

Of Myself: How I Found My Way

**I grew up in the brooding presence of
a great river...**

I begin by acknowledging two debts:

First: To all the men and women who work at Walmart's,
Who staff the banks, the restaurants,
Who hang out in academia,
Carrying on the business of the world,
So that I do not have to do it,

And second: This work owes to a long habit,
Over the years,
Of going to bed early,
And doing metaphysics with Spirit until midnight.

**1. And now, when I tell you where I live,
You will understand why I think as I do,**

I have been highly educated,
In science, philosophy, Great Books,
And most of the world's spiritual traditions,

But I have managed to leave behind me,
Laboratories, seminar rooms, and monkish cells,
To live as one free in Being,

Through no intent of my own, I have found myself in the high desert country
of the American Southwest,
Taking my chances with the winds, the rains and the snows,

The magic of the desert:

'In the desert, you can remember your name,
For there ain't no one,
To give you no pain,' (A Horse With No Name)

Where finally, I was able to ship out on people,
For I am one of those for whom: Human voices wake us,

And we drown, (T.S.Eliot)

I live in an old adobe house,

In oasis of green,
A few ancient trees, tall meadow grasses,
Some fields just beyond,
To the East, a long low line of dark hills, above which the full moon rises,
To the South, beyond the plains of this high desert plateau,
A range of purple mountains,
Capped with snow,
To the West, the rim of the caldera of an ancient, extinct volcano,

And when I go out at night,
Silence, only the wind in the trees,
It is just as it was when the native peoples were here,

Nearby is a small town of Spanish and Anglos,
Many artist, poet and writer types.

2. A few years ago, I began meeting with a group of local women,

To discuss the film, 'What the Bleep Do We Know?'
And then, everything else as well,

Our goal was to be simply present,
We always began with a few minutes of silence,
And then, if someone had something to say,
They said it,
And we took it from there,
Often recalling ourselves back to being present,

In the accepting, affirming and nurturing presence of other women,

So totally different from anything I had experienced in academic life,
My whole body began to relax,
And to settle down into a deep peace,
And ideas began to come to me,
Not through my mind,
But from the very depths of my own soul,

I took the opportunity of meeting with these women,
To do a great deal of healing in myself,

When I was in my own room,
I began to let up all of the pain of my life,
Welcoming it, allowing it to come up,
And to pass,

Pain is only frightening when you push it away,
Allow it to come up,
And you can heal yourself,

This practice has been the most important thing I have ever done in my
entire life,

As I allowed the pain and trauma of my life to come up,
And to pass,
My whole body opened up,
And I recovered a connection with the Earth,
That I had not known since childhood,

And with this deep Earth connection,
Came up the most wonderful insights,
Ideas and concepts,
Glimpses into all of the Mysteries,
Of Being, of the Universe,
Only available to us through our Earth connection,

3. Now: I had always wanted to write Metaphysics,

At the age of 21, as a graduate student in science at the Rockefeller
University in New York,
I first heard the word 'Metaphysics,'
From my teacher of philosophy,
Ludwig Edelstein,

Never had I heard a word so beautiful,
And I knew at once: That is it,
This is what I am going to be,
And what I am going to write,

I had no idea whatsoever of what metaphysics was all about,
But I knew that this word was my guide,

And my life has unfolded through this word,

By the age of 40, I had acquired the major learning of this Age,
And it was time to get serious about Metaphysics,
I knew that if I was to have the Answers that I sought,
I must put myself wholly with God,
And so, inspired by Heidegger's example,
To live in a place where language was simple and basic,
I went away into a wilderness life,
Of writing, prayer and practical tasks,
Where I could sort things out for myself,

A few seminal books came my way,
Some key ideas,
And by the age of 48, I knew what was what,
And made my first pass at Metaphysics in my book **Earth Age: A New
Vision of God, the Human and the Earth**,
Written in 1987, published in 1994,

