

Creation in Seven Days



There have been *many* beginnings; even the Bible says so. The very first book of the Bible, *The Book of Genesis*, starts with the word “**B’reshit**”. But “B’reshit” does *not* mean “In **the** beginning” as it’s normally translated but rather “In **a** beginning.” And each beginning involves the creation of *Time*, and it rolls out a new game of evolution-on-its-quest-for-divinity. But before there was **any** beginning, there IS Source.

So let’s look at the beginning that most of us are aware of. Obviously, the time span is actually the same, no matter the lens, but the units of measurement are different. So science says the beginning was 13.7 billion years ago. Hinduism says that it was much earlier and the Judeo-Christian scriptures say that it was much more recent.

If you have a fever, it really doesn’t matter whether you measure your temperature in Fahrenheit or Centigrade. If you’re busted by the highway patrol for speeding, it really doesn’t matter whether your speedometer reads Kilometers-per-hour or Miles-per-hour. So let’s ignore the irrelevant differences and focus on a *generic* unit.

Before anything WAS, Source always IS. But it’s lonely being Source, so She needed something other than Her Self to love. Source decided to get creative, to birth “Other-than-the-Self” in a game of Hide-and-Go-Seek with Herself.

Therefore on “Day One” She laughed into life a great explosion of possibility. Science calls this “The Big Bang”; the Hebrew scriptures call it, “Ruah Yahweh” (the Breath of God): a swirling mass of atoms-becoming-gasses that coalesced into galaxies that spawned stars and planets which danced like whirling dervishes. And there was

Evening and there was Morning the First Day.

Then She took spores of biological matter that She had harvested from previous universes and scattered them generously among the galaxies, seeking hospitable environments. One such environment was a green-blue planet called, Gaia, that opened her womb and received the sacred seed, saying "*Fiat voluntas tua.*" (which means "Thy will be done.") And there was Evening and there was Morning the Second Day.

And Gaia gave birth again and again and again and again, just as Jesus advocated, "*You shall be womblike (rahamim) even as the birthing principle of the universe (Abwon) is womblike.*" Source fertilized and weeded and genetically upgraded these new biological forms creating a riotous array of colors and shapes, of skills and niches. It was the beginning of the entrepreneurial impulse. And there was Evening and there was Morning the Third Day.

All of these life forms needed Source to survive, but Source wanted beings that didn't just *need* Her but that *loved* Her. So She engineered the mammals who could dream and emote and play with their young. Empathy had been introduced into the equation. And there was Evening and there was Morning the Fourth Day.

Then Source, like all females, decided She wanted someone who could *talk to Her* during this lovemaking. So She upgraded Earth-life to a brand of mammal that could speak and think abstractly about existential issues. Now the dance had become very exciting. And there was Evening and there was Morning the Fifth Day.

Source was ready now to *really* go for it. She conferred the penultimate gift, the discovery of Soul, which could lead to Self-realization, buddhahood or Christ consciousness. And there was Evening and there was Morning the Sixth Day.

And on the Seventh Day She rested. She said, "*Now you're on your own; see if you can finish the course. I'll be waiting and watching. I've worked on the evolution of consciousness; you must now work on conscious evolution. But you need to know that I've conducted this experiment many times. Once I insert Freewill into the equation, all bets are off. Sometimes it works and I get Angels to interact with; sometimes it fails and I have to deal with Demons. Angels or Demons - those are your choices. Please don't screw up!*" And there was Evening and there was Morning the Seventh Day.

Before there was any beginning, there IS only Source; after all the endings are done, there IS only Source.

Namasté,

A handwritten signature in black ink that reads "Sean". The signature is written in a cursive style with a long, sweeping underline that extends to the left.

Tír na nÓg
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