

Spiritual Analogies

Halls of Learning



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Spiritual Analogies

The following poem, "The Boy and His Dog," is an analogy of the animal-based brain (the dog) and the incarnating spirit or "old soul" (the boy).



The Boy and His Dog

A dog played with a little toy truck
The boy watched the two.
As the dog learned to make it go
The boy learned something new.

He learned that animals like to play
That they enjoy life too
And with that the boy and his dog
Went on their way to school.

The boy had to learn to read and write
The dog had mostly to wait
The lessons got harder for the boy
Meanwhile the dog learned to hate.

The dog learned to hate the school
That kept the boy from him
He wanted to destroy the place
So he and the boy could swim.

The boy saw he had to teach his dog
That it needed lessons too
He decided that with his help
The dog could also go to school.

The dog learned to obey the boy
The boy to respect the dog.
As school continued for both of them
How the boy enjoyed his dog.

He saw they both were here for a purpose
And that was to learn and grow
If all could do that together
Then lives in harmony would flow.



The Oversoul Compared to a Shattered Piece of Glass

Picture the oversoul as a piece of glass that has shattered. Two little pieces can be found that fit together (twin souls), but they still are a shattered fragment. Even when two and two and two and two (a seedcore group), join together they are still a fragment of the whole, and it usually is one and one and one and one that join together (individual persons). They also make a fragment, but not a square piece. It has rough edges that won't fit

back into the whole until the right piece (twin) is found. This is the process that must take place before the piece of glass can be glued back together into one whole piece and then be moved into another room of the house that's being built.

There are twelve rooms in this house and this window must progress from room to room. In some rooms it makes the move without incident, but in others it shatters upon arrival and must be pieced back together again before moving on. Each room is a classroom and each piece of glass learns through many lessons and much thought what it needs to learn. At the same time it also needs to interact with the other pieces of glass, its brothers and sisters, if you will, that make up the rest of the sheet of glass. Getting to know this group is a start to knowing all the shattered pieces of glass. These fragments do have to be glued back together in the end and eventually will be. In reality all pieces of the puzzle will eventually fit together. This is the lesson plan. The sharp edges of each need to be buffed off, smoothed up, so that they don't rub against another piece the wrong way and cause more shattering. If all edges get smoothed up, they will fit much better into the whole.



The Seedcore Compared to a Tree

The seedcore is like the holder of the family tree. Each spark that split in half came from a certain branch of the fork of lightning that shattered onto the earth plane. Therefore there are family branches

