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Presents

Old Sparky

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Old Sparky

I have a nagging memory from very early childhood. Actually it is more like a vague reflection of a memory because it lives on as a tenuous wisp of feeling. You might say it was defined by the absence of material reality and yet it has become more real as my life unfolds. I recollect being *suddenly* somewhere else. I was still tethered to my body though and remember the physical world seemed to have become more like a movie. My Dad had just returned home from a business trip and the family was gathered around him in greeting. However I, the self-aware part that is the essence of personality, was elsewhere. It was my first brush with timelessness.

I recall being shown a possible future path for my life. It would be extremely difficult but not completely impossible. The results of following that prospect would be the most valuable life I could lead. There was a less difficult option available if I decided not to accept the more strenuous. I chose the more arduous option and upon agreement was returned to take up residence in my physical form with only a trace of memory connecting me to the most important decision I've ever made.

My second brush with timelessness occurred about twenty years later. I've told the story of that event in [Portrait of Christ](#). With another forty years hindsight it seems as though that event was a revelatory gift to satisfy my heartfelt desire to comprehend the nature and structure of the Universe. The greater reality is that of spirit that cannot be perceived with material eyes. Seeing myself with 'spiritual eyes' revealed an insubstantial form of human shape given definition by the aura around it. Inside that shape was a single pinpoint of blinding white light that resided in the location where my physical heart would be found. It was a part of me and yet apart from me. That was my second meeting with Old Sparky.

[The Urantia Book](#) provided me a set of concepts that made sense out of that experience. The self-aware personality was the insubstantial form. The aura was my soul's substance, an accumulation of spiritual values I had realized through experience. The little spark was a Thought Adjuster also called a Father Fragment or Splinter of God that indwells each human heart to be his or her guide. I like to personalized cosmic realities so they feel sort of homey and I've renamed these prepersonal entities Chipsoff (as it Chips-Off-The-Old-Block). My own Chipsoff is Old Sparky.

Yes we have an actual spark of God living in our hearts. They come to us when we make our first moral choice (pure generosity is often the first) between the ages of five and seven years old. They are our constant companions and know us more intimately than we know ourselves. We can talk to them as we progressively learn to achieve an inner Stillness so we can hear their guiding prompts and illuminations within our heart's mind. The chatter of the material mind drowns out that quiet voice within.

This is the basic partnership between man and God. We learn to follow the directions of these inner guides. In doing so we give our personality to them and they in turn pilot us toward perfection. Eventually we become so identified with one another that there is a fusion of personality with God. That is the path to eternal life. It is found in Stillness.