When I sent it to my teacher of Metaphysics,
Emil Fackenheim,
He told me: You have written Metaphysics as a poet,
Now you must come back and do it systematically,

That was 17 years ago,
Well, here it is, both systematic **and**, as a poet,

A Greek wish for a son or a daughter: You are a poet, may you be one,
Poet: From the Greek, *Poetes*, a maker,
Yes: Oh blessed rage for order, pale Ramon,
The maker's rage, to order words of the sea,
And of ourselves, and of our origins...' (Wallace Stevens)

By the time I was 65, I had all of the right fundamental principles,
Completing 'my juvenilia,'
And so, now,
Time to get **really** serious about Metaphysics,
And, 'by chance,' one week after I sent my final work to press,
The Reign of the Holy Spirit, we formed our women's group,

And we worked the whole thing out, our equivalent of a few peasant boys.
Taking down the world's tallest buildings,
With boxcutters,

**4. Now: I follow an ancient mystical path of prayer,
That centers on the Lord,
And the Lord is, in fact, one of my guides,
And since the age of 36, when I was prayed over in the monastery of
Pecos, New Mexico, I have always been able to freely talk with him,**

When I began meeting with these women,
I realized that in this great desert of the American Southwest:
The space, the Light, the silence and the stars,
These solitudes,
These windswept heights,
The mountains, the ancient trees, the meadow grasses,
The animals who come around,
Racoons, and birds,
The coyotes calling in the foothills,

And this small town,
This little group of women,
With whom to discuss all things,

**That God had given me,
What he gave Heidegger with the Black Forest: A privileged access to
the Universe, and to the nature of Reality,**

And I began to pay attention,

And so, I walk these windswept heights whereon I live,
With nothing between myself and the universe,
No human mind to intervene,
And I pester Spirit for answers,

Now, there is nothing new in that,
Everyone is asking Spirit for answers,
The difference is: I listen,

And I have just one single claim to fame: I know how to follow orders,

And when he tells me to go in,
I go in—‘But what about this,
But what about that’—

And when he tells me to get out,
I get out,
And sometimes he says: Lorna Green,
You get your mind in hand,
And you get yourself out of this!

And so, I pester Spirit for answers,
And he gives them to me,

And so, I by-pass all of the world’s categories,
Its ideas about Reality,
About values,
About truth,

And I come to the Answers that I seek.

5. And so, back to Metaphysics,
‘Metaphysics,’ the guide-word of my entire life,

Metaphysicians are ‘sent,’
They come in when the human race has need of them,

How is the metaphysician sent?
Her personal questions are those of the race itself,

And so, I came into this lifetime,
Under 3 major life purposes:
To know myself,
To bring Spirit to Earth,
To teach the ways of God,

My life is really about identity,
The ultimate mystery for every one of us:
Who am I then?

The Lord tells me: Lorna, never allow a day to go by when you do not ask
'who am I?'

Imagine, you will say, what a dolt!
What an idiot, not to know who she is!

Well, so I have to ask each day, 'who am I?'
And, actually, it is quite exciting,
For I am one of those for whom: The sun is new each day, (Heraclitus)
And then: Just what are the truest terms through which to know oneself?
And I have had to answer this question in both small and great ways,

**And so, this present work, is my fullest answer to this question to date,
And it comes through my ever-deepening connection with the Earth,**

And whenever I get all tangled up in words,
Mother Mary comes through, and says to me:
Lorna, always remember that all that is really Real,
Is the brooding presence of the dark hills...

