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Natural Mystic
Dedication
To the people of Jamaica



The Jamaican National Anthem

Eternal Father, Bless our Land,
Guard us with thy mighty hand,
Keep us free from evil powers,
Be our light through countless hours,
To our leaders, great defender,
Grant true wisdom from above,
Justice, truth be ours forever,
Jamaica, land we love,
Jamaica, Jamaica, Jamaica, land we love

Teach us true respect for all,
Stir response to duty's call,
Strengthen us the weak to cherish,
Give us vision lest we perish,
Knowledge send us Heavenly Father,
Grant true wisdom from above,
Justice, truth be ours forever,
Jamaica, land we love,
Jamaica, Jamaica, Jamaica, land we love

The Jamaican National Pledge

Before God and all mankind, I pledge the love and loyalty of my heart, the wisdom and courage of my mind, the strength and vigour of my body in the service of my fellow citizens; I promise to stand up for Justice, Brotherhood and Peace, to work diligently and creatively, to think generously and honestly, so that Jamaica may, under God, increase in beauty, fellowship and prosperity, and play her part in advancing the welfare of the whole human race.

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Acknowledgements

Everything I am has been learnt in relationships. There is nothing I have that was not given to me. So firstly, let me honor every person that comes to read these stories or hear them. You bring value and meaning to the project.

I have been richly inspired through the diligence of many authors who took the time to write their stories down. It has been a tremendous privilege and joy to return the favor.

I hope that the Light of inspiration might shine through the shadows of these stories and lift each soul that reads into a greater clarity of purpose.

I am grateful for all the persons mentioned in these pages whose lives have intertwined with mine and given value and meaning to my journey. May we all come to a greater common understanding as we interpret in our time the meaning of the precious gift of life.

I know very little about prayer and have been a poor student. The little I know has impacted my life so much, that I had to write about it. So I hope the experts will understand and pardon me.

I'm very blessed with relationships that nourish and succor who I am, and the gifts I've been given. I acknowledge my parents and their parents and their parents as being hugely involved, if not mentioned in the process that produced this book:-

My mother, Lastenia; her parents Maude and Martin whose memories continue to enrich me, and the presences that shine on my life from beyond space and time, shadows like Samuel and Ann Davis, and Caroline Smith;

My father, Errol; his parents Joyce (still with us and at the time of writing celebrates her 90th) and Percy; to Mama Lou whose star shines more brilliantly with the passage of time and Cyril Wallace-Miller who seems to have infected his entire bloodline with a flair for writing.

I have a royal heritage, and I pray that this book is worthy of you.

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Preface

It is my privilege to write a preface for this book for a man I consider a brother in the Lord. YeKengalé and I have known each other for nearly 40 years, having met each other when we were boys. Actually, it goes a generation back as both sets of our parents knew each other from when they were young married couples. We attended the same church –Bethel Baptist Church in Half-Way- Tree, St. Andrew, Jamaica - in the 1970s, and were together active in the ministry of music. As important is the fact that we therefore came under the preaching and teaching ministry of the Rev. Dr. Burchel Taylor, who at that time was the major Christian prophetic voice in the country.

Given the turbulent nature of the times, and given the progressive nature of his pulpiteering and its concomitant pioneering social outreach ministry, we, along with many others, were oriented toward regarding the Christian gospel as normatively holistic and as having a sharp political edge. Small wonder that both of us have continued to see it in these terms up until today.

YeKengalé and I both left Bethel in the 1980s, and both of us went our separate ways. I went to University and later to a formal theological seminary: he to University and then to the informal seminary of Life. It is both the journey and the fruit of that journey, which is reflected here in the pages of *Natural Mystic*. Reading it brought me up to date to what was happening in the life of my friend during the many years when I had lost regular touch with him.

I have to tell you that at times when reading, I was surprised and even shocked at what was unfolding. I was surprised at the degree to which YeKengalé, a man from a comfortable middle class background, had so completely immersed himself into the life and world of the uncomfortable lower classes of this country, whether in the inner cities of Kingston or the rural backwoods of Portland. I was shocked to know of the degree which he had to encounter criminality on a day to day basis, and to know of the intense and courageous way he engaged it.

I tell you the truth: it made me stop and think. About myself, the ministry that I exercise. About my country: its people and especially about its leaders. About the vision that we have of life, and whether we are adequately dealing with the hearts and real issues of the mass of our people. For, since YeKengalé's book is so much more than a travelogue, but moreso, a manifesto for personal, societal, and global transformation; to repeat, it made me stop and think.

That's what I believe it will do for you, if you read it and/or have it read to you. You will stop and think as you hear about Vivian, Eric, Sister Allison and Aunty Yvonne, and wonder whether you do need to make a choice to go on 'a more excellent way'. It is my prayer that this work will inspire you to allow the Natural Mystic to lead you in the paths of righteousness for God's name sake, always remembering that:

“Righteousness makes a country strong but sin makes people weak” (Proverbs 14:34).
God Bless You!

Stephen C.A. Jennings (Rev. Dr.)
Pastor,
Mona Circuit of Baptist Churches
October 17, 2011
National Heroes Day
St. Andrew
Jamaica

Natural Mystic Prologue

Things are not the way they used to be. One and all have got to face reality –Robert Marley

Jamaica is a paradox. Visitors to the island whose memories are charged with very heightened sensual experiences, re-invoked wherever and whenever the island's music is played, think of Jamaica as a paradise on earth - friendly hospitable people, unbridled beauty of landscape. etc

Yet many Jamaicans experience exactly opposite realities in the same space. Their hostile, murderous oppressive, squalid, pain soaked, hellish experiences point to the world within worlds in the Jamaican space.

Who are we really? Where are we coming from and going to? What is our truth? (*Some consider our conscience too compromised to comprehend **truth.***) We all not only experience life commonly, but also interpret its meaning....together.

I have written this book with the boldness with which I have lived, clinging tenaciously to a vision which you may come to agree is the best future we can aspire for. However these words are understood or misunderstood, so much confusion obfuscating the desire of this generation to link with clarity of purpose, compels us to contribute the light we have received.

Futures are founded on those elements of the present and past that we choose to deem as significant enough to shape our expectations for continuity. This book represents those elements for me.

I too have a dream – of a balanced Jamaica, where our motto becomes a living reality not just a platitude. A dream of a restored Jamaica where the wave of crime and violence that washed over our shores in just two short generations and set back our progress to the times of the whip and rope, dissipates faster than it had accumulated and where balance returns to our society.

Where the psychology of hate and fear created by economic and social imbalances internally and externally are corrected by the cumulative creativity of an enlightened people, connected by a collectively shared progressive vision.

Where our island's communities, rejuvenated by an awakened patriotism fed by a new sense of our place in the world; delinked from the cultural mindset imposed by imperialism, are unshackled to re-embrace the communalism of traditional village life, now amplified and strengthened by the enlightened, creative and culturally contextual use of technology.

Where creativity, prosperity, peace and equity characterize our civilization. And where the Natural Mystic is evident to all who visit our shores for rejuvenation, inspiration and solace.

In short, I see this nation 'saved'.

Why in the world would any sane person, grounded in the reality of life see this or say this about Jamaica at this time? This book answers that question.

Natural Mystic:

Jamaican Prayer Adventures

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Introduction

Feb. 2009.

Today, I attended the launch of Peace Month activities being carried out by the Violence Prevention Alliance. For several days I have been carrying around the burden of writing down my personal journey into the heart of crime in Jamaica.

So let me find a starting point:

Firstly, that journey began within... in the inner realms of consciousness... in that inner space some call 'prayer'. It was a purpose given to me in a moment of surrender. I would never have thought up this path for myself; though, in retrospect, it has led to the fulfillment of my deepest drives.

Matters of justice have always aroused my deepest passions. The first Easter Sunday I can remember was an absolutely traumatic experience for me. As a toddler, I remember crying the whole day. The pastor's graphic description of Jesus' crucifixion aroused in me the strongest emotions.

My tears, however, were tears of rage. I was incensed that those wicked Roman soldiers would kill an innocent man. I was too young and innocent to understand that I was to feel guilt. I spent hours feeling intense sorrow for Jesus' pain and perfectly infuriated at the wicked power of Pilate, the Romans and the Jews.

We all use the word 'prayer' very commonly. We are accustomed to the external forms and rituals associated with the word: The ceremonial invocation of the Divine presence at public functions, the poetic repetition of gratitude before meals, the nightly petitions before getting into bed at night and of course the formal or spontaneous addresses to the Divine in church, along with the attendant 'Amen' or 'Hallelujah!'

But none of this is what I am referring to in this book, so perhaps I had best just describe the experience. Early in my life, I became acutely aware that there was this inner dimension of mystery that drew me like a moth is attracted to a flame. I distinctly remember my mother's scolding my unhealthy habit (she thought) of spending enormous time locked up in my room, sitting in the sofa, eyes closed, doing 'nothing' (she assumed).

A teen-aged boy should be on the road with his friends, kicking football or something. I did that too, but preferred by far those blissful moments in 'prayer'. I developed the disposition of focusing on a Presence I became aware of in those moments. An ecstatic Presence. The internal conversations which often occurred during these times were as real as the audible interchanges between humans.

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Bob Marley called this common experience the 'Natural Mystic flowing through the air' that one has to listen carefully to be able to hear. Mystics of every generation and culture have sought to describe and even map out this inner space. From one tradition to the next all kinds of popular wisdom abound about the discipline of meditative or contemplative prayer, instructions in how to engage, formulas for initiating such a practice. etc.

The one piece of advice, common to all traditions, which I will mention is that prayer is the time to "Be still" - to quiet the mind from distracting thoughts; "and know that I Am, God" - Prayer is waking up to the deeper Sources of our identity - our I am-ness.

It is at once realizing that our mind is not the center of the Universe as well as it is the realization that our mind can be aligned with and is indeed designed to communicate with 'Cosmic Consciousness' (Jesus is called the *"Light of the World" [Awareness / Perception of the Cosmos]).

What we know by experience and experiment is that this inner space called 'prayer' is anterior to the space of this dimension and is composed of the causative principles from which this realm of matter /energy emerges. Christians today simply call this prayer experience having a "personal relationship with God through Jesus Christ".

What is important to know however, is that there is a deep, private, sober and silent conversation that takes place in the inner realms of consciousness (for many people, more properly, '*unconsciousness*') that directly affects the world of matter in very noticeable and otherwise unexplainable ways. Carl Jung called this experience '*synchronicity*'.

Whatever language is used, however defined, a very real transaction took place when I was about 16 years of age. A transaction that took place in these inner dimensions of consciousness. A transaction that would irrevocably determine my life experiences. A transaction that took me on the journey that will now be described.....a journey into the heart of crime, to bring a message of Hope, to be an agent of and messenger of healing. To restore the balance.

I can't remember the exact words or visions I saw in the 'Mystic' then. What I remember now is the words I spoke into that inner space. Words that forfeited my right to determine the direction of my life. My life was ceded to the higher purpose of that **Witnessing Great Expanse of Awareness**...and I promised never to make a decision that would determine my life's direction without at first consulting with this Mystical Voice I heard clearly in the center of my being. I completely surrendered.

I associated this Voice with my own conscience at first, as it seemed preoccupied with matters of personal morality - my own understanding and doing the 'right' thing in any given situation. But then, especially after the 'surrender', this Voice at times became extremely clear and precise. It gave specific information on particular events and people, and exact directions in negotiating particular goals.

The voice informed me I would be traveling...specifically to Canada. I remember when I was first instructed to go. I hadn't any resources or any invitation. I was only nineteen years old.

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I told the Voice "Give me time to finish sitting my exams, I can go by the end of July." The next day someone I did not know personally approached me and said "God told me to pay for your travel to Toronto on the 31st of July." Now these internal conversations had not even been reverberated in open air. No one knew the details of that conversation. At least no human could, unless they could read unspoken thoughts.

I knew then as I know now that there is a mysterious connection between the inner and outer spaces of Life. The more observant will begin to recognize that not only does our internal thoughts and dispositions reflect our external experiences, but the reverse is equally as true.

The creative mystic focuses on the inner world - the thoughts, desires and expressions of the heart, in order to affect the outer world of objects, peoples and events. This is the power of prayer.

I remained in Canada for over a year and a half, involved fully in Christian ministry. This journey was adventurous, amazing, fulfilling, and many other such superlative adjectives. Those stories will have to be told elsewhere.

After a year, I became aware of a growing desire deep in my inner being to return to Jamaica, land of my birth, and to participate in its evolutionary journey. The Voice was quite specific. I was to return and live in Trench Town. This was the beginning of my journey into the heart of crime.

If Trench Town was chapter 1 of the journey, then Vivian and Eric would be the preface. They were the only two persons intimately acquainted with criminal life that were allowed to penetrate the protective bubble of my typically middle-class, church anchored, Jamaican youth experience.

I met Vivian Talbot in my final year of UWI (University of the West Indies) but I had heard about his extraordinary story before I met him. His is the most amazing story of spiritual conversion I have ever encountered, and his story, unlike Eric's is documented.

