



Post 911: Sun Square Sun

Our Strife-Torn World, Our Communion of Souls

December 11, 2001. Our three-month birthday from the day the world split open. The Sun stands, on this day, at 19° Sagittarius, 90°, one-quarter of its first annual circuit from the September 11th position in Virgo.

This is the opening square of a 360° cycle, when we begin to lift our heads above the sand and take a long slow look at what really happened. This is our opportunity to learn in a more conscious manner from the great drama that reconfigured the world.

The event was so momentous that at first we couldn't process it rationally. For once our famous logical minds were struck dumb as heaven struck earth and cracked open our hearts. Three months later, reverberations from that event resonate on ever more subtle levels. Those attuned to subtlety are riding this invisible wave into dimensions of which we had little previous experience.

For example, my husband Jeff and I attended a "Dances of Universal Peace" event this past weekend at Lava Hot Springs, Idaho. We have been attending these events at least twice yearly for the past five years. The first time I went on the spur of the moment, having learned of it just before. I was stunned by this weekend gathering of about 130 people from the West who dance and sing sacred songs from all the world's religions to the rhythms of live music and guidance of dance leaders.

I told others later that it felt like I had died and gone to heaven! Finally, after more than five decades, most of them estranged from the beloved ritual and dogmatic ideology of my Catholic childhood, I found my place for worship. I was in tears most of those miraculous hours, as in circle dances we passed by each other over and over again. Shyly at first, and then with more and more directness, we looked in each other's eyes, open and unguarded by personality's wiles, to reveal the soul.

Then, of course, I got used to this unveiling of our Selves to each other in Community, as we lifted limbs and throats and hearts to the exchange and amplification of fullness and surrender to the One which these singing dances signify. I didn't cry so much anymore, though usually there was at least one dance each weekend which

opened the floodgates to even deeper surrender.

This past weekend, to my surprise, I found myself in tears more than half of the time. Each time the tears flowed, my heart swelled so full that for a few minutes my throat would shut; it was all I could do to soundlessly lip-synch the sacred phrases.

In those dances where we passed by each other, looking in each other's eyes, I invariably entered a dimension where souls live in communion, each so precious, so unique, and so very alive! So beautiful. There was no stopping it. There was only a re-remembering, of the divine breath flowing through and re-linking us All.

Now that I am back home, and as usual, more or less fumbling to integrate paradise with "reality," I sense that the deepening I encountered over the weekend was activated by the September 11th event. That this event, and its continuing, ever-more-subtle reverberations for those who have eyes to see and ears to hear opened a vast space within what we call "reality," and anchored it. A space I can dwell within, by simply descending into my feelings, and staying there, until they move.

And I sense that even those not so attuned are changed. At first it appeared that people responded to the horrific destruction on U.S. soil in one of two ways. A few, so evolved within ourselves that we were able to actually dwell in our broken hearts, slowed down to notice and value others, looking directly into eyes, smiling, helping, sharing. We were mourning the loss of life and sensing, with horror and compassion, the further loss of life worldwide in the certain war to come.

How many of us heeded the wake-up call? How many are still in a state of grace? How many are utilizing the event of September 11th as a watershed in consciousness, a talisman to rub as a reminder whenever things threaten to revert to "normal"?

For most of us, however, though of course at first the fiery heat of shock melted our hearts, this sudden opening was intensely frightening. Though, inadvertently, shock unfurled our hearts, we didn't dare hold them open, to be promiscuously stirred by shifting winds. The prospect of

surrender to the One was too overwhelming; we were not prepared.

Such vulnerability is, initially, intensely uncomfortable. Our survival is at stake, we think. We can't afford to look "weak." A reaction sets in. Our own unfamiliar and uncharted open-hearted vulnerability terrified us to quickly, or gradually, shut down, to dwell in fear. Fear of the unknown. Fear of further attacks. Fear of not being able to realize our plans. Fear of a Humpty-Dumpty world which all the kings' horses and all the kings' men can't put together again. Fear of a future which suddenly yawned empty and rich with foreboding.

Fear, in turn, inspired defenses against fear, macho armoring, and projection out, onto a convenient scapegoat to blame for our discomfort. Fear is camouflaged as anger.

