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Presents

Portrait of Christ

by

Welles B Goodrich

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Portrait of Christ

There is a truism approaching cliché status. It reminds us that as each day unfolds we may be presented with experiences beyond our wildest dreams. There was no way I could begin to imagine a single event which changed, defined and gave direction to my entire life more than 35 years ago.

It was an incredibly beautiful spring morning. A storm had just swept through Northern California leaving a cleansed atmosphere sparkling with vitality. At the time, I was experimenting with observing the atmospheric energy that had been described and named by Wilhelm Reich. The positively crystalline air would yield excellent conditions for observing Orgone energy that day so I set off, walking and hitchhiking, to spend a day at the beach expecting to gain further understanding through prolonged observation of my then current semi-scientific fascination.

A little contextual digression is in order here. For some years I had been studying, no inhaling, spiritual and mystical texts as well as studying unusual technological avenues of exploration. A short and very incomplete list might include Madame Blavatsky, Alice Bailey's complete works, Jiddu Krishnamurti, Immanuel Velikovsky, Carlos Castaneda, Wilhelm Reich and, still a favorite, John Allen Boone. I would experiment with some of the ideas found in my studies to see if they were real ... or not. One belief I held dear but had never realized was the ability to actually move back and forth between planes of existence. Ok, it was pure escapism but I believed it at the time. Back to my story

Specifics of my early morning's walk and hitchhike adventure are lost now that some of my memory of that day has faded a bit. There remains a vague recollection of getting a ride to a tiny hamlet from which I decided to walk the rest of the way to the beach. My concentration was focused on the observing Orgone fields convinced that I was watching energy emerge into this physical world from a higher energy state into our denser one. I also harbored the notion that a lengthy period of intense study might help establish a basis for the light bulb of inspired comprehension to light up. My observations were so all encompassing I wasn't really watching the roads and to this day don't know exactly where I was. After all, I would get to the beach eventually and be able to find my way home from there.

As the walk continued I began to experience a gradual sensation of feeling the flow of energy that makes up this physical earth. Walking around a slight bend brought me to an overgrown driveway across which was a rusty, old-fashioned, sagging gate made of bent pipe and wire mesh. It led up to a tree-topped rise on which sat an abandoned, decrepit farmhouse. There were two gateposts framing that driveway which stood a good twelve feet in the air. Between them, at the top, was an arched rusted metal sign that announced I was looking at "Spirit Bridge Farm." I seem to remember there were five stars on either side of the name. Upon seeing that sign, the sensation of experiencing the energy that was

creating physical reality around me increased dramatically. I looked up the long drive at that abandoned farmhouse on the knoll and was sure I could feel a remnant pattern of the life and love that had once flourished so vibrantly in it.

Around another curve in the road were a couple of farm hands working in a field quite a ways off. They must have been a quarter mile away. I had never met them and yet I knew them! I could feel the energy of their personalities at that distance. They looked up and waved. I waved back with the conviction that we recognized one another. It was my last memory of earthly reality that morning.

Words fail to capture the sensation of being transported from a physical form into the spiritual. Turning inward to expand outward was a Klein bottle experience. During the process I was given glimpses of a montage of worlds and beings of all sorts. There was only enough time to obtain a fleeting but lasting impression that the universe in which we live is full of life and a tremendous variety of beings. The rush of that cinematic flash culminated in a silent shout of victory. My whole being shouted, "I MADE IT!" This was followed so closely by a second embarrassed utterance that it might have been a single sentence. "Oops."

Oops was the reaction to a timeless moment during which a number of simultaneous perceptions and realizations occurred. First among them was the sense of 'looking' outward with spiritual eyes, not material. I beheld a Being of unbelievable glory whose form was golden light that extended throughout the Universe. My human senses were still trying to make the experience comprehensible to a little physical being. That's why I saw a pair of the most all-knowing eyes at the heart of the Being's form. They shone with such compassion and understanding that I was overwhelmed with gratitude. The warmth and love didn't diminish the reality that He saw every nuance of my pathetic little human nature with all the foibles, weaknesses and ugly little hidden secrets.

At the moment of Oops, my own form seen with my 'spiritual eyes' was a little single mote of white light living in the vicinity of my heart. Surrounding that was a vague remnant of my human body; a radiant shadow is how I perceived it. Among those realizations was the awareness that I hadn't "Made It" at all but this experience was a gift. There was another being, a messenger if you will, who had actually done the task of lifting me out of my material form so that I might be presented to that radiant Being. The whole experience lasted a moment and an eternity. Briefly time stopped and yet I know that seems to be a contradiction of terms.

