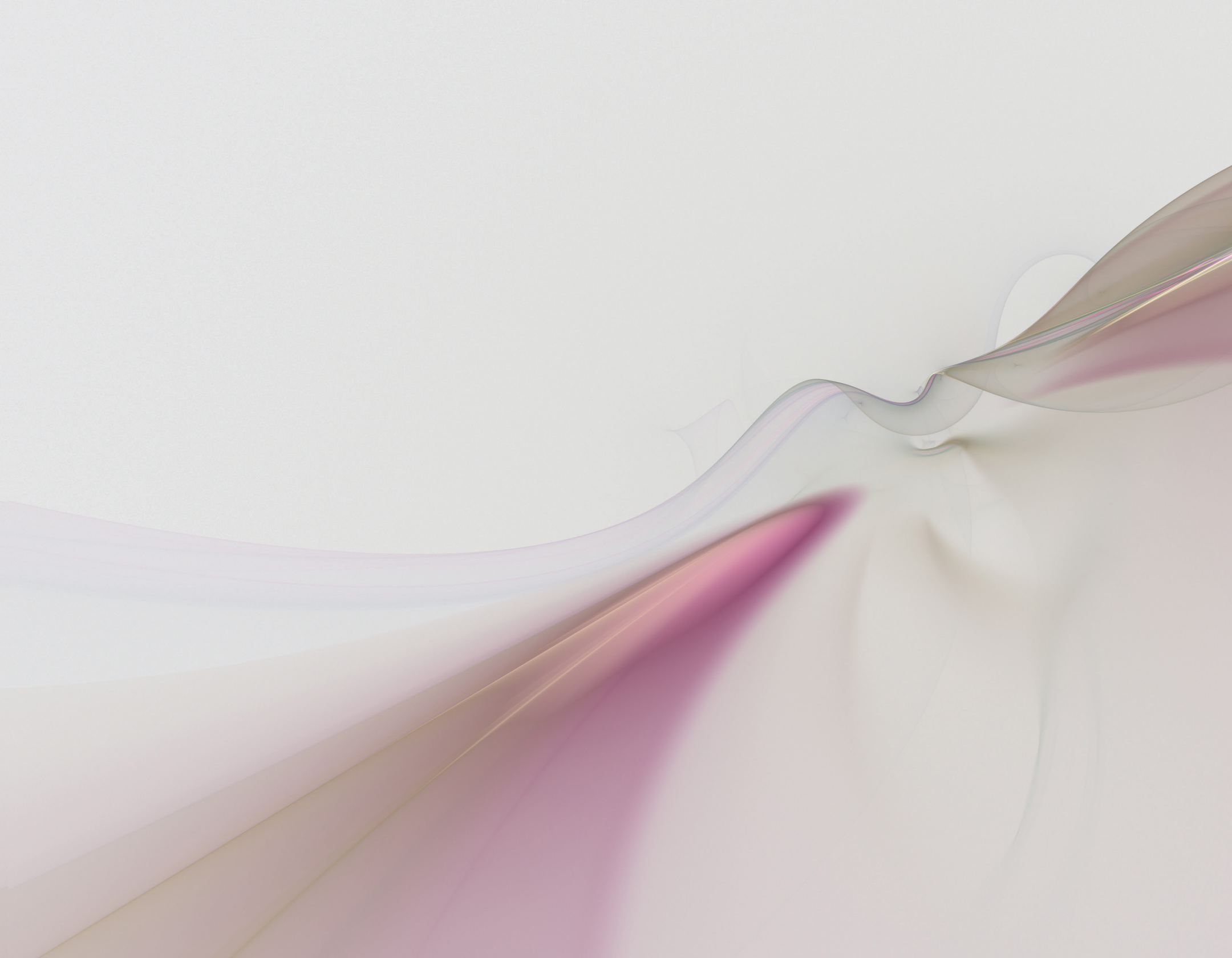
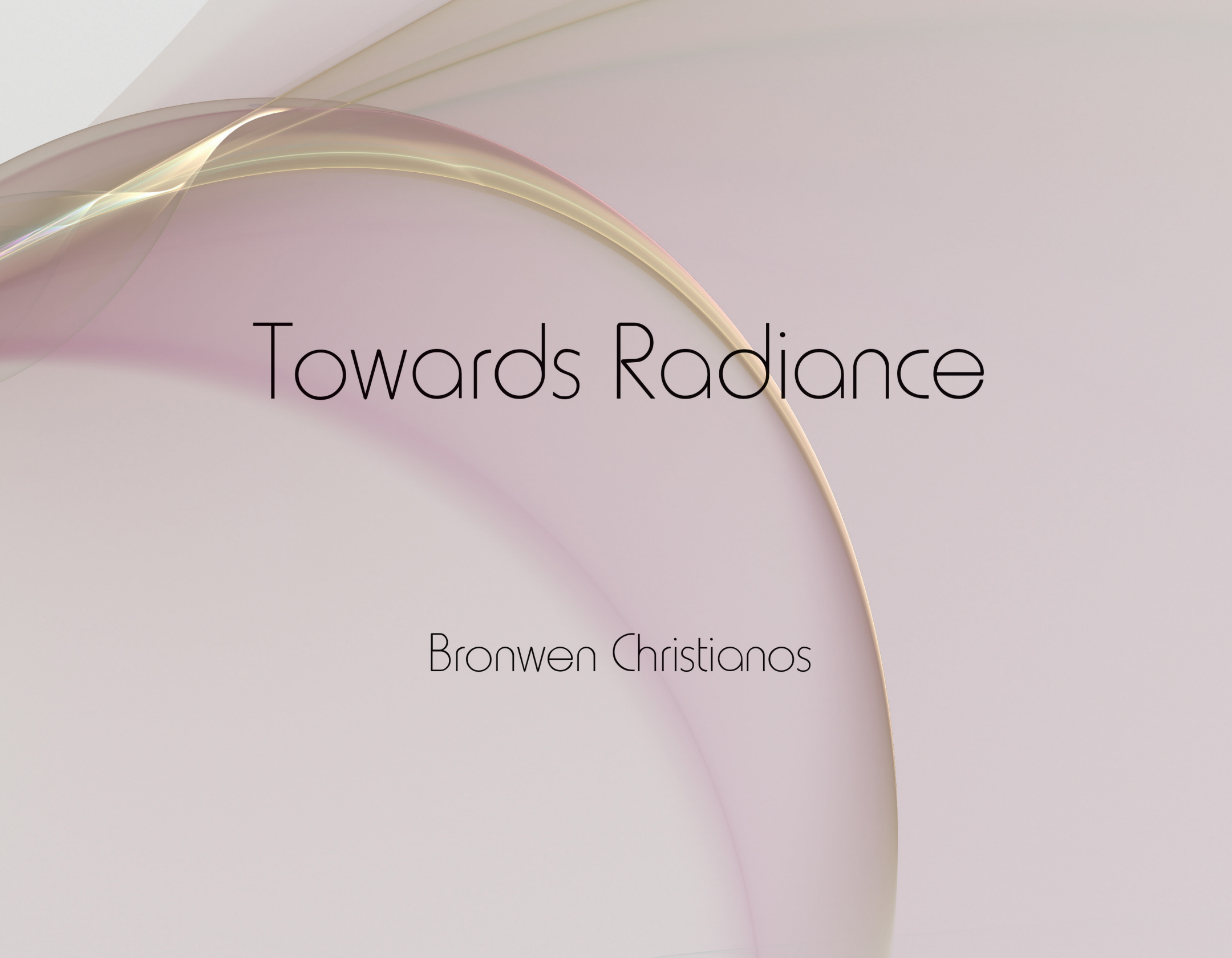






Towards Radiance

Bronwen Christianos

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Bronwen Christianos

Art by Brenda Molloy
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Dedication

This is by way of explanation,
dedicated to all eight of my children; those living
Michael, Joseph, Beth, Hannah, Rachel, Ben,
and in memory and honour of those passed
Christian, Jonathan.

I hope this may give you some insight into who I am.

Thank you for the great company you have all been to me.
There are two reasons I am alive and able to write this today.

The first; even in the darkest of times, my innermost spirit was able
(sometimes only just) to hold on to the beauty,
the light and the love that I had been shown.

The other reason; in my heart there was you.

Foreword

This wonderful book exists because of some unusual events. Bronwen and Brenda would not have met if there had not been a freakish snowstorm that kept Brenda from leaving the conference they were both attending. With a couple of extra days, they had the chance to meet and talk. They agree with Dolores Cannon who wrote: “When it is time for souls to meet, there’s nothing on earth that can prevent them from meeting, no matter where each may be located on planet Earth.” It became clear that they have a lot in common and that collaborating on TOWARDS RADIANCE was soul work.

Bronwen and Brenda have both had metaphysical experiences with bright white light. For Bronwen, the most important one was seeing an Angel, an experience that shaped the rest of her life, sending her on a long quest that helped her find the wisdom she shares in this book. Both Bronwen and Brenda really know about radiance. When she was 8 years old Brenda was awakened by what she calls the most beautiful, whitest light she had ever seen – twice. After seeing fractals in an art show, Brenda changed her artistic medium from fiber to working with fractals. She had found a way to create radiant illuminations.

A fractal is a never-ending pattern. Fractals are infinitely complex patterns that are self-similar across different scales. They are a mathematical formula that, when expressed in art form, have a positive effect on the human brain as shown in research using fMRI’s (functional magnetic resonance imaging).

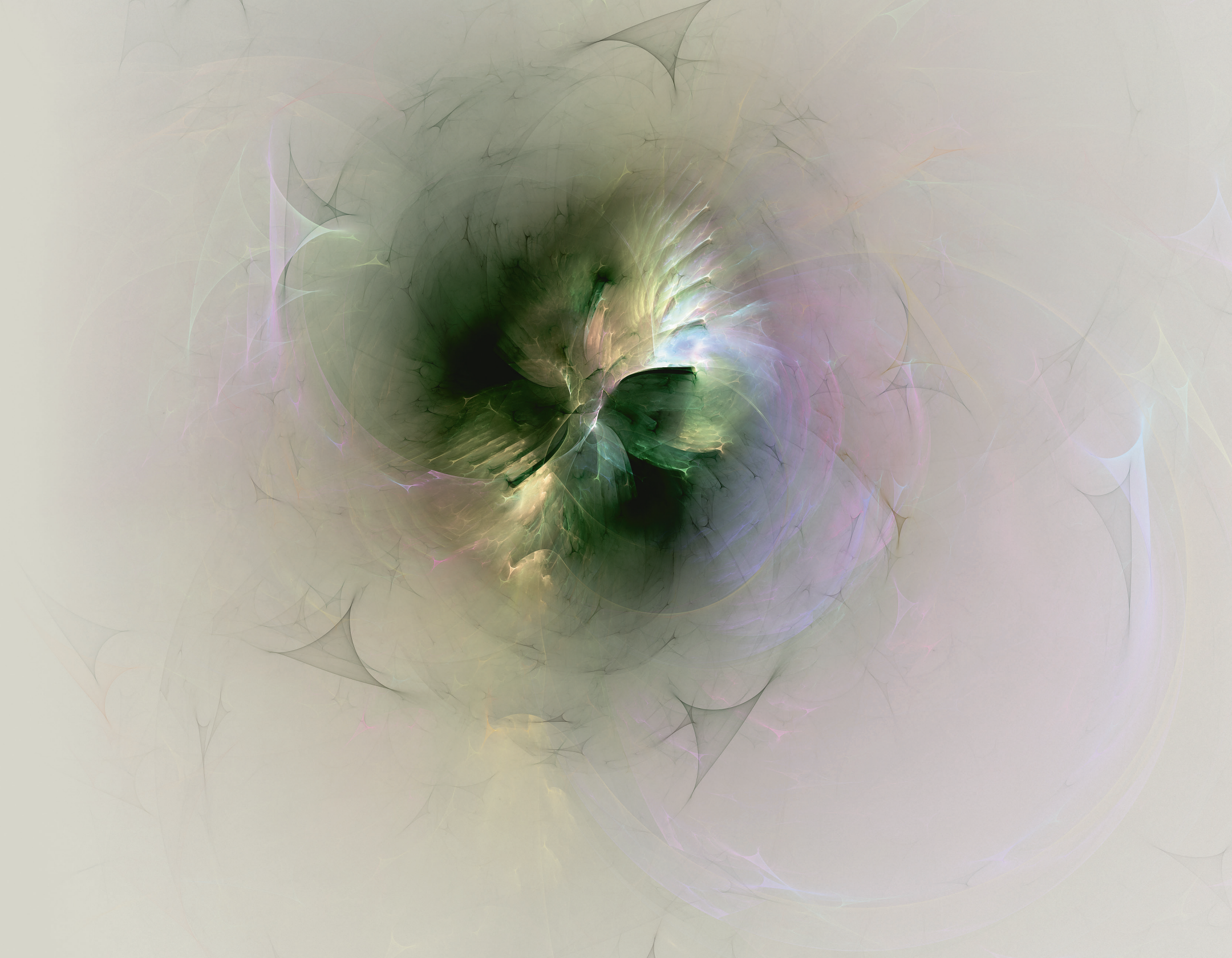
How do I know what fractals are? I see them too, but in a different way than Brenda does. A dear friend who knew we were both interested in fractals introduced us, and with our first extraordinary conversation

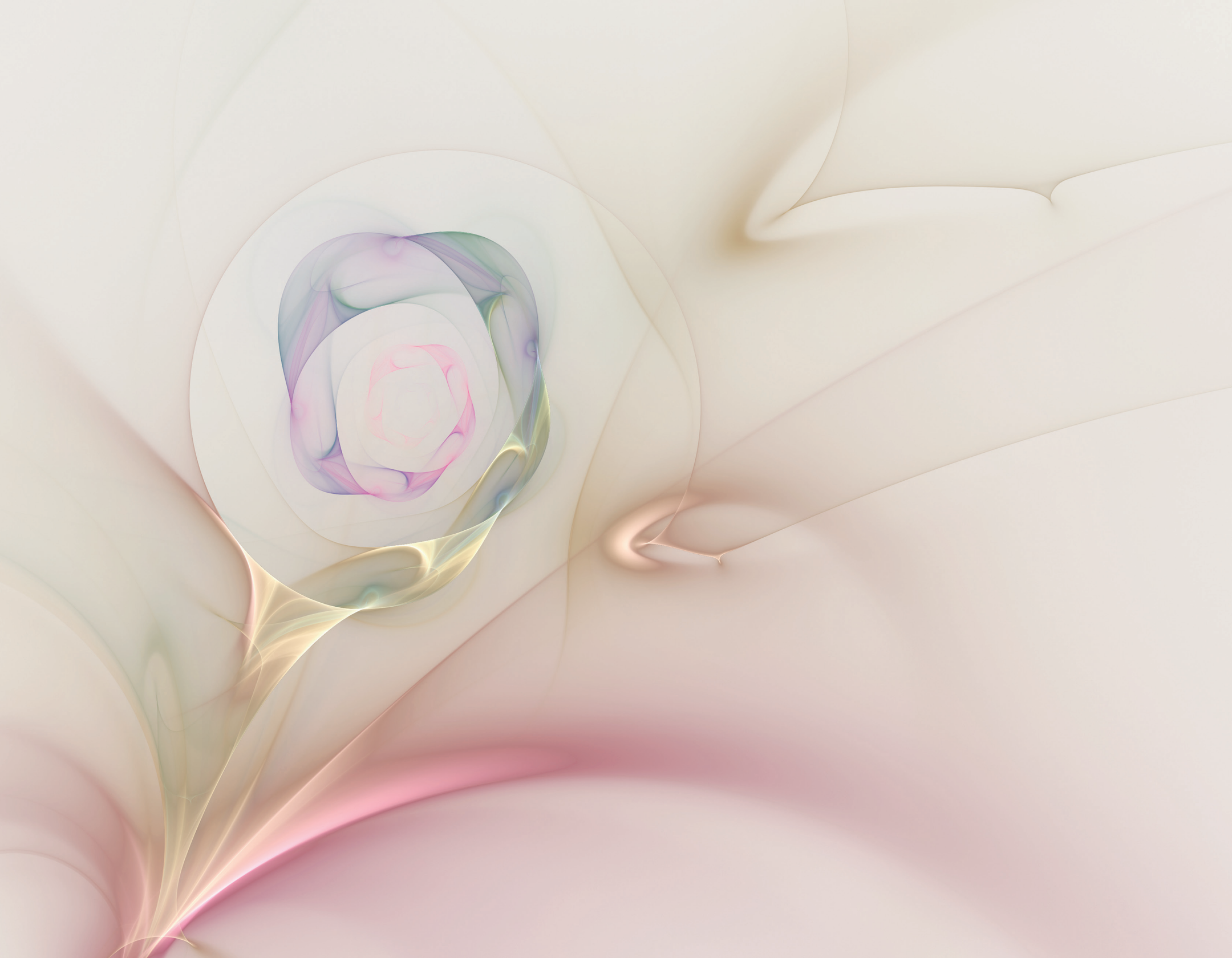
we found that we also had a great deal in common. When Brenda and I talked, I described how my first meeting with a fractal Being was one of radiance engulfing me in a field of unconditional love.