And then, I remember the Earth,
And that what matters is the Earth,
And deep Earth-connection,
The ultimate source of all true Answers,

6. Metaphysicians are 'sent,'
Her questions are those of the human race itself,

a. And so, I came in in 1939,
Because I wanted to re-experience the Winter of the human race,
Before it moved into its Springtime,

As a girl-child,
As a woman, during the waning days of the patriarchies,
Finding my way through all of the male learning of the Piscean era,
Knowing, in my being, and my own experience,
Many of the horrors of this impulse,
And now, entering into my own Springtime—metaphysicians ripen late—
Just in the times of the Reappearance of the Feminine,
On the eve of the era of women,

The synchronous life with the life of the race itself,
I say: Some adventure!
I would not have missed it for the world,

b. There were defining moments in my childhood,

At about age 11, when my anxious parents asked me what I was going to be
when I grew up,
I told them: I am not going to be anything,
I am going to see,

And about that same age, I resolved to see and to say, for myself,
What everything was,
Friends have made fun of me over the years,
For this stubborn insistence on having my own answers,

c. As a teen-ager, I loved and raised animals,

And the children of the neighborhood brought us little wounded animals that
they had found,

Einstein's question was about the nature of Light,
Mine was about Life,
What happened when a warm little wounded bird that I held in my hand,
Gradually stopped breathing, and turned stiff and cold?

(Now I know: Its little consciousness leaves its body,
And returns to the world of Spirit),

d. I followed my questions about the nature of Life,

Into the study of life sciences at McGill,
And then at Rockefeller,

Now: I grew up, in Canada, in the house-hold of a well-known physicist and
aeronautical engineer, John Joseph Green,
Physicists can answer many of the questions young children typically ask,
And so, from an early age,
I assumed that every question had an answer,
And that science had them,

At Rockefeller, I set myself the task of forming a complete understanding of
the scientific picture of nature, held to-gether around my studies of a cell, the

pigment cell of a fish, for I took the cell to be the irreducible element of Life, key to the whole animal above it, and to the molecular domain below it,

e. And then, came several great ‘knocks,’

First, like all my generation of scientists, I believed that the answers lay in the molecular dimensions of things,
But when I got down there, I was deeply disappointed,
Here I was in an undifferentiated field of molecules,
Not only did I not understand things any better,
But I had lost the whole cat on the way down,

My roommate, Merrill Hille, said: Oh, you thought you’d find God among the molecules,
I hotly denied it, being as atheistic as all of my generation,
And I took to notebooks to explore the reasons I was so dissatisfied,
Asking questions like: What is it to explain, to understand, and such,
And finally came to the conclusion that science could not, after all, explain the universe,
And I began looking for a way out,

Then, a second knock,
My teacher of physics was describing Newton’s laws on the black board,
And I suddenly saw the way of escape: The forces,
I asked him: What, exactly, are the forces?
He looked at me, incredulous, and told me: You are either very brilliant,
Or very stupid,

And then, the third knock came at the Rockefeller lunch table one day,
I had always loved the stars,
But I suddenly realized: If the stars are just burning lumps of matter,
There is no point in getting excited about them,

Someone said: You need a holiday,
But I was right,
And had glimpsed the materialism that is crushing the joy out of modern life,

But most scientists do not see this,

For they are ‘scientist by day, mystic by night,’

I also knew, at Rockefeller, what is now called ‘the hard problem’ of consciousness,
The neurophysiologist probing the brain of his patient,
Sees only electrical spikes, brain waves,
But the patient, is inwardly ‘seeing,’
An inner image of Bill Grogan’s goat, tied to the train tracks,
Coughing up 3 red shirts he had eaten,
To flag down the train,
Now, how does that related to the grey matter of the brain?
If the patient had not said anything,
The neurophysiologist would never have suspected the existence of such ideas,
And this is the limitation of the scientific stance to the whole of nature,
It has no access to ‘the within’ of things, (Teilhard de Chardin)

7.The term ‘metaphysics’ had come my way at Rockefeller,
If science could not explain the universe, then I had to find out what could,
And so, after graduating from Rockefeller,
(And after a long story that I have told elsewhere)
I embarked on the study of philosophy at the University of Toronto,
Canada,

On the first night of the term,
At a party for new students,
I met another great Jewish teacher,
Emil Fackenheim,
When he heard the questions I was asking,
He told me: You are going to be a metaphysician,

And after that, I took many courses from him,
Beginning, that Fall,
With his seminar on metaphysics,

The bonds between metaphysicians are absolute,
And he told me once: I always respect the needs of your mind for unity,
This work owes to that respect,

And it also owes to the major seminal moment of my entire life: Meeting a fellow student, a handsome youth with a shock of black hair, from Colorado, Who, in the course of our conversation about philosophy, Suddenly said: Are we ready for the epic?! Who could resist such a challenge, Such a vision, And such a dare?

