

Excerpts on enlightened experience

Copyright Tim Reeves, Carolastr. 1A, D-04736 Waldheim

A shift in perception happened

I wrote this text shortly after the events portrayed, so the account is accurate. The name 'Contchek' refers to a being on another planet with whom I have the strongest of my extraterrestrial contacts.

How it began – 6th October 2016

On the way home from Crete to Germany.

A close friend and I were driving from Sfakia to Heraklion, and had stopped at a Taverna at the beach near Rethymno for lunch. As I drove away from the Taverna suddenly a shift, a realignment, happened inside me at a very deep level. I couldn't say what had happened, but only that it affected me deeply, and somehow I didn't quite feel like the same person that I had always been. I was very shaken.

Interim in grey limbo

I managed to get through the rest of the day externally fairly normally, but still feeling strange. Arriving back in Germany (Munich) we both felt depressed at the general atmosphere here. People not looking at you, not smiling; mannikin faces and cold eyes. Horrible. We just wanted to be somewhere else, and I started thinking about moving to England or Crete.

As days turned into weeks I felt increasingly depressed, not-at-home, and most certainly not doing what my heart wanted to do, just sitting at my PC and doing work which would not change the world, not improve it in any way. And therefore day by day losing the will to be here on this planet. I was sleeping increasingly poorly, not the deep sleep of recuperative rest, but lightly, sometimes waking 2 or 3 times in the night. Sleep was not refreshing me properly.

Reboot – 23rd October 2016

It was a Sunday and I had gone for an afternoon walk, stopping at a local café for (excellent) coffee and cake. It was full of people, the pressure of their presences on me rapidly becoming difficult to bear. Something inside me sort of broke down, I was nearly in tears, I just wanted my being here to come to an end, either that or my being in this aw-

ful state of mind. Inside myself I formulated a phrase “do whatever it takes, help me” as a general plea to existence.

And in that moment I was suddenly in rapport with Contchek. And if giant crabs could look smug (they can't, not having faces like ours), then oh boy, he sure would have looked real smug! Yes, it had been him doing it these last couple of weeks – he initiated the shift and had been ‘pressing’ on me ever since. Driving me into depression and despair – with the very best of intentions. Pushing me into that impossibly tight mental situation where *something* had to give.

And there, sitting in that café surrounded by people, give it did. And slowly but surely a HUGE grin spread across my face, as I realised what had been happening, and why, and that now the harvest was coming in. Immediately I felt different at the core. Much quieter inside, and moved beyond judgement. The impossible pressure of the people on my aura, my being, was no longer perceived as pressure. Rather, there were people there, and that was simply the way things were, and they could not be other than they were. There was little or no judgement in my perception of the people, I simply noticed them being there. On a deep level they were not separate from me, but that was not a problem any more.

Magically, the people were not at all abhorrent any more. The guests were chattering and smiling. A couple behind me had a sweet young girl dressed up as a policewoman. The waitresses were friendly and attentive, one especially so. Life was going on, with all its facets, perfect in its imperfection. The apparent heaviness of it had been in my emotional response to that-which-is; and not inherent in that-which-is in any way.

Was it a Satori¹, or would this way of being continue for me? We shall see, I thought. An evening and a night passed, and half a morning. I still felt good inside...

Since then I continue to live my daily life and do the things which want to be done in this material plane. But I do them with little judgement. I feel much more at peace with things as they are.

The concert hall

An analogy for enlightened experience in everyday life.

I use the term Enlightenment to denote the state where the essential connectedness (of all phenomena, including all beings) has become a persons real knowledge – through actually noticing it for themselves. And remember, there are further states beyond this.

1 The word Satori comes from Zen Buddhism of Japan and means the inner, intuitive experience of Enlightenment. Some people use it to indicate a particular experience, implying that the individual got a sort of preview but has not yet stabilised in the enlightened state.

And there we have it: How to continue functioning as an *individual* organism, when you are *actually noticing* the non-separation all the time – meaning you ARE, in a way, also all those other beings which you are noticing? For some – including myself – this is not easy, and I have written a lot more about it in the section on ‘Boundaries’. This short article is an allegorical introduction to the topic, and on how I have learned to deal with it.

After decades of exercises, my noticing in PTST had loosened up and expanded to the extent that I kept falling into everyone and everything I met or saw, being non-separate from them. I found it almost impossible to function in normal everyday life in a state like that, in particular as I could not voluntarily turn it off. Praise be, it has nowadays subsided to a manageable level.

This is what living with Enlightenment is like for me nowadays:

Imagine you walk into the the back of a large concert hall. The lighting is dim, the hall is packed, the musicians have not yet appeared on stage. Many in the audience are talking softly with each other, so that you hear a background murmur of voices. It's a bit like the static of a radio not tuned to any station. You can hear the sum of voices but no individual voice. So you can still get on with your own thoughts and actions, as you hardly notice the susurrations of voices (but you do know that it's there). What I'm hoping to express with this analogy is how I perceive the non-separation: I always know it's there, it's like a susurrations of Being in the background.

Now, you walk down a particular aisle towards your seat. Doing so you come close to individual members of the audience. If you wanted to, you could briefly focus your hearing on the conversations of the people you pass; you can also choose to not focus on them, or simply ignore them by habit. This equates to the options which I have regarding noticing the non-separation with people I pass on the street.

Finally, you find the row with your numbered seat in the middle, and must interact directly with some people to ask them to let you get to your seat. Then you sit there and have little option than to notice the conversations of people in your direct vicinity. It's about like that for me, perceiving the non-separation with people with whom I have direct interaction. The effect varies, sometimes almost nothing, sometimes enough to awaken old trauma.

You might find this analogy *sort of helpful* but still wonder what the noticing of non-separation actually feels like. Good question. I can only say: DTFE – Do The F***ing Exercises!