As the weeks went on, however, such armoring and projection took enormous energy to sustain. Sometimes we couldn't keep it up. Anger twitched back to fear—until we could marshal our defenses again and produce that steely-eyed resolve to kill the one who tried to kill us. (—To kiss the One who kissed us.—) Anger to fear, fear to anger: an oscillating current which keeps us off-balance and confused by sudden and unpredictable emotional shifts.

Seeking solace, seeking to understand what has happened, to figure it out, seeking authority-figures to tell us what to do and how to think and feel, we slunk into vast dimly-lit chambers of "the media" where "official" propaganda channels and amplifies collective fear and anger, presenting the simplistic good vs. evil verbal pabulum and chauvinistic jingoism of talking heads, the words "America's New War" and other arrogant graphics and continuous images of destruction and chaos, all the newest, fastest, most expensive, accurate and lethal big bad boys' military toys.

Those who originally made a conscious decision to have the courage to dwell in our broken-heartedness *no matter what* were careful not to allow such demagoguery to infect us. We glance at headlines, we skim parts of paragraphs, we keep ourselves attuned to "what is happening" in that fear-based, brainwashed collective dimension while choosing not to dwell there.

Love or fear: those *do* seem to be the two responses we must choose between—and not just in regards to this event, but in every moment of our waking lives. (And even during sleep; how many of us have learned to defuse a nightmare by inviting its images to gradually percolate through the body?)

It is usually not so obvious that we are continuously making this foundational choice between love and fear. The great gift of such a Big Event is that for one shining moment the world stops. And when the world starts up

again, an uncanny awareness floods in—that we exist, that our bodies quiver with life, that every breath is an exchange with the divine, that we are one with all creation. Things stand out in stark relief. All expectations of the future, firmly based on seeming certainties of the past, drop away. For once in our lives, each of us is present, simply *here*, and *now*.

Once the grace of this initial moment fades—and of course it always does—we are faced with what next. I am reminded of past hallucinogenic days. That shimmering dance of creation, the vast and intimate web-like energies and cascading dimensions flooding and receding like tides, bright technicolor visions taking us beyond the beyond—and then, little by little, we would feel ourselves "coming down." Down to earth. Finally, whomp. It is finished. Paradise Lost. And we were left bereft, trudging listlessly through dull grey daily tedium.

And I am reminded of postpartum depression, that low dreary place of soiled smelly diapers and squalling lust just this side of childbirth's holy mystery. The difference in dimensions unaccountable. Hard to fathom. How to connect the shining presence of the One with the mindless unconscious habits of everyday?

For a brief and shining moment on September 11th we were all united in collective grief and open-heartedness. The heart *did* break open.

But how do we then hold it open? And why allow in even more sorrow?

This is the eternal question concealed behind every breath. This question asks us to open more, even more, to more pain, to feel it all. As we descend into this subtle interior attentiveness, we sense our eternal connection—to each other, to the inner divine. As we allow in what wants to come in, what wants to come up, we move. We are moved. The only alternative is to resist, to stop the flow, building a wall against our own feelings, against others. To resist is to get stuck. Nothing happens. No one is there to help us or comfort us! No one with whom to share the exquisite agony concealed within. In our armored anger we cut ourselves off from what nourishes. We are like autumn leaves, tromped to dust by marching soldiers; we are like water abandoned in a jar, putrifying, coated with scum; we are exhausted, rendered stiff and bored and cynical with the thankless task of buttressing constantly eroding defenses.

Many talk of how we are now unified, of how three months beyond the Event coagulating quarelling factions into one *United* States, we are once again *one* nation, indivisible, with liberty and justice for all. And it is true, the event broke our hearts open—and not just here, in this beautiful wild country, but everywhere. And yet, three months later we can discern that our struggle is for continuing awareness of the heart and its capacity to encom-

pass the world. Without heart, we become what we project upon the Other. Our liberty and justice then are not for all, but for the few who make the rules—and break them, with impunity, for their own secret nefarious ends—and who pose, with our compliance, as “the authorities.”

We are each our own authority. Each of us is unique and irreplaceable, and the author of our own singular destiny. And though we may appear to be simply good or bad citizens of whatever nation we live in, underneath our poses the divine fire burns in each of our souls.