Vivian entered prison, a ruthless, illiterate, cold blooded don - a hardened criminal, on top of the police's most wanted list, convicted and sentenced twice over to life imprisonment without the possibility of parole.

Just eight years later, he would be a free man, profoundly rehabilitated, pardoned in full by the then Governor General, Sir Florizel Glasspole; receiving the 'Student of the Year' award at the University of Technology (then called C.A.S.T. - the College of Arts, Science and Technology), breaking records at that institution. His many honors have not been surpassed since.

It was Vivian's stories of life in crime, his dramatic and bizarre spiritual conversion and his peculiar experience of Christianity that prepared me for Eric, who I met just before I went off to Canada. I did not even know then who Eric was. It was only when I returned to Jamaica that I realized what they both had in common.

They, in their time, were both leaders, the ruthless 'dons' of one of the most feared and vicious criminal gangs in Jamaica at the time based in Warreika Hills. Vivian prepared me for Eric and

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Eric was the key to my entrance into Trench Town. The doors were opening for my personal journey into the heart of crime.

In the next few chapters I will recall snippets from my journey over the past 25 years...and explain why I have an unshakable conviction that **Jamaica is about to witness the most dramatic and profound invasion of Divine Healing Presence and Power into the heart of a culture of decadence and mayhem, that will not only reshape the very fabric and direction of the culture but also spill over into the global community in unprecedented ways.**

* Several aspects of Bucke's idea of *Cosmic Consciousness* (which goes much further than Durkheim's network of *Collective Consciousness* in that Cosmic Consciousness is or can be conscious of Itself: It is the pool of awareness that *ignites* human awareness, the pool of intelligence which *informs* the intelligence gathered by human awareness.) are attributable to the eternal Christ as described in the gospel of John and the Pauline epistles.

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It's been over 15 years or so since I last reconnected with Vivian. I can't explain the joy. I remember so vividly the shared experiences on campus in my final year.

I remember that Friday afternoon or was it a Thursday? It was in Chapel Gardens on UWI Campus....casting the demon out of this girl... when Viv came along...

Now I know the mindset of many - Exorcism! Really!....Please! Wrong century perhaps. But no apologies for the language. People have experiences and describe them in the language of their understanding.

And it was an *exorcism* that bonded myself and Vivian in the beginning. And it was an *exorcism* that bonded me also with Eric. But that's another story. So I don't mind going back to the language of my understanding and experience to tell the story accurately.

And I will listen to anyone's experience that demonstrates the power and possibility of profound life **transformation**, regardless of language of expression or epistemological orientation. Because *that's* what Jamaica needs.

And *that's* what Vivian experienced 25 odd years ago. I won't tell that story here. That's in fact what we are now in the process of planning - The filming of Vivian's life story.

Here I am before my TV set and Vivian Blake, the former head of the Shower Posse, by far Jamaica 's most prominent criminal is deported and welcomed at the airport as if he was the Pope.

Swarmed by the press, and treated like a celebrity and my mind is filled with anger and disgust. Mr. Blake has never uttered one word of regret or remorse for all the mayhem he caused and all the spilled blood he presided over, and here is the Jamaican press treating him like a reggae star. Violence gives one notoriety in Jamaica. We have celebrated our shame.

I was mentioning this to Milton Samuda. He is present president of the Jamaica Chamber of Commerce and Chairman of TVJ - Jamaica's premier TV station. Vivian Talbot was as deeply involved in the criminal underground, but made a dramatic turn around. But nobody tells that story.

Today I saw Hon. Dr Alfred Sangster who gave him the Student of the Year Award at University of Technology so many years ago as the then President of that institution. He certainly knew Vivian's story when he gave him the awards, but does the man on the street know? Do inner city youth know of the redemptive, transformational possibilities that are available to them?

That's why we are doing this work. To tell the half of the story that has not been told. Milton ironically was one of the first persons Vivian Talbot, then in the USA, asked me to contact out here on his behalf. I didn't even know that Milton knew Vivian. His law firm

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was actually instrumental in the sponsoring of his University education. Milton also was the guest speaker at the launch of the Peace Month programs yesterday morning.

Milton shared my irony. It's time for the media to give us the good news instead of the bad news.

But even after all the stories are told, we won't understand a thing unless we come back to the beginning of every story.... the Genesis of the patterns of life - The Mystic.

Vivian Talbot's story, once you hear it will be one of the most riveting dramas that you will ever hear. My aunt says, 'Who needs fiction when you open your mind to facts?' Real life can be just as dramatic as anyone's fantasy.

But it all began....and nothing else explains the facts, with a little praying old woman.....Sister Allison - the woman who brought Vivian through her prayers to a fantastic encounter with creative, life transforming POWER through preaching the good news of Jesus Christ.

This woman *died* quite literally on her knees in prayer....and in peace. She was my grandmother's good friend.

This book is not about people, famous or otherwise. Not about events....although some astounding events took place.....It is about adventures in the Mystic - people who discovered the great value and power of inner space and quite literally recreated their outer worlds.

This is why **I know that our island is on the verge of a collision course with culture transforming dynamite**. If you listen closely, you will hear it too.

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Eric

It was at the church retreat that I first noticed the person who would later on be introduced to me as Eric. This small bunch of Christian young people had just organized ourselves formally into a church, and it was at that church retreat (we called it an 'advance') that we decided on our name - Word of Life Christian Fellowship and we formally appointed our first Pastor, Dr. the Hon. Phillip Phinn.

Of course Phillip neither had any doctorate nor UN ambassadorship then. He had not yet risen to great heights nor suffered national ridicule. He was simply then, and now, a most simple, sincere and committed person with deep convictions, a courageous heart and a clear sense of purpose. As I mention his name, I reflect on a conversation yesterday with my friend:

Some people are even deathly afraid of launching out into the deep waters and exploring the inner realms of faith and intuition. Aha! Aha! Look at Phillip Phinn....Benny Hinn etc etc and the list goes on and on. – Look at the deception, the excesses.

I always, whether emphatically or gently, protest. Phillip was prophesying (often accurately as many can attest), healing the sick and casting out demons (with results) through the power of his God for years before the *¹ Portia debacle. I have a very different view of the Mystic and of reality.

What's the necessity in the closed mind... the skeptical heart...? Each experience has so much to offer us, if we are humble enough to learn. Of course we fail. But we also experience victory. What can we learn is the question....from both....and hopefully pass it on.

Dr. The Hon. Phillip Phinn was and still is an icon to me of courage and single minded focus. Eric's story was more perplexing. But even if or when we 'miss God' (those were the code words we had then for 'messing up in the Mystic'), we move on. We grow. We learn.

If a doctor heals nine patients and one dies under the knife, we don't lynch him. Many psychiatrists charge good money for their therapy and counsel and only a slim margin actually change their undesirable behaviors or dispositions. Yet they are not run out of their professions. Why are we so unforgiving with the prophetic?

I think I know. The fear of losing control. We have our rational awareness and we feel safe. The vast and inchoate intuitive depths scare us half to death. Can anyone make sense of this timeless, space-less milieu? Those apparently gifted with interpretative faculties are aliens with powers we fear may overwhelm us. The denial of mockery shields us from facing our fears.

To be fair, skepticism can seem a sensible perspective when one recognizes that this form of knowing can be absolutely damaging to a world built on premises that pre-suppose the fixity of space/time and takes it for granted that matter gave birth to consciousness and not vice versa.

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Unless a sufficiently mature theology establishes protocols that prescribe secure boundaries for its exploration, we perhaps understandably are guarded against anything so powerful and potentially dangerous being indiscriminately wielded by a novice.

I start Eric's story focusing on failure and focusing on Phillip because that is exactly what Eric's story seems to represent to me. That undesirable place of "Where did we go wrong?"

I remember seeing this body in a seizure on the floor, his facial muscles and limbs seemingly locked in a rigor-mortis with a circle of church members shouting over him, "Come out in the name of Jesus!!!"

This stiffened body prostrate on the floor was the focus of everybody's attention. I remember Phillip's voice characteristically raised above all the din and glossolalia. A full half hour had passed. The 'devil' had not yet been cast out.

I remember my curiosity being peaked. What 'devil' could be so troublesome? How comes the fellow in seizure was not yet released? I bored my way through the shouting crowd. I placed myself along with Phillip and a few of the elders by the side of the body. I saw his teeth clenched. I could see agony in his face. He had no motor control over his limbs. He was like stiffened cardboard.

We tried to help him up. I tried to get him to talk. It was like picking up a sandbag. His eyes were fixated in a wide petrifying glare. The bus had come. We had to leave Oberlin soon. And here was this unknown man in deep trance possession. He had come up to the retreat with everyone else. How could we take him back down in this state?

Up to that point I had remained silent. I placed my hand on his head. I said nothing audibly but addressed the Mystic in thought.
"God, whatever is in this fellow, put it on me."

Maybe it was my lack of appropriate theological training. I can only describe what happened next. Firstly, I instantly felt my coherency of thought explode, and my body was thrown onto the floor with a force that literally had me reeling several times on the ground.

I remember feeling as if someone had thrown a mind bomb into my psyche and the walls of my reason blew up on impact. I remember feeling a tremendous rage*tremendous* rage fill my consciousness; and I remember a determination to **win** soak this rage up, till I stood to my feet and by force of what seemed like sheer will power, brought my cognition of self back into focus.

Within myself, I felt as if I had just thrown off a deadly virus. A distance off from me, Eric's body lost its stiffness. The seizure began to subside. He regained control of his limbs. He could speak strained words after a few minutes. He was helped up and after a while could walk on his own.

We were taken up by the bus. And within a few days I was on a plane to Toronto. Only after a year and a half would I learn that this fellow was Warrieka's ex-don.

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Well, I understand why most people would want to dismiss this scene.....about as much as I wanted to dismiss the scenes that Eric lived as a part of his daily existence from childhood.

Both his parents were drug dons in Jones Town. From before his teenage years he was at home in the world of guns. He was called Defense Minister for *² Arnett Gardens as a youth. The keeper of munitions. A living vampire addicted to human blood from childhood.

Which scenes are of greater insanity...each one can decide for themselves. All I know is, that is *exactly* how I met Eric, and thus began one of the craziest rides I would never have anticipated....an encounter with the dark side of life not just as disembodied thought forms, phantasms, or any other name conjured up for demons, but a very material world of guns, bullets, bodies and blood. Death is the devil's playground.

Our science is just beginning to excavate the mysteries of this Master Intelligence we encounter in all kinds of life experiences. Our own choices determine or at least influence our experiences and our cultural socialization influences how we describe them.

All we know just points us to how much we need to learn. What I know of a certainty from my own story is that **Faith is always a better choice than Fear....and that our culture is being overwhelmingly convinced of just that fact....**on every dimension of our cognition.

1. *Prophet Phinn rose to national prominence on his accurate prediction of the ascendancy of Portia Simpson Miller to the office of Prime Minister. He then made a prediction of her winning the next election which proved inaccurate that ruined his reputation and led to his characterization as a charlatan in public media.
2. Arnette Gardens – the northern section of Trench Town controlled by the PNP

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Eric II

Eric's story began....as all stories do....in the Mystic.....but specifically, the story of how did the Warreika Hills don end up at a church retreat? That's a good question.

The answer begins with another simple little lady, famous for being one of those nutcases in our society called 'prayer warriors'. Well, the Mystic is always calling for more brave who will fight for their country. The 'country' I'm speaking of is that

**"....country I've heard of long ago,
most dear to them that love her,
most dear to them that know"*

It goes on....

"we may not see her armies..."

...but in every generation of mankind, I assure you with utmost confidence and in many cases specific knowledge, they are there present, waging the real battles for the shape and direction of things in the worlds that historians write about.

Aunt Joyce was one such firebrand. I know her very well. She was having her usual prayer meeting and was praying out loud in her usual mystical prophetic style. She started praying for one 'Eric', being guided solely by the information being relayed to her in the Mystic.

She saw and spoke out loud, with great urgency, the plight of this young man....like a stark raving madwoman, of course. Imagine having a prayer meeting where you start praying publicly about 'imaginary' people and circumstances.

Well one 'Eric' was passing by incognito and suddenly heard his private life information being broadcast for all to hear with specifics about where he hid his guns, the last episode of his hiding from the police etc. etc....along with gut wrenching pleadings to one 'Jesus Christ' to 'save his soul'.

He experienced what we call 'cognitive dissonance'. He couldn't quite figure out what was happening. And that experience sent him to a place of searching which eventually led him to the church and then our 'retreat'.

It wasn't until I returned from Canada that I learned all of this. My close church sister Ann McGowan, now Renford from Scotia Bank had been one of the few church people who knew Eric and his story.

Eric was one of those nondescript, plain 'nobody' faces. He had an outward appearance that cast him in the mold of regular street simpleton with very little education, very little resources etc. The kind we pass every day and never pay much attention to.

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He had been flitting like a satellite around the church trying to make sense of his life, trying to escape his past and always hovered around the back of the church - the kind that looks like he was just there to beg something from the people after the service was over.

