

A BIKER IN DEVACHAN

Adventures for the Corporation

By Tim and Coral Zook

The dream was more like a vision predicting the direction of the next eighteen years of our lives. Its mystical power has only grown more profound over time.

Ever since I gave up trying to set the world on fire with my contracting business and hit the road making my living with my tools, I loved the occasional slack times when one job was completed and the next one had not yet appeared. My gypsy life was far less stressful and I was at last able to make ends meet. My office was a mid-1980s Jeep that served as my work vehicle as well. Tagging along behind my office was my living quarters, a 1942 Airstream camper. After having quit-claimed everything else I owned to my ex-wife, the rig was all I had, and I loved every square inch of it. It meant little to me to hop in and drive 3500 miles from Florida to Washington State and many places in between; going wherever I needed to go to swing my hammer and push my saw, pocketing a few dollars for gas money to get me to my next job.

Then there came a major miracle bisecting my life into two eras: before Coral and after Coral. Coral saw the jeep as a sturdy, vintage steed and the Airstream as her enchanted castle. She saw me as the valiant prince who had come to rescue her. Her well-meaning friends never could believe her when she claimed to love our gypsy life, and they secretly blamed me for refusing to give her a stable home.

I had found some work in Oklahoma City a few years before when I was single. In 1996, I was called back for another job. We had nested into “well-used” Nuhoma Trailer Park right on historic Route 66. The summer had been profitably spent—we had saved a little money and, with fall coming on, it was time to go on our way, but no job prospects had appeared on the horizon.

And so it was, one warm night, Coral had her provocative, life-changing dream. It was that particular kind of dream that one doesn't forget the following morning; it seemed even more real than the mundane waking world. We knew this dream was highly significant for both of us on more than one level. It was also instrumental in helping us determine our direction: a long anticipated exploration of the far northwestern United States. This time we would leave the Jeep and Airstream parked at a friend's estate outside of Oklahoma City and use our sleek Thunderbird for the trip, sleeping in a tent under the stars.

During my prior work in Oklahoma City I had become friends with Wes, a roofing contractor. Wes was a big hunk of a man, just tall enough for his feet to reach the ground and the foot controls of the biggest, fastest motorcycle money could buy. Coral found him fascinating. How could a big, powerful man like Wes have a pair of such incredible, penetrating blue eyes? One knew in an instant that Wes was a man with a deep understanding of transcendental mysteries, even though he appeared to be just another hard-ass businessman happy to get his hands dirty with his crew on the steepest, slipperiest roofs in Oklahoma City.

One day I caught my left thumb in the locking mechanism of a folding scaffold. When I found I couldn't get it free, I yelled for Wes, who was working on the roof on the other side of the house. He didn't hear me, forcing me to lurch myself free, breaking my thumb in the act and slicing it half-way off. Wasting no time, I ran to the other side of the house, shouting for Wes. He stopped what he was doing and took me to the hospital emergency room.

Several days later, I was wondering how I was going to pay a thousand dollar medical bill when Wes knocked on my trailer door, offering to take me on as his employee retroactive to a few days prior to my accident. Wes' kindness made it possible for me to file a claim for workman's compensation. Then he handed me a Christmas gift, a copy of *Urantia*, a kind of esoteric Bible colorfully detailing the plan of the ages of the earth (Urantia), the cosmos, and Paradise itself.

I was deeply impressed to say the least. I have described Wes in some detail because he plays a major role in Coral's prophetic dream.

In her dream Coral became Wes, taking on his startling blue eyes and powerful, yet gentle, manhood. She was racing down a city street on a massive hog with no agenda in mind and to nowhere in particular. The ride was exhilarating and Coral was entranced with watching the ground beneath her race by even though she didn't seem to be moving at all. Physics has it that there can be no sense of movement when acceleration is zero. In spiritual transformation there is quite often no sense of acceleration either, leaving us quite convinced that we are going nowhere while, all the time, we are developing our inner resources at breakneck speed.

