

Chutzpah Galleries *Presents*

Concept Kernels

by

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Concept Kernels

The Infinite Spirit, whom Christians call the Holy Ghost, has been difficult for me to try and comprehend. The Creator/God/Father is easy enough to hold within my mind's eye as the unknowable Source of All. The Creator Son (Christ) is responsible for bringing into existence an evolving universe. How might we know the reality of the Infinite Spirit, that partner in creation of the Creator Son? I think of a sort of female co-creator who nurtures that universe and our little emerging spirits. The light bulb going off in one's head at a moment of inspiration may be an experience of the Infinite Spirit's activity affecting us directly.

Spiritual exploration can be a scientific proposition. You postulate a thesis then experiment with it and look for consistent results. It seems to be a fact that whenever someone asks for internal guidance they always receive it subject to their capacity to interpret the answer. Prayer is more nebulous. The only prayer I've always had answered is a heartfelt request to grow in the spirit. The results of such a request are not comfortable or flattering. The worst and weakest parts of your nature are exposed so you can evolve. Only ask for that level of help if you are sincere about spiritual development. It will work but won't be easy.

"Ain't but one way out, babe ..." That refrain has stuck in my mind since the Allman Brothers recorded it nearly 40 years ago. The guitar solo that resolves into a sort of call and response guitar duet still lilts through my head. Peculiarly, the refrain attached itself to my concept of death. *The Urantia Book* reveals that death isn't the only way out. As people evolve into Love translation becomes an option. On those occasions when my heart is open I can believe that if it were a permanent state departure from this earth via translation would be like a graduation to the next plane of existence. "Ain't but two ways out, babe ..."

I get a laugh out of people referring to other people in the plural as if they were so great that There is no such thing as a 'great' human being. The few people who come closest to deserving such an accolade know better. We are all a product of the circumstances of our existences both genetic and environmental. Imagine the delusion of 'the self-made man.' "Well, first I caused myself to be born. After I left the wolf pack who had raised" Oh please, stop. My sides hurt.

There are two varieties of knowledge: evolved and revealed. Real knowledge of the larger universe beyond our material observations must be revealed. The last being to add a revelation was Christ. The revelation: God is Love. We could not have postulated such a thesis based on our observation of human animal nature.

The earth is an evolving structure created by a constant flow of energy. There must be beings needed to tweak the balance in such systems. Maybe they have a sense of humor. Perhaps crop circles, rains of frogs and other Fortean events are anomalies manifested during the process of fine tuning physical reality. I'm always amazed at the stability of the world on which we play. It seems so real!