Later on I would be astounded at what he knew. He was a walking encyclopedia. Trained in Cuba . He was a living Al Qaida type militant as versed in overthrowing governments, as in foreign languages, engineering and all kinds of fascinating things.

For a year, I shielded him from his enemies - from hiding him in a whorehouse, to camping out in rural bush under the open skies, listening to his stories. Half the things he told me have taken years to verify. Some still are question signs to me. He knew top people in government and the Faculty of Social Sciences at UWI on a first name basis.

What I do know is that for a year my life plunged into a James Bond type existence. Tales of secret caves, submarines bearing weapons, vats of acid where dead bodies disappeared without a trace of forensic evidence. Fact and fiction for me seemed to merge.

And only Anne and a close circle of friends were aware of his past. They knew that his gang was threatening him to return to his former position as head honcho of a complex mercenary organization.

She was 'covering him in prayer'. She informed me of who he was. She thought she needed help with him. After one incident of her being accosted by a truck full of M-16 toting men in broad day light right in the middle of Hope Rd., the most central street in the city, she had had enough.

She reached out to me. She could no longer shield him. Eric was in trouble. Elections were coming up. The gang demanded that Eric 'report for duties' (assassination for hire) and cut this Christian crap that he was going on with.

They had kidnapped his girlfriend and taken her up to the hills. They threatened to kill her if Eric didn't come back. Ann was a decent, simple and single girl who loved God, but this was too much danger ...too intense to bear these burdens alone. She informed me who Eric was. She implored me, "...you were the one who 'cast the devil out of him'. He needs you now."

I had just returned from Toronto with a Mystic commission to go and find a place to live in Trench Town. The Voice informed me that if I 'paid the price', there would be an aversion of a bloodbath that would sweep the streets of Kingston beginning in the heart of Trench Town. The city, I was informed, was sitting on the verge of a full scale civil war that would destabilize the very system and institutions of civil society.

I know what I heard, but as adventurous as Canada was, I too was very aware of 'going over the edge'. After all, Trench Town? To Live? During elections? Well that's another story.

Natural Mystic

But it was the news that Eric's girlfriend was murdered and that Eric had gone back up to the hills seeking revenge from his brothers that helped me make my decision. After a 21 day fast in Trinidad, I reported for duty in Trench Town.

It's been interesting to observe how things panned out to this point. But I know what was always the intent of the Mystic. And what I have already seen makes me absolutely certain where things are headed. Seeing is believing.

And **what we are seeing now is the initial stages of an invasion of Spiritual Power that will alter the course of our culture and our national self image forever.** The good news is that this Power brings healing to the greater madness that we have been living in for over 25 years. We do not need to fear it.

*from the patriotic song, popular throughout the British Commonwealth *I vow to thee my country* penned by Cecil A. Spring-Rice. The 'country' that the verse quoted speaks metaphorically of is the 'Kingdom of God' or the Mystic Dimension. One might call the soldiers of the 'armies' referred to the 'warriors of heaven' who, in the inner planes of prayer, battle for the souls of humanity and for the blessings of God in the affairs of life.

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Trench Town

I remember the first walk through Trench Town . I remember pretty much the clothes I was wearing: full white suit, white shoes, pink socks, pink tie, silk, pink pocket square. I was fresh off a plane from Canada and looking slick.... dark glasses, neat 'napoleon' haircut....walking up Collie Smith drive.

The first person I saw (thankfully) was Danny dread... of blessed memory. He asked if he could help me. I said yes. I wanted to see the place. He said he would show me around. He did. We walked up Rema and he explained the lay out. 14 streets and 7th street was the border line. The great divide. The boundary - then part of the zone called 'No Man's Land'.

'No Man's Land' was that desolate area we explored. This, the region where dead bodies were frequently found in crocus bags and tagged 'informer'. A place of overgrown bush and human defecation. All the buildings in that region were burnt out and had high bush growing from their main floors. Danny gave me the guided tour routine and asked me about myself. I told him I was looking for someplace to live.

I can't forget Danny's laughter. Looking at me now through his eyes, I must have seemed utterly ridiculous. He spoke kindly to me as a family member. I could never survive in Trench Town he advised. Whatever made me *think* such a ridiculous thought? *Society* People don't come down to live in Trench Town

I remember pointing to 'No Man's Land' - the border between the two warring factions of Rema and Jungle and said quite matter of factly, that *I* would be coming to live in Trench Town, and that *I* would be living right there where no man was supposed to live.

Within a year, that's exactly where I was living....right on the border line.....and Danny was my neighbor! But that's another story.

Trench Town for me was a baptism into a way of life that seriously reorganized my psyche. How does one cope with reality turned upside down? Waking up in the morning had always been the high point for me in my youth.

I'd wake early and pray for an hour or two....sing, enjoy open air...but in Rema I would wake up to sounds of gunfire, abuse and terror - open my window to see a mother kicking her young son like a football, lifting him off the ground.

Or I'd wake up to the sound of my door being kicked off by soldiers and police who, but for the intervention of my neighbors would have herded me almost naked in the streets with the other men of the community who so were being paraded, *'jumping ribbit' all the way up to the police station.

Rage was my inheritance. Nothing walked those streets that wasn't angry...and not without good cause. I remember Howie...the local 'don'. The Living dead. The first time we met was the first time I had ever seen someone shot. It was a sight.

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Howie had shot this youth in the 'behind' for stealing somebody's bicycle and when I arrived, the fellow was just sitting on the ground in an ever expanding pool of blood. The insane thing for me was that he was still arguing with Howie, who hovered over him, gun still in hand like a strap; and Howie's speech reminded me of a Jamaican mother's scolding exercise.

'Insane', I thought, while contemplating what to do. The first thought was to go straight up to the police and report the incident. Then I had a vision of myself in a crocus bag, tagged 'informer'(and no, I don't think that was the deeper side of the Mystic.)

Just then a police car rolled by and stopped right where I was standing and the officer said, "Whap'n preacher, everything alright?"

Relieved, I blurted "Don't you see the crowd across the road? Somebody's been shot."

"Yeah?" he said nonchalantly, as if I had just told him that there was an ice cream truck across the street. He drove on without the slightest concern, leaving me in shock and'cognitive dissonance'there are no better words.

After several minutes of watching from a distance and waiting for an ambulance or a taxi, or some indication that this crowd was not about to just watch this man bleed to death while Howie continued to holler at him...in full view of the police station... with his gun in hand. And the blood on the street just kept on expanding into a wider and wider circle. Howie packed the weapon into his shirtless waist.

I had had enough. In a rage, I crossed the street over to this fellow (only later did I learn that he was the 'Don') and I decided to give him a good piece of my mind in full view of a shocked audience - Why had he just shot this man? Did he think he was God?

I let him have it and Howie, taken aback, unaccustomed to being opposed, decided to shut me up in the way he usually shut up everybody in the community. I sensed that and as he reached for his gun, a calm clear mind came over me and I looked him straight in the eye and said, "Mi nu kier ef yu shuut mi. But mi naa tek bak mi chat. Yu tink se yu powaful but yu iz jus a likl popet fi di big man we a yuuz yu an im nu iivn miin yu nu gud."*¹

I continued to speak with less anger and more calmness of how senseless was the life I was observing. His face registered confusion, he put his gun back in his waist. Then he decided to try another terror tactic and threaten me with a rock. I continued to fearlessly stand my ground. Till he dropped that too and annoyingly said,

"Cho! B----- Klaat! Wa yu waa fram mi duoa, ii? (kis teet)."*²

I didn't know it at the time, but where we were standing was Ninja Crew's HQ and where they stored their weapons. I was being observed by the guardians of the community. By God's grace that incident was followed up by a visit to the exact spot the next day with my preacher's equipment - one of those foghorn loudspeakers for amplification. I began to share with them my vision for the community. And through this, I fell into favor with the whole crew! Courage was perhaps the most admired virtue in the ghetto.

The greatest sign to me of a Mystical presence that presided over my entire experience...was

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favor. I received favor from every category of people in the community: the Christians, the Rastas, the shottas*⁴, the police, the old, the young, the men, the girls. But there was always this threshold to cross first.

I remember *⁵Smokie, for instance and his crew. They lived on the other side of the road from Howie. They were more into *⁶weed than mere rudeboy-ism. Smokie had a streak of Indian blood, so I suppose commerce was in his bones.

The first time I came, in preacher style with microphone and sound equipment, (that's what I used to do every week - set up a typical street-side preacher sound system, and engage the airwaves, publishing my vision for the community).....I remember a vicious voice shout wickedly at me, "Faiya!! (this is long before Capleton came on the scene) Bon Puop Paal! Bati-man!" *⁷

In Smokie's mind, all Christians amounted to one lumpen, characterized by Papism and sodomy. Now that was a divide! After hearing me actually speak however, he changed his mind about me.

I was received into the family like a lost brother, welcomed into the house. They proudly showed me their high powered rifles, their passport forgery operation, their weed establishment as warmly as someone would show off the rooms of their new Beverley Hills home.

The truth is, once the exterior was penetrated, I found the people of Trench Town to be very warm, sincere, un-hypocritical and genuinely kind. It was the people from uptown.....my family, friends and church....who after a while started to become in my thinking the 'enemy'. They began to epitomize every hateful thing. They - the reason for everything wrong in life and society.

Breaking down psychological barriers was one of the lasting heritages of my Trench Town experience. I began a long process of recognizing that everything....and I do mean everything that we experience in life, and this includes our experience of 'the other' and what we think has an objective reality - like the social order ... (and indeed it does have concrete structure.....but that order, like everything else we experience...) is constructed in our minds.

And those inner walls sustain the outer structures. And we always have the choice of smashing down and breaking through the old patterns if we don't enjoy them and erecting something new.

Our addiction to violence has been psychological.....spiritual, but underneath our baggage...there is Love....a need to love and be loved which is our greatest truth.

The skepticism, the dogmatic insistence on ideological control, the insensitivity, callousness, and wicked exteriors are fronts that don't mystify, fascinate or infuriate me anymore. I have seen where we are going. Jamaica, I know who we are. And **we are now headed for our healing**.

1. A method of humiliating men by parading them through the streets at gunpoint, leapfrogging in their underwear.
2. Translation: "I don't care if you shoot me. I'm not taking back my talk. You are just a puppet and the 'higher ups' who use you don't even mean you any good."
3. Translation: "Cho! (expletive deleted) What do you really want from me eh?" (hisses teeth)
4. Gunmen / gangsters
5. Name changed to protect identity of the living
6. Ganja (marijuana)
7. Fire! Burn Pope Paul! Battyman! (sodomite).

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Trench Town 2

The mission was to keep the peace. I arrived in *¹Trench Town one year ahead of elections. Up till that time, Trench Town had an unbroken cycle, an unbroken spell, an addiction to violent flare ups....and especially during elections. Power was at the center of this pattern.

*²Rema was 'owned' by one political party, *²Jungle, by the other. And turf, or territory was marked in blood. No Man's Land included the boundaries that no man dares cross who loves his life. Almost every family in Rema had lost members to Jungle guns....and vice versa. So these boundaries were etched indelibly in blood.....and the fires of vengeance kept digging these boundary lines deeper and deeper and deeper.

These boundaries amazed me. Their insidiousness. When I took Eric to my home in Rema, it didn't matter to him that he had left for *³Warreika Hills years ago. All he knew was that he was on the wrong side of the divide and the blood of all his slain haunted him something terrible.

Even though we hid him in the back of the car out of sight, and followed all the procedures of stealth he taught me from his training....that was the only time ever that I saw him weak (apart from that first encounter under the power of the Spirit)overcome with a fear, trembling like an irrational child.....and Eric... Eric was a warrior's warrior.

I met grown young men who had never in their entire lives ventured out of their seven street universe....never seen *⁴Cross Roads or downtown... not even to go to the market or the post office.....depending on which side of the fourteen street world they called home; and even after the peace prevailed, would be mortified to think of such a thing - to go where some brother or sister, cousin, friend had been mercilessly gunned down.

These boundaries were erected by blood. And the death machine in our island at the time of writing, churning out its daily murders is designed to reinforce the patterns of Fear....and Fear is a presence that paves the streets of our mind so that Power (and I don't mean our own power) can find a path to drive.

I saw more than a frontier in the desolation of the waste places of No Man's Land. I saw an effrontery to every decent value I had been raised on, every hope that I carried in my heart for a future worth living for....an effrontery to the Kingdom of my God. So I determined to slay my Goliath.

I started my prayer walks from one end of *⁵Collie Smith Drive to the next. Traversing all 14 streets. I was used to walking at nights and praying *before* I started living in Trench Town . Now that I was here, Fear would **not** confine me.

Initially, when crossing the boundary there would be a hostile, menacing voice from the bushes in the darkness, questioning my intentions. I always replied fiercely and boldly that all these streets belonged to me as a citizen of Jamaica, and all this territory was mine as a son of the Most High God who brought it all into being. I would go wherever I pleased and whenever it pleased me. The only one out-of-order was my interrogator.