The hog came to a screeching halt in the parking lot of a multi-storied corporate headquarters. Coral dismounted her steed and methodically removed her helmet, storing it in the compartment bag on the side. She walked hesitantly towards the forbidding building and its equally unfriendly glass revolving doors. This was an alien world to her, and she had no reason to be there.

Entering the building, the receptionist in the lobby started, staring at her as if she were some kind of invader. Sensing her alarm, Coral gave her a reassuring smile, and then retreated to the darkest corner of the crystal and glass reception area without a word. She had nothing to say—for she did not understand why she was here in the first place.

Coral found a seat and began studying her surroundings. The place seemed cold and otherworldly. She made mental notes of everything that she would change in an attempt to make this eerie anteroom appealing to earthbound mortals. The most striking anomaly of all was a large clock hanging on the wall in front of her, for the clock had no hands. Even if she did have an appointment with someone, there was no way to tell whether she was on time or late.

Coral was torn. Painfully aware that she was making the receptionist nervous, she wanted to leave, but a stubborn voice within her wouldn't let her give up and walk out. She didn't blame the receptionist. After all, what was a big, brawny biker doing in this corporate office anyway? Every once in a while the woman would peer over the reception desk with a terrified curiosity. Within a few minutes that seemed like an hour, Coral heard a booming male voice over the intercom: "The CEO is now ready to see you."

Coral stood up and walked towards the desk. Somehow the frazzled receptionist found the courage to lead her down a hallway. She was at a loss to explain why her guide ignored the large gothic lettered sign hanging over a set of massive mahogany doors announcing that it was the "Office of the CEO." Instead, they continued further down the hall to a small, nondescript panel door with no enlightening information on it whatsoever.

The receptionist opened the door, ushered Coral through and retreated abruptly down the hall. Dressed in biker jeans, boots and black leather jacket, Coral felt foolish and presumptuous. “I should be wearing a suit with a backward collar or some kind of official uniform,” she thought. Unsure what else to do, she sat down on a chair across from a desk where a man in his mid-fifties with salt and pepper hair sat fidgeting with papers and muttering to himself incoherently. The office was more like a small efficiency apartment than the private quarters of a well-heeled businessman. Indeed, there was even a pot of stale smelling coffee sitting on a night stand by an unmade bed.

The gentleman, whose demeanor was as forbidding as his corporate headquarters, didn’t even glance up from his frantic obsession with his papers. Having sat there for what seemed an eternity with no recognition of her presence, Coral finally spoke in an apologetic voice. “Sir, did you want to hire me? Why am I here? What do you want me to do?”

Absolutely beside himself, the CEO sprang to his feet. With wildly flailing arms, he shouted at the nervous but resolute Coral. “Damn right I want to hire you, but why the hell are you asking me what you’re supposed to do?” At first she thought this was just an unstable, aging executive, but his eyes held a power she couldn’t resist and didn’t understand. “Just get the hell out of here and leave me alone,” the CEO raged on. “Get that hog of yours out of my parking lot and just go! Go! Go have adventures for the corporation!” His tirade over at last, he sat down and made an offhand gesture towards the door.

Coral obeyed gratefully, anxious to put as many miles as possible between her and this bizarre magus in the shortest amount of time. She hadn’t even reached the door, when the suddenly reflective CEO called her to a halt. “Do you see this?” he asked, waving an enormous wad of green money at her.

Coral nodded, unsure what to say.

The CEO’s voice was almost compassionate, as if he regretted his righteous wrath. “When you are finished with your adventures, come back and see me. This is yours.”

The money did not excite Coral—all she wanted to do was get out of there. She ran down the hall, banging her head on the slow revolving doors on her way out. Mounting her steed, she roared past the tiled fountains of the parking lot like a traumatized banshee, although her would-be benefactor’s incomprehensible instructions kept repeating endlessly in her mind, “Go! Have adventures for the corporation.”

