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"Javunda" - Another World

My first personal experience with this discovery occurred as a young child of four. It was a hot haymaking day in 1951 on the family farm in Gettysburg, PA. Riding on a tractor, stretching and peering ahead of the nasty hay bailer looking for any pheasants or rabbits that might be saved, I was grabbed by one of the large rear wheels, passed up on the rubber tire cleats, and carried down under the weight of the tractor. My final memory of this event was of my small fingers wrapping around the rubber cleat and saying, "Oh, No!"

As might be expected, witnesses to this accident (my father and older brothers) saw something like pizza sauce or Jell-O emerge from under the giant wheel. In later accounts Mom spoke about her pushing me together and lifting me up on her lap, where she cradled me, limp and rubbery, as Dad rushed the family Packard toward Gettysburg hospital. She spoke of something amazing happening at some point along this five-mile ride. My body firmed up in her lap and regained form and rigidity. For myself, I did not know. I was somewhere else; but obviously I also remained upon the Earth. From the moment the tractor's tonnage climbed over my body I was miraculously received into another realm – a place I understood to be Javunda. It was such a place, such a space, and such a land!

It was such a place
Where life lived
And where death was not even known.

After what seemed to be forever, I understood that I was being "returned to sender". With a great deal of reluctance I was pushed back into my Earth's skin (so to speak), while simultaneously being pulled by my brothers' calling and the longing look upon my mother's face.

Following the "Oh, No!" my next conscious Earthly moment was when I opened my eyes and I saw my father and mother by my bedside with a brand new toy log truck. I came to be told that it had been four days since the accident, and that my parents had been trying to take me home since my arrival. I had been protesting vigorously against the hospital stay for the entire four days. During this time the doctors had not been able to find anything substantially wrong with me.

So, this farm experience introduced me to another world (reality) to which I also belonged. Even as I wind down my Earthly travels, I know I reside in this other world as well. During the 52 years that have elapsed since that day in the fields of Gettysburg I have returned to this world of Javunda a handful of times. Even early on as a young farm boy I had become aware that there was something more!

Life need not always be firmed up.
Much of it is fluid.

Perhaps it is in the fluid part of existence where most of the magic is, where the mystery lives, and the revelations are more likely to occur. In and during the experience of the tractor and other edge adventures (the blizzard, the falls, the bridge, the fast, the bees) I have come to know that the seeming death before us is also a door open for us. As painful as it may be getting to this door, there is something more – much, much more.

The lesson that there are different designs and laws for each world came from my mother, Virginia. When she would find me lying in the grass looking longingly into the nighttime skies, she would remind me that I was sent back for a reason, and even if it took the rest of my Earth life, I would one day understand why. She would say, “Stephen, come now, you must concentrate fully upon this world. Come into the house and live with your family.” Years later, as I languished on a fast in Montgomery County Prison she sent me a book that most succinctly spoke to this: Be Here Now, by Richard Alpert.

Many of the thoughts, visions, and experiences that follow will speak to the importance of ‘being here now’ for all of us. *All hands on deck!* Something great and lasting is now in our hands. The success or failure of this entire existence experience – the ‘Earth Reality’ – may hang in the balance. Its very success shall soon depend on the collective weight of all life taken simultaneously.

As we continue along on this road to opportunity, understanding, and discovery it must be remembered that some of what will be expressed comes from places (spaces) where words cannot follow. In these instances we will do what humans do quite well when confronted with mystery and challenge – we will grope. Verse may be used to touch upon the impression intended. A stretch of the imagination may be equally as appropriate. Together we will lift the curtain and reconnect with the more of what we are, as well as the time when this journey began so many, many years ago in ages long gone by (but not forgotten).

In the beginning we were sent forth
There was nothing but darkness in the sea before us.
Together we lifted the sails
Upon the vessel of Earth.
We would see this night through.
We would sprinkle light (and life) into the vast darkness
As we traveled across this great (but not endless) sea.

Traditional mental processes of cause and correlation can satisfy some of truth and knowing, but much more cannot be known in this way. As we share these words and impressions their value and validity may need to be measured by “How do they feel?” Do they create a vibration or reaction in you? Does something tingle? Does a long lost but not forgotten memory seem to have been perked?

