

Interlocking Realities

Dear Friends:

We are on a journey of separation. Jesus spoke of this wonderful, terrible journey in one of his parables. He described it this way: *"A certain man planted a vineyard and let it out to servants. He then went to a far country for a long time."*

That is exactly how we feel, abandoned on the shores of this strange beach called the human experience. God seems something far away for a long time. Actually, the great Source and Father of All has gone nowhere. Where could he go? Rather, a dimensional illusion has been formed called TIME-SPACE, or a FAR COUNTRY-LONG TIME. That is where we feel so alone and separated. The journey then is not one of distance or time at all. It is a journey of awareness, a journey back home to greater and former knowing. We ask for the Joy of the Journey.

Finally, a few of us, intimates of the stranger of Galilee, are beginning to grasp the depth of our own experience. The Light is dawning. The veil is being removed. We have understanding. One of these understandings is the realization that we live in simultaneous, interlocking realities. These interlocking realities are the subject of this writing.

Interlocking Realities

We live in realms of interlocking realities. Many worlds exist in the same space. Reality can be experienced at many vibrational levels of perception. The idea that all truth can be described or focused by a single set of teachings, doctrines, or descriptive statements is not just the limitation of science and religion; it is a pervasive attitude that has infected the human mind and his genetics. The burning of Heretics, the ridicule of intellectual minds, or the scoffing of the ignorant can be evidenced all through our long recorded History.

In this day, we are experiencing a sort of breakthrough in this matter. There are brilliant and respected scientific minds that are embracing and proposing ideas beyond the scope that religion ever dreamed. Yet they are ideas whose veracity finds at least support if not confirmation in the ancient text held so dear by us who have come from more fundamentalist experience and background. We are also finding people we would have called mystics making pronouncements in scientific matters that the scientific world is listening to. I have in mind the work of Zechariah Sitchin, the highly respected expert in History and Archeology. He is presenting information

obtained from ancient clay tablets found in Mesopotamia and is interpreting them to push the civilized history of this planet back 450,000 years. You or I may raise some real skeptical ears at his sound, but the intellectual and academic world is not only listening, they are jumping onto his train. Likewise J.J. Hurtak, who is the author and recipient of the information contained in the *Keys of Enoch* written in 1972, should really be called a mystic. However, his book contains distinct scientific information that is and will be established by science. At the same time, Hurtak validates the record of the Torah concerning Enoch, the Name Yahweh, the Elohim, and other great truths held dear by ancient students of the scriptures.

What is startling about these findings is that the many realms of intelligence that are being spoken and written about do not necessarily agree. It seems as if all truth is not the same truth, which is very much the way we have experienced it for centuries. In fact, these sources differ significantly on very important issues. If you are dogmatic about your understanding being the only truth, I recommend that you stay wherever you are until the next ten or twenty years are over because a reality check is coming to this planet.

We are on a collision course with Truth and Light. Every stronghold of degrees of Light and Darkness that have made any kind of claim on this planet and its wonderful population must present their claim of rights of inheritance. Step up to the podium and present your case. The Gentleman's war is on. There will be no scenes as we saw in *Braveheart*, or we imagined in *Armageddon*, to settle these issues. Those lower realms are the precursor experiences that have prepared us for this conflict of ages that is breaking in our hearts and minds in this hour. It is the heavens that are being exchanged, "*Rolled up as a garment!*" as the Psalmist put it centuries ago.

I remember very vividly a small quote by an Angelic Being in a book by Ruth Montgomery. This Being made a comment about Jesus of Nazareth. Without remembering the exact quotation, it read something like: "Yes, we have wondered about Jahshuah Ben Joseph, why such a high brilliant being would waste His life and time on such an insignificant planet as Earth." (If any of my readers are aware of this quotation, I would like to see it again in its exact rendition.) Whether I remember the quote exactly or not does not negate the imprint it made on me. It dawned on me that all heavens or realms populated by angels or beings of light or darkness do not necessarily understand who Jesus was or His mission. These other realities may not be opposed to Him at all. In fact, they may reverence His person to the degree they have seen him but they live in partial Light just as people on this planet do. Realizing these seeming impossibilities, how shall we make our way on a path frothed with such contradictions and oppositions? What can you believe? How do I handle such searing doubt? I recommend you do as I have: Stick close to Jesus. He is a friend in time of need.