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God faithfully and graciously protected me.

These routes of prayer - the only Power strong enough to erase the routes of Fear, are routes that were walked before me, many have walked since, and I know of a certainty that the Mystic is calling forth an army of soldiers of peace who will be marching down the highways of righteous protest, reclaiming territory.....until the whole spell of fear is broken and with deafening noise, these walls of the mind crumble before the freedom of the truly brave.

Jamaica will be a land of wood and water again for her citizens...and we will watch many of the former foreign centers of power become concrete jungles before our eyes. No vengeance....just the ways of the Mystic.

*¹ Trench Town, the internationally famous inner-city community in Jamaica, birth place of the King of Reggae, Bob Marley.

*² The Town is divided into its northern section, Arnett Gardens, otherwise called 'Jungle' which was historically controlled by the People's National Party (PNP); and its southern section, Rema, historically under the control of the Jamaica Labour Party (JLP). This political sectionalizing of territory, arming the marginalized male youth into party gangs and establishing political fiefdoms outside of the rule of law is what is referred to in Jamaica as garrisonization.

*³ Warreika Hills was another stronghold for PNP gunmen.

*⁴ To the north of Arnett Gardens lies Cross Roads, famous for its post office. Rema-ites would have to pass through Jungle to get to that town center and so would simply avoid it altogether. Downtown was a market center but Junglists would have to pass through Rema to get there, or encounter Rema-ites or their Tivoli allies there which could be just as fatal if they were recognized.

*⁵ Collie Smith Drive is the main road running North /South connecting the two warring communities.

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Date of Destiny

'The greatest miracle I had seen up to that moment in my life' - That was how I described it.
'The stupidest thing he had ever done in his life' - That's how Seretse described it. It's amazing how our lives intertwine...and how our interpretations of events reveal the many angled dispositions of our rich complexities of personality.

One thing that all agree on. That year....that day marked a signal and lasting change in the life of that community. *¹Trench Town would never be the same....ever again.

This particular morning was indeed a culmination for me. I was committed to being present to seeing that day through, and then I would leave. Mission accomplished. After all, that day brought to a focal point all the expenditure of my energies for a whole year. I was told in the Mystic, "If you will pay the price.....there will be peace."

Morning by morning for a year, I 'paid the price' with my presence. My entire world became Trench Town. It was more than being an emissary from some organization....or even being a missionary of Jesus Christ. Trench Town *became* my salvation. It was *my* soul that needed 'saving'...and here the only place that I could learn and unlearn. *Here* my teachers were.

At first I thought it was the other way around. *I* was the messenger. Day after day, I intervened in one fight after the other, one domestic squabble to the next, interposing my body between warring factions, standing between flying missiles, rocks and bottles, crying peace.

That was in itself true. Those nightly prayer walks and boundary patrols. Those weekly meetings from every street corner in this new fourteen street universe, from the borders of Rema to Jungle. It was a vision of peace that I was publishing...a vision that seemed far off then ...but it was a sure vision....of a very certain future.

The reasonings...the rich sharing of life....and the dramatic stories of how a Mystical power intermingled in our ordinary day to day existence could fill volumes....unusual stories, stretching my conception of reality.

But equally true. I was being purged. Being processed. Being redeemed from a thousand undesirable dispositions I not even was aware of before; or being aware, never felt mattered. Dispositions and preconceptions of life, of myself, of faith, of God that I had never before even questioned.

I was being introduced to the beauty in the ugly. The ugly in what I had considered beautiful. I was pressed, and pressed and pressed...till the only thing of which I was certain, was that I was where I was supposed to be. And that nothing else mattered.

Election day was the culmination of it all for me. Or more rightly, the morning after election day. Then, only then, would I be certain that the spell had really been broken. That the Voice had kept its end of the bargain... that the blood bath had been really averted.

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All the miracles and providence I had witnessed would not suffice. A deal is a deal. I remember Cedric warning me. He had seen evidence of the Mystic. But there are limits - he thought. He had seen the new ammo and guns arrive in the community. He was privy to the war preparations. He was a native son of Rema. He knew the drill. The best that one could do was to be prepared....safeguard one's life and possessions.

And he was concerned for me. I had options that others did not have. I was there by choice.

I remember the week after he told me this, and I had taken his words into the Mystic. The air itself was getting thick with tension. Election day was weeks away. The Mystic had promised me ...‘Not one drop of blood would be spilt...’; not this time. Night after night, like a madman, I patrolled the border announcing that conviction to the listening ears of the wind.

And then, just when it seemed that Cedric's words would have won out, an unprecedented development occurred. There would be a signing of a peace accord by the contesting parties. Every MP was made to sign.

But even that was not expected to hold the eager foot soldiers in check. I knew I would have to continue the vigil until d-day. The morning after elections. That day which for every election in memory of most of the resident youth, had been a day for looting and burning and death. This was the pattern in the past. The one that had to be broken.

By this time, my lines of support and outside connections had been broken. Mostly by me. I had become a citizen of Trench Town and had inherited the animosity for everything and everyone uptown. Most of my family and friends could not understand where I was (my headspace)...or why I was there. I was lost to them....and them to me. This final leg, I would have to walk out alone.

But for one person, who felt that, if I even had become insane, even a madman deserves company. Seretse decided that he would stay that final night with me in Trench Town and lend support. An act of courage, kindness, or stupidity...(whichever) that I will never forget.

Seretse was a part of the music team at Word of Life which I had organized. Musicians are given to madness. That's what we do. Balance life's insanity.

And so the morning after came. And as usual, the warm ups started. A small crowd began to assemble along the border line. The triumphant were goading the vanquished. This power struggle had become their identity. Their struggle.

Never mind that those who had initiated those animosities, with their rule of terror....with their shenanigans, were able to laugh and drink together at the fancy social events uptown. One of the greatest psychological barriers that I had to cross was to release my utter hatred for the political beasts that showed one face uptown and another downtown.

The stories I heard from eyewitnesses of the bestiality committed under their watchful eyes :- people being sawn in half alive, gunned down mercilessly at their capricious orders, sections of communities razed to the ground at their specific command...and these were the people who

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knew....the keepers of the secrets of split-souled Jamaica ...in order to survive...

To this day it is difficult to express the rage...the utter hatred commonly felt...which I participated in, for these animals which I watched enter the churches, courthouses and places of government with their sanitized selves, in order to play the extremely complex power game that we all as a society inherited and have become deeply initiated in.

I know where our *²Perkins-ian cynicism was born. Our conception of power and of the nature of reality is highly poisoned...and mixed with the lifeblood of people who we dare not demonize, so we turn on ourselves. Yet I know that we will vomit our venom, and face the truth of our own participation in the construction of this highly sordid reality. There is much reparatory work for us to do.

I hastily headed for my post at the boundary line, leaving Seretse in my home. This was my battle. Or so it seemed to me at the time. Both Junglites and Rema-ites were used to this madman who prayed every night on 7th street; so, I guess I blended in with the swelling sea of insanity.

As the crowd thickened and more bells rang and fists shook in the air and shouts and threats violated the peace of the morning air, I set myself up as referee, physically pushing back each fool that decided to cross their side of the boundary seeking to initiate the first act of physical aggression.

As the crowd increased, the gestures and threats increased menacingly in volume and I, for the first time in a year began to question the reality of Bob's Natural Mystic. Maybe 'many more' just had 'to suffer and die' and there was no changing a pattern this deeply ingrained in a culture. And then for the first time also, I felt the fool.

For what purpose had I wasted my life? And after the first gunshot fired, with a mob now well over a hundred, ready to rumble, it became clear to my mind that if this goes down, I go down with it. I was after all in the middle of it all, and seeking to push my finger in the ever growing hole in the dike.

Then it happened. At the very point that in desperation I literally ran away from the crowd to one end of 7th street in order to bolt right back into it screaming words like a maniac into the Mystic...."You promised!!!" I saw what had to be the most amazing and incomprehensible sight.

All I knew at that point, was that the angry swelling crowd that I had left for the few seconds it took to dash to the end of the street had seemingly, instantly transformed itself by the time I returned, into a crowd of handshaking, embracing, smiling people resembling a family reunion rather than a mob about to war.

Now, I assure you, I have tertiary education, I am as logical and rational as the average educated Jamaican....at least! My mind refused to accept the reality that I saw...I only knew that I was seeing it!

Only later, after conferring with others, was I able to get the missing bits of information required to process the event. I was too engaged in pushing people back to notice all that had happened:-

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Firstly, when Seretse watched me take on the crowd, he was overwhelmed with a sense of incredulousness. Then, *his* madness took him. He also headed into the thick of the crowd and started pushing Rema-ites back to their side of the boundary, even while I was doing the same for Junglites. In fact, I had glimpsed him momentarily but my consciousness was too focused to process it at the time.

Peter, one who had shared our reasonings on many occasions, and who also lived near the boundary, had been doing what every other resident of the area (in their right mind) was doing - he was evacuating his apartment and had been heading for refuge away from the swelling crowd with mattress in hand along with his baby mother and scores of others who were scurrying deeper into safer turf with children and whatever valuables could be quickly salvaged.

He then turned and saw myself and Seretse in the thick of things crying peace and he said (he described himself as a 'backslidden Pentecostal Christian') the 'Spirit' came upon him...he dropped the mattress and headed straight for the crowd.

When he arrived he spotted the Don of Jungle on the other side of the border and (if there is a 'miracle' in this story, this is it) crossed right over to Jungle's side in the heat of the growing turbulence and headed straight for him; and then, as he described it, with the "Spirit" on him, with great conviction of voice spoke directly to the Don, eyeball to eyeball, convincing him that we had done enough of this every year; why should we repeat another unnecessary bloodbath?

Simultaneously, a helicopter started to hover over the area and if the Don wasn't convinced by Peter's speech, it might as well have been simple strategic considerations that caused him to give the order to all his soldiers, "Back off!!"

The shot I heard was a warning shot. The Don had given the instruction for all his crew to shake hands with and embrace their Rema counterparts (to help convince whatever observers from the sky that this was a peaceful gathering). The shot was aimed at signaling to the overly zealous that the Don meant business. At that exact moment I had returned into the thick of the now apparently radically transformed crowd.

So whether 'miracle', 'folly' or 'strategy'...depending on whose eyes you saw the event through....all I know is there was not a single drop of blood spilt in Trench Town due to political violence that election year....and that was the first time since the 'war' began (since the establishment of the garrisons) that that had occurred.

This reality of violence we are experiencing that has (characteristically) established a global reputation for us as Jamaicans, is not only reversible....it is the reality that we are collectively responsible for creating...and we will, when we are convinced that we have experienced enough of it, choose to create something more meaningful. And when we do, it will be one simple decision that makes all the difference. For through the Mystic, we all are joined into one continuous collective.

1. *From this time onward, the Rema / Jungle divide was permanently obliterated, traffic un-intimidated between both communities became the new natural order and the historic political enmity between both sides was finally buried.
2. *referring to The late Wilmot Perkins, remembered for his characteristic cynicism and sardonic, macabre laugh.

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Flash of Lightning

The paths we take in life all begin in the Mystic. Behind the curtain of our concrete, apparently mechanical world, are shaping forces rising from the misty depths of a dark sub-rational expanse, from which brief flashes of lightning and inchoate echoes of thunder remind us all from whence we came.

A dream, vision or inspiration, like a flash of lightning; or a thought - a voice cutting clearly through the cluttered static of our hustle and bustle existence like seconds of rolling thunder, can completely alter our existence, cause our lives to change lanes, and put us on an alternate path of unfolding reality.

The issues of life have their source in the heart.

I had left Trench Town and had started a school for remedial education in *Grants Bay. Life had afforded me the opportunity to experiment with new approaches and ideas. The school is a microcosm of society. And at Dominion Purpose Educational Center, we were allowed to taste of the 'Powers of the Age to come'.

The school seemed a separate space from the entire island. We lived an alternative reality. The school became a paradise... a place of refuge...but that's another story.

One night, I had a dream. In the dream, I was on the Grants Bay shore and a student of mine, Ryan, approached me with his discovery of two packs of sealed plastic packages containing a white powdery substance. I realized it must have been coke and broke one open and tasted a little of the substance.

Ryan got very excited and began to suggest how much money we could make for the school by selling the find. In the dream, I found myself in a moral dilemma because I really did need to find a way of raising money for the school (and that was true on both sides of the curtain) and found myself considering the suggestion.

I considered Ryan. I remembered all I had taught him about life – about choice and consequence. I looked at his excited gleaming innocent eyes. He would follow me whatever I chose. To him, the entire school community and to much of the wider community, I was a Father. I made up my mind. I admit to being briefly tempted by the possibilities. But it was Ryan's eyes that brought me to a state of resolve.

I hurled the opened package into the sea saying, "No! Ryan, we don't need this!"