The passing landscape finally soothed her tattered nerves, and she approached a rich, impossibly green alpine meadow. Mesmerized by the surrounding snow-capped mountains and the magnificent evergreens, she parked her hog to explore this unexpected paradise. Drinking in the beauty, she headed into the meadow. A penetrating whispering—powerful enough to open the secrets of the soul—drew her on.

Quickening her pace she came upon a hairy, ape-like creature about a foot shorter than she. Although he was definitely an ape, his body had human proportions and he was dressed in light blue pantaloons and suspenders like an Austrian peasant. The most remarkable thing about this magical ape was his amazingly bright, intelligent blue eyes. With her senses now sharpened to the point of clairvoyance, Coral realized that he was no threat. Utterly harmless, he seemed glad to see her. Still aware of the poignant whispering, she lifted her eyes and saw several dozen similar creatures, both male and female, which were playing on an elaborate labyrinth of ropes and wires in the middle of the meadow by a large chalet.

Enthralled by the sheer wonder of these adorable beasts and the whispering that threatened to bare the contents of her soul, she turned to her companion. “Where did you come from? You are all so beautiful! How can you speak to me?”

The ape looked up into Coral’s eyes. Only then did she realize that he was weeping. “Our creator doesn’t love us and thinks that we are worthless. Our name is Adventures. We try to have fun, play games and make her happy, but inside we are very sad because she doesn’t think we deserve to exist. We whisper to each other because she doesn’t want to hear what we have to say.”

Suddenly I was being shaken by a very excited Coral, who was supposed to be sleeping beside me, not attacking me at first light. “Honey, I’ve just had the most astonishing dream. It was so real.”

“But can’t you give me time to wake up?” I moaned.

“No, no! I have to tell you now before I forget any details.”

I forced myself awake as she put a cup of coffee in my inert hands and carefully related her nocturnal travels.

There was no room in our small camper for a TV, so Coral and I had been spending our evenings reading and discussing Joseph Campbell’s *Hero with a Thousand Faces*. Our studies had given us a fair amount of understanding of mythological symbolism. At first Coral wanted to brush the dream off, thinking it was just inspired by our readings, but I sensed something far deeper and more profound at work. I had no idea how far it would carry us into unfamiliar realms of transcendental consciousness.

There was no doubt about it. It was time to have adventures for the corporation. We were now gainfully employed by some cosmic corporation and sent on a mission. We knew it was definitely time to pack our bags and head for the great Northwest. I kept reminding Coral that money would be no problem as long as we were faithful to our mission. We had no idea how much the grumpy CEO was offering us. I instinctively knew it would be sufficient to cover expenses and possibly get us out of debt, but I underestimated the CEO’s generosity.

Franklin Merrell-Wolff to the Rescue

Coral never fails to ask me to help her interpret her dreams, “Why are you asking me? I have no idea what dreams mean,” I usually whine. Somehow this dream was different. Sensing its profound implications, I was captivated by it from the very first. Even though Coral got nervous about our gypsy lifestyle becoming permanent, I kept reminding her that we couldn’t possibly settle down until the adventures had ended. I realized that we were on a mission, and that we had to follow the instructions of the CEO. The results of each escapade were far less important than the experiences themselves. I held onto the hope that someday we would find someone who could help us unlock the hidden meaning contained in the dream and the wisdom buried in the unexplored regions of our inner souls.

Then, in June of 2009, the unbelievable happened. We had finally settled down and just completed the finishing touches on a home we bought in the heartland of central Florida. We had been adventuring all over the country, but nowhere did we feel more at home than in Sebring. Somehow we knew we were at the right place to park our gypsy wagon, but what was there to do in a charming, but sleepy retirement community like Sebring?

Coral was busy writing a novel entitled *Goddess in the Shadows*, which was as well as a spiritual autobiography. She prefers to remain surreptitious when possible, but sometimes she

can't help herself. She's a biker at heart! The title she chose, "Having a Beer with Jesus," says it all. It's the compelling tale of her near-death experience, and how an unconventional mystical encounter on a roof top in Oklahoma thirty years later helped put her tumultuous life into perspective. She had plenty to do to keep her occupied.