Not me, for sure,
And so this present work,
And all of my works,
Owe a great deal to Ken Henwood,
Who, like myself,
Has Cornish celtic ancestors,

8. And so I write about consciousness,

a. The term 'consciousness' came my way early on,

As a science student at McGill,
I used to study in the old part of the library,
In the section on Eastern Philosophy,
And when I tired of biochemistry,
I would browse the writings of Eastern mystics,
All of whom talked about consciousness,
And so, the term 'mystic,' also came my way,

By the time I was 40, certain books had come my way,
That also convinced me that the fundamental term for the universe was 'consciousness,'
But I had no idea whatsoever how to connect it with science,
Or with the modern world,

Over the years, when duties to family and friends kept me focused in the world,
Without much time to think,
I wrote the term 'consciousness' on a piece of paper,
And left it in the center of the floor of my apartment,
To remind myself of what I was **really** about,

I carried this term with me in the world,

And into wilderness life,
It is the key to **Earth Age**,

**b. And so, by the time I was 40, I knew that consciousness is the
fundamental term for the universe,
But had no idea how to relate it to anything else,**

But over the years, 3 other great knocks came my way,

First, walking along a street in Toronto,
Wrestling inwardly with the problem of how to get out of the mechanical
mindset, the Cartesian cage,
I suddenly looked up, and saw: The universe has the structure of the deep
unconscious,

And then, second,
I had the habit, in our log home in Nova Scotia,
Of getting a cup of coffee first thing in the morning,
And going out to sit on the porch steps,
Facing the hills opposite,
Mulling over, and brooding over,
My questions, and the lore and learning that I had taken in during my youth,
And I remember the day,
When I saw Heaven, up above,
The Earth below,
And suddenly, I saw Heaven come down to Earth,

And then, the third moment of insight,
It was a summer afternoon,
I was lying on the couch in my friend Timmy Gibbon's living room,
While Timmy was playing her piano,
I, browsing a book someone had lent me,
By Greyson and Flynn,
The Near-Death Experience,
And I opened at a page, that described the experience of one patient,
Out of his body, hovering at the ceiling,
Able to read dials that he could not have seen from the bed,

And right away, I recognized the connection,
And the key to anchoring consciousness into physical reality,

And tucked it away in the back of my mind,
For future use,

c. By the age of 48, I had the right outline of the universe,
And published it in **Earth Age**, 1994, the full picture spelled out in 3 other
works, completed with **The Reign of the Holy Spirit**,
2005,

9. And then I came down here,
Into this great desert,
With nothing at all between me and Spirit,
And with **time**,
Time to ponder, to question,
And to brood,
And to pester Spirit for Answers,

Working out the nature of the consciousness univers,
With these women friends,

And then, also attending the Tucson conferences, ‘Towards a Science of
Consciousness, focusing and bring these ideas into the modern discussion,

The question of the Tucson conference: How does matter give rise to
emotions, thought and experience?
Well, th answer is simple: It doesn’t,
And it is all just the other way around,

And when I tell people this,
And that consciousness comes first,
They see this at once,
Intuitively, this truth is obvious to many,

But this truth is not reflected in the major talks,
And most of the presenters subscribe to some form of physical realism,

Well, this conference has been meeting for 20 years,
With still no ‘science of consciousness’ in sight,
And I find most of the talks, a tissue of confusion,
And that is why,
Everyone is coming from initial assumptions that are false,