I was pleased to be asked to write some words to introduce TOWARDS RADIANCE. This book is a masterstroke of love that can reside in one’s heart forever. It is a fulfillment for the growing spiritual hunger that exists in our world today. What are we all seeking? Most spiritual guides would agree that the answer to this question is LOVE.

Jack Stucki
Subtle Energy Pioneer

Love so vast,
Love the sky cannot contain,
How can all this fit within my heart?
- Rumi





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Introduction

This is the story of an experience that happened to me in my early twenties, which has infused the rest of my life.

First there is the story of the experience itself, and then there is the story of the journey I undertook after the experience. This journey was driven by the need to understand not only how, but also why this extraordinary shift in my consciousness had occurred.

Even though this experience has been far and away the most gloriously inspired, powerful and joyful experience of my entire life, the duality I had been dramatically awakened to, catapulted my operating consciousness at the time way outside of “normal”. On the one hand I had been shown a glimpse of the essence of all religions, the goal of all seekers of spiritual enlightenment. I had experienced the true state of what we as humans are, and have yearned ever since to be able to communicate the extraordinary wonder of this.

However, I had also seen horrifyingly clearly how alienated we are as human beings from our rightful and natural state and from each other.

The human race has a great need to connect to this greater reality that we sense is both within, but conversely for the most part, seemingly far, far away.

The yearning for this connection is behind every attempt to achieve an altered state of consciousness: via drugs, alcohol, meditation and religion. Religion has played a huge historical role for mankind in attempting to provide for this yearning.

Today, there appears to be a growing spiritual hunger amongst the peoples of the earth, and this need to connect to a higher reality has produced a multitude of paths offering the way to enlightenment.

What are we all seeking for? Most spiritual guides would agree that the answer to this question is love. We all seek to be connected to love.

On my journey through the wide variety of religions and spiritual movements, (which I have called the Quest), I found I had become acutely

aware of where love was, and where it wasn't. This operated in every field of my life, and included (to my great discomfort at times), my own interactions and behaviours.

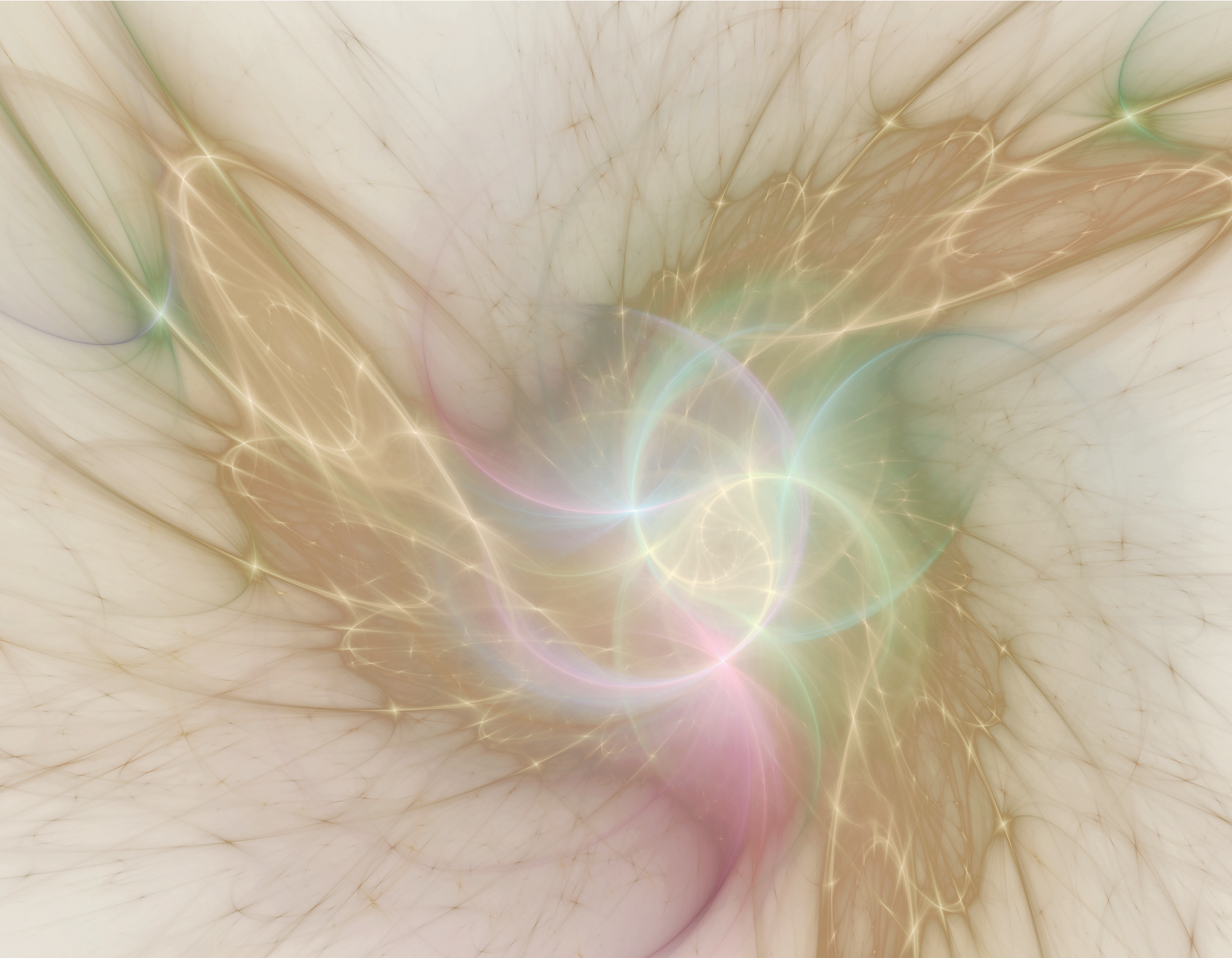
This quest I embarked upon was in response to the anguish and despair regarding the shadows of human existence; the abuse of innocence, the cruelty shown to our most vulnerable, the pain of loneliness that so many people experience, the fear of death, the senseless greed that can turn a blind eye to people dying of hunger, racism, and the justifications used to excuse violence, sadism and torture.

My heart and my mind suffered a type of breaking when I saw these things stripped as I had been of the haze of ‘normality’, the obligatory ‘hardening up’ that develops in human beings as they ‘grow up’, and the bricks pile up upon the wall.

So this is a story of a very ordinary person full of the usual mix of fears and insecurities, undeservedly experiencing something utterly divine and sublime; something so very far from everyday life in this world, with its complex mixture of transient joys, heartaches, horrors, lusts, greed, hurts, angers, grief, passion, boredom, terror, despair, loneliness, fears, fears and fears.

Then it is the account of how this ordinary person engaged in their quest to find a means of communicating this experience. There are two parts; the first is the story itself, the second are the conclusions I reached as a consequence of these experiences.

Towards Radiance is a tale, my tale. It contains no new spiritual insights. In writing this story down, I have attempted to integrate the frightened and insecure person I was (and occasionally still am), with what I had been given. A gift that had showed me emphatically that the love we all seek is not only the source of the universe, and that it is not so deep and unobtainable, or above and unreachable, but is in fact all around us and within us.



Pre-Story

Part One

My story begins the day I died. This happened in the Kuringai Chase National Park, in Sydney Australia.

I had been running along a cliff edge in the bush. I had encountered a part of the track that required me to climb up a rock, so I grabbed a hold of a small tree to assist with my climb. The whole tree came out in my hand and I remember the horrifying backwards and head-first plummet to the sandstone rocks several metres below.

Although the memory of this awful fall is still clear, what happened next is ultra-clear.

I experienced myself speeding upwards into the sky towards some very high and beautiful cumulus clouds. I felt supremely happy, euphoric. I was fully conscious and I recall reflecting with some surprise that I was still 'me'. This observation was because I assumed that I must be "dead" for if I looked down I could see my crumpled body on the rocks below me. My body was getting further and further away as I travelled upwards. I could see the magnificent Hawkesbury River below me, also getting further away by the second. I felt enormously excited and I was not in any way fearful about where I was heading. The clouds I was heading towards had now become very close.

At this point I looked back down again, and I could see my boyfriend Michael standing beside my now very small body. (In real time it would have taken him several minutes to clamber down the treacherous cliff, as he had been a fair way behind me).

He was utterly bereft as he was looking down at my lifeless body. I could feel intensely how sad he was, and experienced a strong feeling of compassion for him. This must have been what brought me back, as I then woke up in my body, experiencing extreme pain.

There were only two times a day that the Hawkesbury River could be crossed, which was at the turning of the tide. Although I don't remember too much of what happened here, this must have been one of those opportunities. A boat was mustered and I was taken over the river to the hospital in Gosford. The medical staff at the hospital were mystified that I had survived such a serious fall.

There have been a few consequences of this experience. The physical consequences have been a lifetime (until recently) of severe headaches. Another consequence has been that dying has held no fear for me. A further very personal consequence is that when I lost first one, then two of my children, I had the small comfort of knowing they still existed, and that they would know how we all missed them so terribly.

I have called this the pre-story, as it preceded what I call the kernel of my story by two or three months.



The Kernal

Meeting the Angel

It is possible that an event can happen to you that utterly changes you. That there can be a point in time, which can later be measured by there being very little relation to the 'you' before the event and the 'you' after the event. Dying didn't accomplish this for me, although like anyone who has a near-death experience, it certainly had a profound effect on me. However, meeting an angel did utterly change everything for me.

This event happened on New Year's Eve, some time between the turning of 1967 into 1968. It wasn't a vision or a dream. It wasn't a drug-induced journey into another world. Simply, it was a meeting with an angel.

When this meeting happened I didn't believe in angels. I wasn't remotely religious. In fact, I called myself an agnostic, which was a fashionable step on from the self-declared atheism of my late teens. I had no angst; I wasn't searching for truth. I was following no spiritual seeker's path towards enlightenment.

Although my dramatic fall onto the rocks in the Kuringai Chase had happened only a couple of months before, I was having much too good a time to be asking any overly serious questions of, or about, life.

This meeting with the angel took place when I was attending a New Year's Eve party in Sydney, Australia. There were many people gathered at one of the terrace houses in Paddington to welcome in the New Year.

I have two distinct memories of what I call before: pretty much everyone at the party was crammed shoulder to shoulder together in this

one small living room; and, something was being passed around, which I had been told was snuff. It was about an hour before midnight, and there was a convivial expectancy in the air. I remember looking round the room and feeling a restlessness, almost a discontent about where I was.

The second memory was of looking across the room at my boyfriend Michael, whom I was spending most of every day with. He was a poet and a musician, and we were very much in love. I was standing about a metre from the only door in and out of the room, which was packed with maybe 50 people.

These details are very precise and very clear in my mind, even though this event happened many years ago. My memory is so clear because of what happened next.

I was looking at Michael who had been passed the snuff. We had both vowed to have nothing further to do with the drug movement, which, being the sixties was exploding on all sides around us. We had mutually decided it was a dead end. I remember wondering if snuff was a drug, but I never got the opportunity to ask.

Suddenly, I was no longer in this room at all. I was standing facing a glorious angel. He was very tall. He towered above me, and if I was to try to estimate his height in earthly terms, he was probably close to three metres.

I had a sense of my normal size and, although I was looking up at him, I was not craning my neck. There was a non-earthly sense of space between us.





The angel was clothed in shining white. Light shone out from him. He was the source of the light, but he was also in the midst of it. The light connected us. I also was in the midst of this brilliant light and was likewise a source of it.

The angel's face was indescribably beautiful. He was beaming at me with a love that defies any descriptive words. I knew him. He knew me.

I remember at one point being aware of glancing to my left where there was a small space where the light ended. There, at this end, was darkness. That is all. No light. It wasn't frightening, it wasn't appealing, it simply was a nothing.

In the midst of this light, as the angel and I both were, there was total peace, contentment and power. This power was the power of love.

This power was all the power of the universe, and the love that is that power!

Together with the angel, I was standing in the midst of the source of all the power that drives every human being, every living creature, every living plant and tree and rock and star and ocean. Everything in the universe.

The angel was showing me all of this without words or gestures, but really he was just reminding me - because I already knew this. I knew in that moment that the core of my being was connected with everything in the universe, and that this power was inside me. At the same time, I understood that not only was the core of my being connected with this source of love, but what I was experiencing was also the core of every other human being.

Our communication was non-verbal, but utterly profound and of ecstatic conscious joy!

I had no fear. I was supremely content. I felt safe. I wanted nothing more, to be nowhere else.

And then, as suddenly as it had begun, I was back in the room in the house in Paddington, Sydney, Australia. I was standing in exactly the same place as I had been standing before; one metre from the only door into the room, against the wall.

My encounter with the angel had lasted for, I would estimate, no more than 20 minutes. However, in earth time it had clearly been much longer. There was no one in the room, but for a couple of sleeping bodies crashed out on couches. Michael was nowhere to be seen. I was totally disoriented.

The encounter was still very strong in my mind (it has never dimmed), but I began to realise that it was obviously a long way past midnight. I went through the door and wandered around the quiet house looking and calling for Michael. Eventually he appeared looking dazed. Clearly he had been asleep. He said he had looked everywhere for me, but had not been able to find me!

I cannot remember how we got back to our room in Balmain, perhaps we took a taxi, but I remember sadly realising that I was not in any way adequately able to share with my beloved Michael what had happened to me.

For years after I could not use the word 'love', or the word 'god', as the reality of the experience of these words was so far from our 'normal' use of them.

I have never been tempted to imagine that this experience was delusional, or had never even happened. Its reality, and the effect it had on me, has been unquestionably super real. It has remained the most real experience I have ever had.

The fact that I must have been physically removed from the earth (as indicated by Michael being unable to find me in that small room), has always troubled me. But I have put this part of the experience aside as an unanswered question, where it remains to this day.

The Duality

However glorious this encounter had been, the sequel was just as powerful, although far more mind shattering.

As a result of this encounter with the angel (as I began calling it in my secret life), I found I was seeing with horrifying clarity what I have come to understand and name as the alienation of humanity from their true essence. At first this manifested as a “seeing” of the soul states of the people I passed on the streets. I could not only “see”, but also feel hidden fears and anxieties. I walked the streets of Sydney weeping for many of the people that passed me.

The normal blinkers that we develop as humans to distract us from our alienation had been ripped off my eyes.

The days, months, indeed years after this glorious encounter with the angel contained a series of traumatic experiences for me.

I remember the following day looking at my life and judging that it was an empty life, neither giving nor receiving light. Perhaps that was what I had begun thinking just moments before I met the angel!

The shock of seeing into the darkened confused state of so many fellow humans, driven as they were by the grief of separation and fear, I believe literally broke my heart.

Sometimes people would be drawn to me as if I was a magnet, which would greatly alarm me. I began to long for a means by which I could assure people that the essence of their own being was love, and that what they sought for so hungrily was all around them, and was

within them, and that they weren’t really separated from this, they just thought they were.

I had been thrown into the deep end of the questions concerning the duality of the human soul. How could so utterly different realities reside in the same place, the human being? Questions, which had preoccupied the greatest thinkers on earth, now became burning questions that plagued me constantly. They were not philosophical questions for me; they were marrow-of-the-bone questions, which I could never escape from. This was because they were my experience; an experience which had seared my consciousness and had changed me utterly. I was no longer the person I had been. In one night I had been totally, permanently altered.



Questions

Although these questions have taken many years to be able to be rationally formulated, they were, in essence, all with me immediately.

- Was the angel experience a glimpse into our eventual destiny as humans?
- Was it the state to which we are aspiring, or the state from which we come?
- As it clearly wasn't our "this world" state, how and why had we become so alienated from our innate essence, our power?
- If we really were all powerful and the core of our being was love, as had been shown, how could we also do such terrible things to each other, and to the beautiful planet we inhabited? How could cruelty and greed rule so much of the world's operations, when we were also capable of selflessness, compassion and tenderness towards each other, and towards other creatures alive on our planet?
- I saw within humans such beauty and goodness; but why couldn't we see this in ourselves?
- Above all, by what means could I help awaken awareness of this beauty I had experienced and could see in my fellow humans?

Thus began my quest.

The Quest

These were the early days of visits of Indian spiritual masters to the West, so with great earnestness I investigated every spiritual movement I could find - always to meet with disappointment. Even the most spiritual teachers seemed to be clinging to sets of rules.

