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2 Having Lost My 3 Subconscious

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5 A Mind Release by Lisa Hering

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8 Music: Quiet Road by Peder B Helland of Soothing Relaxation

9 <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=VLYjTjQokS4>

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11 I'm lying in the surf on a beach, half in the water and half out. The waves break on
12 the seashore and nudge me back and forth, slowly rocking me as a mother would rock a
13 child. The water is foamy and cool, and the breeze blows my hair ever so slightly. The
14 rhythmic sound and the tickling air induce a restful mind in me. I have learned to let my
15 wakeful mind give way to my subconscious and it will give me a story. But I have not done
16 so in a while. I have allowed the prevailing winds to wash my peace of mind away. I have
17 not been able to remain calm amidst the hustle and bustle of my life and have ignored my
18 own emotional needs.

19 The water surrounds me with a saltiness. It is the salt of the earth that lives in the
20 water and invigorates my skin with vital minerals. But today, the salt leaves the ocean as
21 the wave recedes. It rises out of the sea, winds into a pink spiral, and unwinds into a pink
22 cloud, then into a pink sunset, and then unwinds into the sky and is gone. The warmth
23 that was here is gone. The sea sprays droplets onto my face and tongue and the water is
24 fresh. The salt is gone from the sea. I can no longer taste it, smell it, or feel it on my skin. It
25 is as though something of enormous value has left me.

26 In the silence, my mind brings me images and sound. Far away, I hear the music of
27 a harp whose tones echo down a red rock canyon. It's a sound and a place I adore and
28 miss very much. I used to watch the ravens dive in between the cliff walls and play in

29 peace and harmony. I hope this develops into a beautiful story, but that scene quickly
30 vanishes, and in its place, I see gallons of black oil that float into the propellers of a ship.
31 They become tiny fragments that work their way back together on the other side. I try to
32 make sense of these images, but before I can determine a meaning, I appear on the streets
33 of an ancient city with large stone buildings on both sides. As I look around and try to take
34 in these new surroundings, I become encased in a fluid filled bubble that waves itself
35 through space, a fluid filled space, containing all the stars at once. Why have I been given
36 all these images? My subconscious has always given me a continuous story, but never
37 images so distinct and separate. I am confused.

38 These are all fragments of moments and places throughout time. Some are
39 memories, while some I've never seen, and yet some were only created in stories by my
40 imagination. What can I find within them that will make sense? There is no apparent
41 tying thread, no obvious meaning. What common denominator can be found?

42 Waves on the beach are separate, but they are part of a sea that is continuous. The
43 harp's song is alone, separate in the canyon, but sound waves never end. A city is
44 continuous, but buildings are separate. My footsteps are singular but walking is a
45 continuous motion. The oil is continuous, one flowing unit, yet it forms separate droplets.
46 Stars are separate but space is continuous. What is this teaching me? Separate but
47 continuous, a paradox.

48 The stories that my subconscious gives to me are elegant, finished in one sitting,
49 meaningful, flowing, full of continuity, symbolism, morals, and lessons. On the other hand,
50 my conscious, wakeful and willful mind is just the opposite. It's stories are disjointed,
51 jumbled, with countless rewrites and hardly ever finished. My conscious is separate from
52 my subconscious, but they each create thoughts that are continuous in my mind. They
53 should be working together to produce balanced decisions and a positive outlook. Today, I
54 see no continuous thread in the story. Something has changed. What has happened to my
55 subconscious? I look but I don't see her. I ask but I get no answer. My subconscious is not
56 present. Where has my subconscious gone? Have I ignored her too much? Have I offended
57 her? Perhaps I have tried to lead too many times and she has given up and decided to go
58 where she would be heard and even listened to. Has she gone where she can live and
59 breath in eternal bliss? I have forgotten about her and allowed my conscious mind to rule
60 in these past years, and I have not consulted my wise subconscious as an equal. Even with

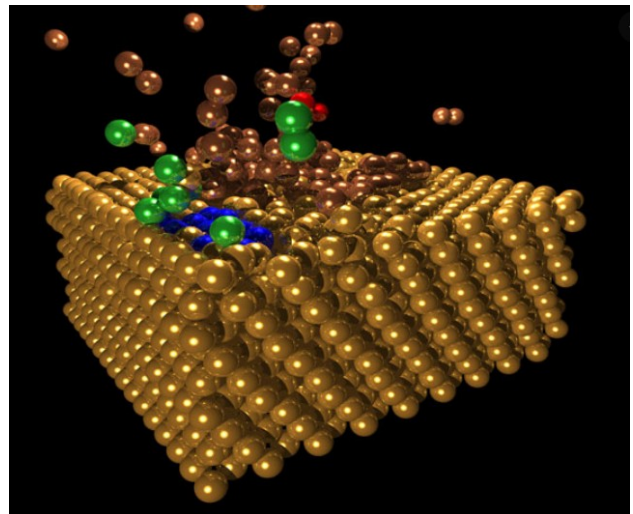
61 all she has given me, I have not listened enough and I have made unwise decisions
62 because of that.

63 I want her. I miss her. I need her to be near. I have grown used to her. She has
64 graced me with many amazing stories and powerful revelations about myself. She has
65 shown me how to lead an appropriate life. Without it, I will be one sided, anti-
66 dimensional, fragmented, partial, and unrealized. Has my wiser self actually abandoned
67 me? Will she never visit again?