As I have indicated and explored in this present work,

10. Now, I have always loved the stars,

But I have not been able to see the stars for the past 25 years,
And I am not supposed to be able to see the stars,
Because of a pigment deposition in my retina,
Caused by a medication I was put on at the age of 27,
When I ended up in a mental hospital for a time--all that has ever gone amiss
with me has owed to the medical profession--

But after one of these Tucson conferences,
Walking out in the desert one night, I looked up, and thought: There is
Orion,
One of my favorite constellations,
Faint, to be sure,
Not the brilliant stars of a Canadian winter sky,
But: I could see the stars,

I ran this fact by a channeled source I often consult on health issues,
And it told me: Oh yes, once you get the false ideas about the nature of
Reality out,
The neural system is perfectly capable of healing itself,

So I went to my eye doctor, to see if there was any physical change,
Nothing, all of the pigment was still there,
And when I told him I could see the stars,
He said: Awesome!

Sometime later, I was having another eye exam,
And as I went whizzing down the eye chart—I have never been able to read
more than a couple of lines of the eye chart-- the doctor kept saying: You
see much better than you are supposed to,

So I told him what I write about,
And that I am trying to get us past this matter/mechanism mindset that we
are all in,
And into consciousness,
He said: Thank God, someone has to do it!

And so, the stars are getting clearer all of the time,

It helps to get the wrong ideas out of one's mind,
It also helps to get the right ideas in,

And now, every time I write the word 'consciousness',
A word filled with Light,
I feel Light flood my whole soul,

And it is not just that I can once again see the stars,
But my entire physical being is stronger than it ever was,
And I feel healthier now than I did at 21,
Though I am over 65,
Is there life after 65?
You bet there is,
That is when it really all begins,
The greatest part of the great adventure here,

And you know: If I had been able to see the stars,
I think I could not have worked out the nature of consciousness,
For up until now, when I looked up,
I saw only the empty darkness of space,
That I then began to see as a sea of consciousness,

And then, a year ago I had to have an ultrasound,
And after it, as I lay there, covered only with a sheet,
The physician in charge came in,
A man my age,
And extended his hand to me,
Saying: Hello, I am Dr. so and so...

And I reached up my hand,
And said: Dr. Lorna Green,
PhD Rockefeller University, 1965,

We talked, and he asked me if I still did any science,
Indeed I do, I said,
I write about the universe,
And how the universe is essentially consciousness,
And not matter,

And he said to me: I do not know how you found your way into this,

But this is amazing!

And when I tell this simple truth to people,
They see it immediately,
For just about everyone knows that the present canons of thought are not
working,
And are not right,
And they instantly recognize the truth of things,
That all of us, deep down, know,

For really, how do we all differ?
Some of us have the ability to find out the truth,
Others, to see it when it is shown them,

And all of this makes me think I am onto something Real,
That can heal others,
Than can heal the world,

Yes, Truth, source of Life, Health and Strength,

A lofty Life purpose?
I have always loved the stars,
As m father once said to me: 'If you aim for the stars,
You'll at least get over the chimney-pots,'

11. And so, this present work

a. I follow the path of Art,
Metier, the patient crafting of the Word,
Over the years,

When I was a small child, about 6,
The mother of my friend wrote our names for us on a piece of paper,
There it was: Lorna, and I looked at the beautiful letters,
And thought: Wow, is that me????!
Never had I seen anything so beautiful,
Standing for a whole other reality besides tadpoles and frogs,
Caterpillars and butterflies,
And honey-suckle, growing through the fence,

It opened up into the world of ideas,

Remember my life purposes:

To know myself,

To bring Spirit to Earth,

To teach the ways of Spirit,

My life is really about identity,

And Art is the way both to grow,

And to know oneself,

Through words,

And it is my way of bringing Spirit here,

Incarnating Spirit in words,

My own Spirit,

And Spirit,

The painter Matisse also came my way early on,

While I was studying philosophy, I saw a retrospective of Matisse,
from his whole life,

