our universe (for as the reader has probably guessed this new universe will evolve into our home). Among these new particles are electrons, protons and eventually neutrons, the necessary constituents for the eventual formation of atoms. And so, the first form, the parent form, Hydrogen, begins its ascension and gathers, pulling together its siblings into gases. And when atoms of Hydrogen come too close they gather neutrons and electrons and fuse to form the second element, Helium and the progression begins as it has through all the ages and with all the universes.

Driven by energy, the stuff of existence, the expansion moves space-time ever outwards. Elements form new combinations. But they seek a new style, a new form of matter. They begin pulling together into clouds and within the clouds, dust and gases. They are helped by the cooling expansion of this budding universe. Eventually distilled out of the super-force comes a new entity, Gravity, the force of attraction. Gravity begins its great entertainment, its own bass rhythm, a force that extends the new space. Each particle of matter is a center, a source of attraction, calling the other particles to itself. The dance of evolution, the dance of matter begins to form denser and denser clumps, turning the universe into spinning coagulating bodies and as they form, and smash into each other generating heat energy.

The heavier lumps grab the lighter ones. Each atom now captures light and holding it shifts to a higher energy state. But following a universal tendency, the atoms relax, freeing the once captive light. The once brilliant, golden fiery ball that is the universe grows open and clear. It has cooled to the point where it can no longer embrace and dance with light. It can no longer hold light captive. Photons, the particle nature of light, are free to pass through. The new universe now has the clarity of empty space. Light can now begin its infinite journeys.

One with the streams of mind and matter, the star consciousness spreads. It is a self, entering into the newness of the universe. As mostly an aspect of pure mind it permeates the growing universe, riding the streams of mind and matter through the expanding space-time. It knows only that it exists, and it exalts in Existence. It is a separate entity within the streams stretching into the new place.

The entity moves incessantly outward. No longer contained within the dying, exploding star, it continues pushing further into the new universe. Its pure consciousness guides it, expanding along with the primordial components of the new place, as mind and matter stream into the expanding bubble of space-time. The dying star has passed its fundamental vibrations and with them the physical properties of its parent universe on to the developing new place. Carried by streaming energy and matter these properties bequeath the new universe with the same characteristics of space-time as its parent universe. Time now has sequence; space now has separation.

The foundations of Being are woven into the laws dictating the behavior of this material stuff. But consciousness has a freedom beyond the physical laws that govern matter and the star consciousness has the freedom of unlimited motion through all space and time. It is light like. For if we want to make a physical analogy, light is the closest we could come to describing its existence.

Having now taken a new form other than its former complex plasma, its past assortment of electrical and magnetic energies, it extends to all of the growing universe. It watches and learns as this new home grows and evolves. It marvels as the primordial bits of dense, vibrating matter collect and vibrate into all the particles we call the basic constituents of our universe, all we imagine as stuff, not knowing what they really are. All the patterns of behavior we try to explain by naming. They are part of the story we call the elements of matter: the electron, the proton, the neutron and all the other constituents of the particle zoo. All of this comes out of the

primordial energy streaming through the dying star coagulating into the soup of quarks and leptons.

The star consciousness experiences the wonder and the incredible beauty of Being as it watches our place, our universe, expand and grow in ever increasing complexity. It watches as the faster tempo of electromagnetism gathers electrons and protons to form Hydrogen and then electrons, protons and neutrinos to form neutrons. With Hydrogen the process of star building begins. And finally, the strong nuclear force saves the neutrons, by combining them with protons, since in solitude, as composites of protons, electrons and neutrinos, they barely hold together. By combining two protons and two neutrons, the strong nuclear force forms the nuclear center of Helium, the second of the star building atoms. It watches as congregations of matter form into dust and gases, and pulled by gravity, collect into spheres of matter. These are the inseparable processes and elements of Being, of Existence.

Spheres crash and collide, sweeping up all the mass in their path until the inward pull of gravity pushes the protons so close they fuse. Fusion ignites the stellar furnace birthing new stars.

The star consciousness follows this evolution and watches this formation of atoms, stars and planets. It feels the source of Existence in each step of the evolution, a power streaming, as the deepest form of love from Eros. Woven into this stream are the laws that make material existence possible. These are the laws that we struggle to discover. They are the warp and woof of the tapestry we call material existence. Knowing the inevitability of existence, It watches. Knowing the final realization will be an existence it experienced in its former universe. Hoping, in this new place the final, vital dream of Being will be fulfilled, a dream of Being, in Being, for Being.

And as the stars form, it remembers its old existence, knowing the destruction of its old home is part of the everlasting desire to extend, to give rise to new universes in an eternal, infinite and glorious chain of creation and finally of love. Time moves, stars gather, forming a new and fertile place.

