

Meeting the Elder

I, the Listener and my young Friend meet together for the first of many meetings. The music and counselling room is adorned with cozy chairs, a jungle of plants in the corner, a bookshelf, piano, and a regal gathering of harps create the setting for receiving stories.

“Thank you for joining me on this unusual quest,” I say.

“I am excited and inspired! It is a long-sought quest for me as well,” Friend replies.

I close my eyes, “let us begin the journey.”

Strangely, there is a person standing before me, pointing at me. His¹ robe appears to constantly shift and change, as if to stop me from pinning down the minute details of this experience. His eyes are silvery, blue, and piercing – like stars – and they sit within a face that is open and serene with exquisite radiance and softness. His hair is long, shining, and silver grey. I’m feeling shy, and hesitant to speak.

The Elder’s voice forms words:

The day the library of Alexandria in Egypt burned down was a tragic loss of human knowledge.² Yet all that information was not lost. It is held in the indestructible library of the human spirit’s universal consciousness. Unfortunately, the human being at the time was not developed enough to access that knowledge within itself. But it was

1 Though the pronoun ‘his’ is used, the Elder is a genderless and immaterial being.

2 The Royal Library of Alexandria was considered the Capitol of Knowledge from 3rd century BC to 30 BC. It contained up to 400,000 scrolls of acquired writings from all over the known world. The inscription over the door was, The Place of the Cure of the Soul. It was largely destroyed by fire in 48 BC by Julius Caesar.

said that there would come a time when enough development of the consciousness would occur to bring all that was lost back into humanity's awareness.

My inner vision is flooded with a blaze of heat and light, as the remembered event appears before me. I realize all of a sudden, the memories about to unfold will be felt, seen and experienced as living things.

Look at this fire. It was a multi-level blaze felt by the universe as a whole. It was not only a physical burning but also a blaze in the soul of the Universe. As if the entire human being was letting go of its identity and its knowledge. There was rumour that the human being was attempting self-annihilation; lighting fire to the universal brain to burn out the knowledge it contained. But memory and knowledge cannot burn, only the material it is written upon can. When consciousness finally matures it will become the key to the universal knowledge held in the demolished library.

I am the keeper of this Library of Knowledge that you see before you. It is where your own memories are stored, and the memories of all others. We will walk in this Library together, always in my presence, for only what is yours to tell can be told. You cannot access that which is not yours to tell, nor that which it is not yet time to tell. These shelves are full of records that cannot yet be revealed. I will meet you every time you journey here and the story will open up for you in all its glory, colour, sound, smell, character, pain, and wonder.

I return to the music room, the present moment, and open my eyes. I want to understand the roots of the human being. What is in our collective memory and what is our purpose? I want to go back to the company of the Elder and return to the library.

I close my eyes and am met by the Elder, smiling amidst the changing colour and texture of his robe. My human mind grasps to identify and pin down these details.

He laughs deeply and teasingly says,

Don't you know by now that identity transcends the garments, features, or names of a fixed lifetime? Do not look for me in those details. Look for me in my essence, a stream of power and pure light that pierces through shadow. I am illumination through knowledge and knowing. As a guardian of knowledge and a guide within the great library of knowing, I will accompany those who find their way here, and offer that which is theirs to tell. So, I will take you first to the very back of this sphere of indices, through the archives of layered knowledge.

Your mind will see pictures, and vignettes along the journey. It will search for familiarity and past associations just as it sought for my identity. Let the images adorn your passage, but know that the passage itself is the only thing that is real. Take the dust, for example, that coats every corner of this old Library. Dust is a symbol of antiquity. Ah ha! There is no actual dust here, yet you are seeing dust because it symbolizes deeply buried, and long-forgotten knowledge.

Let us now return to the archives themselves. If one in the present mind state found oneself alone within this great library, they would be incapable of finding or translating these books, in part, because they are written in the original language. Can you imagine an original language that has been translated a multitude of times over eons of amnesia? This original language requires specific receptivity to understand it, and the first beings, long long, *long* ago, were capable. So, these First People is where we will begin our journey.