Our souls expand—feeling compassion for all—and our personalities contract—fearing for our own life. Yes, even those who choose the soul’s way of love must wrestle with the personality’s way of fear. Fear is omnipresent; not only is it conditioned by each culture according to its own particular programming, fear is also universal: the body’s instinctive alertness to danger, its need to contract into a defensive posture. To move from personality to soul, to fully and continuously process fear into love, we must recognize fear, fully feel it; we must dwell within both the internal terror and the internal terrorist who longs to stamp terror out—without attempting to find reasons why or ways around these ambivalent, paradoxical victimized/murderous feelings....

The way to the soul’s heartfelt love is by moving with awareness through the personality’s mental gate of fear. It is easy to go through this gate into the suffocating tomb where fear dwells. It is difficult to remain there indefinitely, and with awareness to fully feel our anxiety, our dread; to dwell within, without seeking to act upon the instinctive struggle for survival and escape that is our body’s biological urge.

Our down time in the tomb is a womb which nourishes and fructifies. By dwelling inside what happened on September 11th and its aftermath, the coloration our awareness gives to the images from this event and their implications changes. We use the event to remember. To re-member ourselves, to put ourselves back together again: each of us a singular soul; all of us as one people nourished by this tiny globe spinning through the vastness.

But this is ideal, utopian, we who have not yet descended into the subtle internal awareness argue. Instead, let’s “go back to normal,” “get America back on track.” Rather than re-membering, we need to forget! The stock market is recovering! We’re winning the war in Afghanistan! Maybe it wasn’t so bad after all! Maybe “the authorities” know what they are doing!

And yet something is wrong, we can sense. Death is still in the air, curling up from disintegrated or dismembered bodies lying buried, or exposed, in smoldering remains. In Manhattan. In Afghanistan. In Pennsylvania. In Queens. In Palestine. In Israel. In our psyches. Death hovers nearby, though sanitized by earthmoving equipment

and televised sound- and eye-bites. Death walks by our left side, as it always has, though we in the United States didn’t want it to, and didn’t admit it did, until the horrific event corrupting our own soil.

Three months later, most of us are trying, in vain, to ignore death. Half the U.S. adult population is on antidepressants. Have A Nice Day! Alcohol consumption in Manhattan bars is up 25%. We try to stop the pain. To stop the knowledge. To insist that we go on as before in our artificial Disneyland world, shopping, flying, consuming, each of us doing our own little part to “get the economy moving again,” to continue the mindless waste of Earth’s resources. U.S. corporate-owned government urges its citizens to consider our God-given right! We are better than those others who are poor, downtrodden. Others on other shores, and, unfortunately, sneaking around among us, too, living in little cells! Who knows what They will do next? Will it be anthrax or smallpox or the bridges blowing?

Yes, something is wrong. Now we discover that the anthrax sent to the U.S. government offices was identical with that created by U.S. weapons facilities. Extremely potent, well beyond the capacity of than any other nation (or terrorist group).

Something is wrong. A few weeks ago teenagers in New Bedford, Massachusetts were just barely stopped from another Columbine massacre. Kids who had planned their Big Event for a year, kids who would rather, they said, have piloted a plane into New York buildings, dropping bombs along the way.

This imagination of destruction is brought to you by television and video games and “action movies.” The specific suicidal act of taking out buildings with planes is brought to you courtesy Microsoft, its Flight Simulator program. Even our imaginations, which by nature soar free, are caught in the educational and entertainment programming of fear-based “reality.”

In my first day in San Francisco, last month, I walked down to the Marina and looked out at the Bay. How beautiful the Golden Gate Bridge! Then, suddenly, in my mind’s eye, a vision of that bridge exploding. What? The next day, headlines in area newspapers: the governor issues a week-long terrorist high alert for California’s suspension bridges, including the Golden Gate and the Bay Bridge.

A week later, at a dinner party, a man tells me of the time he spends in meditation, gazing out his picture window at the bay, its bridges. Seeing them go up in smoke. And he tells me of the prophetic vision he had in April, of two large planes flying into Wall Street buildings. Terrorists, he told a friend then.

