

A Spirit Fable: The Moon, the Mother, and the Dog

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[Source](#)

Fiction

A few days ago, I woke up with the very clear thought—as if it had been planted in my head—that everything I experience is a product of my own imagination.

This, I have since learned, is a teaching of the ancient Hermetic School of Philosophy.

At any rate, I decided to carry out an experiment. I imagined a second moon floating above Earth, to see if I could make it so real to me I would actually see it clearly, on consecutive nights.

Of course, as you know, last night a second moon did, in fact, appear in the sky. People all over the world saw it. I assure you, this was not my intent. I was merely trying to clarify an issue for myself.

I considered making a confession to the authorities—but why bother when I would be viewed as a crackpot? It occurred to me I could announce I had made the new moon and would, at an appointed time, unmake it. But suppose I failed? Regardless, securing the attention of a large number of people, when you are unknown, is quite difficult, no matter what your subject is. (I do not favor running naked into the street and launching a speech.)

This morning, as I approached my mother's room in the nursing

home for my weekly visit, I decided I would experience her as having recovered from her illness. When I entered the room, she was standing by the window singing one of the old songs from my childhood. When she turned to me, her eyes were clear and she was smiling. She said, "I'm ready to go home."

Was I deluding myself? Was she in the grip of my own projection? I called for a nurse. She walked into the room and looked at my mother, who was supposed to be in a wheelchair. The nurse started to scream, and stopped herself. My mother hadn't stood on her own in ten years.

A doctor told me she would have to undergo a series of tests. I took the opportunity to come back to my apartment and think things over.

If I do have formidable powers, I should consider options. Wouldn't you? Would you take, for instance, a daring course and put an end to war and disease? If I can accomplish such a feat, I believe I would. Damn the consequences. I would leave others to sort them out.

I am strangely calm. It is as if I have been pointing toward this moment all my life.

I no longer feel I have needs. Somehow, those chains have been removed.

Once upon a time, I was walking on uncertain ground. But not now.

Others would surely say I have reached too high, and I am about to take a fall. I search for a cautionary note in my mind, but I don't find it. My mind is quiet. It has no advice for me.

This new state of affairs seems quite natural.

An hour ago, I tried a third experiment. My beloved terrier, Jack, who died after a long illness when I was in school, is

now back lying on my couch. He's looking at me. I go over and pet him and he licks my hand. He yawns, stretches out his front legs, jumps off the couch and trots across the living room to a small table, where I've kept a framed photo of us sitting in a field near my school. He looks up at the photo and barks. He turns to me and sits.

Why wouldn't things be this way? Why would they be any other way?

I'm not looking for a response from you, dear reader. Suppose you, too, have these powers? I have the clear sense you would use them for good.

Suppose what I'm reporting here is the superior reality, and the end of things we don't want to end is the illusion?

Perhaps I should have started with a smaller example of manifestation, to make it easier for you—but that is not the way it happened to me. That is not the way I chose to change *What Is*.

What Is, is a brief flicker across a wide ocean. The ocean is all possibility. That's what I see now.

Am I offending your sense of propriety? If so, I apologize. This is not my intent.

I see us as errant knights. Errant in the sense that we are departing from a prescribed course. We cross a threshold, and then the fabric of events alters. The "news" is different. Solid becomes liquid, liquid becomes vapor, and vapor becomes open space. The space is waiting for us to do something. The space has no plan. It is calm. The challenges we assumed were there are missing. Those challenges were the last meal we consumed on the last day of old time. Now we walk and look up at the night sky. We are satiated and satisfied. Now we can do something different.

We feel an anticipation of dimensions.

You manifest what you will, and so will I, and in the process, you and I will use our powers for good.

That is a very pleasant, even ecstatic prospect to contemplate.

A few weeks ago, I had my first inkling of the change, when I was invited to speak at the funeral service of a cousin. As I stood there in the church looking out at the mourners, I wondered what they would do if, out of the blue, James strolled in the door and danced up the aisle.

I couldn't help wondering how the family and friends would feel if they saw him in that church, in the flesh. A few of them, I was sure, injected with shocks of lightning, interrupted from their proper grieving, would express outrage. How dare James return!

There is a way events are programmed to proceed, and people prepare their responses. They are tuned like instruments.

Given the choice, would you prefer to surrender to the occasion of a fallen friend, or suddenly find him back in your midst?

Suppose the friend, in some form, is always with you? Is that too hard to believe?

—I can tell you this. I was less alive when I began writing these words than I am now.