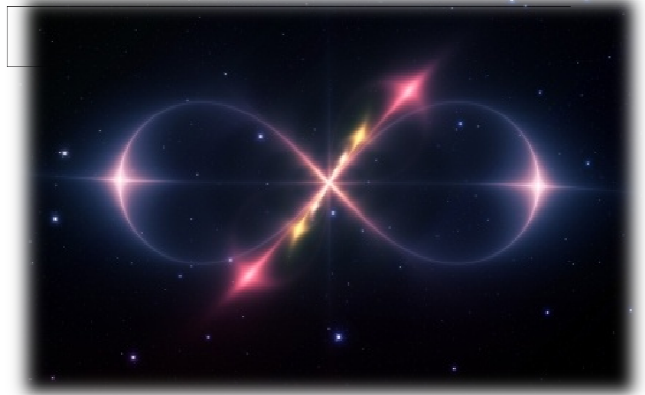


God's Only Begotten



What do you think it would be like to open your eyes as a day-old newborn, and find yourself being held in the tender loving embrace of a young, ageless mother? To find yourself looking into awestruck eyes that gaze adoringly at you? To feel the smooth satiny texture of her full breast under your searching little finger tips? To taste the nurturing comfort of a milk-tinged nipple between your pink, puckered lips? To hear her worshipful crooning words as she intones the universal music of mother-baby talk? What if you realized that this young, ageless, adoring, crooning mother were God Herself, and that you were Her only-begotten babe? Could you ever subsequently feel fear or anxiety, guilt or anger?

What if another figure were looking over Her shoulder at you smiling proudly? What if he were a young, ageless father, with strong, white teeth, broad shoulders, sparkling eyes; and whose voice made your heart leap in the pure ecstasy of mutual recognition? What if you realized that He is God your Heavenly Father, and that you are His only-begotten babe? Could you ever subsequently feel vulnerable or unimportant?

What if this were not merely a dream nor a vision; not a longing for what *could* be nor yet a nostalgia for what *once was*? What if it is the ultimate Truth? What if it the ultimate Truth, NOW? How would that realization change your life? Because you *are* God's only-begotten child! And here is the even bigger mystery-miracle: God has many, many only-begotten children. Jesus was one of them, but not the only one, as exoteric Christianity claims. See that lamb frolicking in the meadow at the other side of your garden fence? *That* is God's only-begotten child. See that hummingbird levitating

in front of that red blossom? *That* is God's only-begotten child. See that rainbow trout arcing gracefully out of the stream to catch and eat that winged elemental disguised as a mosquito? *That* trout is God's only-begotten child; and so is the mosquito. God's only begotten comes in a pluriformity of costumes. And none is loved with anything less than all of God's attention.

But how can that be? You ask. How can we *all* be God's only-begotten child, and how can we each be loved with *all* of God's attention? Pardon me if I use a mathematical metaphor, since God majored in math. God is eternal and She is infinite in all of Her "qualities." You, too, are an infinite and eternal being. To explain further, let me state two basic mathematical principles: (a) not all infinities are equal: and (b) no matter how often you divide up infinity, all of the "pieces" are still infinite. Take the positive integers, for example e.g., 1, 2, 3,.... This is an infinite series, but mathematicians call it, *Countable* Infinity because you can keep counting until you run out of breath, patience or neurons - which ever comes last. Similarly, the *negative* integers (-1, -2, -3,...) are also a countable infinity. Now, here's the beauty: all of the integers taken together - positive *and* negative (...-3, -2, -1, 1, 2, 3, ...) is also a countable infinite series, but it is exactly twice as big an infinity as either the positive or negative integers alone!

And it gets "curiouser and curiouser." If you take the "rational numbers", this series, also, is infinite; but it is an *uncountable* infinity! (By the way, "rational numbers" does not mean numbers which make reasonable decisions or ones that aren't distracted by their emotions. Rational numbers are those that can be expressed as ratios or fractions e.g., 17/18 or 79/81...)

Now, here's the thing about rational numbers, you can take any two of them, no matter how close to each other they are e.g., 29/31 and 30/31, and you can find an infinite amount of other rational numbers between these two neighbors. In fact, if you take any two adjoining *integers*, e.g., 23 and 24, you can find more rational numbers between these two adjoining integers than there are integers themselves in existence.

Now let me get back to God's only begotten. You are like an integer, a stand-alone number. Let's say you think of yourself as a "7". Then surrounding you, on both sides, are an infinite amount of rational numbers. God is the rational numbers and She

surrounds you with infinite love. To all intents and purposes, there is *only* you, doted on, loved unconditionally and held eternally in an embrace of compassion because of your adorable littleness. How could you ever be afraid?

But here is the rub: you volunteered to incarnate in order to discover and recognize all of God's *other* only-begottens; and to learn how to love them as the Heavenly Father and Divine Mother do. It's really not that difficult, because if you look closely, you'll see that each one is the spit and image of the parents. When you really get that, you laugh from your belly because you realize that when you really *see* the lamb, the humming bird, the rainbow trout and the mosquito, you suddenly realize that you are looking in a *mirror*; that God the Mother and God the Father are looking over your shoulder into the mirror; and that everything the mirror reflects is merely the morphing forms of God in this play called Lila.

Namasté,

A handwritten signature in cursive script that reads "Sean". The signature is written in black ink and is positioned to the right of the text "Namasté,".

Tír na nÓg

October 2013