They might talk about love, but I would perceive that at best they knew only a limited version of it. I never found even the smallest evidence of the unqualified joy and absolute freedom that had been present during my encounter with the angel.

Often the dispensing of enlightenment came with a sizable price tag attached. I began to be troubled that most spiritual teachers I observed were territorial, quick to impose rules, and even quicker to charge for the unchargeable. If the power and energy of love is freely available to everyone, how can one person set themselves apart as a conduit and charge their fellow man for passing through?

One day I was sitting on my 'meditation' rock in the Blue Mountains, not far out of Sydney. It was a beautiful big flat rock where I could sit in stillness, look over the magnificence of the mountains, and turn my thoughts to the questions I always carried. How to understand what this extraordinary encounter with the angel had meant? What was I meant to do? How could I find a way to communicate to people this love I had been shown and knew my heart had been opened up to? Who could I find who would answer even some of my questions?

Suddenly a voice spoke out of the stillness: "Jesus is the Key"

Now I realise that I have just lost or am about to lose pretty much everyone who has read this far in my story. The ex-Christians who are

still carrying scars from their particular denominational mouldings will leap as if they had unsuspectingly touched a hot stove, and every variety of non-Christian will jump to a secure position of superiority, labelling and judgement. The Christians are likely to be offended because of what follows.

I can relate to all of the above. I myself was profoundly shocked. The word Jesus was only associated with the utmost hypocrisy to me. At the age of 16 I had become an ardent atheist after running to the local church in a moment of extreme crisis, to become profoundly disillusioned. Intellectual debates at university had persuaded me that agnosticism was more fashionable, and I hadn't seen any reason to revise this.

So not only was my thinking profoundly shocked by what I had just heard, but the greater shock was the fact that there was absolutely no one there. Not one person. However the voice had been very loud and clear, and close-by. And as far as I could tell I was still much the same person that I had been a few minutes earlier. I hadn't started frothing at the mouth and tearing my clothes in the manner of a mad woman.

Not a word more was said. The silence was absolute. The mountains remained magnificent and impassive. The smell of gum was as strong. The tiny bright blue mountain daisies in the crevices of the rock were as intense as ever. I, however, was deeply shaken.

What did this mean?

Nonetheless apart from my shaking, the feeling I was left with, was one of peace. Because of the two other unexplained phenomena of my life - surviving the near death experience, and the meeting with the angel

experience - I argued with myself that I should take serious note of this third para-normal experience.

To try to understand this new confounding and inexplicable occurrence in my life, I decided to investigate the Christian churches. It was an effort, but I always tried to be open-minded in my search. My first visit was to a Catholic priest who lived nearby in the mountains. When he started hitting on me I figured I wasn't going to find any answers there!

My search was intensive. There were such a large variety of brands! I usually found hypocrisy and controllers. I met plenty of hysterics who expended a great deal of energy attempting to persuade themselves and others that they had found the light. I also met lovely genuine people who practised kindness.

But nowhere I found the glorious freedom and joy that was present in my encounter with the angel. Instead, I met rules. Complicated mental constructs, expressed sometimes in richly embellished language. Sometimes the more of these rules the person knew, the closer they believed they were to truth. These were those who would usually put the most pressure on other people to believe their particular set of rules.

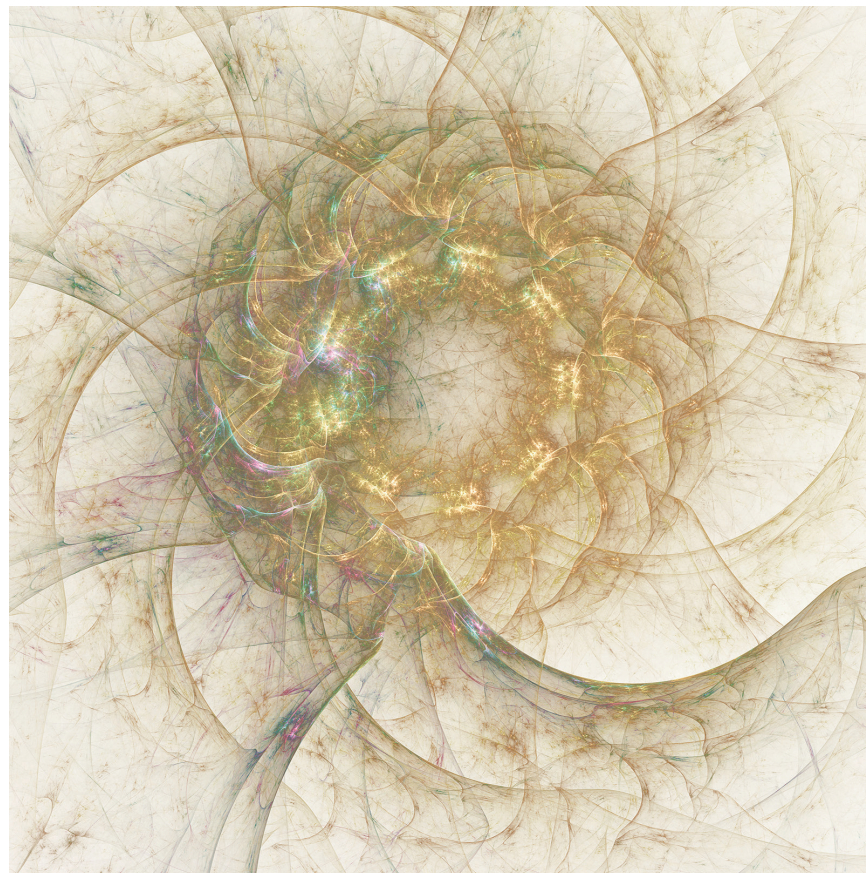
I saw that each was holding steadfastly to one tiny portion of truth, but each portion related to a different part. Like the story of the blind men touching different parts of the elephant to describe it, and each proclaiming that their part of the elephant was the only truly authentic part.

There are many, many chapters in this journey of investigation. Some were very grievous, but it is not the purpose of this book to wade through these shadow-lands. My life was like the metaphor of the iceberg. The bit above the surface that people saw of me was a small part of what preoccupied my soul.

During this time I came to understand what the people facing the inquisitors experienced. I came to realise just how powerful the thoughts that we as humans can have about the truth, so much so,

that there can be no remorse at the throwing of a living person into a fire to be burned, because their thoughts are judged heretical!

I also came to understand, at the coalface, the two powerful motivators of humanity, greed and fear, and finally the utter irrelevance of both of them.



Part Two

My Conclusions

This part is devoted to the conclusions that I arrived at after spending many years engaged in my quest.

My conscious mind, having been introduced to the profoundly disturbing reality of the duality of the human condition, wanted to find something somewhere, which could explain: Why was there this terrifying schizophrenia in humanity?

Even if I had not had the experience I have described in the “Kernel” part of this book, I believe these questions would have been plaguing me on some level, as I believe they do every human.

Be it subconsciously or not, I believe it is a dichotomy, which disturbs us all. It is everywhere around us: the contrasts between the good within us humans, and the bad. The capacity for cruelty and destructiveness that is so evident in us as individuals and as a species.

Every day the media assails us with seemingly ever-increasing evidence of this horror we inflict on each other. Corruption is woven into every activity we engage in, in the world around us. Greed is spread like a cancer throughout every aspect of civilisation. We have poisoned a large part of our planet.

We don't like facing this, but we are all aware of this dichotomy, and most of us learn to become adept at avoiding looking at it as we “grow up”. To survive psychologically, we put our heads in the sand and hope

that the overwhelming problems of the human condition will go away if we try not to look at them.

We learn to adjust to the way the world is. We accept sickness and disease as an inevitable price we need to pay, like taxes. We live in fear of death, not wanting to face that either, but knowing with certainty that we are hurtling towards death every day of our lives. We attempt to block out this knowing with a large number of distractions. Religion, drugs, sex, alcohol, adrenalin fixes, material obsessions etc.

Today we are seeing the collapsing of so many of our man-made systems around the planet. But the sun still rises every day, and sets every night.

During the long years of my quest, I explored Plato's cave as thoroughly as I could and eventually came to the conclusion that everything that alienates us human beings from our true, glorious, powerful, radiant nature, begins as a thought, originating in the mind. And everything that can bust us out of that dark cave also begins with a thought, in the mind.

Our limited rational thinking, stuck in the inherited fears and the multitudes of habits stored in our subconscious from all the generations of mankind on this planet, is not capable of grasping the truth of our true identity.

There are no magic doors out of that cave of limiting beliefs if we use the same thinking that formed the cave.

The truth lies outside the cave in the miracle of awakened consciousness.

Insight, working in the realm of the mind, can lift us beyond this stalemate of limiting beliefs, and begin to awaken us to the remembrance of who we are. With insight we begin to 'see the light' of freedom; freedom that lies outside of doctrines and rules, freedom that springs from joy, the opposite of fear.

Don't we really all just want to be joyful?

When we choose with our awakened minds to hear and see and act from our hearts, our inner being, joy is the inevitable outcome. We find the peace we all seek within our own hearts. We find that our hearts have access to immense love. We discover that every problem amongst us as individuals and as collective inhabitants of this planet can be resolved from this place of the opened heart and the awakened mind.

Choices do not reside in some great abstract moral plateau.

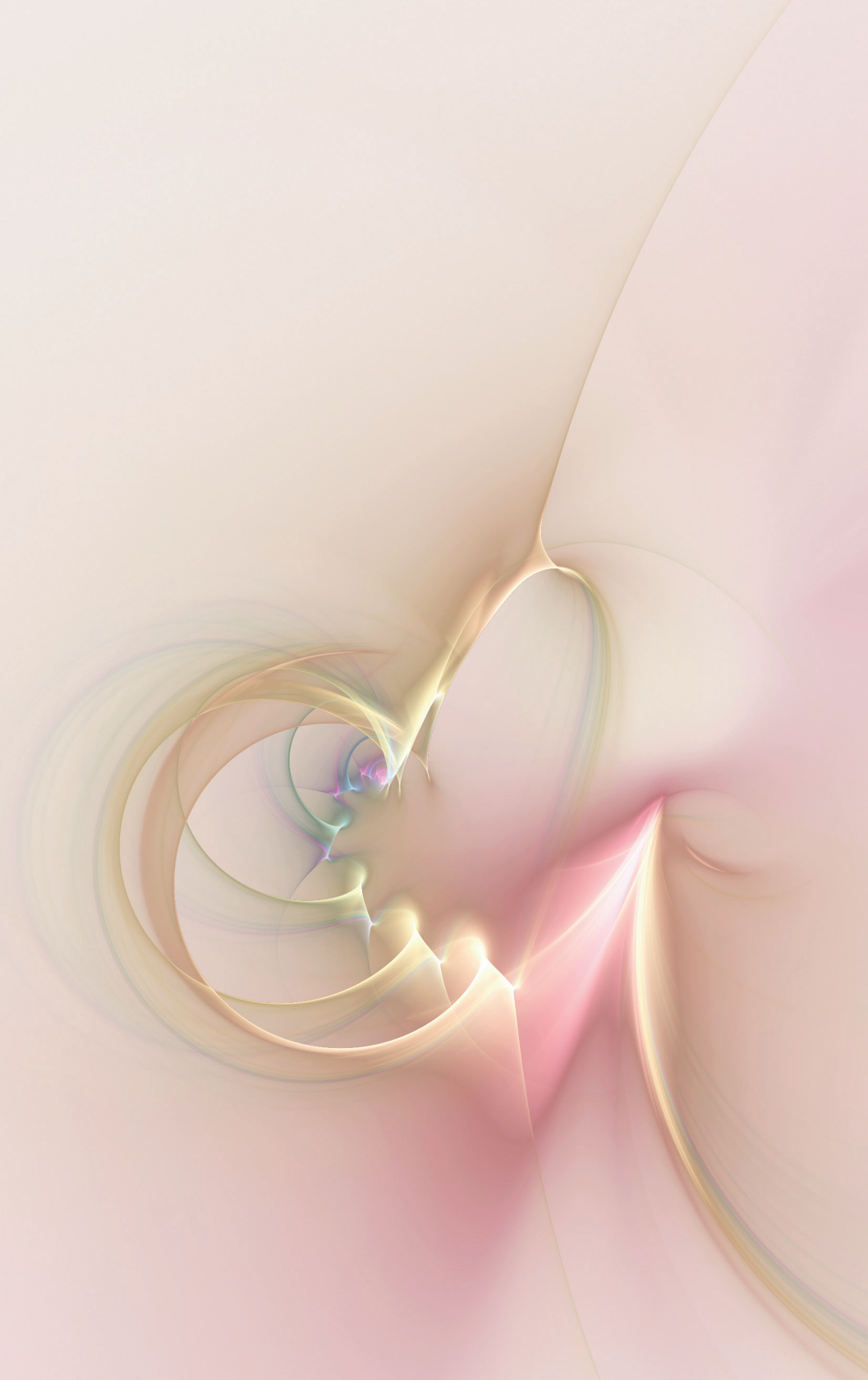
They are very simple when you allow your thinking to serve your heart.

PAS À PAS

STEP BY STEP

BEAT BY BEAT

CHOICE BY CHOICE



Meditations

Introduction to Meditations

These meditations have been distilled within my soul over the years as I have watched the world and attempted to integrate the duality I refer to in Part One of this book.

They are my own personal inner musings upon the irrepressible energy that I see everywhere and in everyone; the Energy, the Power, the Love and the Light that I experienced so dramatically when I had the 'Encounter with the Angel'.



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On the Path of the Heart

*The path of the heart
is the path of our true humanity.*

It is where earth meets heaven in our own soul.

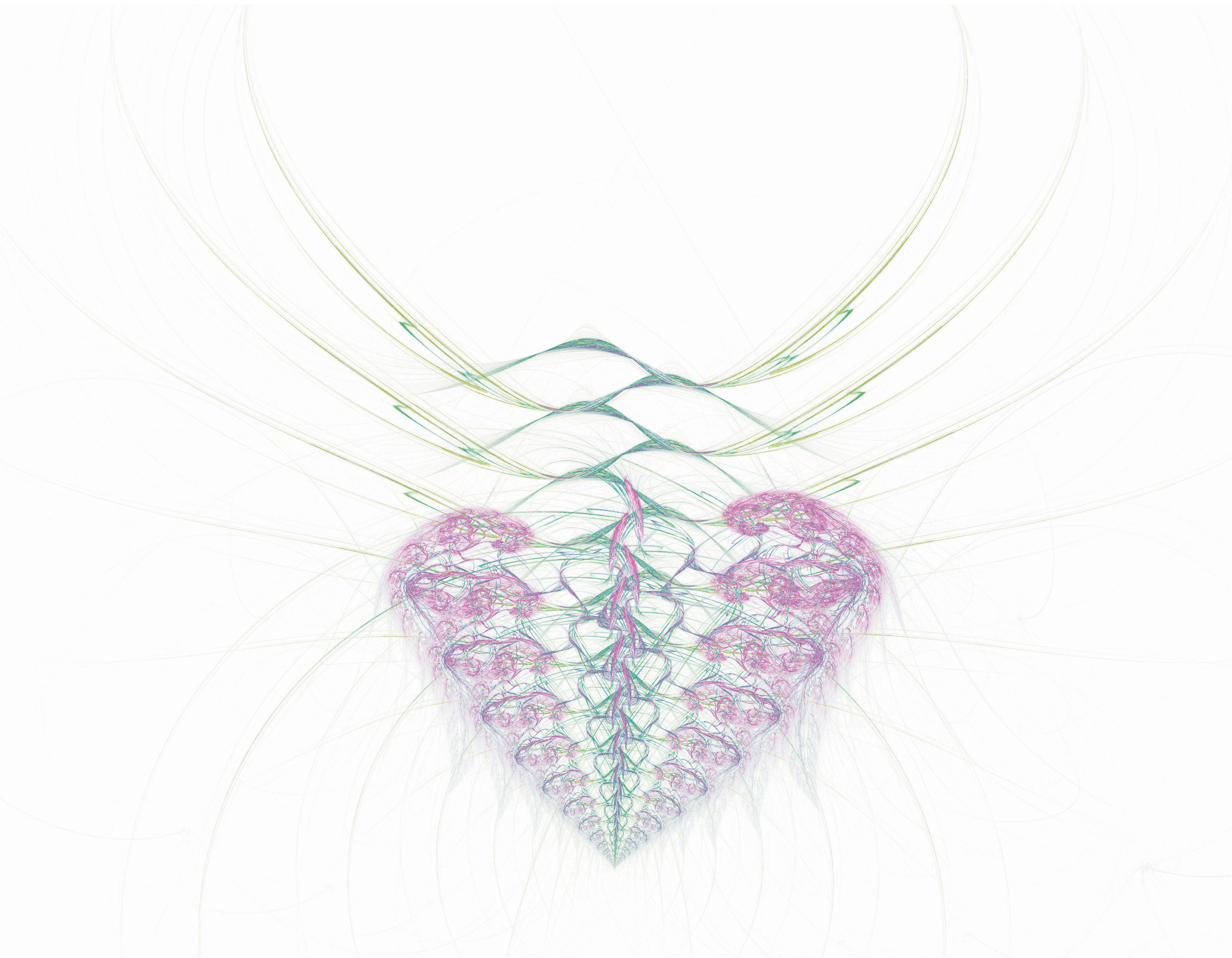
It is where the rational mind joins with the inspirational mind.