And saw that I was looking at my own development,

And I have been guided by him over the years,

His aims, his sense of himself,

His sense of wholeness,

I have never learned much from writers,

Only from Artists,

b. And so, of writing:

My idea of a good time, and the great delight of my life: A bare desk,

A stack of blank paper,

And a pen,

And then, unstructured time,

When I was 27, in that mental hospital I have mentioned,

I was told, with great assurance,

That I would always have to have a structured day,

You know, it is really quite amazing over the years,
The supreme confidence with which other people try to tell you who you
are, and how you must be,
And saddle you with their view of what is important,
And their ideas about truth,

As it is, I have always detested the structured day,
My idea of a good time: To get up in the morning, to 9 hours of pure
unstructured time a head of me,
In which to walk out with Spirit,
Pester Spirit for answers,
Consider with Spirit,
And with the trees,
All things,
Heal myself at the deepest levels,

And write, both indoors and out of doors,

When I reached the age of 65, and has the right outlines of Reality,
I said to the Lord,
As so many do: Is that all?
And the Lord said: No,

At that point in my life, all of the words, the terms and the truths of others,
About Reality,
Began coming up,
My channeled source told me what was going on: Everything you have
taken in, is coming up, to ask you: Do you want to claim this as your own
truth? To be bound by it?
For every single term we take in is going to determine our experience,
Our life,

And so, I began casting out of my soul,
The words of others,
Ordinary people, friends, the culture,
The great philosophers,

And as I cast out other people's ideas,
The truth of things,
The truths of Spirit,

Came in,

And I am ever seeing, more and more deeply,
Into the nature of Being,
The connections, and the inter-connections,
Among all things Real,

c. And so: My writing skills

The skills that are in this work owe to many sources:

--First, a kind of confidence inspired by two very positive affirmations my mother, Winifred Maude Pasco, would say to me over the years,
How often she told me: You are beautiful, other girls are pretty,
But you are beautiful,
And she also often told me: You are a born teacher,

--Second, I have a wonderful younger sister, Janet, with whom, all of our growing up years, to explore the Earth,
Indoors, we fought 'like killkenny cats,'

But outside, we were inseparable buddies, intent on frogs and frog's eggs,
tadpoles, caterpillars and butterflies, all manner of living beings,

When my parents stopped the car, Janet and I would pile out into the nearest field, to see what could be found,
And then, so often, of a summer evening, we would take a drive,
To the Sandpits, or to the beach at Rocky point, my parents would sit in the car and talk, and Janet and I would go haring off, barefoot, to look for whatever lived there,
And at our summer cottages: Nothing doing? Let's paddle up to Turtle Creek, we can make it back before lunch....

Janet, with my brother-in-law, John Foster, is now a nature photographer,
and I write about the Earth,
Through and from the Earth,
Through deep Earth connection,

Our sense for the planet comes from our childhood to-gether,
Janet, and my Canadian childhood, are a deep part of the poetry of my life,

--And then, to swimming, a Pisces soul who loved the water,
--To teaching swimming to others,
I navigate the sea of ideas,
And of my own soul,
As once I did the water,
And I am fully at home in a world without boundaries, where most would
drown,

--To my dissection labs,
Parting tissues, laying bare nerves, and following them,

--A great love, from physiology labs,
Of making sense out of a mountain of data,

--A typical brooding, ruminating, deep Feminine soul, with a love for
synthesis, and simpleness,

--Ideas, words and terms, are, for me, the equal of Matisse's's forms, lines
and color,
Only the craft of words has a different aim than paint,
When I set out seriously, in my wilderness life, to really develop my writing
skills, in the service of metaphysics,
I had a card of intent on my desk: To bring the Earth plane to its senses,

-- I have a photographic memory, developed by memorizing reams of poetry,
during my time in school,

--I was raised on tales of male heroes and gods,

--I have always loved 'tackling the boys' in our childhood games,
And seeing far, far beyond them,

Yes, for why did we all go to school?
To be with the boys,
And they, to be with us,

Why else would one go to school,
Except to be with the boys?