At first his eyes registered mild shock, fading into disappointment mixed with a tinge of confusion; then eventually softening to something resembling enlightenment and finally, he also came to a resolute "Yeah! A true dat, sir!", while indignantly hurling the remaining package even further out into the sea, briefly looking up at me with consonant scorn of the ideas that had passed through both our heads, confident of his own action, not waiting for my approving nod.

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I awoke, contemplated the dream then headed for Kingston. I was seeking sponsorship for our new skills training program. I had to visit a number of pastors in the city and deliver the letters soliciting the support of their churches.

We constantly had to be creative about financing. We were an independent school. We catered to rural children on the margins of the economy.

I arrived in Kingston and started the rounds. Pastor Bobby considered our cause and promptly wrote us our first cheque. I was elated. Next on the agenda was Pastor Neville.

As I arrived at Love and Faith World Outreach Church, and headed for the Pastor's office, I noticed a circle of church members (this was mid morning on a week day) holding hands and singing a song that got my attention. It was one of my songs!

“Rise up! Rise up! O Right Hand of the Lord Arise! Rise up and tread down your enemies....”

That drew me closer toward the circle where I was unnoticed. Everyone's attention was on the figure in the center slumped on the floor, obviously the focus of everyone's attention. And the now too familiar sounds continued. “In the Name of Jesus!” “Come out of him!” accompanied by a chorus of glossolalia...yes, I had stumbled on another ‘deliverance session’ - an exorcism.

I noticed Yvonne. She noticed me. We were drawn to each other. Probably because she realized I had appeared at the moment that they were singing one of ‘my’ songs. I inquired who was the person on the floor and what was going on. She explained.

It was her nephew. He had arrived at her doorstep, desperate, his only other option being certain death, finally ready to surrender his prodigal existence to the Father. He had sunk to the bottom of his coke addiction, and with people looking for him to kill him, he fled to Kingston to the only refuge he had left on earth - Aunt Yvonne whose prayers on his behalf no doubt helped him make the connection.

I remembered the dream, and knew instantly, that I was there on more than one assignment. My need for school finance was one, but I also needed to help this brother take a stance.

I told Yvonne, “After all the prayers are over, I would like to have the opportunity to speak with the both of you.” She agreed.

After speaking with Pastor Neville, I waited for Yvonne and Levi and followed them both to her home. Yvonne had me sit down in her sofa and she went to the kitchen to fetch a drink. My schedule had changed, so I needed to make a phone call to adjust my day. I asked Yvonne for a phone book.

She indicated there was one on the table and I reached for it. My eye fell on the open page of the Directory and then... the Thunder rolled from the depths of my consciousness now in tune to the portal that joins our world to its Mystic genesis.

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I realized suddenly, Yvonne's last name is 'Coke'. I always knew, but only then in the thundery silence did I 'realize'. At the same moment, my eye fell on the full page advertisement that the directory had opened to - "Addiction Alert".

Synchronicities of that sort have always announced for me the Power, Presence and foremost of all, the Purpose of the Mystic. Pay attention. Eternal Destiny is unfolding. I sat with them for at least an hour and shared the Light that I had to give.

I understand why many have become cynical who have watched the unfolding of events in our nation, who have witnessed the downward cycle, the compromise of leadership, the cancer of crime and the delusion of drug culture eat away at the brains of an entire generation of promise.

I often wrestle with the same cynicism, but my confident expectation of Divine Intervention is stronger than my rational mind. I have seen the Lightning, heard the Thunder.

I can never, ever pretend that I don't know who we are, or where we are headed. I do. And this unfolding Glory uplifts the mind from the dungeons of every man made hell.

Rise Up Jamaica! ...from your crime bound, drug infested torment. The Right Hand of God rises on your horizons!

- Grants Bay – actual location name changed

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Echoes of Thunder

Yvonne herself was and is a prayer warrior of highest rank in the nation. It's not her lifework I am referring to, although she has done a lot worthy of notice in the public domain. She founded Hands Across Jamaica for Righteousness, an organization targeting especially the generation of young Jamaicans who will be the face of the future we are writing about.

She also wrote the biographies of Jamaican fathers-of-the-nation, Hugh Sherlock and Howard Cooke and carries their mantle of parental concern for the fledgling nation born in 1962.

Some have chosen to caricature her most unfairly as a huckster. She lost millions in the Foreign Exchange Speculation quake and was gazetted. I choose to pay attention to her single-minded focus on a totally unselfish cause, unbroken whether swimming in riches or swimming in debt.

Her activities issue from a rich inner prayer life. She has her own very powerful stories to tell of the Mystical Lightning and Thunder - The Vision and Voice of God. I have been privileged through the years to bear witness to the extraordinary synchronicities that bear the unmistakable signature of angelic intervention in the affairs of the planet...those reality stretching, faith inspiring stories – but those are hers to tell, if and when she chooses.

Our paths have crossed at divinely opportune moments. That encounter was one which had me musing ten years later, watching Levi, now a Christian minister with a passion and commission to reach addicts for Christ, share his testimony on Ian Boyne's program, – an electrifying interview that stood in marked contrast to all the other pathological interviews with ex addicts I had seen on TV.

The preceding week, Carla had been on Ian's much watched **Profile**. 'Professor Sex' as she has been labeled. It was an equally electrifying interview. Carla had been my student in Grants Bay and this brought Grants Bay back to my mind.

I had finally left Grants Bay to return to Kingston for some years now, but my thoughts, expectations and prayers continued to remain, nurturing the seeds of Light planted during the ten years of my sojourn there.

Both these thoughts caused my mind to make a connection between the two which brought my thoughts into sharp focus on my most present concerns. Elections were coming up again and I was concerned about Grants Bay...and the entire constituency.

In my mind, that gate – and that is exactly what Grants Bay represented to me – a portal linking Kingston, and with it, the nation at large, to other gateways, in particular, as referenced from Mystic revelation, the Gates of Columbia and their civil-society-undermining drug culture which demanded Caribbean access points to survive.

It was not the only such point on the island. But it was my concern as my assignment. I had surrendered my life for this purpose - to witness God's power to cleanse this mess.

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I had been watching with great concern the candidates who offered themselves for consideration as Members of Parliament for the next five year cycle.

I had alerted one particular person offering himself for office of the contents of a dream I had been given, advising him of the nature of the forces influencing the particularly adverse events he was experiencing. I strongly preferred this person and wished to aid him in his bid for office. I had strong misgivings about his opponent whom I was constantly being advised had secret connections with the Colombian drug dons.

He had been so grateful for the information, that he invited me back to Grants Bay to consider being his campaign manager – which I declined, in that my interests transcended party affiliation and I had never thought to align myself publicly with either of the two.

But I did accept the invitation to assist him with his campaign on the condition that I do so independently and make my platform the issue of drugs, morality and trustworthy political representation, rather than canvassing for a party. That would honestly reflect my motivations and convictions. He agreed.

I sought Levi's number from my cell phone directory. He had just visited me recently, after so many years, at my music studio seeking to interest me in recording material for his album project. He had mentioned an idea that he had received from the Mystic about producing an anti drug poster/ flier – a tool I thought would be very useful in any street corner campaigning in Grants Bay.

My one concern was the funds to produce the posters in sufficient number for a comprehensive Grants Bay campaign. Time was running out. I was aware of developments on the ground in Grants Bay and the locus of intentionality informing them. I grew increasingly restless. It is difficult to describe the notion of being plugged in to the Mystic.

One who is plugged in can quite easily be absolutely restful in situations demanding urgent action and vice versa: in a state of great urgency when all seems at peace. I had a set ultimatum - to get those fliers published for the campaign before my departure for Grants Bay that weekend. Funds were short. All doors of getting this accomplished seemed to slam shut. My world grew dark.

Finally, at the last hour, Levi mentioned almost offhandedly – why not ask Aunt Yvonne for the funds? I hadn't seen Yvonne for ten years, but the thunder of the same dream, indelibly etched in my mind from several seasons of rumination and exploration, echoed powerfully through my being as I recognized this was the solution.

Immediately, without even stopping to bathe or change, having wrestled that night with these realities, I jumped in my car to find Yvonne's new address. I apologized for my appearance and sheepishly explained the purpose of my visit and the urgency of the request. Yvonne, without hesitation wrote a cheque to cover the full printing costs and I raced to the printers to pick up the posters, then sped off to Grants Bay.

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Throughout the years, I have come to realize an amazing fact. There is no time (or space) in the Mystic – only purpose. An encounter with Purpose (a mystic moment) is never confined to a single moment of time, but reverberatesit sets whole seasons of time and chains of events in motion...instantly, although its outworking can be missed by the unobservant.

God's Truth is like a seed which spirals out from a single point, rotating in wider and wider cycles or seasons of time, in broader spatial scope, with increasing intensity and influence...till purpose is finally accomplished. Nothing can stop it!

So as I raced off to Grants Bay, impelled by an urgency of spirit, informed, in my own thinking, by the consequences of having the Grants Bay Gate under the control of the Colombian cartels. All that seized my attention as I navigated the Junction Road leading to the parish, was the dream, ten years diminishing nothing of its power, its reverberations, like thunders still echoing in my ears 10 years after the initial flash of Light.

In fact, among the first words out of my mouth as I encountered Shomari on arrival in the Bay were,

“Shomari, have you seen or heard from Ryan these last few years?”

Shomari, (I called her the Queen of Grants Bay) was not just the principal at Dominion Purpose Educational Center, she was the Mother to the school community and the wider Grants Bay community as well.

She had become a party activist whose passion for serving the people on the ‘Diamond’, (Grants Bay’s Ghetto-land and drug stronghold) as well as the elderly in the hard-to-access mountain and bushy areas, had endeared her to all in the town.

If anyone knew the residents scattered all through the Bay, it was Shomari. The school had closed down for several years, but teachers and students had evolved to become somewhat of an extended family. The bonds continued beyond the context that forged them. And so did the roles. Shom was Mother to the community. If anyone knew where former students were now, it would be Shomari.

She asked which Ryan I was referring to as several Ryans had passed through the school. I focused to recall the image of his face from the fuzzy memory of a ten year old dream. I described Ryan. But Shom had not seen nor heard from him for years and had lost track of his whereabouts.

Shom was used to me. She would have sensed I was on a dream quest. Every morning for years at our school, the moment staff arrived, before the students started to trickle in, we would have time for private fellowship before the start of the school day and the early morning gathering.

Invariably those mornings started with some member of staff saying “I had a dream last night. Listen to this....”

We all encountered the Mystic, in differing ways to be sure, (our staff included Christians: Pentecostal, Methodist, Baptist, but also a Muslim, Rastafarian, Yoruba High Priestess (African),

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Sukyo Mahikari Master (Japanese cult), and persons of no religious profession. We all encountered the Mystic in our daily experiences and through our close relationship and openness to each other, grew as a school community to collectively experience an undeniably distinctive, mutual Mystical Presence and Guidance. But that's another story.

Through the years, I had become more convinced that no bit of information relayed in the Mystic is void of deep and deliberate purpose. Nothing is to be ignored.

“Why Ryan?” was my current question, as I continued to muse on that single dream ten years after its initial reception. The documentation of dreams and daily inspirations, with continuous deep meditation on their signification was a dogma of our school's emphasis on the purpose and practice of writing.

We were a remedial school focused on reading, writing and mathematical skills to the ninth grade level, but with revolutionary emphases. We read and write – not to become exploitable by a system we didn't create, designed to extract our labor and creativity for a living wage. We read and write primarily - to connect with our own inner Source of creativity.

Our ideation and inspiration came at times from uncommon places. Some of the literature we included in our curriculum would not be commonly found in an open library – Level 3 for example studied*¹“The Teachings of Ptahhotep”, the oldest book in the world (predating the Book of Job, the oldest book in the Bible by close to an entire millennium.)

Our approach to Mathematics was equally atypical; (each Math class at level 3 began with an ancient Egyptian invocation of the Principle of Maat (from which, it is argued, the word ‘Mathematics’ derives its etymology)

“The earth is Maat. The sky is Maat. We rise in Maat. We are in fact Maat.” We, in simplified form, explained the philosophical foundations that inform the entire Mathematical project...as set out for us in the most ancient Mathematical Treatise extant - The RMP (Rhind Mathematical Papyrus):

“Tp hsb hat m Khat nbt rekh ntt nbt shtat nbt snkt nbt”

Translated: *“The correct method of investigating all that exists in order to know every hidden secret and mystery.”*

It is that methodology of mathematical precision and scrutinizing analysis and exploration that informed our approach to the mysterious world of dreams, visions and the still small voice of quiet thunder we all can hear from the Kingdom of God within us....if we listen closely, and learn to pay attention.

The dream of Ryan and the coke packets was for me yet another journey, one cycle of which I had already experienced; but my thought life and experiences informed me of a new wave, and I was almost obsessed with finding Ryan. I assembled my posters and fliers and headed for the ‘Diamond’, which would be my first stop in the campaign for morally fit leadership and political representation in that parish constituency.

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I put up my first poster and handed out my first flier and began to engage some men at one of the many corner shops on the roadside. I started uncharacteristically by recalling the dream, when suddenly a familiar face appeared...

