

Chrism's Shaktipat experience as can be related through the written word...



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There is a great void around me. In its embrace, we embrace. In its nothingness everything is. (i) (the little chrism) go to each person individually for Shaktipat. The less that (i) do the more is done. The more (i) do the less is done. That is the modulation point. The fire on my head extends into the void and I cannot perceive its endings from a physical conscious point. It is a radiance field that just goes on and on.

Divine Female and Divine Male use the awakened gifts of their child to help those who wish to come to this path or are already upon it. Knowledge and information particular to a person and yet relating to all of those on this path are given through their child. Child of Kundalini surrenders to the Divine gift of the two that are one and the oneness that is two.

(i) am obliterated. (i) am one. I am merely a point of consciousness. Grace is what has called and its answer is non-negotiable. One becomes grace and it drives the vehicle. The gifts that are given are specific to each. Grace has determined and gifted "The Safeties" as a way to condition and learn through conscious behavior modification. Kundalini is a direct experience upon the body or sheaths of expression. The safety protocols help the process which can be as a tactile ever changing experience into a transformation and a new and natural awareness.

From this do (i) draw upon love from the (I) plural singularity. Love is for and from the "Allness" of which we are part. We are the Divine Child of the "Kundalini Marriage" the Sacred Marriage. The "Plural Trinity" as a "Singularity" at once, at one.

I feel stillness and an observation from those that are beyond physical expression. They carry the current as well. They walk the divine fields with greater understandings than the small (i) of my Trinity. And yet they give freely to me as (i) am able to hold. (Sacred Female)(Sacred Male) & (i) as a triple combined singularity give freely to you as you are able to hold through the Scatterfield.

There is no interruption. There is only the sweet music of the polishing process. The chords and harmonies of life as perceived through our laughter and our screams and our kindness and loving gifts towards others and self. The comfort we offer each other on this path can become the comfort we experience. We share the process here. We honor our love here. And it honors us.

That's how it comes to me as a fraction of my Shaktipat experience that can be told or touched upon with words. - blessings all - chrism