But all I had were my tools, now mostly in storage, and a keen ambition to retire them. What was there for me to do besides join the local Elk's Club, drinking and dancing away the last precious years of my life, a junior member of the octogenarian Sebring jet set with an ever rapacious yen for enlightenment? I had no intention of quietly fading into old-age dementia.

The 10th of June, 2009 found me searching my library for intellectual stimulation. I was taking a hard look at my extensive collection of books on quantum mechanics, intending to go deeper into the theory mainly because I suspected the quantum world had a definitive correlation with the Transcendent. I knew my former studies had not come close to exhausting the endless possibilities.

I found nothing in my library that really inspired me until, as the song goes, my eyes were stabbed by the flash of a neon light. The light was coming from two books I had bought at a little hole-in-the-wall bookstore in Jupiter, Florida, and more than thirty years ago: *Pathways Through to Space* and *The Philosophy of Consciousness without an Object*, both written by Franklin Merrell-Wolff.

To be sure, I had attempted to read them when I bought them, and I was tremendously impressed by what I read, even though I understood little of the philosophy. I blamed my meager high school education for being left in the intellectual dust of a university mathematics professor. What little I had been able to comprehend had taken hold of me and just wouldn't let me go. Thirty years ago I had neither the time nor the courage to delve into Wolff's philosophy, but I knew it contained the keys that would open the gates of Nirvana. Carrying the books with me everywhere I went, I could never let them go. I was like the legendary dragon—I had a priceless treasure, but I feared I would never be able to benefit from it. As the books shimmered in a soft glow I said to myself: "It's now or never. I'm going to sit here and do whatever I have to do to make some sense of this."

Coral had once studied pre-med. With her university education and scientific background she became my lexicon. Almost losing my happy home, I drove her insane with my endless questions, interrupting her while she was engrossed in her writing projects. But it also piqued her interest. She was wandering in what appeared to be a spiritual desert and my excitement gave her hope of finding her way out of it. Before long, she had joined me on the Yogic Path of Knowledge.

Besides my studies in quantum theory, I had read enough oriental literature to realize that the sages encourage a deep, mindful preparation for death. Having no guru to guide me through the maze of bardos and the flowery, difficult language of the *Tibetan Book of the Dead*, I had finally given up.

Prior to studying Wolff's philosophy, the only good piece of advice about death and dying I ever received was from a friend of mine, Dr. Elizabeth Hooker. We were attending a family birthday party when she drew me aside. Highly psychic, Liz gave me an impromptu reading: "Tim, I want you to understand something very important. When you die and pass over to the other side, do not, under any conditions, allow yourself to become mesmerized by your surroundings or the entreaties of your friends and relatives who will be waiting for you. You must ignore everything except 'the pure light'. You will have ample opportunity for visiting with your friends later. Your object at that moment is to go for the light with no delay."

That message was profoundly reinforced when I discovered the Franklin Merrell-Wolff Fellowship website.

With Coral's help and doubtless the guidance of Dr. Wolff himself, I understood what I was reading. Not only did we explore the wonders of the two books, Coral and I found a veritable gold mine in the Wolff archives, especially the instructions on the technique of preparing for death as if it were really a new beginning rather than a tragic end. Dr. Wolff was to become the unequivocal instrument of the divine, setting our feet on an exciting new path of magical, mystical poetry. Certainly, we remain employees of the cosmic corporation, and these new esoteric adventures are even more exciting than the type we were having while gypsying around the country.

In Dr. Wolff's archives we found three transcripts that became the key to unlocking the interpretation of Coral's dream: *Death and After*, *On Death* and *A Seminar on the Problems of Death*.