Chapter Two The Birth

Since it has entered our universe it has remained a pure consciousness and is not subject to the immense forces of the physical world. The laws of consciousness differ from the laws of matter. While matter and physical energy constantly transform back and forth into each other, their totality must stay the same, at least in our closed universe. Consciousness has no such restriction. Nor is it confined in space and time but moves instantly through all the universes and beyond.

It watches as the laws of Eros inexorably mold material existence. These are the mysterious and glorious laws, we discover, and yes invent (for because of our origins in Being, there is no difference). Watching and waiting, it sees the many levels of consciousness join with these new entities. It waits as the evolutionary process creates more complex forms, allowing them to combine with an awareness similar to itself. This is the first step in the evolution of a self-aware and conscious species.

It has watched as these and all the driving processes generate a universe of suns, planets and finally life. It sees the awakening. And again, through processes that cannot be separated from Being, these organisms evolve into increasingly higher states of awareness. In all of this it senses the unity of Being and feels less alone. After eons of separateness it will at last find belonging.

It watches, loving what it senses. Watches as this new sentience forms societies and cultures. Watches as out of the burgeoning masses teachers, feeling the full desire of Being, teach.

It notices the vibrations of this inner world and feels the vibrations of these new beings, these new existences and their new awareness. Vibrations of energy and light move through their new minds, sometimes in accord with the new creation, but often they drift away. Often, as a new brilliance appears, a darkness takes over, shrouding it like a cancer, eating away at the living force of the new creation.

It watches and feels the impulses as Being radiates from its primordial self through all the many universes, to this universe and this new star. It watches and listens waiting for a new brilliance to appear in these new creatures. It senses the impulse, the hope. Often It sees the light almost touching the infinite potential of Existence but then comes the waning.

It decides to act, pushing closer through the many layers of existence surrounding the new world. It gathers from both streams, the stream of

matter and the stream of consciousness. Moving ever closer, close enough to sense the radiations coming from the world, it learns.

It learns their physical forms, their habits. It understands their desires, their fears, their dreams, their tendencies to exist and grow and their tendencies to destroy. It watches and learns and incorporates what it learns. After watching three million years of evolution it is time to become one of these beings, time to become an earthling. It knows their languages, their customs and desires. It knows their need to love and be loved. It knows their fears, the scars of their evolution and knows that these beings, these earthlings can go much further, can become much more and so she searches for the right time and place to make contact.

Each stage of the evolution accompanies a new level of vibration and this is what attracts it to this one special world. Vibrations shift as this world evolves through each of its developmental stages. These signal a rise in a level of consciousness. But often this is followed by a loss. It feels something strange, something different in these higher levels of Being. It senses love grow as the wedding of mind and body moves towards fulfillment, an experience it does not have because it is not yet fully human.

As it experiences all the elements of Being, it realizes above all the desire to feel love, recognizing that love and joy in their purest form are the same. To be close to these beings, these earth humans, as it came to know them, it too would have to become fully human.

It gathers the elements of her former physical existence, the particles of pure electric charge and enters Sol as a ball of pure plasma, to gather the elements it needs.

The transformation complete, it approaches earth continuing to assemble the knowledge and materials to become fully human. Electromagnetic radiation carries the knowledge it needs to understand Earth, its history and culture. From the myths and legends abounding in all of Earth's civilizations, it gathers itself into who it wants to be. It chooses Helen of Troy, Isis, Aphrodite and many of the other figures from myth and spiritual traditions as its ideals. Finally, she is ready.

Sensing the vibrations coming from Earth, she watches rhythms ebb and flow, waxing and waning. Earth has fallen into a stage of low vibrations. As she circles above the atmosphere, she senses the sadness, frustration and loss covering most of the planet. She feels most deeply the fear, anger and lust for power from the ruling centers and sees immediately

the connection between these centers and the decline in the rest of the earth. She watches as vibrations dwindle in a cloud of fear and greed, a dark cloud obliterating all the brightness of life. The world is almost totally immersed in a time of darkness and pain.

Only in one place does she see and feel a difference, a place lying under a golden cloud. The vibrations coming from that cloud beat out rhythms of pure love and joy. The music immediately draws her there.

As she circles and approaches, a small craft bursts free of the atmosphere, well away from the golden cloud. Curiosity draws her closer and she senses a dwindling life coming from the craft. As it moves further into space she feels the ebbing and dying of a human and a purer vibration flows into the dying being, one she recognized as close to hers. She senses a oneness.

The pure essence of his being flows outward as his will to live weakens and his consciousness moves away from his body. She knows he will soon become one with Being, but she also knows he is part of her being. She must approach. She has to find that person who draws her so strongly. Her innermost self knows that she cannot bear to lose him. He and she are intimately connected and together they have a role to play in the continuing unfolding.