Another condition of this journey or awakening into other worlds and realities may, at times, be a sense of loneliness. My subjective feeling, as I move into the end-run of my Earth life, is that nothing really sticks. There is no permanence. In fact, my entire 57 years feels like it has passed in the blink of an eye. It is so important to me to know that when I finally take leave of this beautiful world there is somewhere to go; in fact, a world where life will send a beginning but not an end.

The Return Home

The call had gone out
A great many beings were seen approaching in the distance
A vocal murmur accompanied them
As they moved forward in a cluster
Toward an ever-narrowing causeway.

A gentle mist lightly cloaked a small bridge
That narrowed to single file.
Some among them hesitated and stepped aside.
A peaceable silence spoke to the magic
And momentousness in the air.

Steadily, though hesitantly, they stepped
One by one upon the bridge.
As they stepped upon this bridge
A veil of sorts was parted.
A long memory with a familiar recovery
Was beginning to awaken in them.

One by one they came
Knowing as they passed over this bridge
That there was no going back.
This was a one-way causeway.

As they stepped off the bridge
They had, in a few steps,
Crossed a great divide
And they knew!

The gentle mist upon the bridge now became a sweet and giving rain, washing tears from flowering faces, melting old clothes from their being. They stood naked but replenished under the bright sky of a new world. Familiar voices called out to them and came to take them in their arms. Newly come, they walked daintily upon the flowers under a sky with two suns. Celebration and merriment were all about. As they celebrated they were remembered for this great and long journey they had been on.

Now in this world
With the double sun
There was life returned
As it had begun.
Life would once again

To them send
A beginning without an end.

Even to this day it amazes me how an exceptional experience or heavenly type contact can leave us feeling so alone. In fact, it may be quite the nature of this existence experience that the hand can never completely close on anything. Separation and division constantly tear at attachment and love. Again, I credit my mother with sharing a great wisdom with me early on: “Stephen, do not get attached to the results. OK, live this life fully, but remember it may be taken away at any time. That’s just the way it is.”

When I returned from the hospital I felt as if I had so much to celebrate and share with my family. But no one (other than Mom) would allow me the intimacy we had before the tractor incident, nor did they care to hear about the other world.

Perhaps it may have been easier for them
Had I died instead
Of returning home alive.

It may have been easier for their minds that way, instead of reconciling what they had seen with my return home seemingly well and alive. For some time I tried to reconnect with my brothers, but it seemed not to be. I remember being approached in the barnyard by my brothers and being probed by sharp sticks and having hard chunks of cattle dung lobbed at my head. At the time I thought they were envious of the shiny new log truck Dad had given me. Our father seldom gave a gift or a complement, and he was harsh in his discipline.

Soon, however, with my mother’s comfort and guidance and the company of the many animals on the farm I was able to transfer my attachments to the cattle and the pigs. I became especially attached to “Pig the Wig”. I would bring her table scraps and she would wait patiently for me in the corner of the pigpen, delivering quite a fuss over me each day upon my arrival.

When I entered my first year of school “Pig the Wig” would miss me, and I would miss her. At the end of the school day I would hurry up the ½ mile lane to hug her and kiss her. Then came a most hurtful day, one day early in the season of winter. There was a lazy snow falling when I reached the top of the drive and circled the John Deere shed. There was my friend “Pig the Wig”, hooked in the rear hocks and hanging upside down, throat slit, and blood running to the ground. My father and uncle were butchering my good friend. Terror settled in me, as anger and loss overwhelmed me. Finding a soup can, I collected some of her blood and drank it from the can. With blood and tears falling to the ground I fled to the upper hayloft, telling my father that I hated him, and that I might have to kill him someday.

Mom soon found me there, crying up a storm. On this occasion she lent me the important and still valued wisdom, “Do not get attached to the results.” Not only have these simple words of wisdom helped me as I’ve made my way through this world, I’ve also been able to refer to them to help others.

A few years ago I was called by a long-time friend. He had been out of touch for a while, and he asked me if I could meet him at the hospital. His father was dying and was having a very hard time letting go. When I arrived at the hospital I found his father

(who I never really knew), surrounded by his family and stuck full of tubes from head to toe. He was gasping as he labored to breathe. I took his hand and sat down beside him, and I found him surprisingly lucid and coherent.