Meet My Mother

My Mother was a devout Christian Reformed woman who faithfully tithed and attended church all her life. She struggled tremendously with the doctrines of hell to the point that she wondered about her sons who did not attend church. She wondered whether they would end up in never-ending torment. My brothers, far more skeptical and perhaps more intellectually honest than I was during those years, saw the hypocrisy of much that is passed off as religion and God. They would appreciate this little joke I once heard: One day, a visiting evangelist tried to get some

"Amen" or at least nods of agreement from the stoic congregation by asking: *"Who wants to go to heaven in this Church?"* Immediately, everyone's hands went up, with the exception of one boy, Little Johnny sitting in the back pew. Puzzled, the preacher asked Johnny: *"Don't you want to go to heaven Son?"* To which Johnny replied: *"Not if all these folks are going!"* Please do not interpret this as criticism of church. I am for and in favor of all and every effort that is made by men to improve their lot and increase their understanding and relationship with God, as futile as it may seem at times. Carolynne and I have made a commitment to gather, for people here in Oldfield, every Sunday and Wednesday just like my brothers and sisters in "church." Our gatherings may not be exactly according to norm, but we feel that we have not yet discovered the greatest possible dynamics available to us in Christ either.

Now, back to my mother. Shortly before she passed on, she asked me about this issue of Hell. She respected that God had called me, in fact she asked me to do her funeral over the wishes of her minister. She even suggested that if they rent the church building to the Baptists, how could they refuse renting it to her when she almost paid for it during her lifetime. At this valid insistence, they relented and this divorced, ex-church member had a wonderful experience helping his siblings and his Mother have real closure. Before she passed, I sat there with my dear mother, tears in my eyes, feeling the Love of God all through me declaring to her what God is really like. Peace came to her heart that day. She never could buy the Pentecostal antics her son had embraced except for the hugging. The first hug, man she was like a board! The second maybe like stiff foam but pretty soon, as I persisted, she let me hug her and love her. Something so easy in theory had in reality been very hard for her all her life. I guess I did not understand the real treasure in those days; I was concerned about religious understanding and experiences instead of reality.

The reason I am taking such pain for you to meet my Mom is that she came back to me after she crossed over. Actually she came to Carolynne, and told her the following: *"There is a light-mist over here everywhere. It's like a school. There are seven levels. Where you start depends on the degree to which you have overcome death in your earth life."*

The overcoming she is speaking of is the overcoming of the death experiences of your life: lost love; broken promises; abandonment; failure, and so on. She went on to say that she was just at the first level and seemed perfectly content to be attending this school. She was learning in this lowest level the lessons she could not learn in her life experience.

Since one can pass over and go to higher levels than my Mom did, they could possibly even bypass them all!!! Whew! What a thought! I have come to the conclusion that this earth realm, this physical plane, is the densest of all yet it has all seven levels available right here. Hence the term: Interlocking Realities.

We are acquainted with these levels in our own experience these last hundred years or so. When Pentecost came all over again at the beginning of the twentieth century, first in Topeka Kansas and then later in Azusa Street in the City of Angels, people had Horse figs thrown at them. At the same time period, Charles Fillmore wrote his metaphysical dictionary, which became the basis for the Unity movement. Here, simultaneously, are two movements: one emphasizing that God is Mind and desiring spiritual mental experiences; the other emphasizing God as Spirit and desiring

ecstatic, emotional, spiritual experiences. Here we see two interlocking realms right at the beginning of the most fantastic century man has ever experienced.

After these successive visitations, we are the next wave, perhaps in many ways, the climaxing wave, that is beaching and grounding its energy on human consciousness. This last statement brings me to the real purpose of this writing.

Can You Say: "It Is Good"?

I have related all this to you to tell of an experience Carolynne and I had at our home in Oldfield, MO. First, allow me to give a little background. Carolynne and I traveled the USA for 4 years from 1986 to 1990. When Eva arrived during a two-week stay in Minnesota with Beverly and Chuck Rhoades, Carolynne began reaching for a nesting place. I was still traumatized enough from my previous community experience that I wanted to avoid that kind of commitment. As it happened, we met Sue Shepherd in Springfield, MO in the fall of 1989. That following spring in May, we purchased 25 acres in Oldfield, MO with Sue. It was a great story how it all happened, but I will not go into all those details. Suffice it to say that when Carolynne stepped into our house we live in now, the witness of Spirit hit her. She declared it to be our home. It took me a few days to reconcile myself to this new thought, but I managed. Here is where our story starts. I will let Carolynne tell in her own words her story of interlocking realities.