It was not until student days at McGill,
That I first heard—from the men of course—that men are superior to
women,
And then I heard it everywhere,
Especially from ‘the great thinkers,’

This claim seemed quite ridiculous to me,
Since I could out run them, out think them,
And out paddle them,

On my second night at McGill, I had encountered,
‘Quite by chance,’
A most extraordinary woman,
West Indian,
Dorothy Blake,
Who became my life-long friend—we later learned that, in fact, we had been
friends for eons—

We dared all things to-gether,
And as long as I had Dorothy’s good opinion of me,
I did not care what the men thought,

--Another vital influence, and key to my own identity: Folksongs, and folk-
singing, during the sixties,
Wherein I first heard the cry of the people,
And felt ‘the long view’ of things,
And identified myself with them,
Always both speaking and writing in the vernacular,

--The spiritual practice of ‘selective forgetting.’
A new insight, a fact learned,
Drop it down into the depths of my own soul,
And forget about it,
When I need it,
It will be there,

--And, the key to sorting through mountains of data, that I share with my
Artist friend, Audrie Sturman: I:follow the Muses of Form,

d. And then, the key to my entire life: A Love of frontiers,

We lived two blocks from the great, clear and clean Ottawa River,
A mile wide where we lived, 3 miles wide at Norway Bay, where we went
for summer holidays,

The Ottawa River is the gateway to the Canadian heartland,
Taken by the native peoples, the early explorers, the fur traders,
T

I had a green canoe down there, and I spent hours out on the river,
Sometimes with friends, more often alone,
And always, I looked ever and again to the West,
To the line of rapids, where the river turned out of sight,
I fully identified with the native people, the voyageurs,
The courier-de-bois,
Like them, I wanted to follow the river Westward,

And again and again, wherever I have been,
I have re-created frontiers,

And now: What greater frontier than the unknown Feminine,
The unknown women's identity,
A territory so open,
Who could resist it?

My soul was deeply formed on the Earth from the beginning of my life,
Nourished by so many Canadian lakes and rivers,
Forests and woods,
The world's oldest hills, the Gatineau,

And the greatest frontier of all,
The Northern frontier,
That has shaped and formed the Canadian imagination,
And winter and summer, fall and spring,
And the breath-taking splendor of northern winter skies,
Filled with stars,

And how I loved to stand on the shores of that great river,
Looking across to the North,
Feeling the thousands of miles of wilderness,
Stretching away to the North,
Feeling the winds sweeping down,

Hearing the waves at my feet,

And so often, in those early days,
Bracing myself in the winds,
Ever on my lips and in my heart,
Half-murmur, half-prayer,
Half-promise, half- dare:

Here am I,
Send me,
Send me,

And suddenly, as I write this day,
I am once again, all alone, out on a great river,
Reading the winds, the skies, the waters,
For myself,
Precursor of this great desert,
Wherein I navigate the sea of consciousness,

Matisse, at 83: Finally, I have come to myself,

And now, the Lord has told me: Stop,
Stop, for this is who you are,
Sitting here, in your dark pants,
Your warm jacket, and two soft ponchos,
Inwardly, out alone on a great river
You are this person,
You have become who you really are,
And who you are to be here,

A Greek wish for a son or daughter: You are a poet,
May you be one,

You have become the poet that you are,
You have become the poetry that you are,
And this poetry is fully embodied in this work,

I tell you, there is hope for all of us,

11. And so, again, of writing:

I have no TV, I avoid newspapers,
I follow a path of inner work and prayer,
I try to stay in alignment with the Light,

Truths come under my pen,
And unconscious guidance by my pen,
And, through some mysterious alchemy,
I am guided by my native lifetimes,