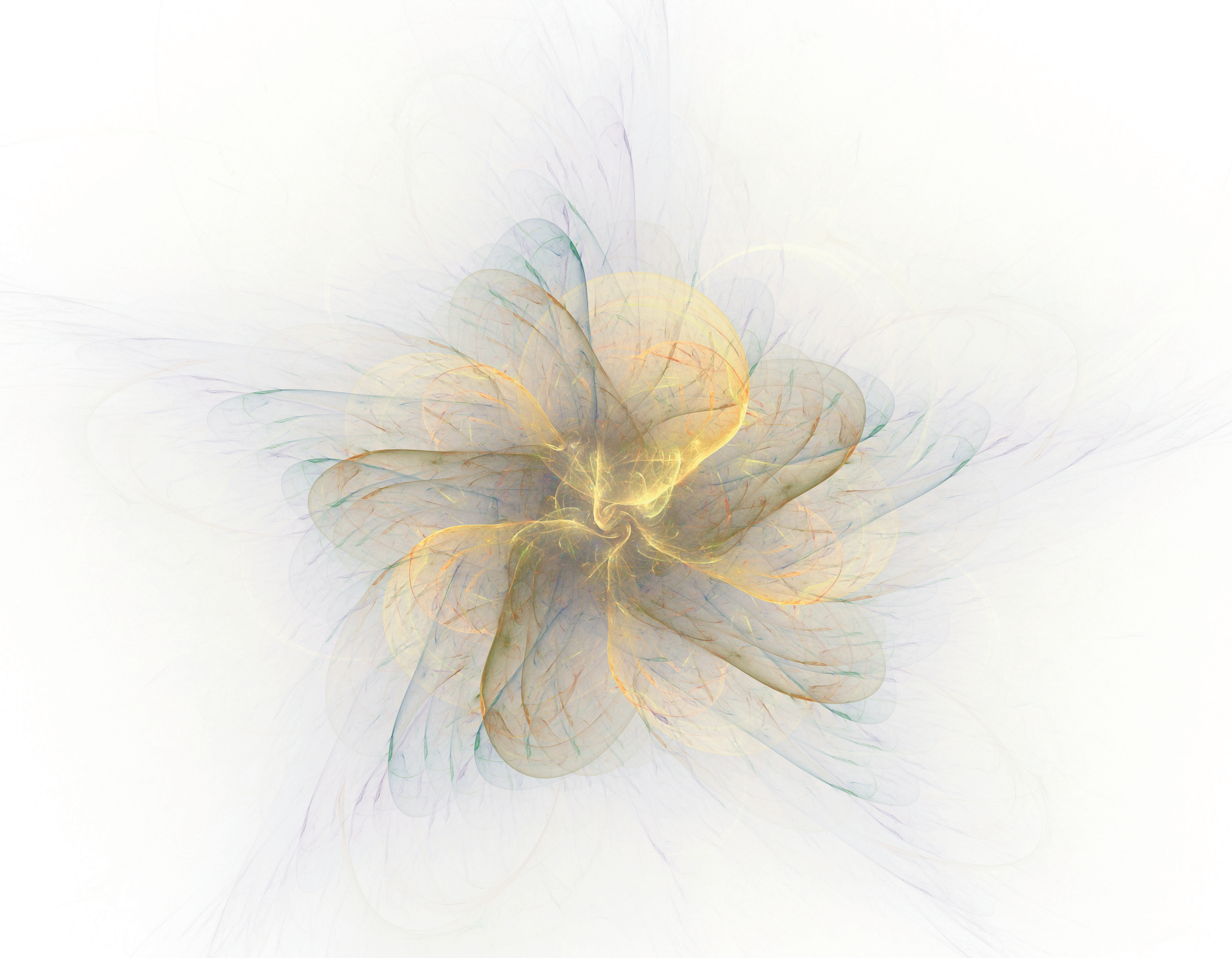
*It is where love can find us,
and lift us to another dimension in our life.*

It is not hard to find.

*It is always there;
ready for when we choose to turn our attention to it.*

All the mystics of all ages have pointed to it.





On Religion and God

Religion has attempted to capture God and put him in a box so he can be visited when it is convenient. When the other matters of life are done.

God cannot be put in a box. There is no box big enough or powerful enough to contain God. God breaks out of the boxes.

The boxes hate each other, because they want their box to be right.

All religions and all ideologies are merely boxes with different wrappings.

But they are still boxes and they can't possibly contain God.

God is the unnameable, the unknowable, the unapproachable.

Omniscient, omnipresent, omnipotent.

God is the energy of the universe. God is everywhere and in everything.

God is love, and he who dwells in love dwells in God.

God is in us and we are in God.

Note: (If the word "God" offends you, replace it with another word, maybe the word "Life")

On Forgiveness

*Forgiveness is not what you give to the person who has hurt you,
it is what you give to yourself.*

*When someone has hurt you, forgive that person,
and you loose the chain that binds you to him or her
and to the pain that has been caused.*

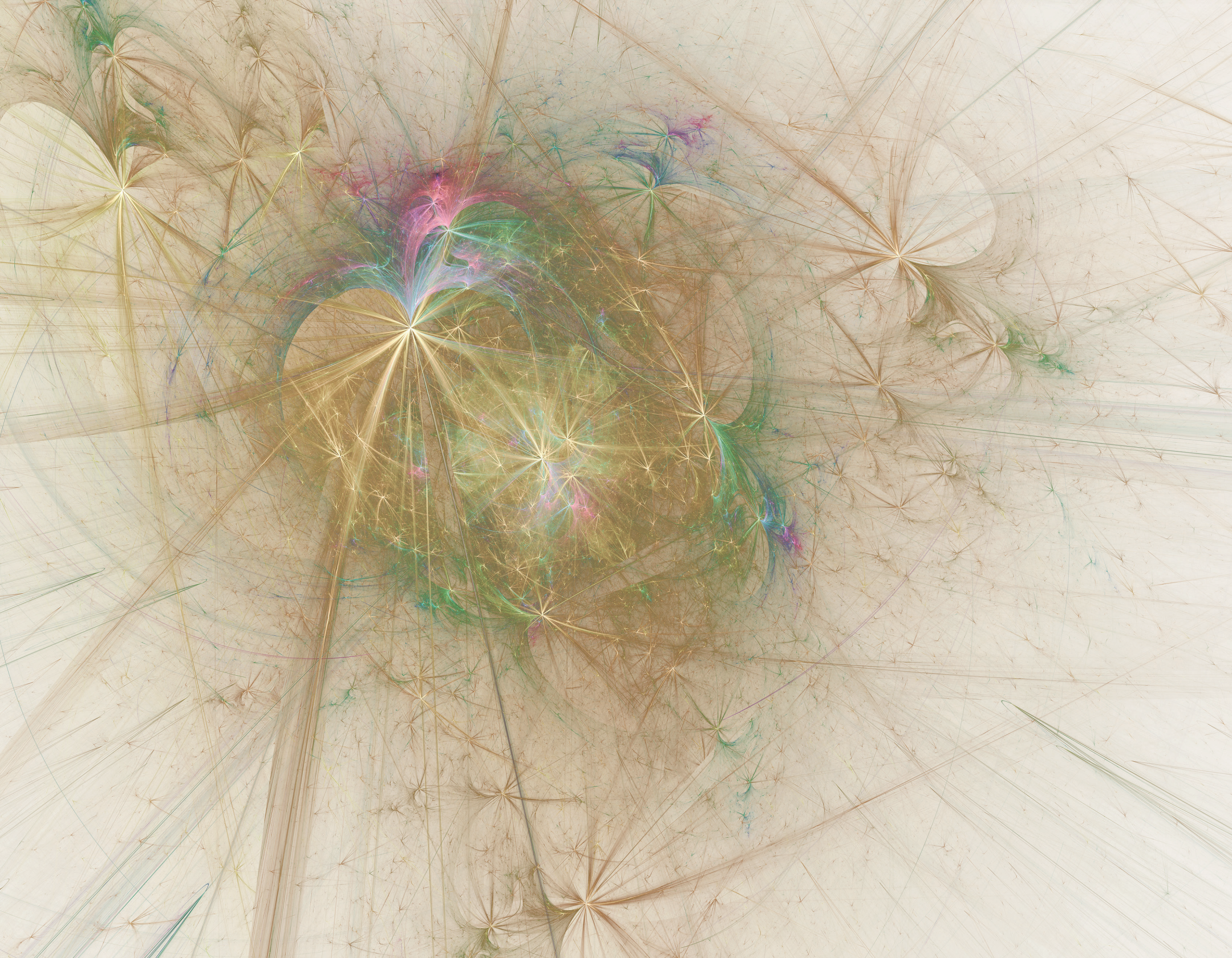
Forgive yourself for the errors you have committed.

*They are not chains to keep you in jail forever,
unless you want them to!*

Forgive your tender human soul for its confusion.

Forgiveness is letting go of whatever chain is locking up your mind.





On Thought and Thinking

Thinking is a divine gift.

It is a special characteristic of our humanity.

It is the steering rod for our souls.

We can be anyone, go anywhere,

with the steering rod

of our thinking.

Take care what you think.

Weed out thoughts

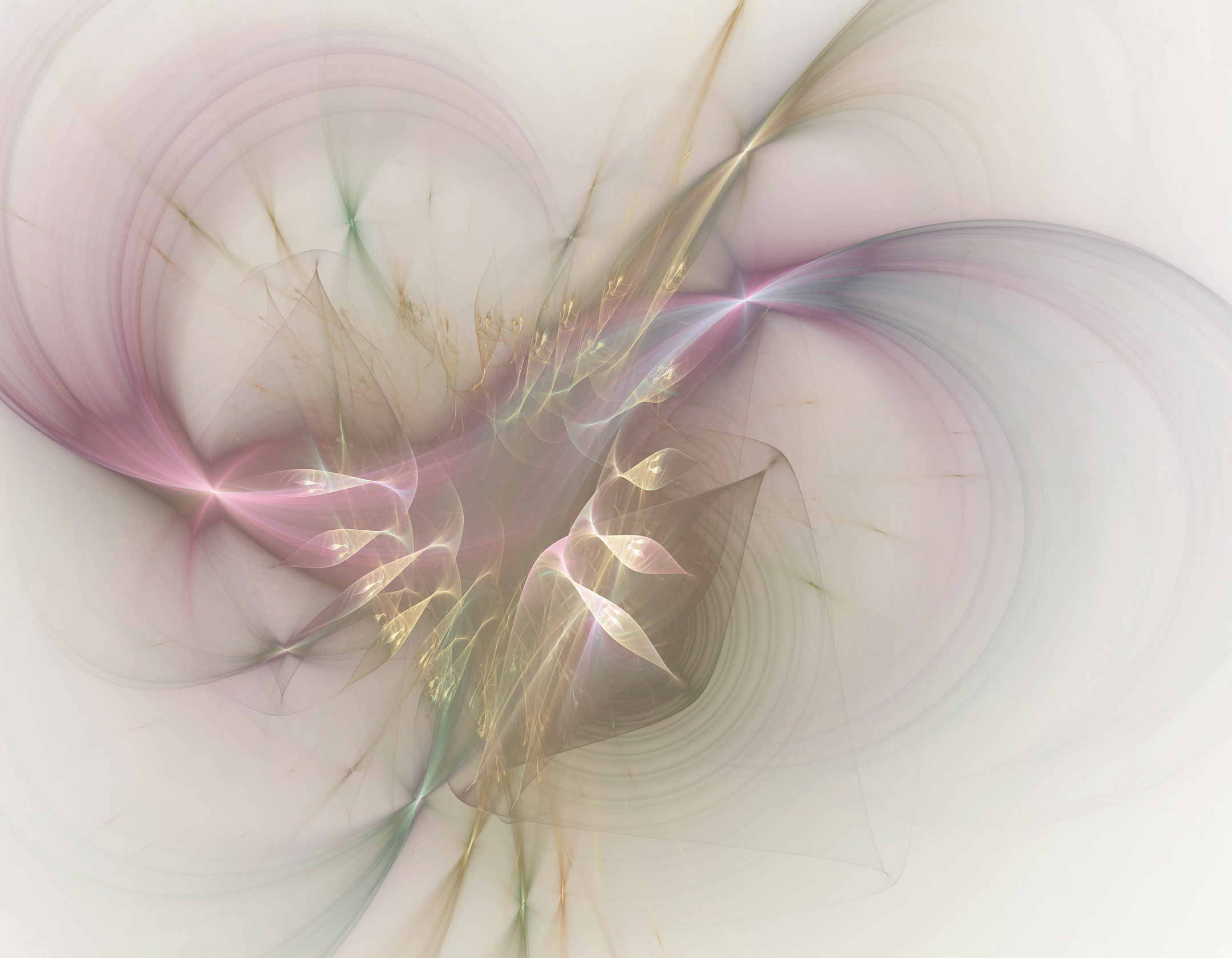
that bind the operation

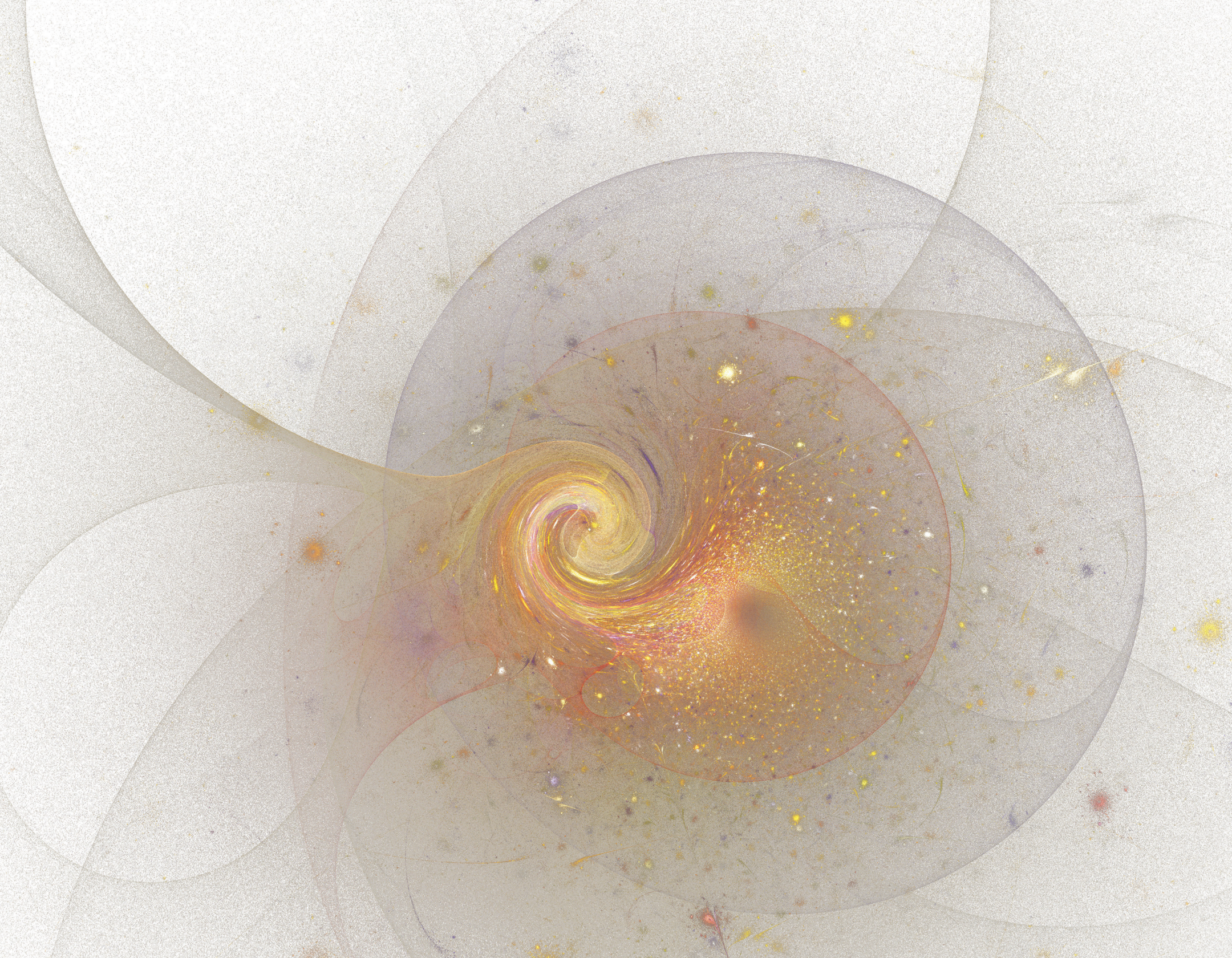
of the steering rod.