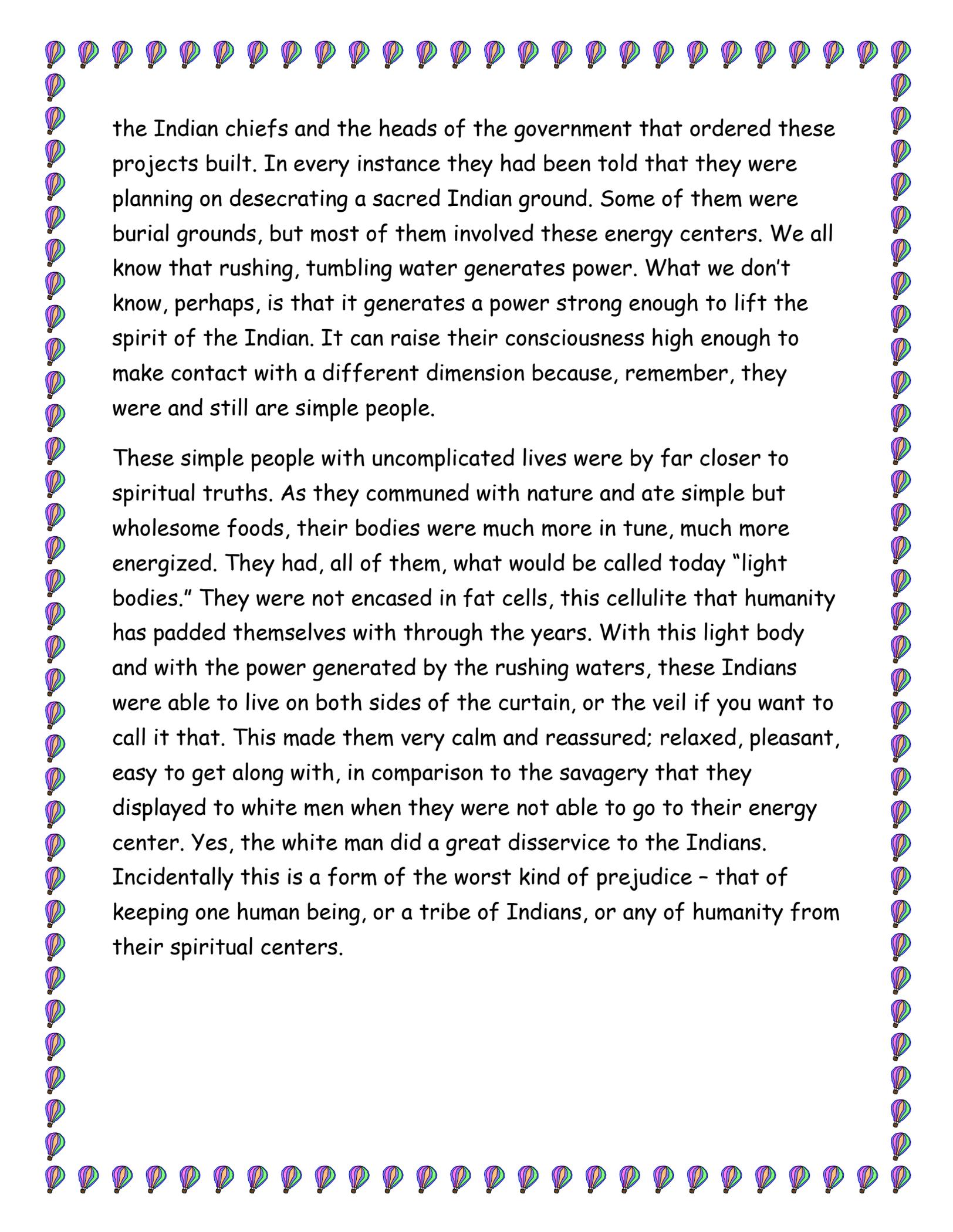
on many levels. Picture a tree. Out of the main trunk there are many fairly good sized branches that all have many smaller branches off of them. The seedcore would be as the very end of a branch off the smaller branches. Each spark that broke off from that particular end of that particular branch is from the same seedcore. It can follow the line of communication back up that branch and into the main trunk of the tree. It can even follow the main trunk to other branches and connect with the experiences learned by these seedcores.



Prejudice Compared To Indians

When the white men built the power plant in Glenwood Canyon, Colorado they destroyed a very, very sacred ground, a sacred energy center where the Shoshoni Indians would come and camp and rejuvenate their very spirits. The energies in this canyon at that time were so high that the Indians were able to contact those on the other side very, very easily. This contact, this communication meant so much spiritually to the Indians. This is something that those of the white man's race cannot understand - the spirituality that existed in the Indian when he was able to keep this contact open with the other side, with his relatives that had passed over. When he wasn't able to keep this contact open was when he turned into a savage.

If the white men had been able to understand this, perhaps they would have stayed away from the Indian's sacred ground. They knew it was sacred ground because they had been told at a council of war between



the Indian chiefs and the heads of the government that ordered these projects built. In every instance they had been told that they were planning on desecrating a sacred Indian ground. Some of them were burial grounds, but most of them involved these energy centers. We all know that rushing, tumbling water generates power. What we don't know, perhaps, is that it generates a power strong enough to lift the spirit of the Indian. It can raise their consciousness high enough to make contact with a different dimension because, remember, they were and still are simple people.

These simple people with uncomplicated lives were by far closer to spiritual truths. As they communed with nature and ate simple but wholesome foods, their bodies were much more in tune, much more energized. They had, all of them, what would be called today "light bodies." They were not encased in fat cells, this cellulite that humanity has padded themselves with through the years. With this light body and with the power generated by the rushing waters, these Indians were able to live on both sides of the curtain, or the veil if you want to call it that. This made them very calm and reassured; relaxed, pleasant, easy to get along with, in comparison to the savagery that they displayed to white men when they were not able to go to their energy center. Yes, the white man did a great disservice to the Indians. Incidentally this is a form of the worst kind of prejudice - that of keeping one human being, or a tribe of Indians, or any of humanity from their spiritual centers.