Oops also signaled the beginning of a return passage which barely left more than a blur with no distinct memory. I found myself back in my physical shell once more but it was sitting in a full lotus on a beach with the waves lapping within inches of my knees. Evidently I had either been 'walked' or transported to the beach toward which I had headed in the morning. It was later in the afternoon; six or seven hours had passed during the seconds of subjective time that the event lasted. Neither before this occasion nor after have I ever sat in a full lotus. It was

a brilliantly planned pose, though, for it communicated perfectly to passers-by Do Not Disturb.

Upon return to my physical form I was experiencing a sensation of bliss or rapture beyond anything I've ever felt before or since. Were I to take the feeling of joy and wonder from one of my few major moments of inspiration and multiply it by twenty or even a hundred times, it still might not approach the state I was in. The first conscious memory after the return, other than my physical location and position, was seeing two young girls pass by on an otherwise almost deserted stretch of beach. In my state of bliss I could see they were quite ordinary and very plain girls and yet they appeared to be incredibly beautiful for my eye could still see the spirit somewhat. As they walked away from me the taller of the two sort of flipped her thumb back over her shoulder in a pointing motion and said, "We'd better send someone back for him." With that chuckle echoing through my soul somehow I made it home. How, I'll never know.

That sense of rapture stayed with me for months although it did subside eventually. Returning to normal haunts left me blessed but bewildered. I had no ideas, no mental framework to interpret what had happened. In the first day or so back it seemed evident that I couldn't expect anyone else to begin to understand, as I didn't myself. Then the wonder continued. Somehow I was introduced to *The Urantia Book*. In my first reading I inhaled the text in thirty days straight, reading as much as sixteen hours a day. My need to give meaning to the experience was intense. In some ways it was the hardest work I'd ever performed. The first two hundred pages on God and the attributes of God seemed impenetrable. They took ten whole days to get through with only a vague sense of understanding at the end. What that effort did do was to stretch my mind so that the subsequent descriptions of the Universes became increasingly comprehensible.

When I read of the nature of the Creator Son whom we know as Christ it seemed clear to me that for some reason I was given an audience before Him. It was not because of any personal virtue, of that I'm sure. I suspect it was simply because I was able to handle it without going off the deep end and would some day be able to tell the story and create an illustration to try share the experience. I've done the best I can to do so.

You see, I'm convinced that in the near future an experience similar to the one I had will be provided for everyone on this earth. Why? Well I have to use the conceptions provided by *The Urantia Book*. A long time ago a being named Lucifer went into rebellion. He basically fell in love with himself. He proposed that there was no Creator, although admitting the reality of the Creator Son (Christ). The philosophy he espoused was that progress was not best served by Love that strives to nurture all, even the lesser beings. It was too slow a process. Instead he promoted a concept that was claimed to speed up evolution. It was sort of a 'natural order' of things wherein supposedly more brilliant souls would dominate the weaker and, oh yes, glorify themselves as well in the process.

The Earth was one of a small number of worlds to embrace Lucifer's revolutionary but false philosophy of domination for self-glorification. As a result we are in dire straights. One of the mysteries of Creator Sons is that they must live a single life as each of the major types of creatures who exist in their universe to completely gain empathy with their own creation. Our Creator Son chose the Earth, whom the rest of His Universe calls Urantia on which to live his final incarnation prior to gaining complete regency over his own creation. Our little, fairly insignificant dirt ball was chosen because it was one of the hardest hit by the Lucifer rebellion and desperately needed the revelation of Love.

I don't actually know but feel that it is nearly time for Christ to return. My experience leads me to believe that He will lift all human beings into spirit before long. By that revelation each person will have a sense of their own spiritual nature and be able to more clearly see their path to embrace Love after directly experiencing the presence of the Creator of their universe.

Should you believe me? No, not really. You can't go wrong being skeptical, I always say. Why, then, am I writing? I did have the experience described in this little story and I do believe my conclusions. Reading this description of my experience may help you to more fully embrace your meeting with Christ, should that transpire, instead of recoiling inwardly in fear. Until then I'd suggest mentally labeling this tale as an unusual anecdote.