During these years when two outer planets, Uranus and Neptune, are both in airy Aquarius (the sign which, incidentally, rules aviation), we are made acutely aware of how connected we are through the element of air: the

Internet, media and other transportation and communication networks; through our minds, the mental space we all inhabit as humans. Ideas and images *are* in the air; no one owns them; no one person “thinks them up.” We open to receive them. Or not.

The only question becomes, which images and ideas shall we open to receive? Those of destruction, or those of creation? We can manifest either one. Which one rules depends on our intent. The energy we choose to nourish us; the energy we give back.

What happened to the World Trade Center happened to each person on earth, and it happened personally. The event reminds me of the death of Diana, Princess of Wales, which triggered a tsunami of grief that flooded the world. And it reminds me of that first morning, January 1, 2000, when the Sun came up around the globe, to costume and ceremony and song, each culture presenting something of itself to all of humanity witnessing the 24-hour dawning of a new millennium.

An old myth has been triggered—of Yahweh, or Zeus, hurtling thunderbolts from the sky. And, for the U.S., another old myth, so ubiquitous we did not know we lived in it, has collapsed: the myth of innocence, an entitlement of safety from the ravaged, war-torn and long-suffering hordes elsewhere.

We try to reconstruct our old innocence, to hold on to it for dear life, to pretend that we are good and they are evil. That we are still special, that mortality can be kept at bay. We buy more insurance. We move out of the city. We gather with families and loved ones. We stop opening the mail and sending it. But nothing is enough. The fabric of our secure nest has been shredded. And three months later, we refuse to acknowledge that of course our small brilliant blue global nest has been deteriorating for decades, if not centuries, as the “free world’s” pollutants spew forth in fire, earth, air and water.

We don’t want to think about that. That would implicate *us*, would make us stop and think. For though we call 9.11 a “Wake up call,” we mean it in the narrowest possible sense. We focus on the 911 emergency and we block its emergence by isolating it into a singular situation with no causes except its perpetrators’ evil.

But the results are the same, whether or not our awareness admits our culpability into the process. With or without a larger awareness, our question is how to plan the future when the future is so uncertain? Thus “the economy” depresses; all those interchanges we make with each other based on a belief in “progress” where we are the benefactors of the world’s bounty, dry up.

Those few who chose and still choose to dwell within their vulnerable open-heartedness are also the “real heroes” of this time. They set in motion a new frequency, one which stems from the drama of September 11th and

which has enriched and anchored an energetic force field that embraces the globe and envelopes each of us in the arms of Mother Mary as her Child.

This magnificent energy fuels the universe, different than any known power. This power is Love, a force larger than anything manmade, dwarfing our brainwashed imaginations. *Love makes all things cohere*, and renders nonsense romance and other sentimentalized notions of “love” as misty-eyed escape from “reality.”

For decades now, I’ve noticed an increasing polarization between those who center within in order to live in harmony with others and those who do not yet recognize their own centers as fountains of infinite energy, and so must use others to feed a never-satisfied part of themselves.

Post-September 11th, I sense an evolutionary shift. Rather than two ways of life competing for dominance within one reality, there are now two realities. That is, *two entirely different dimensions, sharing the same space*. Each fills the space with its own frequency. There is the vibration of fear which fills the space, and there is the vibration of love which fills the space. You tell me which is more powerful!

Whether or not this frequency of Universal Love will expand and deepen to fill our hearts and continue to trigger the re-awakening of Earth’s awareness to its role in the cosmic solar system drama, its relations to the galaxy and beyond, is up to us. All we need do is to deconstruct the armoring of anger which surrounds our fear, descend into and dwell within that fear to the point where, nourished with awareness, fear releases, drops into Love. Love steers the courses of our destiny as individuals; Love steers the courses of the stars through the bright bright night.

Clothed in tragedy, as was the Crucifixion two thousand years ago, it may be that the September 11th event was, in deed and in imagination, the Second Coming of the Christ-consciousness. Whereas the first holy event saw one God/man sacrificing his life, “dying for our sins,” this time thousands of souls sacrificed their lives in a vast seeding of our common holy ground.

During this Christmas season, let us pray we allow this opening into the awareness of the One.

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