The dream was Coral's. The interpretation resulted from an intuitive study of these transcripts as well as Dr. Wolff's teachings on Consciousness itself. One day I was inspired to begin an essay on the interpretation of the dream. Like a rushing wall of water through an open floodgate, the intuition from the buddhi broke forth. This experience was more like a visitation; I was aware of the presence of Franklin Merrell-Wolff. As we discuss the impact that Dr. Wolff has made in our lives in our evening meditations, it's almost as if he's in the room with us taking part in our reflections.

Whatever credit is due for "A Biker in Devachan," it must go to Dr. Wolff. In *Death and After* he takes the reader on a profound and poignant tour of after death states, but the afterlife pales in significance to his final assertion: profound, blissful after death states can be realized here and now while remaining in physical embodiment.

In order for the reader to understand the interpretation of Coral's dream, I offer what I have gleaned from my forays into the buddhi and the writings of Dr. Wolff.

The Implications and Symbology

There are many planes or levels of consciousness and it is well to remember that this physical embodiment, occupied with material objects, is only one of them. Our lives appear to be real, but in point of fact they are only psychological—a state of consciousness.

Planes of consciousness actually begin at the lowest levels of elementals, rising into ever more complexity to the single cell organism, the plant world, the basic senses of animals, the self-conscious human, super consciousness, God consciousness and The Ultimate with many sub-levels in each stage.

But we are concerned here with only three of these levels, and all three play their parts in human consciousness. These levels are implicit in the interpretation of the dream.

We begin with the waking consciousness that is the normal state of humanity when we are active and concerned with objects. The second level is the dreaming sleep, which to the waking consciousness, often seems bizarre and unreal. In the dreaming state we are also concerned with material objects, but they don't follow the laws of the waking state. The third level is that of revitalizing dreamless sleep. In dreamless sleep we are not aware of objects and we appear to be unconscious, but this term is misleading because this level of sleep is anything but unconscious. There is, in fact, a great deal happening, but it is normally beyond the powers of the first two states of consciousness to penetrate or perceive.

The waking consciousness is analogous to physical life prior to death while dreaming sleep corresponds to the first stage of existence after death. Beyond the third state lie many dimensions of super and transcendent consciousness, but these also are not strictly after death states. With sufficient will power and determination most of these transcendent realms are open to us, but this is beyond the scope of the interpretation of Coral's dream. The dream does not pertain to what Coral will face after death, but what she has to face in the "here and now."

Coral, the biker, roared into Devachan, the third level of consciousness usually achieved only by those who have been purified during the second level interim.

This second level interim is a purgatory, a place of purification corresponding to dreaming sleep and is called Kama Loka in Sanskrit. In Kama Loka a soul is purged of everything "earthy." Normally the process happens while the soul is unconscious. When the soul is sufficiently cleansed of everything attaching it to the earth, a second death ushers it into the next higher state which is called Devachan. Devachan is a state of unmitigated bliss where the soul is given opportunity to reflect, synthesize and integrate the experiences and adventures of the previous embodiment and to prepare for the upcoming incarnation. Coral's dream is almost exclusively Devachanic in nature, but doubtless, Devachan is a very strange place to a still embodied consciousness. This explains Coral's confusion and consternation when she is suddenly catapulted from the waking state directly into the rarified environment of Devachan.

In the beginning of the dream Coral finds that she has taken on Wes' nature, giving her the power to overcome the problems and difficulties of physical life. The motorcycle is symbolic of that physical power. It is a well-organized machine potentially capable of aggressive behavior. This aggressive potential is vastly modified by the incredible depth of the spiritualized eyes of the rider. In other words, Coral's power is usually expressed as active compassion. This unique sensitivity is well exemplified by Wes' act of concern for me when I injured my thumb along with his gift of *Urantia*. Wes' character is not only similar to Coral's persona during the dream, but also to her character in the present incarnation.

A brief anecdote will illustrate my point. Coral had a very unique way of choosing the important men in her life. One day at the beginning of our relationship when she was busy trying to decide if she could risk a committed relationship with me, we were on our way to visit my son and daughter-in-law in Niceville, Florida. We had stopped for gasoline and Coral had gone to the ladies. After pumping the gas I went in to pay the bill. When Coral returned to the car, she found that I had left it unlocked with her purse in full view in the back seat. I had also left the keys in the ignition.

