PROLOGUE

I sit on a kitchen chair and watch a tiny ant crawl haphazardly across the floor at my feet. Ants are not allowed in the kitchen, of course. Shall I step on him?

I think not. Instead, I reach down and convince him to crawl onto my finger. He does not stop to look up at me, nor does he wonder why he is no longer on the kitchen floor. For to the ant, the kitchen floor does not exist….nor do I. Those manifestations exist in a dimension of perception that he is unable to even perceive within the limited scope of his lower dimensional existence.

The ant has no idea that there is an entity that exists on a higher plane than him who, at the moment, has total agency over him.

I open the sliding door and step out onto the back deck as the ant crawls up my finger, oblivious to the momentous occurrences in his existence. I walk over to the potted rose bush at the corner of the deck and put my hand on the soil of the pot. I wait patiently as the ant meanders up the finger toward my hand and then reverses course back down toward the soil. In time, he wanders off my hand and into the world of the rose, the soil and the pot.

Then something unexpected occurs. The ant stops. I look closely….his antennae twitch and his tiny head moves back and forth, stopping as if he is looking in my direction. He has sensed something, something that is beyond his ability to perceive. Then he moves on.

That ant may well have eventually been eaten by a bird or a spider. Or he may have gone on to be a productive worker in his colony for the remainder of his short ant

life. But maybe….just maybe…..he will incarnate next a little higher in his dimensional hierarchy, perhaps even as a bird similar to the one who ended his ant existence, and he might just have a niggling of a memory of something much bigger.

Stop and look up, my friends…….not with your eyes, but from deep within