“Ryan! Cum ya bwai!!, Mi **jus** menshan yu niem!”*²

Ryan, who I assumed had left the Bay for Kingston or some other area of the island or overseas, along with the over 70 odd % of young people from the area who invariably do so seeking gainful employment, had just turned the corner when I excitedly called him over.

No one I had asked about him had seen him for years! He said he did not normally walk that way but for some unknown reason, just chose to take that route this particular morning.

I repeated the dream for him, which he was hearing for the first time. Ten years before, I had assumed his face in the dream was only symbolic. But now as I quizzed him, and after we got over the startlement of the synchronicity, I came to discover that he had indeed found, along with others, washed up packages of coke off the Grants Bay shores.

Ryan, I discovered, was one of those boys who mined the sea for fish and he informed me that the prospect of finding such a package had increased over the years, such packages being not uncommonly washed ashore after having been hastily dumped overboard at the sight of an approaching coast guard boat.

Of course, none of this would have made sense to me ten years previously. I confirmed him in the values he confessed he had continued to allow to guide his life after his departure from school. He was not on coke and not dealing in it; nor entertaining any such plans he assured me.

So, I continued my mission of handing out posters, canvassing and begging Grants Bay to consider consequences, but now with the gusto and assurance that erased the struggle of the weeks prior to that moment of breakthrough...which would also withstand the blow of conceding to the decision of the people to elect the candidate of their choice, in spite all of my efforts to the contrary.

A thing I have learned about the Mystic: It cannot fail. We can only complicate things for ourselves. Something I mused the next time I saw Yvonne Coke four years afterwards...in the season that led to the aftermath of what became popularly called in Jamaica the *Manatt/Coke* Commission of Enquiry.

Jamaica, in the words of Bob Marley, “You can’t run away from yourself!” You have an appointment with a glorious destiny and every day you stubbornly delay is a day of needless grief you bear. You have a friend. You can “take it to the Lord in prayer”.

1. See my article <http://blackhistoryforcaribbeanchildren.posterous.com/who-were-the-ancient-egyptians>
2. Translation: “Ryan! Come here boy! I just mentioned your name!”

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The Prayer Path

Prayer has been misunderstood. It is vital that the nation who sings a prayer for its anthem, goes beyond platitudes and meaningless ritual to discover the power of the Mystic. The Mystic is as natural as the air we breathe.

Our scientists coined an interesting word some time ago to capture the mystery of the human mind that they had begun to explore but not fully understand. That word – the ‘subconscious’ was intended to refer to that entire plane of Being that was ‘beneath’ our own consciousness. Beneath but undergirding and informing our consciousness.

This part of the psyche, deep and mysterious, dark and alluring....and yet possessing intelligence – much more intelligence than the ‘conscious’ mind.

The idea that the ‘subconscious’ mind is much more than the stored memories of an organism but has depths that are mysteriously related not only with our dreams but also our realities, is the ‘stuff’ of those who study the mind / psyche / spirit from many different disciplines and perspectives.

One theologian*¹ brilliantly coined a new phrase for God – the ‘Ground of all Being.’ Prayer as a mechanism of access is what this nation, destined to be midwife of a new dispensation, must understand....and put into practice.

But before we explore the mechanics of prayer – experiential prayer, as a nation, we must come to a new understanding of the Unity of God and Man that our motto, anthem and pledge already assumes that we have accepted.

Too many Jamaicans are stuck at the first part of the motto: ‘*Out of Many*’ in that all we see is ‘many’ - many people, many religions, many gods, many cultures. We see Africans, Europeans, Chinese, Indians, Tainos, Maroons, Inuit etc. rather than just the human beings we all are.

We see Jesus, Allah, Jah Rastafari, Olodumare, Nyankipong, Krishna etc. etc. But are these in fact many gods? Or are they just different names and interpretations of ‘God’? What in fact does ‘God’ really mean? Of course we could do a dictionary search and consider the definition in a theological encyclopedia but what do **we** mean when we use the word ‘god’?

Father Sherlock was not repeating the arrogance of the Spanish Christians, who conquered this territory in the wake of Ferdinand and Isabella’s Christian expansionism in the 15th century, when he asked every Jamaican to recognize and acknowledge the “Eternal Father”. Father Sherlock’s vision was much grander than some narrow-minded religious fundamentalism.

Jamaica’s *Eternal Father* is not the same theological construct referred to by the Spaniards, as The ‘*Lord God Eternal*’ in the document cited below. The latter evidently has very similar anthropomorphic characteristics as their potentate and most venerated thought leader – The ‘Papa’ or Pope, whose name and perceived authority the document invoked.

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Their view of authority in general, and Fatherhood particularly, with which most Jamaicans still wrestle as part of our post-colonial psychic baggage, was highly poisoned by the times that spawned it.

Let's take a look at their *Father Image*, their God Image, their imagination of the construct we today call 'Power':

King Ferdinand's Letter to the Tainos

^d "In the name of King Ferdinand and Juana, his daughter, Queen of Castile and Leon, etc., conquerors of barbarian nations, we notify you as best we can that our **Lord God Eternal created Heaven and earth and a man and woman from whom we all descend for all times and all over the world.*

In the 5,000 years since creation the multitude of these generations caused men to divide and establish kingdoms in various parts of the world, among whom God chose St. Peter as leader of mankind, regardless of their law, sect or belief. He seated St. Peter in Rome as the best place from which to rule the world but he allowed him to establish his seat in all parts of the world and rule all people, whether Christians, Moors, Jews, Gentiles or any other sect.

*He was named Pope, which means **admirable and greatest father**, governor of all men.*

Those who lived at that time obeyed St. Peter as Lord and superior King of the universe, and so did their descendants obey his successors and so on to the end of time. The late Pope gave these islands and mainland of the ocean and the contents hereof to the above-mentioned King and Queen, as is certified in writing and you may see the documents if you should so desire.

*Therefore, Their Highnesses are lords and masters of this land; they were acknowledged as such when this notice was posted, and were and are being served willingly and without resistance; then, their religious envoys were **acknowledged and obeyed without delay**, and all subjects unconditionally and of their own free will became Christians and thus they remain. Their Highnesses received their allegiance with joy and benignity and decreed that they be treated in this spirit like good and loyal vassals and you are under the **obligation** to do the same.*

*Therefore, we request that you understand this text, deliberate on its contents within a reasonable time, and **recognize the Church and its highest priest, the Pope, as rulers of the universe**, and in their name the King and Queen of Spain as rulers of this land, **allowing the religious fathers to preach our holy Faith to you.***

*You own **compliance** as a duty to the King and we in his name will receive you with love and charity, respecting your freedom and that of your wives and sons and your rights of possession and we shall not compel you to baptism unless you, informed of the Truth, wish to convert to our holy Catholic Faith as almost all your neighbors have done in other islands, in exchange for which Their Highnesses bestow many privileges and exemptions upon you.*

*Should you fail to comply, or delay maliciously in so doing, we assure you that **with the help of God we shall use force against you, declaring war upon you from all sides and with all possible means, and we shall bind you to the yoke of the Church and of Their Highnesses; we shall enslave your persons, wives and sons, sell you or dispose of you as the King sees fit; we shall seize your possessions and harm you as much as we can as disobedient and resisting vassals. And we declare you guilty of resulting deaths and injuries, exempting Their Highnesses of such guilt as well as ourselves and the gentlemen who accompany us.***

We hereby request that legal signatures be affixed to this text and pray those present to bear witness for us, etc.

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This document yields particular insights into the genesis of the Contempt and Impunity that was enthroned in the plantocratic pantheon of our nation's past, and that still haunts our religious attitudes, our social and political relations up to the time of writing.

No unifying visions can be derived from this. Unity is always *nurtured*. It is too delicate a reality to be enforced. Uniformity, however, can be, but there is nothing in our anthem, pledge or motto that even slightly suggests that uniformity is to be expected from our people whether now, or at any time in our future.

The imperious nature of the '*Lord God Eternal*' is quite clear in the document. This was the nature of the religious and governmental authority of the day, which explains in part why these imperious Christians violently usurped the civilizations they appropriated through conquest, war and treachery...all for the name and glory of the 'Jesus' of their faith.

Our image of an *Eternal Father* is important, nay essential, to realizing our common unity as peoples of many races, religions, ethnicities and philosophical perspectives. Our Father is not and can never be that '*Lord God Eternal*'.

This distorted picture of the *² Christ Man can never be associated with the Pascal Lamb of God (who takes away the sins of *the world*); the Light of *the World* (the divine Intelligence which enlightens and informs the collective global human consciousness); nor The Lion of Judah who breaks *every* chain (and could never anywhere be a force of oppression for 'a bruised reed will he *not* break' - Isaiah 42:3)

And so to explain the unifying path of prayer I will allude to the gospel of John chapter 17, acknowledging the great majority of Jamaicans, even those who are not Christians, who still highly regard the Bible and value it as a sacred document; though not excluding the equally valid minority from other religious or non religious persuasions, who will hopefully be able to follow the meta-narrative and translate it within the context of their own authoritative references, using their own preferred metaphors.

*³ Jesus is praying in John 17:20 for the Unity of his followers, *so that they may be* instrumental in convincing the world of the Unity and Truth of God.

Jesus starts with, but is certainly not limited to believers. His ultimate objective being the Kosmos (world) John 17:21 which the 'Father so loved' [John 3:16], that Jesus was sent to reconcile. Believers, followers and devotees are *merely instruments* to achieve his **grand objective** -the reconciliation of the Cosmos to its Creator. (2nd Corinthians 5:19)

Of significant note is the message of the Father through His messenger Gabriel at Jesus' birth: "...Peace on earth, Goodwill *to (all) men...*"

This Greek word 'Kosmos' is all inclusive, signifying every race, color, class, creed, religion, gender, type and group etc.

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Jesus is also referred to by John as Cosmic Consciousness - or the “Light (Perception/Consciousness) of the World (Kosmos)”, that gives light or informs *every* man that comes into the world. John 1:9.

There is no ill will towards any people group or individual in Cosmic Consciousness. God, the Ground of all Being, is supportive of all.

We must see this Unity in diversity to be able to appreciate the Creative Destiny that awaits us as a nation of diverse backgrounds. The vision we ask for in our anthem is what comes through Mystic connection...true prayer – The ability to see into the realm of Purpose which transcends spatio-temporal existence.

This Vision has a Voice. This Light is the Word – that builds every civilization that has ever been built; gives the pattern and scope to every age that has ever been experienced. This, the creative impulse itself; called Ptah by the ancient Egyptians, the Divine Logos by Philo, the demiurge by Plato, and the loving Heavenly Father by Jesus. This is the seed of Creativity in every Jamaican, accessible through careful listening to the Mystic.

I recently visited Grants Bay where I witnessed the most astounding transformation of a town I have ever seen in just under four short years. Can a town that was dead, live again...and prosper? Evidence from the Bay indicates in the affirmative.

And to think that all this positive change was presided over by the very candidate I ‘prayed’ might *not* win the election – for all the ‘right’ reasons, or so I thought.

The Good Book says that God’s ways are past finding out and I was compelled to contemplate that truth as I mused on the particular circumstances that contributed to the excellent performance of the very M.P. I had initially such a skeptical bias against.

God has no enemies and often responds to our prayers through our own (enemies). Self righteousness sees only the perspectives of the self, but Cosmic Justice, far from being prejudicial or vindictive is simply creative.

There is no ‘other’ in God. God is One. And that One is the *4 ‘ALL IN ALL’.

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1. **Systematic Theology** - Paul Tillich
2. The Greek word 'Christ', likely derived from the more ancient Egyptian conception Krst, is used to convey and translate the Hebraic conception of Ha'Mashiach / the Messiah. The imagery evoked is that of oil and literally means 'the anointed'. It has power / divine enablement at its root. Even before the age of oil, the idea of oil being a perfect metaphor for power and light was understood clearly.
3. Most pre - 15th century European Christians, unlike their Muslim counterparts, were illiterate. Contemporary Islamic cities boasted illustrious universities and men of enlightened scholarship. The Dark European age was characterized by superstition - primitive, patriarchal, and parochial, albeit Bible based.

Uncommonly known as it is, the foundations of European civilization were **not** forged in the ideological fires of Papal Christianity, but in fact, the Golden Days of Europe up to the 15th century were *Islamic*...and dominated by the Moors – West African Muslims.

Given the prejudices of the day, one can see why Europe would love to forget both truths in their history books: (That it was West African people, Black *Muslims* at that, who *gave* Europe the Light of their Civilization, later usurped by conquering Christians after the 15th century merger of the houses of Aragon and Castile).

It is highly significant that most Caribbean people's historical consciousness begins with the marriage of Ferdinand and Isabella of Spain in 1469 which significantly marks the rise of Imperial Christianity in Europe and the decline of Islamic Moorish civilization.

The point being made here, is that every age, every culture, every sect or community of mankind, (and in fact to a lesser degree, every individual) has *unique* images and interpretations of both Creator and Cosmos.