On Creative Mind, Creative Energy

*Creative energy
is being a part of Life.*

*Creative mind
is being a part of Life's mind,
thinking Life's thoughts.*





On our Conscious and Subconscious Mind

*Our conscious mind
is the bit that is awake.*

*Our subconscious mind
is the bigger bit that is still asleep.*

*We can wake up the subconscious mind
by allowing the light in.*

On Developing Consciousness

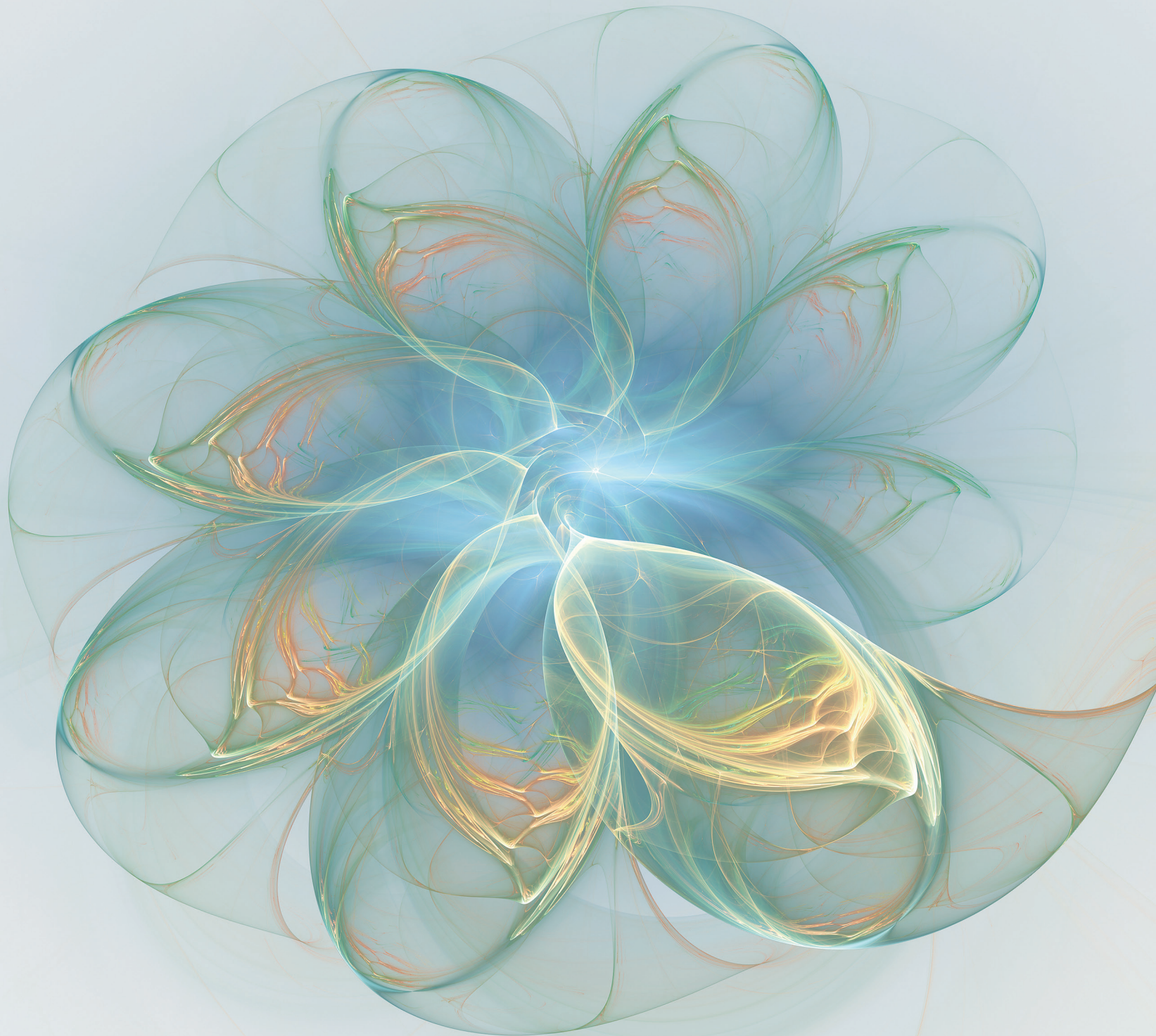
This is not so hard.

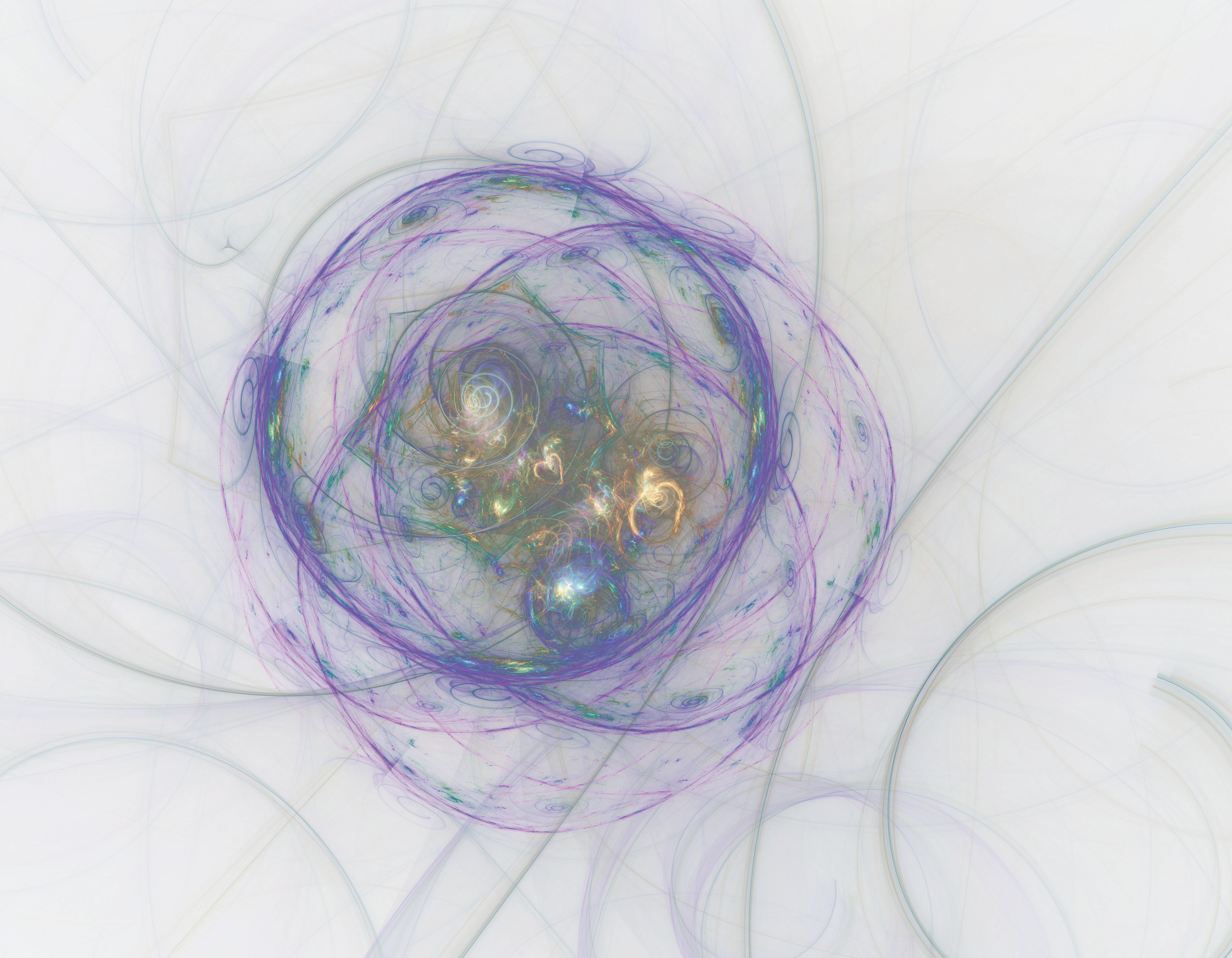
Waking up is simply shaking oneself out of sleep.

*Our consciousness has not allowed the light in
because our minds have got stuck in boxes.*

*Break out of the boxes,
like the baby birds break out of their shells.*

*The energy within you is all you need
to emerge from that shell,
that box, that sleep.*





On Choices

We are free to choose whatever we wish.

That is our unique individual right.

We can choose to live and grow, or to conform and die.

We can choose to be kind or cruel.

We can choose to be strong or weak.

We can choose to be unhappy or happy.

We can choose to be free or bound.

On Music and Song

*There is a place beyond the mind
where Life stores its raw ingredients.*

*Music has a key to this storeroom
and can give us a preview of things to come,
things that have not yet been fully thought out.*

*A creative spirit who has the courage to use this key
can present us with songs or music
that can transport us to Life's storeroom.*





On Poetry, Art and Science

True poetry, true art and true science

come from the same source.

They all access Life's thoughts.

*The trick is to listen carefully,
and to be scrupulously honest.*

Then you will hear

the most mysterious

of Life's thoughts.

On Conscious Tribalism

Conscious tribalism is simply waking up to what is.

That we are all part of each other.

That we humans are all a part of a great global tribe.

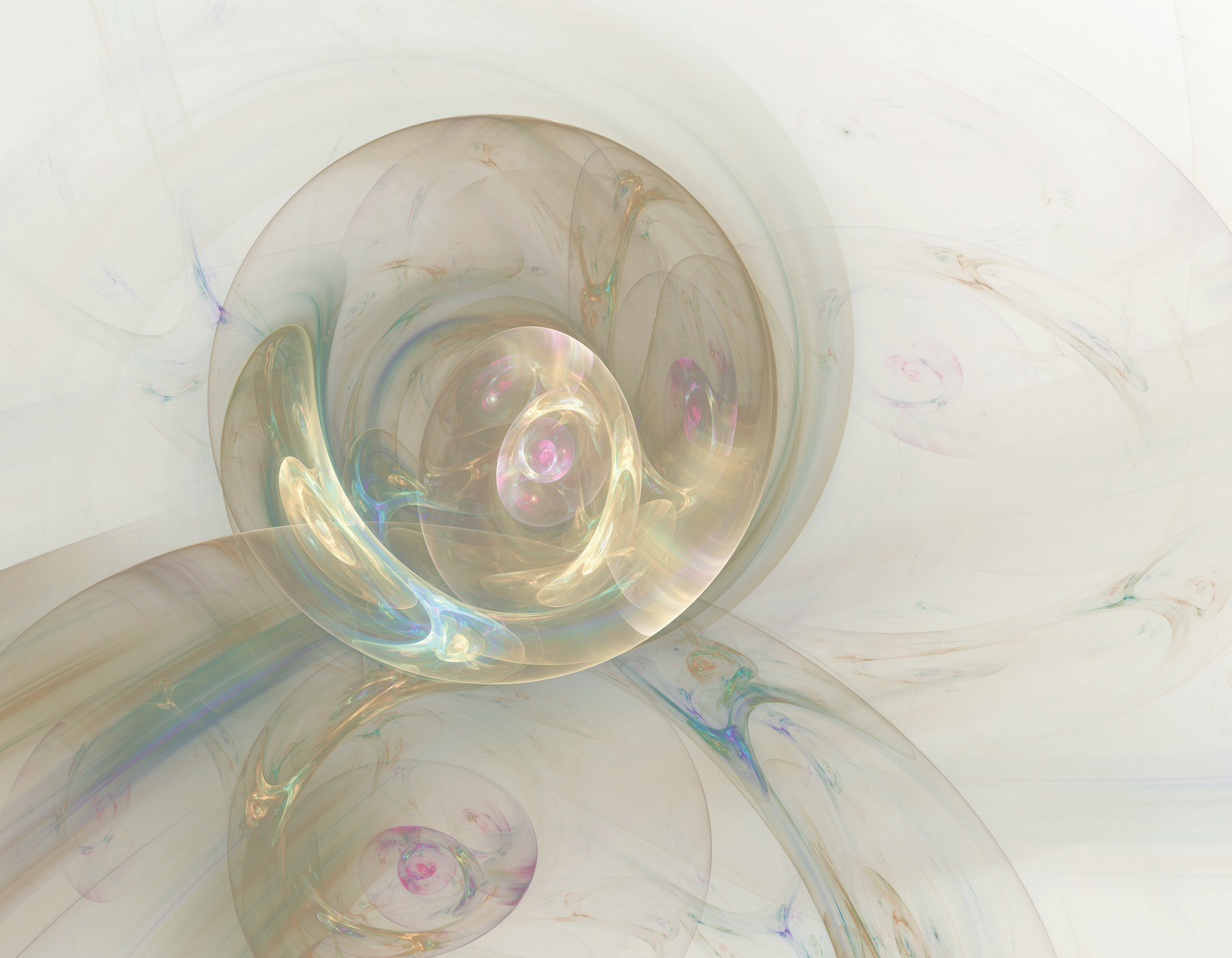
What affects one in one tiny corner of the planet affects us all.

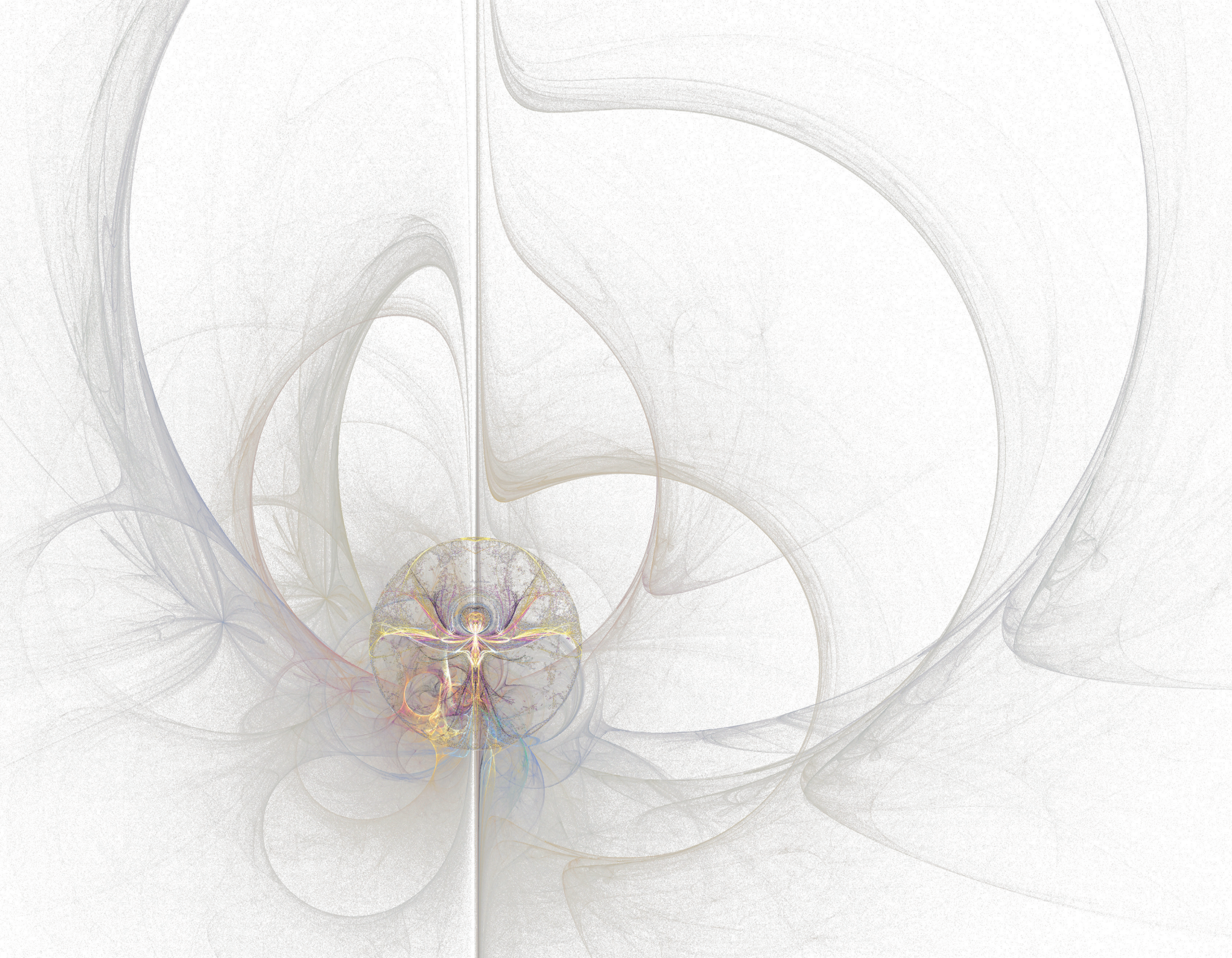
What is cruel and destructive affects us all.