Greetings all! Last November, I was preparing for our annual Thanksgiving Gathering when I began looking around at our house. It was in a state of construction. Floors had been stripped of carpet because of mold. The ceilings had been patched several places because of water leakage in the upstairs bathroom. In all, it wasn't a pretty sight to see for me or for anyone else. I was in the house alone and so took advantage of the luxury of complaining where I couldn't be heard. "All these people are coming and I just can't stand this house. It looks so terrible. I just hate it." Spirit responded to my complaining and spoke so clearly: "What did you say when you first saw this house?" I was stunned. Then I slowly replied: "*I said it was mine and it was good.*" Spirit spoke again: "*Can you still say it is good, even though you see the seeming deficiencies?*" I replied with a heart of repentance and tears running down my face: "*Yes Father. You gave us this house and I will say it is good and thank you for it.*" Then spirit spoke again: "*What did you say before you came into YOUR physical house.*" Immediately I knew the subject had changed from being my house that I was looking at to the body I am living in. Stunned again, I haltingly replied: "*Why, I guess, I said it was good. A body you have given me and I have come to do your will.*" "**THEN WHY have you complained about your body and who you are ALL of your life?**" My heart broke as I realized this was true. I have struggled with the wonderful tabernacle that the Father has created for me, always wanting it to change, never truly inhabiting the place given to me.

In this very intense experience that actually took place over a period of at least ten years, there are two specific interlocking realities that unfold. There are the physical, three-dimensional events centered in the house in which we live. This is a created experience. It did not seem at all that we were creating it, it just unfolded in our space and we flowed with it. Nevertheless in that other interlocking reality, we helped to create the experience. In our physical and emotional space, we drew the experience to ourselves. In our eternal, greater selves and with the Energy of the Holy Father, we created it. I suppose you could say we drew ourselves a picture; a picture

being better than a thousand words; a picture in our 3-D space to help us understand what was happening in our 4th and 5th dimensional space.

If we can extrapolate beyond our personal involvement, we can easily see that we all have come into this realm to create an experience. This experience will enable us at a higher level to accomplish our eternal mission in the cosmos. Paul the Apostle refers to this aspect when he says concerning the children of Israel and their journeying in the wilderness: *these things happened unto them for our sakes upon whom the end of Ages has come.*

The Question Has Been Raised

So, the question has been raised: *Why do you always resist the body you are in, your own incarnation?* I do not think the question was raised to measure, to judge, or to condemn. It was raised because we are ready to answer it. Long ages ago a similar question was raised: *Who told you that you are naked?*

As religious people, we have had a fascination with the shadows of things to come (i.e. the tabernacle, the candlestick, the throne and so on). Most spiritual literature has a preponderance of these shadows. But of the searching out of shadows there is no end. There are always greater and more significant shadows that appear. Yet the shadow of a thing is never the reality, although it may prepare the heart to long and reach for that greater reality.

Answering The Question

Even the picture story of the life of Jesus is a shadow of a greater reality, two interlocking realities. His cross is the imaging of a greater crucifixion that happened when a collective of eternal ELOHIM took on physical form and were lowered into this lower vibrational experience we call the flesh. His dying and suffering on that cruel cross, when truly seen by the illumined eyes will break shackles of denial, fear, abandonment, and rejection that have kept us locked into limited realms of consciousness for long, long ages of time. The hour of our release is here. Resurrection life is flowing in abundance. It is releasing us from the pangs of death and hell that we suffered when we lost all awareness of our eternalness and clothed ourselves with thoughts of unworth and failure. We did so in order that we could truly experience this lower realm and all that it brings. There is the answer: we resist our incarnation because it is like a crucifixion.

Now we stand at the pinnacle of all the ages. We are recognizing that we declared our incarnation, our physical house, to be GOOD. We are remembering the joyful echoes and refrains of love and victory as we began our descent into matter, slowly feeling the rigor mortis of unconsciousness as it blotted out our true knowing of the Father and the Light. But we knew. We remember it now. We knew that we would return as a sower sows his seed into the earth, into death, so we were sown into forgetfulness. As it was written: *"He that goes forth weeping, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him."*

Jesus, Jahshuah, My Own. I Love You!

So here we stand on the verge of the great awakening of Man. We stand with Jesus who remained behind so He could go ahead and make a breakthrough. We all now enter with Him in the glory that we had together before the down-casting of the Ages. He is not calling us to follow him. We have followed Him. He is calling us to let our beings merge again as we once always knew. He is calling us to merge in a marriage of awareness, a great bridal nuptial, when we remember and enact with joy the Holy union that we are in all the Ages of Time. Out of our love that is so new and yet so old, we create a whole new world, a paradise in earth, a kingdom of Love, Joy, Peace, and Righteousness.

In the following words, Jesus merged Himself with us in a song when we first came on this special place we call "This Place of Ours."

*There is resurrection Power, in my very being,
There is resurrection Glory in this hour.
It's a whole new way of living,
A whole new way of walking,
And it's just beyond the open door.*

*So won't you come on in with me?
Into this place of Ours.
Together we'll walk, hand in hand
And inherit the Promised Land.*

Comments, questions, or just general communication is welcomed. Feel free to [email](#) me.

Would love to hear from you,

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