Joining her at the car, I had a panic attack, not because of my negligence, but because I was sure this would be the end of our romance. Not sharing my passionate trust in divine providence, I was sure she would really let me have it. I was thrilled when, instead of relegating me to her relationship recycle bin, she looked into my eyes, took my hand and whispered. "Oh, this is wonderful. I'm tired of people who are afraid to live. You are my kind of man. My answer is yes!"

Even more profound than this was the way she chose her guru: She was perusing the Franklin Merrell-Wolff website when she suddenly exclaimed. "Look at Frankie. He's got a cigarette between his fingers. And it says here that he likes a glass of port now and again. This is my kind of guru!"

So we begin the dream as Coral encounters the multi-story corporate headquarters which is at once beautiful and forbidding. She is aware enough to understand that she has a business transaction to consummate but she is totally ignorant of the nature of it.

The corporate headquarters represents the third level of human consciousness that reflects both the beauty of Devachan as well as its forbidding aspects, especially for one who finds themselves in Devachan without the preparation normally required in Kama Loka. The state of dreamless sleep to the waking consciousness is always a forbidding place even though we suffer no harm during our frequent nocturnal visits there. After all, it is a state of apparent unconsciousness as it appears to the waking state. Unconsciousness is quite repulsive and something to be avoided. This is the reason for the corporate skyscraper's forbidding appearance.

But Coral, having assumed Wes' valiant assertiveness, as well as a goodly amount of transcendental understanding, plunges into the unknown.

One of the first items of symbolic interest is the revolving door. In our discussions about the details of the dream, Coral had never mentioned the door to me. When I was fleshing out the article, I put it in on impulse.

"How did you know about that door?" she asked in astonishment.

On closer examination we realized the significance attached to it. The implication here is that when a person has passed through that door he has described the end of a cycle of birth, physical life, death, Kama Loka and a return to Devachan. Coral has always felt disoriented when she faces the challenge of navigating a revolving door. This may not be true for all of us, but it seems to be so for her. This fact lends veracity to Dr. Wolff's point: a passage between any two levels of consciousness is always accompanied by a point of discontinuity. This is experienced when we enter the dreaming state from the waking state and vice-versa. We do not remember the transition point between these two states of consciousness. Bumping her head on the way out adds strength to the discontinuity theory.

After Coral successfully negotiates the entrance to Devachan, the receptionist seems somewhat taken aback. Accustomed to disoriented souls, the last thing she expects is a vitally aware biker in a leather jacket. Far from being a stretcher case, Coral walks in on her own power. This had to be quite an anomaly and the receptionist is unable to account for a soul who has been able to bridge over the purgatory of Kama Loka and to arrive unescorted at the halls of Devachan. To say the least, this strange turn of events happens rarely, as there are very few souls pure enough to transcend an entire level of consciousness in one great leap. Chances are the amazed receptionist has never seen anything like this and was at a loss as to proper administrative procedure.

It should also be quite clear that the handless clock indicates the fact that time as we know it does not exist in Devachan. In Devachan, time is based solely on the ability of the Devachanee to achieve levels of insight into the past incarnation and the rapidity with which he can come to grips with the deep and hidden implications of his recent experiences. Of course Devachan also includes a preparation for the next fall into amnesia culminating in another birth.

For Coral, who is sitting there waiting for something to happen, this strange handless clock, in its ultimate sense, means that the Devachanic state of consciousness is not responsive to the movement of Earth on its axis. It is obvious that the waking state is subject to time and appears to hold us prisoners to its effects. The physical body takes to time as a fish takes to water; however, when the physical is absent and consciousness persists, cosmic time disappears with the body.

Coral, having been predominantly subject to cosmic time, and quite new to this strange world, is becoming impatient and is about ready to bolt when the announcement is made that the CEO is ready to see the next candidate. She asks no questions when they pass by the office of the CEO and arrive at another nondescript door.

