



John Pegasus

A Cosmic Revelation

A Theologue

novum

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IMPRINT

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INTRODUCTION

This nativity narrative invites the reader to fly above the modern world, this globe which we now inhabit, as if riding on Pegasus, and observe the evolutionary stage that is birthing now. Drop off the Past; put behind you the Present; and open the windows of your mind to the changes and chances of the Future which is groaning in its birth.

Has a Creator created this heaving environment? Are the universes hurtling to an ignominious, meaningless, destruction? Or can a purpose be seen, which points to a Creator engineering a certain future, with a designed evolution, destined to be fulfilled? Why have we humans evolved to be the only animals with brains and souls that think such matters and philosophies? This is a Theologue, which guides our thoughts forward. It is as if John who is riding Pegasus is like the author of St John's Gospel and Book of Revelations. Imagine such a person riding Pegasus and able to observe all that is happening across the universes. What would such a Mind and Soul witness? Rhythmical narrative can distil such streams of consciousness by turning a corner and finding a cliff edge from which the eyesight can fly as far as the imagination can be unleashed.

The sight must not be rushed;
choose the Time;
prepare the Space;
pause; allow these moments
to engulf all else,
so giving the opportunity to dwell with Shalom.

The Light of such sights amaze;
the soul feels the Life as it is being lightened
by the Love of its Creator.

THE COSMOS REVEALED

The Sun
emerges from the darkness.
Gently, and
seemingly fearfully,
it rises above
the foliage and fences
across its path.

Then, triumphantly,
it moves aloft
over that small ball - Earth -
which is orbiting around in its
majestic cosmos.
It exudes energy.
Gravitational energy
that is in constant motion.



Its waves
radiate out to all and sundry.
The Earth receives them automatically,
as do all the little creatures

scurrying along the surface,
trying to live their lives
as best they know how.

Some of them - Humans -
are being busy.
But they are conscious Beings.
They feel, experience, toil or joy,
and know that they
are living their lives
as best they can.

The Sun is like a beneficial deity.
It provides the heat rays
with which their food
can be produced.
It provides the waves of hope
with which their Minds
can find their Souls:
the Soul
with which they, and only they,
can imagine their Creator;
can feel an 'Other' presence;
can use thoughts - those strange strands of consciousness -
with which to see, hear, touch
an 'Other'.

A Human
can sit in the rays of the sun,
can soak up waves of energy,
that will open all their pores to allow
the life-sustaining wafts to soak in,
to seep into every cell in the body,
to float through the Mind
with which it can ask
what, who, where, when?

Humans can experience a touch of
dwelling in Timelessness.

They can feel the floating of
Being in Spacelessness.

They can emote

Being at one with their Creator.

Is a Human being awakened?

Yes, re-surrection, is Evolution in action.

The whole of creation,

yes, the complete activity of Everything,

is a continuum of Entropy, Energy, and Matter,
constructing, rearranging.

Matter is a constant. It is never created nor destroyed.

Planet Earth is in a flux of surrection and re-surrection.

From the myriad wisps of quantum gravity

to the solidness of huge mountains,

to the molten fluidity of planet Earth,

it can be scientifically argued

that all Life is imbued with a liquid solidness,

interspersed and imbedded with space-filling, interacting,

energy-governed, entity, that is a factual (not virtual),

observable existence grounded in Space for a Time.

Also, there seems to be an unobservable, yet felt, presence.

Oh, Oh, how much we do feel it!

We feel extensively, uncontrollably, mystically.

So, therefore, we yearn, we long for,

answers to the strange, weird, questions

spewing out into our dreams.

On our deathbed I, and only I, must choose:

Do I turn towards our Creator's outstretched hand?

Our language struggles to find the necessary words.

Twenty first century people coin phrases:

Dark Matter and Dark Energy, we pathetically say.