

An Account

by Dale Hunter

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My realization came late one night in April of 1983, as my wife and I lay on the bunk of a sailboat talking in a very relaxed and easy way. We both sort of quietly fell within ourselves and became aware that we were still talking, but were no longer moving our lips. From there very strange things began to happen. I have since learned that we were experiencing the siddhis, the gateway to the door opening up. For my part, I was delighted to be at last finding that which I had so longed to know. My wife became caught up in the siddhis and I believe went no farther. I melted into it and was absorbed by it. I have no way of knowing how long it lasted but it was not sudden. It was relaxed, leisurely, and prolonged. A homecoming, as they say.

I thought I would include this comment from my Journal that I wrote the next morning, and the follow up piece that I wrote about twenty years later. Be aware that at the time of the realization I had no knowledge of Hinduism or Buddhism or the phenomena of enlightenment. I had spent the previous five years in more or less full time reading of western philosophy and was discouraged to learn that nobody knew any more than I did. Everybody was speculating. Nobody KNEW. This was before the Internet, and the only source of information was the limited resources of the used bookstores.

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“...The phenomena that we experienced was Reality. What we experience in everyday life is nothing more than one aspect of Reality—a tool of the real Self. The body and the senses are in fact trivial, expendable conveniences of the Reality within us.

What were my impressions of that Reality? First I felt the body and the senses to be totally expendable. The Reality was sexless, certainly timeless in the conventional understanding of time. It was not without personality but seemed to have its personality mingled with others. The Self was an extension of a larger Self yet attached to and somewhat interrelating to Selves on a more or less equal plane. I seemed to think that all things existing on the physical plane were relating to one another in that hierarchy, that all things were a manifestation of the greater Self, and that all things were in Reality as expendable as the body. The whole of the universe was of no more significance than my body, and Reality would be left essentially unchanged without things physical.

Any explanation of what we experienced must be very inadequate. Words are an attempt at recording physical events. Physical events are the stimuli of the senses. What we experienced was beyond senses—it was pure energy, the energy was thought...the thought was idea...the idea

was everything that ever was, is, will be everywhere, anywhere, nowhere—white wind in the night—Pure and harmless, childlike, and forever. And it is true. We were there. We did it!”

In the two decades since the realization, it has remained the defining event of my life. Since it came spontaneously without much in the way of preparation, I have spent those two decades in research. Trying to find out all I could about it. I have found that to most, if it comes, it comes as a culmination of a life of seeking. In my case, however, the seeking came after the event as a way of “leaning on the door,” waiting for it to open once more.

A few years ago I began getting premonition experiences, dreams or precognitions of future events. This led to the understanding that all of the events in time and space are scripted. Everything is preordained, predestined. Therefore free will is an illusion, and if free will is an illusion then personal identity is also an illusion.

Or,
There is no such person as me.
There is no such place as here.

I understood and believed this intellectually and instinctively, but had a very difficult time figuring out the everyday ramifications. Until, I came across a course in consciousness given by a physics professor at the University of Virginia, recommended to me by a friend. I downloaded the paper from the Internet, and read the 201 page course for a month. The course includes some difficult material on quantum physics, and test data that concludes,

There is no “I”
There is no “me”
There is no “mine”
There is no “here”

Therefore, if there is no “I”, there can be nothing done by the “I”. In fact we are doing nothing, and can do nothing. All of our thoughts, feelings, sensual data, and all of our actions, are predetermined just as all other events, and we can do nothing to alter that chain of events. Our thinking that we are a person with free will and personal identity is an illusion caused by our real Self, identifying with the spontaneous “dream” that seems to unfold in our consciousness. There is in fact nothing real in time and space. All is a “dream,” a manifestation of the Universal Consciousness, which we all are. The only thing that is real is the awareness that watches. We are the looker that is looking.

When we realize that everything in life is predestined, scripted, arises from the Background, manifests, and vanishes back into the Background, we can choose not to identify, simply watch the manifestations as they arise without believing that we are contributing to the making of things happen. There is no “we” so we cannot make anything happen. Things happen spontaneously and we can exert no influence on them. If something is going to happen, it will. If not, it won’t. In fact, nothing is happening. It is like a movie unfolding in three dimensions, completely unsubstantial. The only thing that is real is the Self, abiding in Reality, and that too is a dream within a dream of the dreamer.

The witness. Universal Consciousness.

Therefore if there is no “I,” there can be no reincarnation of that I. The only thing that is eternal is the Self. The Self identifies with the illusion of self in time and space, and seems to suffer in time and space, until finally awakening to Reality and the dream of self vanishes.

Also if there is no “I” to do anything, there can be no responsibility or accountability for anything that only seems to be done. If there is no responsibility for anything done, there can be no “bad” or “good” Karma. Karma and reincarnation are part of the nothing that only seems to be.

The movie is only a play of shadows. There is no good nor is there any bad. It is just what is not, seeming to be manifested by what there is.

*Tears and fears and midnight
All is One the same.
Shadows within the sunlight
And, Truth is name beyond name.*

Concerning the Realization: Just as our seeming (small “s”) self is an emanation or a dream of (big “S”) “Self,” the Self of Reality is a dream or emanation of something beyond the Self normally realized. It too, is beyond naming. I called it Being. The love and acceptance felt by the Self during Realization radiates from Being like heat from a hot stove. And, like a hot stove, Being can be approached, but not touched.

The potential of Being is what we ultimately are.
At least it seemed to be as far as we can know.

After awakening, I visualized the experience as an alignment of self, Self, and Being. Of course it was not a physical alignment, more of a spiritual conjunction, and an inward dissolving from self to Self, and then from Self towards the embracing untouchable radiance of Being. But, it can be visualized in scope and scale as the alignment of the sphere of the eye (self) with that of the moon (Self) and sun (Being) during a total eclipse. All three encompassed by the unfathomable black sphere of space, (Pi). The scale and proportion gives some idea of the actual passage. The wormhole of realization burned a hole in space-time, and “I” fell though melting my self into the Self of Reality. And then deeper, becoming engulfed by the glow, the embracing radiance of Being. From there, I lost consciousness. I awakened with the dawn of morning, with only the intangible memory,

and the KNOWING.

The knowing has been persistent. It has been a deepening constantly expanding background awareness. Since I had no previous knowledge even of the existence of the phenomena of enlightenment, the intellectual understanding has been slowly but steadily maturing with the years.

Like yeast rising in bread.

At first I could only relate the realization to Jesus and the church. I realized that this must have been what he was all about. I guessed that the three-phased part must equate to the original “holy trinity,” and all of the threes found in our popular culture. I re-read the New Testament, but the only words of plain truth I could find were, “*The kingdom of God is within you.*” I began scouring used bookstores, and eventually came across a yellowed paperback copy of the Upanishads.

From there the search began.