I write, and by evening,
I am somewhere I have never been,
A path of growth,
Because when you juggle outward symbols,
Like words written on a page,
You juggle and change, inner reality as well,

And so, my words have to be right,
Right for outer reality,
Right in the inner world,

The way of the metaphysician: Words, self and Being must be in accord,
I must be one with my words, and with Reality,

And so, writing is for me a path of unity, wholeness, and Oneness,

The term 'metaphysics' has gradually yielded to the term 'mystic,'
As I have opened up faculties and powers,
Subtle energies, connections with the world of Spirit,
And what I have given in these pages,
Is, in fact, the metaphysics of a mystic,
And a mystical sense for the whole,

The deepest truth of the metaphysician/mystic/poet?
I know myself, define myself,
And keep track of myself,
Through words,
Certain terms,
First, the term 'metaphysics,' that has truly defined and shaped my entire
life,

And then, the term 'The Feminine,'
A shorthand for these times and my true powers,
The Awakening, another term for myself,

These words have come my way across the years,
In my long pestering of Spirit for the truth of Being,
And of myself,

And my secret?
The way of a 'sent' metaphysician?
The fundamental terms for the universe,
Are one and the same as my terms for my own true identity,
And, in the best of times,
A pure and total openness,
Between myself and Being,

And the most important of all of my terms, after the term 'consciousness,'
And the truth that the mystics know,
Is **Oneness**,
I remain in this state of being,
I depart from it,
And I return to it,

Likewise, the term **Spirit**,
The fundamental term for Everything,
Functions for me in these ways,
I depart from it,
And I return to it,
Most ultimate term of my own healing and health,
With all of the implications that I have spelled out in these pages,

And then, **Love**,

This is the universe that the Mystics know,
This is also the native North American view of the universe,

By far the most important event in this great undertaking,
Was meeting with the women,
Healing my body,
My soul.

Re-covering my deep connection with the Earth,
Re-connecting with the Earth,
And with it, both the mystical and native vision of things,

12. And so: Where am I now?

Moving more and more into my own Mystical ways,
And more and more into the fullness of experience of my native lifetimes,
Many of them down here,
In this great desert of the American Southwest,
One of the reasons that I am now here,
In this quite amazing lifetime,

And in this privileged moment of historical grace,
The Reappearance of the Feminine,
Of Oneness,
Of all of our heart-conscious modes,
Awakening,
Springtime,

And so, I'll let you know what I find out,

And I would end this work with some of the formative themes of my life,
Expressed in the songs that we sung around the camp-fire:

--I would be true, for there are those who trust me,
I would be pure, for there are those who care,
I would be strong, for there is much to suffer,
I would be brave,
For there is much to dare,

--To the knights in the days of old,\
Keeping vigil on mountain heights,
Came a vision of Holy Grail
And a voice in the waiting night,
Follow follow,
Follow the gleam,
Banners unfurled,
O'er al the world,
Follow follow,

Follow the gleam,
Of the challenge that is the Grail,

--God has created a new day,
Silver and green and gold,
Grant that the sunset may find us,
Worthy its gifts to hold,

--Hills of the rocky north,
Home of the beaver,
Where still the mighty moose,
Wanders at will,
Blue lake and rocky shore,
I will return once more,
Boom, boom, boom, boom,

My heart grows sick for thee,
Here in the lowlands,
I will return to thee,
Hills of the north,
Blue lake and rocky shore,
I will return once more,
Boom, boom, boom, boom,

And in these words, that so fully express,
My sense for the loveliness of the Earth,
And of her deeply spiritual presence:

--Peace I ask of thee oh river,
Peace, peace, peace,
When I learn to live serenely,
Cares will cease,

From the hills I gather courage,
Vision of thee day to be,
Strength to lead and faith to follow,
All are given unto me,

Peace I ask of thee oh river,
Peace, peace, peace,

Be well,
Here in this birth of a New Age,

Lorna December 2012.