The 15th century European notions of God, Christ and Christianity are in fact very distinct from modern points of view notwithstanding sourcing their ideas from the same pool of literary tradition. The Islam of today, often characterized in the West as a dark and antiquated religion, is not the same Islam that once was the light of Europe – although the Quran is the same.

The same is evidently true of different religious groups of the same age; such as the 7th Day Adventist Church, so popular in Jamaica today, (having advanced from marginal Christian cult to mainstream culture shaping movement and fastest growing Christian denomination in just 100 years) which has very different ideas and teachings than the Roman Catholics (the most pliant and enduring Christian tradition) or even the Mormons (give them some more time – they too are 'coming in from the cold'), for example.

Causality (and the Creativity that comes with its understanding) define the objective of all religious and scientific endeavor. However, in the case of religion, this exploration is encoded and iconized in multifarious and highly individuated metaphor – the picturesque language of the creative right brain. Science prefers the mathematical logic of the left.

It is arguable, notwithstanding the plethora of idiosyncratic theological interpretation and the attendant differentiation of both ideation and praxis that flow from the wide spectrum of variant religion, that there is yet, or can be identified, a core of values that may characterize in general any religion...and for that matter, any nation, culture, people or age.

This chapter then is an exercise in exploring how Jamaicans today, with the Judeo-Christian heritage implicitly encoded in our national identity, can find a unifying ethos in our common cultural legacy, that inspires us all towards our highest aspirations.

Our God image and our Father Image, so central to our conceptions of family and cosmic order, cannot continue to be straddled by anachronistic Eurocentric, patriarchal notions.

Garvey's call, in particular, to see Creator & Cosmos, through the spectacles of indigenous (as opposed to colonial) culture cannot be sidestepped. Our ideas of Jamaican Fatherhood and the nature of authority in general; indeed our entire cosmological orientation must be stripped of all impositions of cultural imperialism.

4. [Ephesians 1:23](#) [1 Corinthians 12:6](#) [1 Corinthians 15:28](#)

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Creative Presence

I don't wish to lose the attention of a single Jamaican in this intentionally persuasive discourse on inevitable Jamaican eventualities based on the evidence of the reported experiences in this chronicle.

I know we think very differently about God, religion and prayer.

I have come to deeply appreciate the nuanced, thoroughly Jamaican perspectives whether they are coming from the post Christian intellectual atmospheres of one of the faculties of the University of The West Indies, or one of the religious traditions that have planted themselves in Jamaica's soil (although we, unlike our Caribbean sister territories of Trinidad and Guyana, are a lot more homogenously "Christian", there still are significant enough pockets of other religions in our midst), or one of the many doctrinally competitive Christian denominations so richly scattered amongst every Jamaican community, or one of our own ethnic innovations like Rastafari, Revival or Pocomania.

All I see is people. I leave the proselytizing to those who feel called to do so. The many competitive beliefs to me are little more than fashion statements. I appreciate that there may be some merit in all (and clearly some blind spot too, as we might well imagine).

My appeals or references to 'God' and 'prayer' in this work must be understood in the specific context in which I present it. I have deliberately tried to avoid the word 'god' and sought to replace it with a 'Jamaican' alternative. The brand 'God' is exceedingly controversial as every religious tradition seeks to patent it.

Let me explain: My great grandmother of blessed memory, a close friend of Amy Jacques Garvey, a devout member of the Salvation Army, and a most spiritual and decent woman – the bedrock of the paternal side of my family, had a reputation of being a very wise and very strong woman.

Mama Lou's connection with the Mystic was unquestioned in my family – which consisted of staunch individualists and stubbornly self opinionated characters (truly Jamaican).

Her connection – her convictions were deeper than theological persuasions or philosophical or doctrinaire formulations floating around in her mind, memorized from Sunday school class. While her church participation grounded her spiritual development, it did not completely explain it.

This woman was simply unquestionably deep. Her wisdom kept relationships together. Her power with her God through fasting and prayer produced miraculous cures. She was a profound peace maker with a character venerated by all in her sphere.

When I employ the term 'God' in this work, I do not intend to signify some particular deity as described by some theological system. I am referring to the Power of Creativity within us all.

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We might not and perhaps never will fully understand it all, the idea is not to totally understand, but at least to accept, recognize, engage and utilize this eternal wellspring.

When I use the term ‘prayer’ in this work, I am not referring to the addressing of some imagined deity by speaking to the wind with hands clasped, knees bent and eyes closed.... necessarily.

I am referring more to the *attitude* of silent acknowledgement of Creative Intelligence and Power, however conceived, and the discipline to ‘plug in’ and engage this source of knowing and enablement.

The opposite of faith is doubt. Jamaican-ness begins with the value of faith or certainty. We begin by acknowledging the source of our power and our blessings as our ‘Eternal Father’. We are a confident people. A people of great faith.

While no one knows everything, this one thing we **do** know: our Creativity....the Power to create within us....or as we say through personification, **The Creator** and we recognize **that** Source as our **Eternal Father**, the One who has spawned our national Spirit.

“*By their fruit you shall know them*” Matthew 7:16. The fruit of experience is an undeniably powerful validator in argument. So the Mystic is ultimately an *experiential encounter* with Creative Power and Presence. Prayer is the vehicle of connection / communication / engagement with this limitless, dynamic plane of Being.

I care not what persuasions we all begin from. It is where we end up that is my interest, and common **values** are *much* more important to me than any commonly held **belief**.

All reality begins with myth, anyway.

The values we share as Jamaicans must begin with an acknowledgement of that archetypal Source of Creativity and Order we collectively invoke as “Eternal Father”...and a modality for actual connecting, contacting and communicating with this Source of our common being.

That is the ‘god’ being referred to here. That is what prayer is. [with all due respect to the Feminists, the meaning wouldn’t change for me one iota if we had said ‘Divine Mother’ instead of Eternal Father...this isn’t about challenging some contemporary orthodoxy, but about *experiential access*; so the limitation of the convention (Patriarchal anthropomorphic image) isn’t a stumbling block to my recognition of Father Sherlock’s purity of intention - to affirm the Creative Instinct and Impulse at the center of the human spirit (whether conceived of as masculine or feminine).

And without some pragmatic means of engaging these metaphysical realities, (i.e. ‘God’ / Creator/ Creativity) one can’t be truly Jamaican. Our heritage (Motto, Anthem, Pledge) becomes at best platitudinous and therefore dead, lifeless and without dynamism.

But more importantly, we would be living in a world defined by others, powerless to create our own realities. This is the most un-Jamaican consequence of not acknowledging our **Eternal Father**.

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We approach our *Eternal Father* from every one of our religious conceptions when we are *consciously* aware that we are engaging more than a theory or an idea. Our *Eternal Father* is not some teaching brought to us by foreigners, witty and self confident enough to embrace their own creativity and determined and forceful enough to persuade others of their own conceptions. We are engaging a Living Creative Power and Presence *never* yet fully or adequately defined by any man, group, culture, or age; regardless of the claims of any tradition or thought system.

Some of us might already have some adeptness in tuning in to the Mystic. Some of us might really be perfectly clueless and trapped by the stultifying conceptions and traditions that we have inherited but not yet developed the maturity and awareness to activate meaningfully in our experience.

But whatever our story has been up to this single moment of awareness, we all can connect and indeed are connected by virtue of simply being.

Honest agnosticism or atheism are not impediments to embracing our Jamaican creativity. Whether one sees the Source of Creativity in life as *Theistic or as an impersonal conception; this cannot hinder one from recognizing and acknowledging the existence and power of Creativity itself, and if the mind is open, to desire to delve in and explore its limitless horizons.

This must be the hallmark Jamaican value. Our common creativity. We are here to create. Not to imitate, cope or merely survive. Not just to insipidly produce like worker ants participating in someone else's grand vision. Not to merely appease or be subservient to powers we see as larger than ourselves, whether conceived of as human or divine.

Jamaicans must be aware of a nascent spring of creativity enabling us to go where none has ever gone before; do what has never been done before, and to be what men/women have been forever longing to be.

This is our destiny. But we must embrace new values. New attitudes. New images. We cannot embrace this awaiting destiny by holding on to our self destructive baggage.

We must let go of our need to always be right about everything and be able to face the truth of each other and in each other; with an openness to learn, to increase, to be inspired.

We must learn to see the face of the Creator, the Image of the Creator, each in the other – no matter how strange or threatening that appearance or expression may be. Only then will we become truly creative... when we can only perceive Creativity's image all around us and within us.

The need to negate, to deny, to oppress, complain or condemn will give way to a wisdom of engagement with people, places and situations which will release the genius of creativity within our midst such as never before.

It is the Mystic which both generates time, space and gives both definition, which partly explains why even the most developed prophetic vision is still shrouded in shadow...looking through a

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glass darkly...the exact face of the future is never completely determinable. There is a dynamism in Purpose and how humans own and carry it that constantly allows for multiple probabilities. Neither is space as concrete nor time as linear as we once imagined. Yet what is clearly identifiable is distinctive pattern. And to all who look into the Mystic Mirror of Purpose, it becomes clear that the future of humanity looks nothing like its past.

The blind project futures with no foundation. Grounded in familiar realities, unable to anticipate the turning point – the moment of paradigmatic shift; unable to envision the cumulative effect of the many volatile forces, like whirlwinds in operation in any given present, they err.

It is the seer who brings the gift of vision to the community that navigates its destiny. Western rationalism has had its day, bringing temporary stability to the project of human growth upon, and creative engagement with the earth; but it also has brought deeply polarizing and unresolved conflicts through an axiology insufficiently sensitive to the positions of ‘the other’.

Our future does not carry much further these conflicts, which have become specie-threatening and earth-endangering. We are globally at a *turning point*.

It will become more and more evident to Jamaicans that a door is now open for us to step through and receive a mantle of creative destiny that will lead future generations of mankind through times that have no benchmarks in our remembered past.

Jamaicans must choose to acknowledge Creator and Creativity... that value we personify through the metaphor of providential ‘Eternal Father’; The Value we all invoke, from every cosmological perspective, whenever we recite *our* sacred Song...our Anthem. Our *prayer*.

“Eternal Father, Bless our Land....”

We are here..... to *create*....and to so do...we must *connect*....with our Creative Source.

Behold Jamaica, the Living Jah!

* Arguments both in science and religion issue from incomplete understanding:

e.g. Is Light particle or wave?

Is God person (theism) or principle (deism)?

Some respond with endless debate.

Others turn on the light and create!

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Take it to the Lord in Prayer

Last year, I met Tony. It was at a conference on Prayer being held in Toronto by my very good pastor friends, The Hibberts. My relationship with Gary and Shelley started 24 years previously...at a Prayer Conference. That was the Prayer Conference which was paid for by a stranger who introduced himself to me by, "God told me to buy you a ticket and pay for your expenses..." I mentioned in chapter 1.

That time more than any marked the beginning of my life of prayer. The few incidents mentioned in this book are only for the purposes of supporting specific propositions. The synchronicities, or 'miracles', the experiences that simply cannot be explained by any other logic than - "Prayer works!" cannot be chronicled anymore than I can chronicle my breathing.

Prayer is our daily breath.

But the journey that started 25 years ago had a milestone moment last year which brought another wave and revolution of the ever expanding spiral. The expectation of a cultural transformation began way back then. The seeds that would be sown in Trench Town and Grants Bay were planted in me then.

As is common whenever I experience significant moments of time, I had a prophetic marker. I had known for over 20 years that Gary and Shelly would eventually invite me back to Toronto to minister at a prayer conference. I had known this before they even became pastors. I saw it clearly in a vision while preparing to return home. I remember the exact place I was on the stairs when I saw that lightning flash (vision). Immediately (and for the next twenty years), however, I sought to dismiss it.

When I left Toronto for Trench Town, I decided I did not wish to return. The experience had been undeniably positive, but I wanted to totally immerse myself in Jamaican realities and live deep rather than wide. In Toronto, I had been on a plane sometimes every other fortnight.

Traveling was a distraction. When my passport was stolen along with my briefcase some 15 years ago, I refused to replace it, just so that I would not be even tempted to travel.

I remember how my friends had begged me to reconsider my stance and made me relent to fly to Cayman...just for a weekend, they promised. Just to help them with a music contest. I reasoned that I wouldn't miss a day of school anyway and they put enough money in it to make it tempting.

But then they went ahead and won the slot and eventually the global competition, committing me to fly several times to various places; the finals being held at the Waldorf Astoria in New York. That bothered me. For an entire year, I hadn't even boarded a car, train or bus. The boundaries of my world extended to as far as my bicycle could carry me. That was paradise for me.

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Even though I had not seen Gary for over 20 years and, apart from a few emails throughout the years, had been mostly out of touch; we remained like family. Our bond was forged in the crucible of Mystic Purpose that the years hadn't diminished.

When I arrived at their home, I confessed to them that I knew this day was coming years ago, and the conference proceedings eventually confirmed the vision of 20 odd years ago...in exact detail.

I had grown somewhat suspicious though of the nature and scope of these prayer conferences. In spite of all the power that prayer had imparted to my life, I had grown wary of the narrow-mindedness of fundamentalism.