The symbology here is that Coral is a special case and rules for non-Kama Loka applicants for Devachan are altered or even suspended. Instead she is admitted to the private office of the CEO, which is another indication that a mortal soul who is still embodied has transcended Kama Loka and arrived, unannounced, in the corporate headquarters of Devachan. But let us leave Coral sitting across the desk from the CEO while we discuss the executive's amazing behavior.

The Sanskrit meaning of Devachan is "the abode of the gods." Although the Hindu religion supports a huge pantheon of gods, it is fundamentally monotheistic. They do not believe, as do the Jews, Christians and Muslims, that the Ultimate is an all-powerful god, but rather, regard the Ultimate as a principle that is called Brahman. The realm of the gods then becomes something inferior to the Ultimate Principle, and so it is conceivable that some of these gods may very well exhibit strange behavior. The Hebrew God, Jehovah, is a case in point. Taking the Old Testament at face value, one would be inclined to envision this god as being unable to synthesize his eternal compassion with his holy wrath. It portrays a divine creator that has relegated the greater part of his human creation to an inferior status—a god, that is, who seems to choose only a handful of humanity on which to bestow his providence while encouraging the extermination of all the rest.

We must assume that the CEO is one of the gods of Devachan. I have known some very religious people who insist they will do nothing until they get a word from the Lord. Why then should it be difficult to understand the reason for this god's irritation with his chosen, infantile subjects who refuse to grow up and use their own God-given, inherent discrimination?

This god is not irritated with Coral, however. He is all bent out of shape when she first walks in. Chances are he has been bombarded with petitions from his chosen few asking what they are supposed to eat for breakfast. That would cause enough stress to make any god mad, especially if this god has a history of flying off the handle at any minor transgression.

I do understand that this scenario is rather simplistic and difficult for some to fathom. At the same time it is equally difficult to understand some religious people who insist on remaining infantile all their lives when it comes to god stuff. At any rate, I see it as a possible reason for the CEO's irritation. There are many gods who inhabit the levels of Devachan just as there are many people who inhabit the levels of human consciousness. As a consequence, gods and people can range from the most infernal all the way to the highly supernal. I assert that there is no god, however highly supernal, who is worthy of worship. Some gods may be worthy of respect but not unquestioning obedience. There is, however, that which deserves veneration, but it is the Ultimate Principle which is not a being at all.

Coral's challenge is quite clear. The CEO calls for adventures, which is the same thing as experiences, except that an adventure is usually taken to mean pleasurable while experiences can be anything from a lifetime in hell to a period of bliss. From the CEO's perspective, every experience may be deemed as pleasurable. It can be tragic or blissful to us, but the fact is that the spiritually advanced will be able to interpret a tragedy as a holy quest.

The term 'adventures for the corporation' implies that all experiences are "grist for the mill" in the words of Ram Das. The purpose of Devachan for the incarnating soul is indeed to be a place of peace and rest, but more importantly to give the soul a chance to find meaning and value in the experiences of their past lives. Devachan, as I said before, is a state of consciousness and it is possible to experience it not only after death, but in the here and now. The challenge is to probe for the pearl that can be found, not in one in a thousand oysters, but in every experiential oyster.

Coral is now off to seek her fortune: the mythic hero's journey. The lush Alpine valley is symbolic of one of the highly desirable sub-states of consciousness; complete with magical beings and delightful vistas. It is probably only within this high state of consciousness that one would even be able to view a hairy ape as adorable.

What are we to make of this gorgeous valley of whispering apes that are inwardly very sad to the point of tears? We read in Joseph Campbell that in many heroic tales, when the hero is at the point of despair and facing certain disaster, magical guides like birds and other animals bring messages that will save him, if he only takes the time to listen. The apes are despondent because Coral is discounting their importance. They want to tell her many secrets, but Coral is not yet able to bear them so they share them among themselves.