What is inspirational and creative affects us all.

Each one of us has a voice,

even though that voice may yet be asleep.





On Jesus

Jesus is a template for the path of the heart.

Jesus didn't accept the way the world was. He challenged it fearlessly.

He was kind, but never wishy-washy.

He didn't spend his life piling up material success,

yet he demonstrated the ultimate abundance.

His life was one of awakened consciousness.

Greed had no part of him.

Jesus was the embodiment of power and love.

Jesus showed us it was possible to do whatever we choose to do,

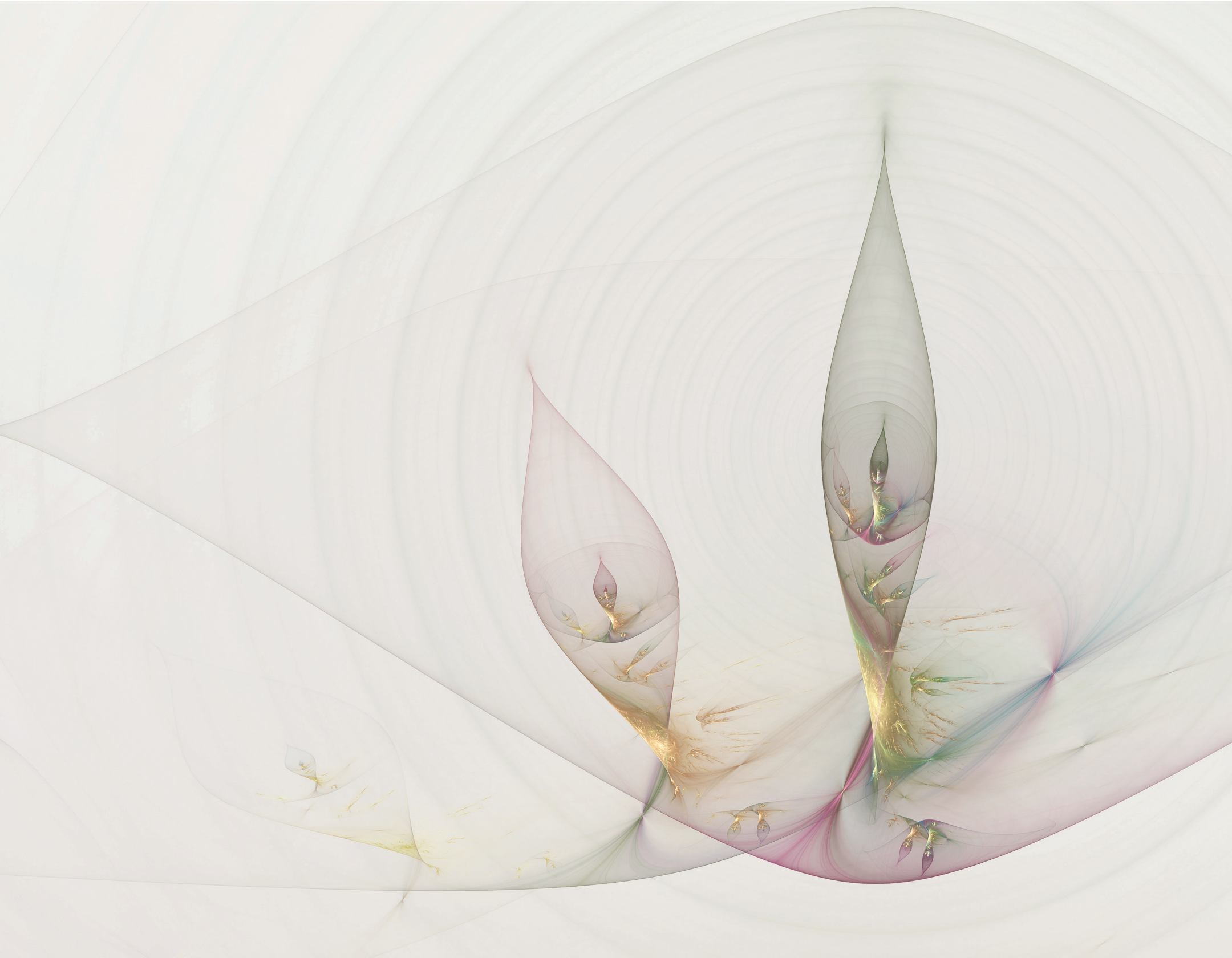
if we only believe we can.

*(Note: The word Jesus elicits strong reactions from people. This word is equally as powerful a swear word as the word fuck.
The emotiveness and vehemence of both these words as swear words always amaze me.)*

On the Resilience of the Human Race

Marvel on this.

*Marvel on the continued ability
of the human race
to access the life force
within itself.*





On the Accuser

*The accuser gets in through the back door of the mind
(the subconscious), when it is left unlocked.*

*He is a thief. He has no right to be there,
wandering around in your mind,
so chuck him out when you find him.*

So what of all those things he says?

Who is he anyway? Does he have a human heart?

Is he part of God?

Is he a member of the great tribe, the human race?

He is an imposter. He only pretends to be human.

He hates being challenged and will evaporate at the first puff.

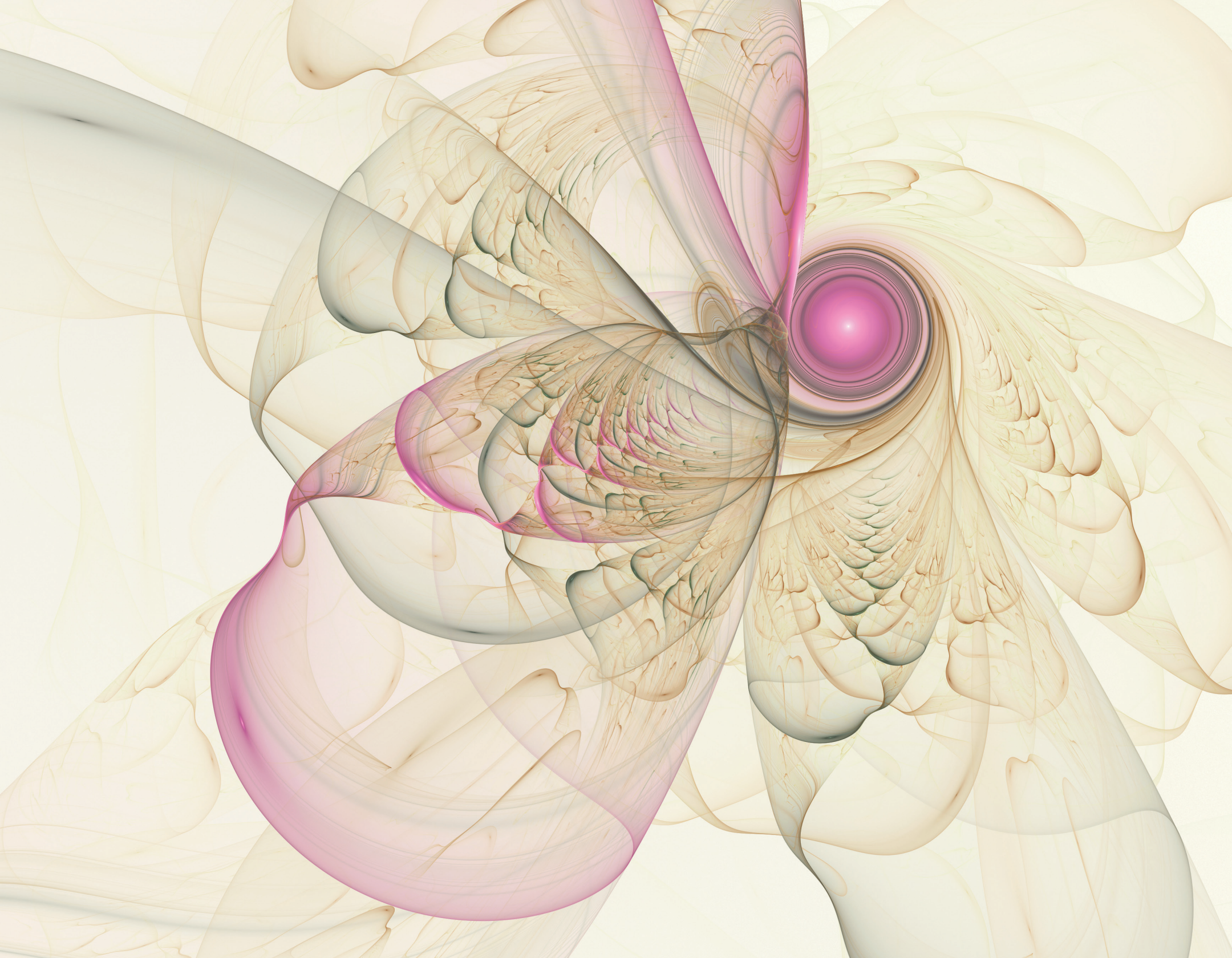
On Cynicism and Joy

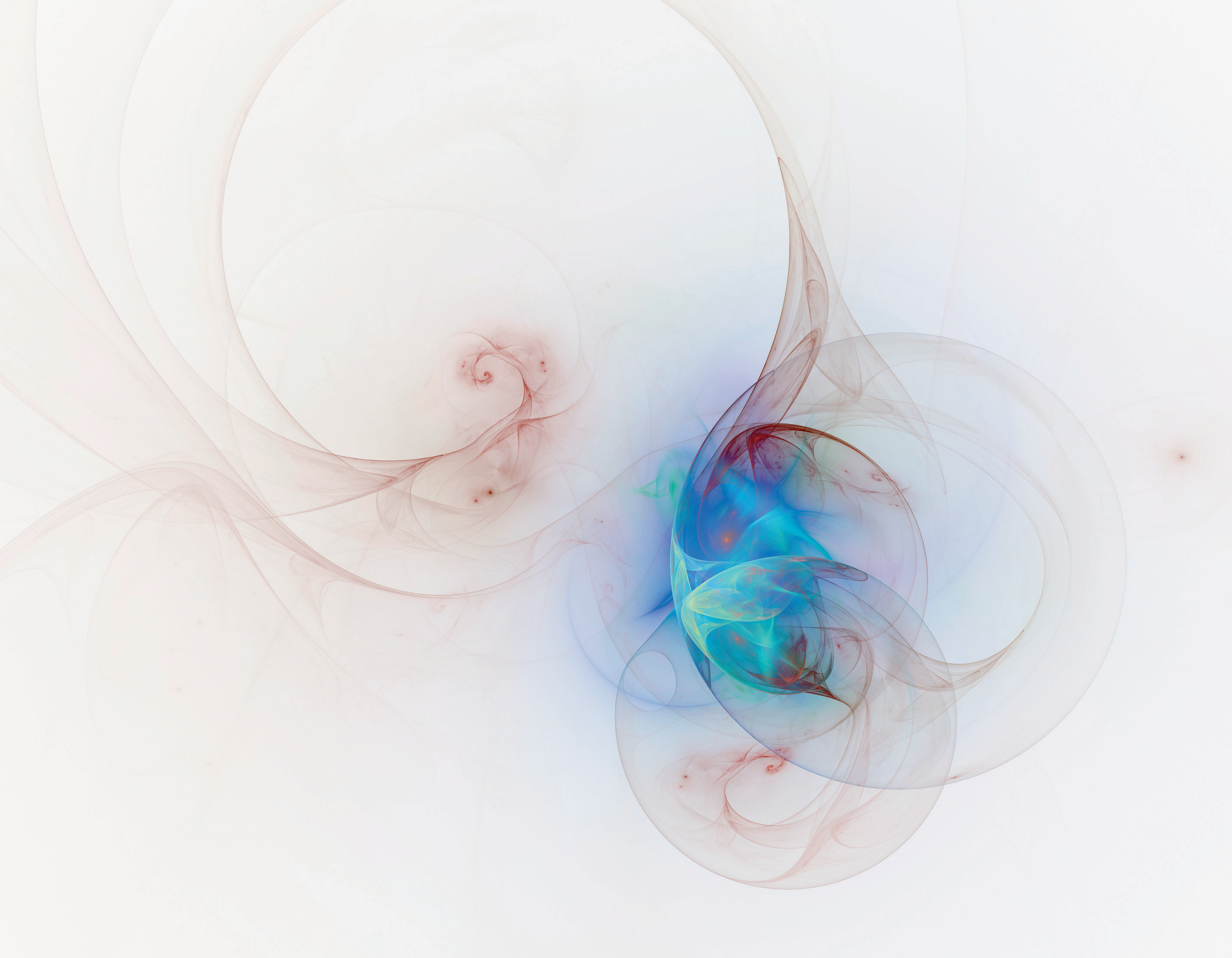
Cynicism is a shadow of the mind.

It has got there by shutting out the joy.

*The joy has been shut out
because there are too many chains.*

*Unlock the chains,
allow the blood to come back
into the atrophied limbs
and with it the joy
will once more flow.*





On the Rejuvenating Power of the Human Body

The human body is connected to the power of the universe.

Its natural state is health.

Health is when everything is functioning.

Like the rising and setting of the sun and the moon.

*Ill health and disease come about when this simple cosmic order
is twisted and disrupted in any way.*

Fear of things real and unreal creates major disruption in our bodies' cosmic order.

*Our bodies are like divining rods, which show us what is hidden in our souls:
where our fears are lodging - in our minds, in our feelings.*

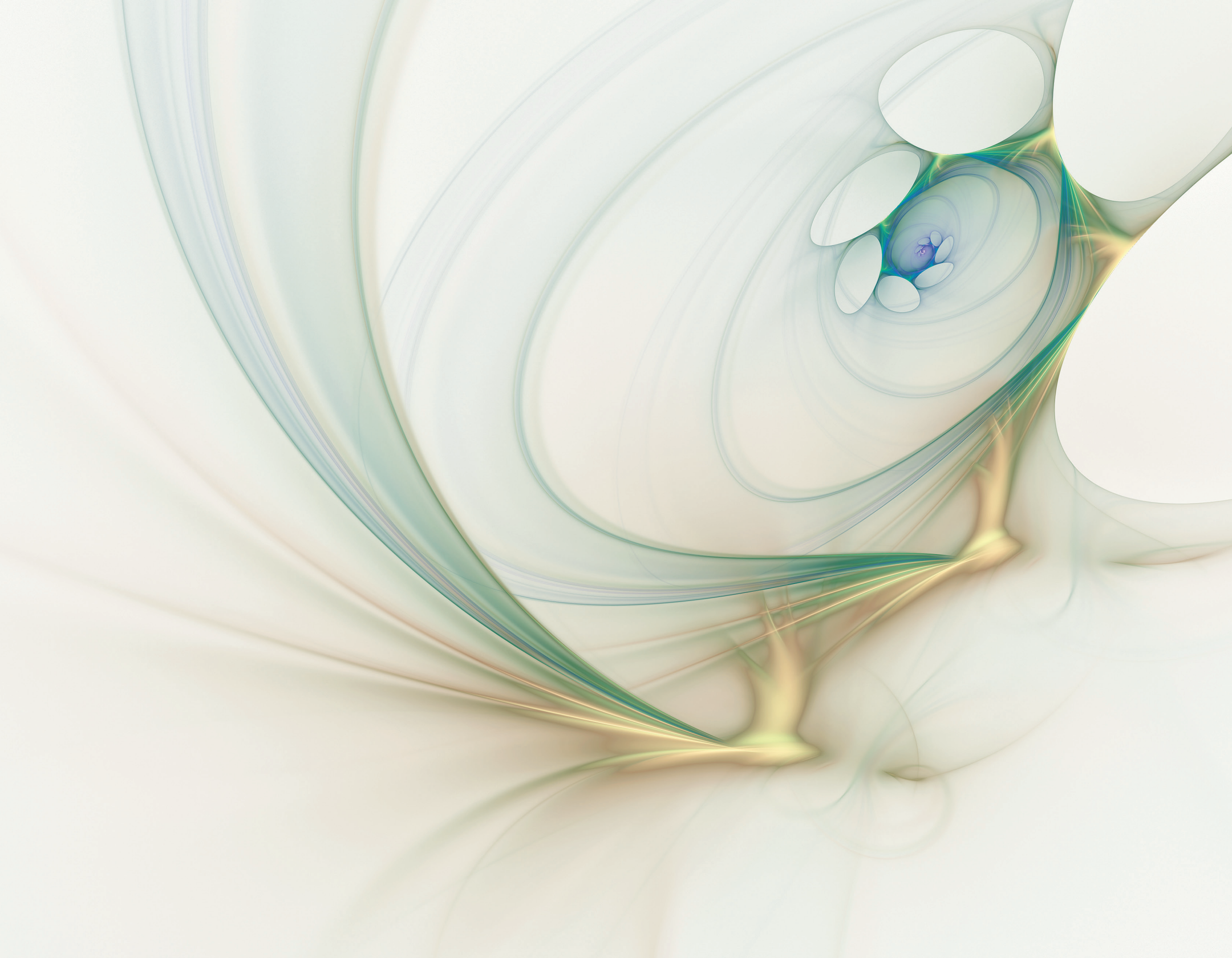
When order is restored, our bodies default to abundant health.