I was also in Toronto to attend Gary's Book Launch. I felt I would enjoy that much more. He had finally completed his book, "How Blacks Can Succeed" and the launch would be involving the whole Black Community in Toronto: Christians, Pan Africanists, The Nation of Islam, African Traditionalists. I thought I would be much more comfortable with this crowd.

I became more convinced that I might not enjoy the conference when I met Tony, he was the main guest speaker. And Tony was...ahm...well he was *white*! Now as a Jamaican, you know I can't be prejudiced....(not prejudiced, but certainly arrogant.) What could this white Pentecostal minister have to say to my Jamaican experience that would be relevant, fresh and appropriate?

I took a look into his eyes; I saw that he was teachable and decided to spend the day educating the man and imparting the intensity of the Jamaican Light which I had to give...I had heard enough of the shallow and hypocritical 'Gospel according to the Americans'.

But thankfully, I was so wrong, and this humble man humbled me and imparted so much through his incarnated habits of prayer, that by the time the conference was over, I knew I had found a real friend.

Isn't it like the Mystic though, to use the thing or one which we identify with the least to teach us the most about true Identity – The Great I AM. The common source of all Being. It wasn't just the spiritual power, so evident in so many of Tony's stories of course my favorite was his encounter with the *Jamaican angel*.

Okay, let me digress to at least tell you that one story, but for those who immediately have a problem with the appearance of angels (much less Jamaican ones) let me state quite matter-of-factly, that I've personally and directly encountered all sorts of what people call 'paranormal activity' that would positively annoy the average diehard materialist – so I spare you all the discomfort of reiteration. I've already probably stretched the patience of the average *Horatian skeptic to the hilt anyway.

The fact is, if your thoughts (mindset or subconscious programming) disallow you any experience, then that becomes law (reality) for you. At this stage I have no need to convince anyone of anything apart from the fact that we *can and will* live much better in this country when we understand what this 'prayer thing' means...and that's what this chapter is really about.

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What Tony calls his ‘Jamaican angel’ encounter (and by the way, he doesn’t mention the angel’s ‘ethnic features’ in his *book which is a prayer classic throughout Mid America...so that’s just for us) is just how he sorts and interprets the reality he experiences.

Tony has the gift of healing. He prays for the sick. They ‘fall under the power’. They get healed. He was doing this one Sunday when he had a massive stroke – ironic? I know. He fell under a cerebral ‘power cut’.

To cut a long story short, he had been prepared by the Mystic for the experience so wasn’t too traumatized...and was also promised that regardless of the gloomy medical prognosis, he would walk and talk and preach again. But ‘walking out that word’, after months of contending with the medical facts which had him immobilized in hospital, was daunting even to his normally strong faith.

At the point he would have surrendered his confident expectation of improvement to the ill fate he was beginning to reckon with, the Jamaican angel appeared...(dressed as a doctor) out of nowhere apparently...and after confirming his faith by reminding him of the words spoken to him in the Mystic, disappeared into thin air leaving no trace behind.

If Tony alone had the experience, the skeptics could claim hallucination. Hallucination explanations are complicated by witnesses. Tony and his wife had engaged the ‘angel’ – a decided yardie whose English was characteristically stained with Jamaican patois. The story itself is not atypical in that I know scores of people who have had similar reality-stretching encounters with beings apparently more hologram than human.

What tickled me was that there was nothing in Tony’s Southern background that would have predisposed him (or his wife) to expect an angel or agent of God wrapped in Jamaican culture. His two grandfathers were Klu Klux Klansmen who tried to convince him early on in life that Black people have no soul, so where on earth...(or in heaven for that matter) would he expect to encounter a Black and very Jamaican angel at that?

Only the Mystic does that. (And by the way, you know how the story ended in that he was not in a wheel chair when we met. He was very much walking, preaching and praying for the sick; they were falling under the power and we were having a good old fashioned Pentecostal time – *so much for the power of a massive stroke, which shut down a golf- ball-sized portion of the brain, to define the life experience of someone who knew how to connect with Creative Power.*)

What was absolutely inspiring and most refreshing however, was the example of Tony’s love and complete devotion to prayer and the tremendous beauty of the life that is lived in the acknowledgement of the benevolence and ability of The Mystic – the Source of Creative Intelligence, The Center of Creative Power, resident in every man, even if the power lines are down and the communication cables cut. When Jesus said the kingdom of heaven is within you, he was not addressing an elite few.

This book is not going to tell anyone what to do, nor how to live, apart from affirming our creative purpose in being here. It is the Mystic who convinces us when we are wrong, when we are right and when we can do and be better*³.

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This book does however claim that there is a tangent of unfolding destiny – an open door for all Jamaicans....and all peoples everywhere, to be and become so much more of what we all desire to be and do.

Our dreams come with directions for engagement and fulfillment; and although our modern culture has filled our consciousness with axioms that severely limit our abilities to know, much less engage the deeper aspirations of our heart, nevertheless we are being given a dispensation of balance, of remembering, of fulfillment. The ‘price’ has been paid.

I say to every Jamaican from every race, sex, class or creed; from every religious persuasion, theological perspective, or philosophical disposition; from every political affiliation, education level, socio-economic background, sexual orientation, physiological and psychological categorization, and whatever other identity matrix can be conceived:

***4 “Di Gad we ina yu nu av nu limit!”**

There is within the depths of our very being an unfathomable and unlimited reservoir of creative power and intelligence.

I offer you this Jesus, this Light; not a mere creed or Bible story, but the Light of the World, the very Consciousness of the Cosmos; to unlock, and explore this hidden treasure of your heart.

1. It was Horatio in Shakespeare’s Hamlet who said, “There are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt by your philosophy”
2. **Buckle up and enjoy the ride** – Tony Bailey Kindle edition available on Amazon at http://www.amazon.com/Buckle-Up-Enjoy-Ride-ebook/dp/B005G13FT6/ref=sr_1_1?ie=UTF8&qid=1313372055&sr=8-1
3. According to the King James expression – of *sin, righteousness and judgment* - John 16:8
4. “The God within you is unlimited”.

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Epilogue:

Date of Destiny 2

It was yet again just a few days before election. I had been increasingly disturbed by the observations I had been making first hand. Very much aware of the compromising position of several candidates from one party, with regards to direct connections with the drug trade, I, up to that point had been hoping for a victory by their opponents.

The drug trade is one of the main feeders of the crime machine. I continued to be sensitive to every issue governing or touching Jamaica's number one problem – crime.

Some of us think that it is unfair to broaden the scope of the problem to include all of us in it. We feel that the problem is with those people on the *other* side of the divide. The *other* party. The *other* group. The ghetto hooligans. The uptown oppressors. The dance hall crew. The church hypocrites. The vulgar and crude. The pretentious and prejudiced. **We** consider *ourselves* decent people. The problem is always with *them*.

But that day... actually it lasted for about two days; A time of Mystic visitation - There are times you plug in, but then there are times that the Mystic dimension crashes in and overrides your mundane focus. These are often accompanied by sensory or emotional overloads of some sort:

The body may be filled with inexplicable energy and all the senses of awareness sharpened, or sometimes a person may pass out completely '*under the power*' and receive divine 'downloads' of information or energy that only time unfolds.

One may sense unexplainable, sometimes unbearable heat; or have the sensation of being shocked by volts of electricity, or of being covered with a blanket of weight making the body extremely heavy, or the exact opposite – a sensation of lightness and weightlessness. Also transcendent emotional states are common – feelings of profound serenity, indescribable joy or ecstasy, a deep sense of well being and wholeness are all common. The 'Christ' experience, the 'anointing' is often initially overwhelming.

Accessing the deeper regions of Being is rarely a seamless experience. That dimension resonates with a living dynamism not encountered in mundane reality.

Through the ages, mystics have described Light Beings, Voices of Thunder, Colors outside of the spectral plane of our senses...in fact all kinds of visual, aural, tactile and olfactory data that thwarts adequate description in human language.

These experiences are not always individual and private. An entire crowd can be spontaneously lifted into transcendence. Although Pentecostalism has obscured this fact, these states of consciousness are not at all necessarily associated with overt emotionalism or even a necessarily 'religious' focus.

I have engaged highly creative scientists with very dispassionate dispositions who experience this ecstasy in their work and yet have no impulse towards emotional display. This 'moment of

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connection' could probably be passed off by the skeptic psychologist as some kind of baseless subjective experience, except and apart from the one common calling card that typifies this moment of encounter throughout the ages - profound and irrevocable life *transformation*.

The realizations, ideas, revelations and inventions apprehended in these moments always alter the life course not only of the individuals directly involved, but also their worlds. The Mystic is simply the personification of Creativity.

...That day, I was 'caught up' for the better portion of the day and given a very clear understanding of my life's purpose and the purpose of this Jamaican generation. I wrote. And what I wrote amazed me.

It was a few days before election-day and again my world was in a spin. The Mystic was reconfiguring. I was summoned to a high place to witness the Mind that governs all minds. Actually, my whole world had entered the vortex of that spin as an impending hurricane had turned the mind of every Jamaican from business as usual to hunkering down to that most basic of human needs – the need to survive.

It was amazing to me the things then that the Mystic divulged. Matters of party politics or even human survival on this plane never seem to be the priority. What was the most pressing matter however – for want of a better word – was our *imaginations*.

Our images of Power, of Fatherhood, of Justice, of the Cosmic order. What was communicated to me in the midst of this turbulence were fresh perspectives on these areas of focus. I was ushered into a high place of bliss and peace.

The Mystic that had led me through countless dark hours now revealed to me the thing most central about our existence as Jamaicans in this time. To quote: The "*Healing of the Criminal Heart*."

But so many of us do not even accept responsibility, being duped by our hypocritical colonial legacy of classism that we cannot even see our own face in the mirror of Truth. We imagine crime to be a 'downtown problem'. We imagine criminality to be bound up with those that break the law of the land (even though some of them are arbitrary, oppressive, discriminatory and even insensible).

We don't identify with the criminality so manifestly loosed throughout our land. We probably think we play no part in it at all. The problem is with *them*.

During my 'visitation', I was shown the contrary. Crime is essentially disequilibrium, or as we say, the 'disturbing of the peace'. *Both* sides of the scale need correction. I was shown how all criminality is informed by ignorance. Misinformation. Wrongful mind programming. Inappropriate priorities, values, attitudes....always issuing from wrongful imaginations – wrongful interpretations of reality, misguided conclusions on the nature of life itself.

There is no divine revelation that dwells on complexity. The Light in fact only takes us to the simplicity that we are unable to otherwise apprehend.

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When we find ourselves powerless, we have been disconnected from our Creativity. That explains our need to blame others for our experiences; in that we are not recognizing our own creative potential. Whenever we do, we understand the true nature of authority.

Authority is truly owned by that mind that is courageous enough to take responsibility for the shaping of reality.

In that high place, I recognized the truth of CHOICE which makes every election day...every moment of choice (individual or national) a *date with destiny*. For when we choose, so does the Mystic. And until our purposes are aligned, we truly fight with our very selves.

Accuracy of choice is impossible outside of connection with the deepest Source of Being. Human intellect cannot possibly control the many variables of time and space. To navigate cause and effect with precision, we need to learn *how to pray*.

As events took their peculiar turn, after that appointment 'behind the veil', I pondered how long we would continue to be dominated by a cynicism that is blind to creative alternatives.

Jamaicans have always stood out on the world stage disproportionately to our national size and status. 'Wi likl but wi talawa' as we say. What does this say about our identity? We have not seemed to fear those forces others considered too mighty to handle.

When we listen to the Mystic, our allegiances cannot be manipulated by forces outside of ourselves; we fear no man; we create that which is required to satisfy genuine human needs and aspirations; and we prove ourselves to be the face / image / representative of God on the earth.

Marcus Garvey ended an eon of racial domination. Michael Manley organized the entire third world into a power bloc for the rich nations to contend with. Bob Marley, the pied reggae piper swept up the youth of generations past, present and those to come in his mesmeric aura. Bolt – the fastest man on earth. The list goes on. One understands why many opine that the nation has indeed been anointed for leadership. And we can be sure, no one can accomplish anything of note without having a rich inner life.

The Christ **Purpose** ('...*Peace on earth, goodwill to all men*' Luke 2:14) awaits the rebirth of a nation, anchored in the Christ **Promise** ("Lo, *I AM with you always...*" Matthew 28:20) and immersed in the Christ **Presence** ("*I can do all things...*" Philippians 4:13); exemplifying Justice to the world and prospering in the blessings of the *Eternal Father*. **Jamaica! Hear and answer the call.**

Dear reader, whether you are a Jamaican or not, you can be sure you too have a uniquely important part to play....in 'advancing the welfare of the whole human race'.

You could not reach to the end of this book, having read its contents unless your soul was in search of the information presented. **You have a date with Destiny.** I commend you to that Creative Power that is common to us all - the Natural Mystic. Take a moment now. Listen carefully. This might be the last trumpet you hear.