When we look at the encounter with the apes in this context, we must assume that Coral is the creator of these magical beasts. However, the apes are none other than the adventures she has been instructed to pursue. After all, their name is Adventures. They are also the exploits that are crucial to Devachanic experience; the ones that contain the most priceless pearls. We humans seek to obliterate them by engaging in perpetual frantic and meaningless activity.

It is endemic for humanity to view many of their experiences as invalid or even repulsive. We try to avoid taking a good, discriminating look at ourselves until we arrive at Devachan after death. To be sure, we all have happy times, but usually the pleasure has a very short life span.

The challenge for Coral is to find a way to change the unlovely into the adorable and go after the pearl in every oyster in her present incarnation. If indeed there is a pearl in every oyster, then there is no oyster that is not adorable.

This, being the end of the physical interpretation of the dream, I draw your attention to the Hermetic principle "As above, so below." I will turn it around to read "As below, so above." Now that we know that Devachan is not a heaven reserved for the recently departed, let us examine how a real life person would enter Devachan.

First, he would have to be introspective. He would know and strictly observe the rules of Devachan which are only two in number: "Whatsoever a man sows, that shall he reap" and "Do unto others as you would have them do unto you." The person who does not have these criteria governing his life would never even find the Devachanic headquarters. For him there is no such thing as another level of consciousness, at least on this side of death.

Second, the Devachanic aspirant is required to make his pursuit an avocation that takes precedence over any other worldly vocation. He must have put objective life on the back burner, so to speak, to allow the subjective levels of consciousness to become predominant and primary.

Third, this person must have come to the understanding that Devachan is not an ultimate objective even if it is the abode of the gods and a place of peace and rest. It is rather a half-way house, giving the mortal soul the opportunity to prepare for another physical life and ultimately for the day when he shall have tired of this merry-go-round of death and rebirth. At such a time, he may then make the most supreme human effort to achieve total liberation and choose a transcendent residence that is beyond the abode of the gods.

To be sure, someone who is already in Devachan would appear no different on the surface from anyone else. They go about their daily dharma much like any other earth dweller, but they do so in relative bliss. This state of bliss is not controlled by a moody cosmic puppeteer pulling their strings. Things that go wrong in daily life have merely become another adventure and an opportunity to unfold. The Adventures hushed whispering becomes clearly audible when the aspirant is ready to hear without cringing.

The promised payment by the CEO given to Coral was realized only ten years later. After Coral's mother passed on, we were offered sole inheritance of her family home if we would agree to move in with her dad and stay with him for the duration of his life. We accepted the offer. Six months later after her dad had gone on to Devachan, we remodeled the house and got it on the market right before the real estate crash in 2008. The amount of money the CEO had in his hand was \$206,000. Today that same property is up for sale for \$54,000.

But this is not the end of the story, nor is it the end of the interpretation of the dream. The adventures continue. The only difference is that they deal almost exclusively with the inner spaces. They are psychological and transcendental in nature. As long as we take up space on planet Earth objective adventure will not end, but they no longer dominate our time and space. They come as a default, an incarnational given. We no longer go out to look for new ones. The inheritance we received gave us the financial freedom that enabled us to set up this avocation and we are presently very involved with the introspection, the contemplation and the delight that is the default condition of the state of Devachan. The subjective and mystical aspects of this level of consciousness are becoming more real than the objective.

Ananda, another Sanskrit term, is the delightful passion for spiritual unfolding and it takes the place of the ego-driven libido. Ananda has little in common with natural and biological evolution, but libido is inimical. One of the great things about mortal embodiment is the never ending human urge towards betterment and synthesis. This urge can be driven by the power of evolution and libido, which may require many millennia for its unfolding, but if Devachan is embraced while the soul remains embodied, the power of Ananda takes over and much less time is required to achieve liberation from the seemingly endless cycle of birth, death and rebirth.

If you would like to comment on this article, Coral and I would love to hear from you. You may contact us at roseparkview@msn.com. Please indicate that you are replying to the article in the subject heading, re: A Biker in Devachan.