Soon I was asking him what he felt was next for him – what was awaiting his imminent departure – to which he responded, “Nothing”. To this I gently spoke of the more of life, the wonder of the journey, and the everlasting nature of it all. About 40 minutes into our dialogue his breathing worsened, he dropped my hand, and he began moving his head back and forth. He was clearly agitated, and I was quickly moved into the hallway by two of his equally agitated daughters. At this point I was fiercely scolded for trying to “change” their father’s beliefs. I could only respond that I hadn’t come to change his beliefs, but to give him belief.

Sometime in the next couple weeks I received word from my friend informing me that his father had passed over. Upon hearing this news I again apologized for overwhelming him at the hospital. He responded that his father’s last request was that I could return to see him. Being back in PA, I was too far away; still, I was greatly relieved that the power of the message may have helped this man let go of this world, and in doing may have allowed him to open a door to the next.

Nonetheless, there was something to be learned from the uncomfortable scene at the hospital:

If we intend to comfort
Then we must go gently
If we take someone from the closet
 To the window
We must protect their eyes
Remembering that light does not enter darkness
 To destroy it or even replace it,
But rather to illumine.

What was the message left with Mr. Davis? The nature of this journey and our place in it demands that we ride many horses, utilize different vehicles (i.e. our body). We must know that when this horse (body) is spent we have to let it go. Yes! Love this time, this world, this body, but don’t become inseparably attached to it. New moments in the same or other meadows await us.

We have ridden under many suns as we have entered many dawns and then passed again through evening light to once again ride (journey) in the morning of yet another new day.

Do not allow that which is eternal for us to end here, clinging to a dying horse! Willingly trusting in the rhythm of nature and the renewal of life is the best means of continuing upon our journey and completing the hopes and promises of our parting so very long ago. We may not now remember, but we have not lost what matters – the eternal pulse of life!

The parting Mr. Davis:

“Am I worthy of this heaven-like place?
I shame for some of the things I have done.”

About possible sin and mistakes made: These would belong to the long and difficult night that we journey through. As we continue on, mistakes made will remain with the world and reality, as will our bodies (horses, mounts, vehicles) in which they occurred. The soul of our being will best be guided by the illuminated light of creation, a light that has always shined upon us and will never forsake us. For our spiritual leanings it is important that we believe that we are of God and from God. We are not forgotten angels or souls to be tortured or enslaved to some karmic debt or original sin.

Judging by the way we are holding on to this world, we do not wish our identities to be lost or forgotten. Having faith in and trusting in the onward journey (that there is something more to life) is the best way to maintain a future and historic self. To be firmed up in eternal existence such that you might know yourself, see yourself, and feel yourself is implied in the completion of this journey. Should we fall and lose ourselves then we shall be returned to the all-amorphous vibratory pulse of life itself.

So please, Sir
Let go, be on your way.
For me the only thing to fear,
Is to be stuck here!

Do not allow your eyes to close upon this world without valuing your presence here. Quietly embrace the journey before you. Valuing the journey will excite and enflame the spirit wind, which will guide and carry you on.

For some time Mr. Davis had held on here, with a deficit of belief in his eternal nature. Why? Was it that he so loved this world that he could not bear to lose his eyes to it? Perhaps he celebrated the body-self as though it was the end-all of what we are all about, or want to be all about. Did he not, like so many of us do, seek to fashion a permanent home in a sometimes light, but often shadowy, and always fleeting world? In this scenario, faith and trust in our lasting nature and true value are jettisoned for the objective – touchable material kingdom that may attempt to throw a fence around us, as might a jailer's keeper. Or, like so many of us who have accumulated so much "stuff" and developed so much technology, have we over-valued this time and age?

If we are holding on here, are we withholding something special from ourselves? Can we be prodded gently with a message of something more? Can we be awakened from a purposeless sleep? In some cases we must be made aware of the stupor of self-indulgence often connected to our raft of accumulated "stuff". If we can be awakened then we may be reminded that we are upon a great and valuable journey. It is a journey of such great space-time and distance that we must remain fluid as we slip effectively from one mount to another!