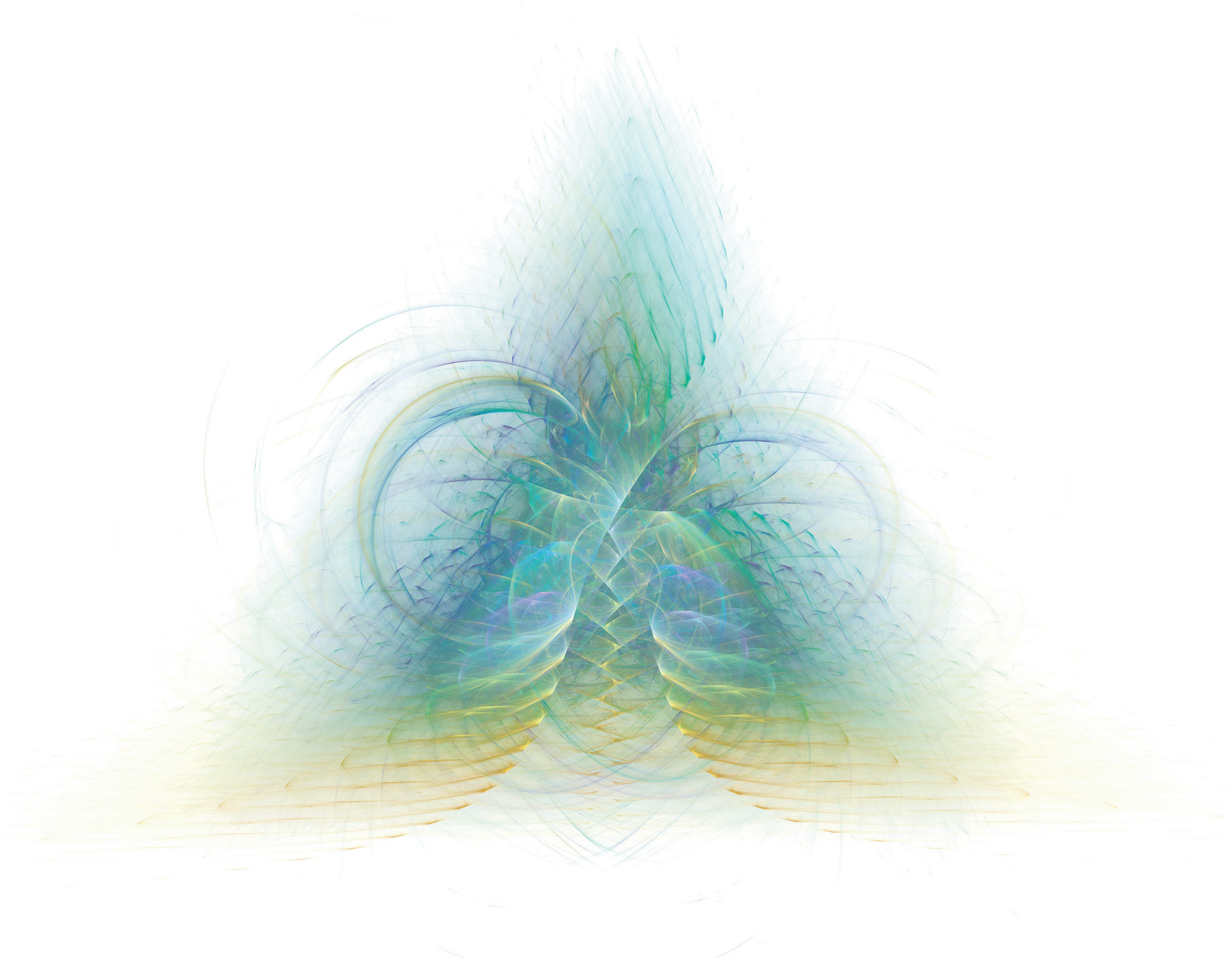
On the Attitude of Gratitude

*Gratitude is the most natural response
to the life force that is within us
and within everything around us.*

*Gratitude is the singing of the birds
in the morning as they wake up.*

*Gratitude is the natural attitude
of our human souls
as we dwell in love.*





On Love Between Two People

*Love between two people
is the door through which
God sighs into the world.*

*The sigh of God
is a sigh of relief.*

On Greed

Greed is the saddest state of the soul.

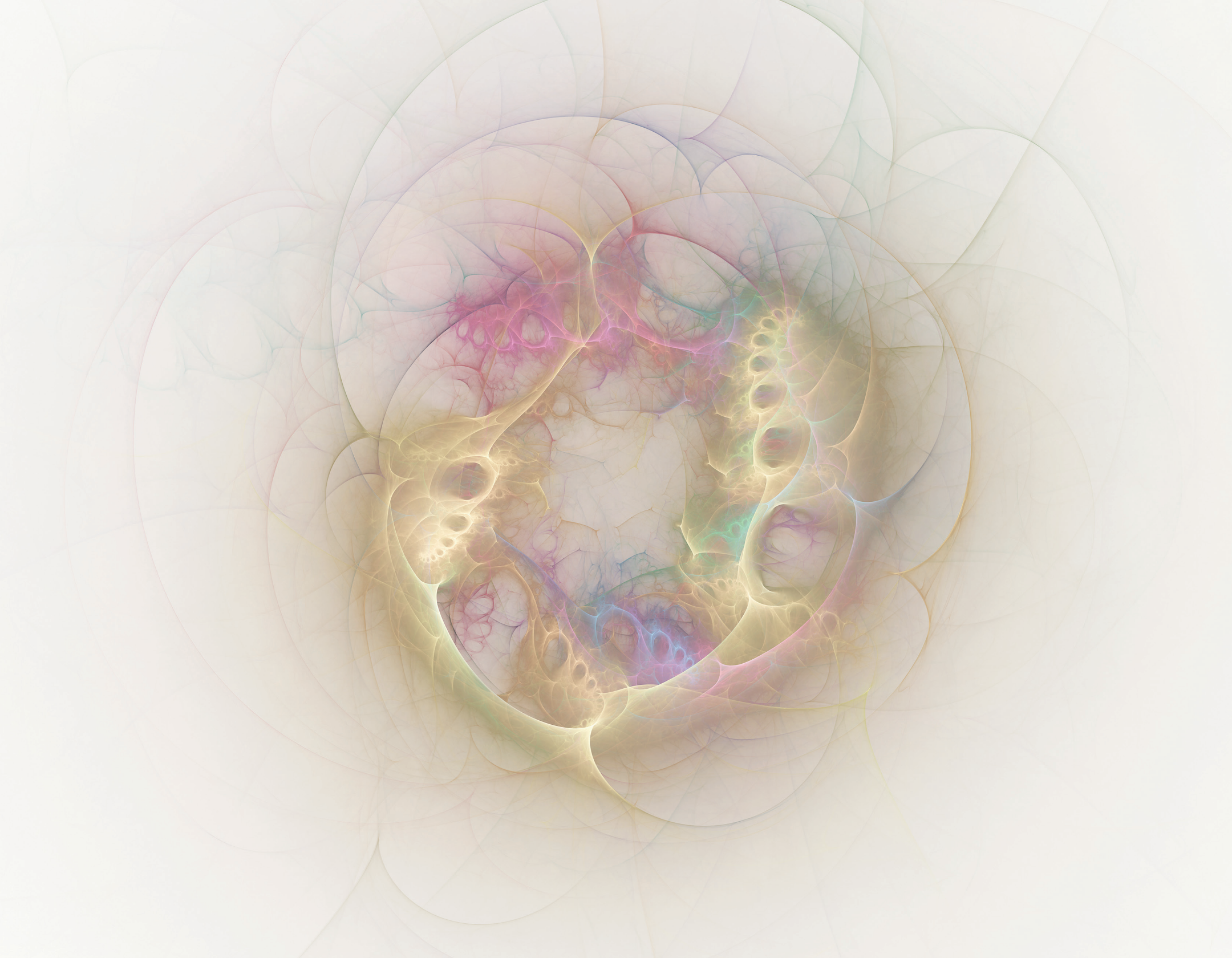
Greed is saying there is not enough.

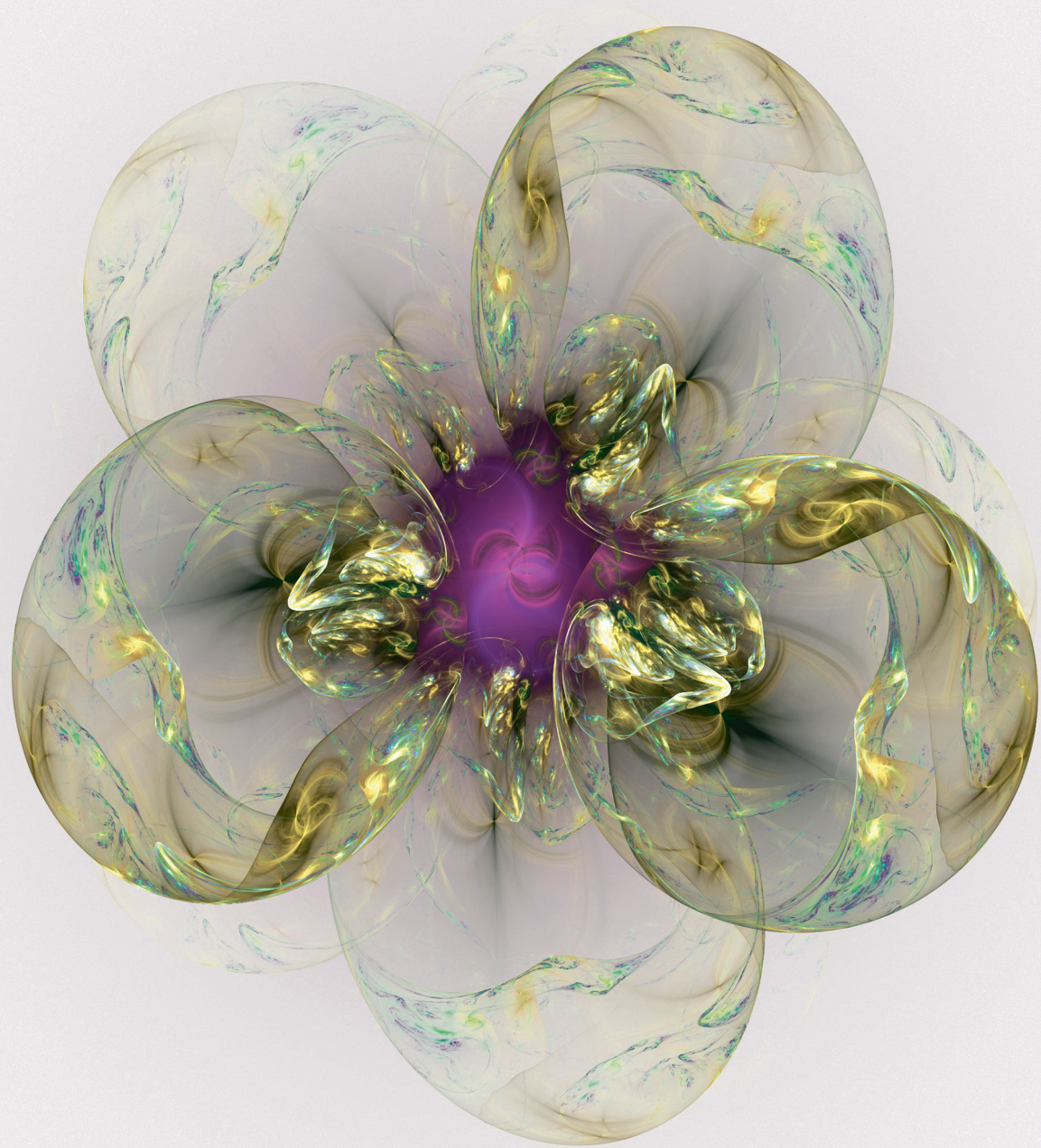
How can that possibly be when there is so much abundance?

The universe is overflowing with abundance.

The human power of creativity is limitless.

Greed lies.





On the Mystery and Power of Oratory

What we speak has power.

What is spoken has power.

*Within speech there is a great mystery
connected to the heart of God.*

Take care what you speak.

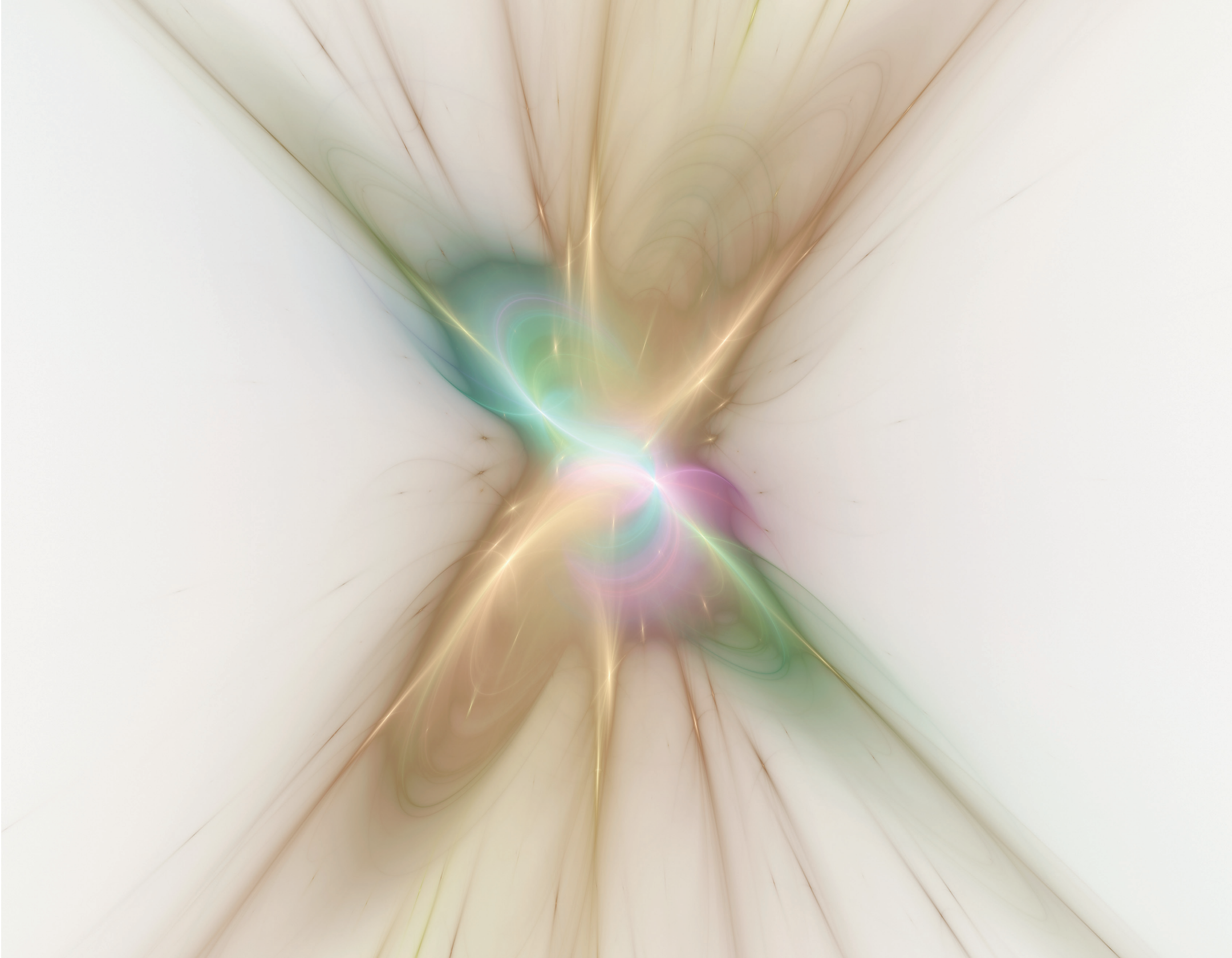
On Selfishness Versus Selflessness

Selfishness is simply going in the wrong direction.

*It is going into a lonely room and locking the door
and crying because you are lonely.*

*Selflessness is opening the door
and laughing with the first person you meet passing by.*





On the Crossroads Humanity is Standing at

It is an exciting time for humanity.

*The bells are ringing to wake us up from our long sleep
in the superstitious dormitories of materialism.*

Do not fear this waking up.

*Listen to the life force within
and your fears will fade as mist fades when the sun rises.*

Reach out and touch your nearest human soul.

*See in him or her what is common in you both,
separate from all that may appear to divide you.*

On the Radiant Human

The radiant human has woken from his or her sleep

Standing with feet blessing the earth

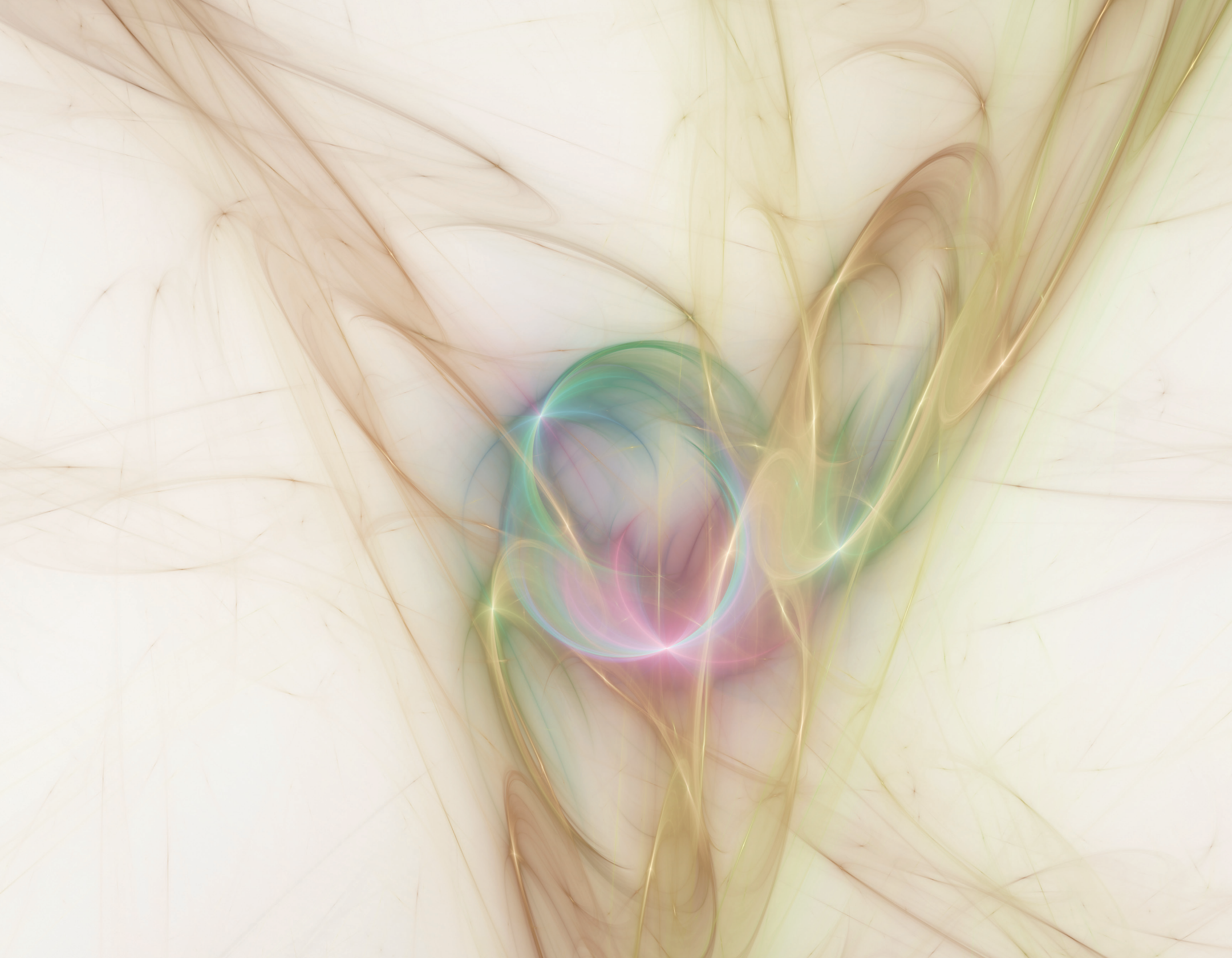
Hands outstretched towards the world, the universe

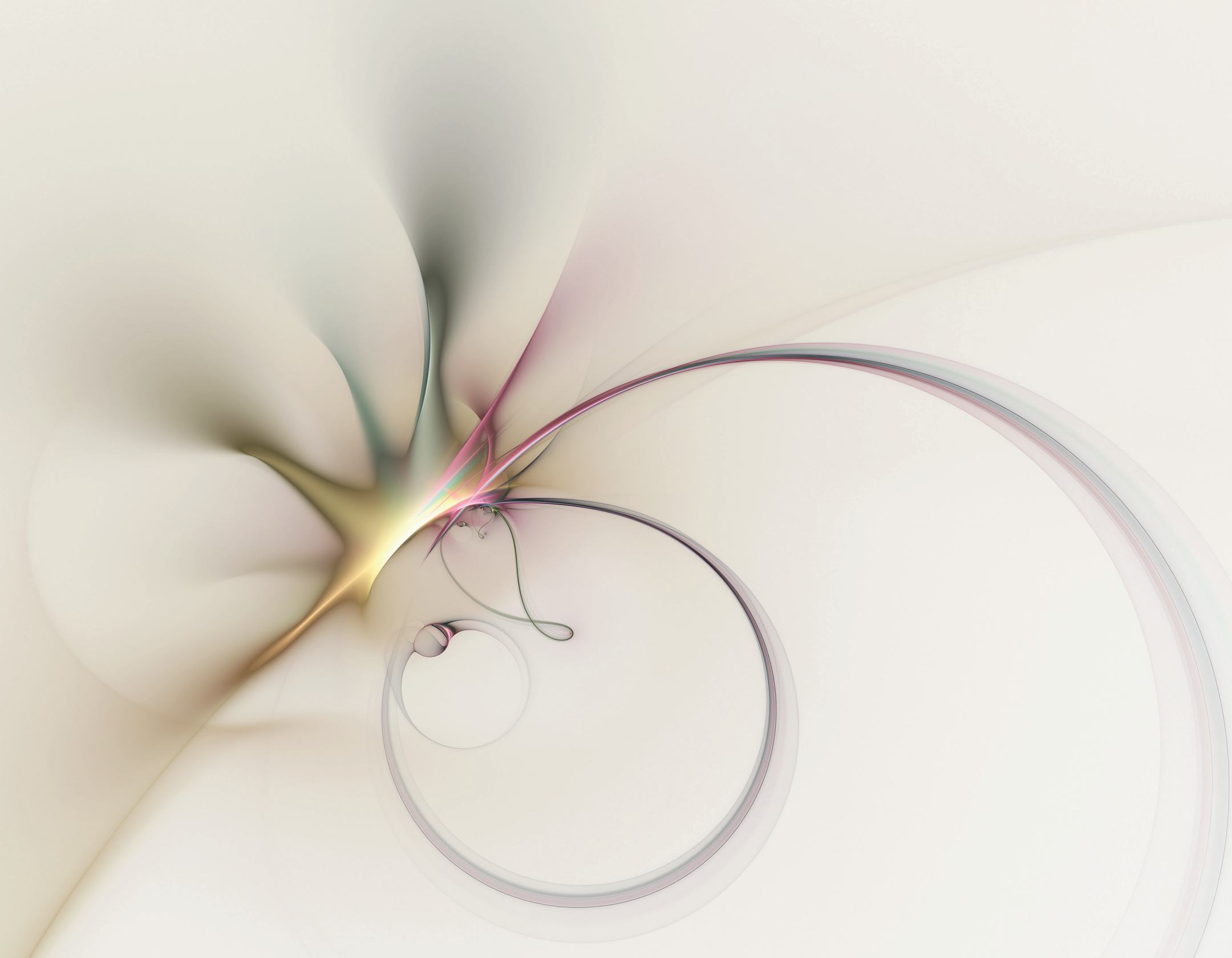
With love

With joy

Awake

Free





QUOTES I LOVE

Everything is an attempt to be human.

- *William Blake*

Now here is my secret. It is very simple. It is only with one's heart that one can see clearly. What is essential is invisible to the eye.

- *Antoine De St Exupery*

Be aware of the place where you are brought to tears. That is where I am (your heart), and that is where your treasure is.

- *Paulo Coelho*

I am a Jew, but I am enthralled by the luminous figure of the Nazarene. No one can read the Gospels without feeling the actual presence of Jesus. His personality pulsates in every word. No myth is filled with such life.

- *Albert Einstein*

This is my simple religion: There is no need for temples; No need for complicated philosophies; My heart and my brain are my temples; My philosophy is kindness.

- *Dalai Lama*

A human being is a part of the whole, called by us 'Universe,' a part limited in time and space. He experiences himself, his thoughts, and feelings as something separated from the rest, a kind of optical delusion of his consciousness. This delusion is a kind of prison for us, restricting us to our personal desires and to affection for a few persons nearest to us. Our task must be to free ourselves from this prison by widening our circle of compassion to embrace all living creatures and the whole of nature in its beauty. Nobody is able to achieve this

completely, but the striving for such achievement is in itself a part of the liberation and a foundation for inner security.

- *Albert Einstein*

For one human being to love another; that is perhaps the most difficult of all our tasks, the ultimate, the last test and proof, the work for which all other work is but preparation.

- *Rainer Maria Rilke*

The Kingdom of Heaven is within you.

- *Jesus*

All that we are is the result of what we have thought.

- *Buddha*

A life lived in fear is a life half lived.

- *Spanish Proverb, highlighted by Baz Luhrmann in Strickly Ballroom*

Thanks

To my friends who have loved me and helped me: who have showed kindness; who have honoured the sacredness of love between one human and another. Please forgive any frustration or disappointment I have ever caused you, not being able to communicate coherently from within my secret life.

To Michael Driscoll for inspiration by the universe full

To Wallace Brown for inspiration and vision

To Frank Mooney, for beauty, joy and laughter

To Caroline Ormond for hewing Tamumu from stony ground

To Carolyn and Don Weir for compassion and insight

To my mother and father for learning to listen to their hearts and for dying such honourable deaths

To my brother Glenn for protecting me and for being a cool bro

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To the Johnson family for friendship and kindness

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To Whirimako Black for beauty and nga waiata

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To Kathleen and David Russell for their generosity in allowing the space for this to begun to be written.

To my beautiful daughter-in-law Silvia who had the courage to attempt to understand

To Christina Conrad for her tenderness and poetry

To Rebecca Crawford for her aroha,

To Pine Taiapa who taught me about the medicine in the bush and about the grief of the old people

To Koro Dewes who opened many doors

To the old kuia of Otaki who taught me to karanga

To Ngoi Pewhairangi who taught me about song and about learning

To Joe Malcolm who radiated his joy

To the musicians and crew in the first production of Green Fire Islands who opened their hearts so wonderfully: Horomona Horo, Graham Henderson, Sean McKeon, Iarla O'Lionard, Nollaig Casey, Steve Cooney, Mitsi Strickland, Leah Ratana, Laoise Kelly, Tema Fenton-Coyne, Judy Murray, Michael Knapp, Ken Saville, Hamish McIntyre, Bob Bickerton

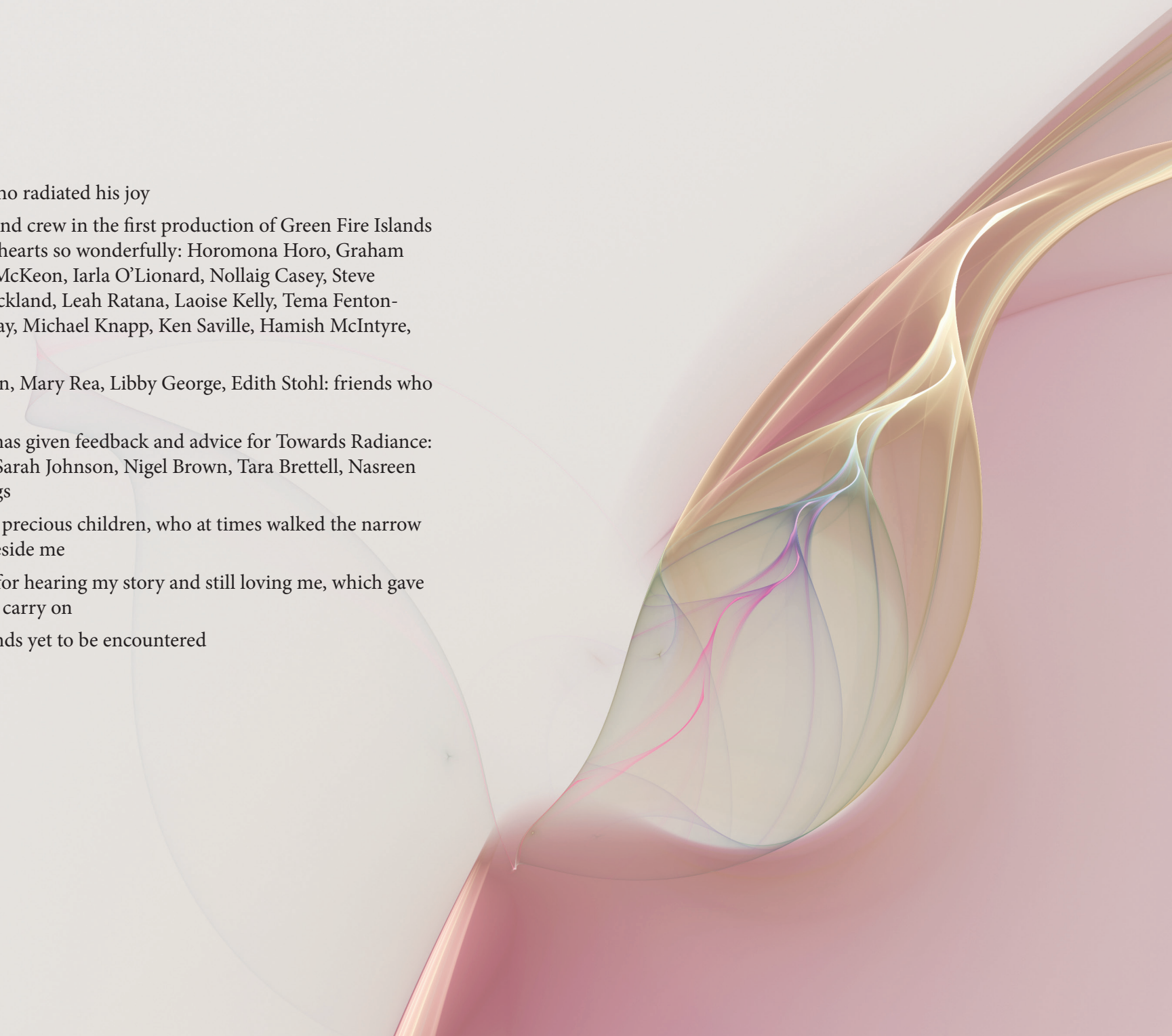
To Gabrielle Parson, Mary Rea, Libby George, Edith Stohl: friends who have nurtured me

To everyone who has given feedback and advice for Towards Radiance: April Bettelheim, Sarah Johnson, Nigel Brown, Tara Brettell, Nasreen Telly, Elaine Youngs

To each one of my precious children, who at times walked the narrow mountain paths beside me

To Peter Murphy, for hearing my story and still loving me, which gave me the strength to carry on

And to all the friends yet to be encountered



Bronwen Christianos

Author

**Choices are very simple
when you allow your thinking to serve your heart.**

It is possible that an event can happen that totally changes you. Although dying had a profound impact on me, it wasn't until I met an Angel that everything in my life utterly changed.

Brenda Molloy

Fractal Artist

**This is art that reaches
deep into the soul, speaking to your essence.**

There is more to existence, I feel, than meets the eye. My fractal work is much like that of a translator, making the invisible realms visible, so the viewer can have a multi-dimensional experience.

www.BrendaMolloy.com