68 I have to find her. I will search for her. But where might she be? Is she wandering
69 free across the continents? Did she dive into the vast ocean? Or did she become trapped in
70 the deepest part of my soul? I'll go deep within the Mariana Trench. There it is certainly
71 being subducted down to the center of the earth. Perhaps she is being reborn in the
72 volcanic ocean depths as something I don't
73 recognize.

74 Or has she found her place in the grid
75 of love, the Higgs field where the God
76 particle lives, that place in the universe
77 where mass is given to massless souls and
78 physics seems to perform miracles? This
79 quantum field is everywhere and fills the
80 universe with infinite particles of potential
81 interactions aligned in an array, a grid,
82 spaced just so, making the universe like a
83 fluid filled bubble containing all the stars at

84 once. At each intersection of this grid are
85 force carriers, bosons, that lie in wait for anything to pass through, and when something
86 does, they use this force, this potential energy, to give the object mass. These are the God
87 particles, and they are real particles of God. This is how God is amassed throughout the
88 universe, separate but continuous, and how he can be everywhere at once, omnipresent.
89 He creates individual pieces of mass where otherwise nothing would exist. Then the mass
90 continues on in an excited state to wherever it needs to be. Something is created from
91 nothing. It is a rebirth of things previously alive, ashes turned to dust and then to massless



92 energy. Those that travel to Earth make up the things on Earth, including men and women
93 and children. People are separate, but their lives are continuous.

94 If I set my mind to this task, I know I can find her. Perseverance is my greatest
95 strength and I can accomplish anything I set my mind to. I will retrieve her. And if she
96 won't come back, I will stay with her. I will first go down to the Mariana Trench. If she
97 isn't there, I'll keep looking elsewhere.

98 And I take a ship far into the ocean, and I jump into the sea where I become black
99 oil which can reach the ocean bottom. I pass through the propellers and break into
100 droplets that can search independently the vast areas of the trench. Oil, separate but
101 continuous. She is not in the trench and the droplets of oil come back together. I head for
102 the subduction zone where the ocean floor melts and is sucked under, only to reappear as
103 a molten lava which is jettisoned out through a volcano. She is not there. I visit cities with
104 stone buildings, but she is not there. And I have searched my soul past the deepest parts,
105 past the monster in the maze, and she is not there. That leaves only the heavens and the
106 Higgs field to find her, my last option.

107 But perhaps she is happier there than with me. Maybe there she has found what
108 she was always looking for, a place where she will be heard and listened to? Perhaps I
109 should leave her be. She doesn't need me, but I need her. And I know she loves me more
110 than life itself. If she and I are separate, we will both become sick and dysfunctional. And
111 that is what she has been trying to tell me. She cares only for love, in contrast to my
112 conscious mind which only comprehends survival of the physical. She and I must work
113 together. My life must be based on decisions that take into account both physical and
114 mental health. Our thoughts must be one, a continuous blending, separate but continuous.
115 Yet even so, the physical life is short while love is forever. Of the two, she who is the giver
116 of love is more important. I must find her!

117 I am in such a field, and I tiptoe through the mass giving bosons, looking for my
118 subconscious. This is God's world. She must be hidden within the particles. But I can't see
119 her. They are everywhere, below me, above me, beside me, all around. I am in the midst
120 of a structure too great to understand. It's too big for me to see the whole. It is a universal
121 grid of love, the ideal place to find one's subconscious.

122 But the grid's size is overwhelming. There isn't enough time for me to search
123 through it all. I need a miracle or I will never find her. I will have lost her forever. I can't
124 do it. But there are miracles, and there is someone who can bend spacetime and use
125 relativity at a beckon call. I thought that if I set my mind to it, I could accomplish anything,
126 but my perseverance is weak and my human-ness is limited. So I must give up. I go no
127 further of my own will and consciousness. I release my determination and my motivation.
128 It is the only way she can be strong. The God particles will show her the way and bridge
129 the gap between us.

130 As I give up my will, my body goes limp. I close my eyes. As my will dies, I begin to
131 suffocate. My body turns blue and spins out of control in this vacuum. Death is overtaking
132 me, and I care not. And in this garden of souls, my subconscious is the only one with a
133 heartbeat, my heartbeat. Hers will be hot with fever because it is sick with
134 incompleteness. It will be a strange light of a color never seen in the universe. It will be
135 alive with momentum and spin. A song will emanate from the vibration creating sound
136 waves that will reach me, music to my ears, like the waves that crash at the ocean's edge
137 and rock me back and forth. She is near, she is rocking, and she is hot.

138 I am now spiraling as though I were in the ocean waters sinking towards a cosmic
139 drain. I allow the forces to move me. I can perceive my motion, but I will not guide it. I
140 will not lead it. I will not plant grains of thought that are not inspired by my subconscious.
141 And when my mind is completely blank, with no signal, no brain wave, dead to my
142 consciousness, then she will carry me. When my mass has been converted to energy, and I
143 shine with a bio-luminescence of blue. I will be a cold blue, not made of heat, but still
144 glowing. I am just energy now, energy and a weak heartbeat, a vibration that matches
145 hers, one weak heartbeat to another, she will hear it. She will know where I am. I won't
146 have to find her. She will find me. She will hear me. She will come to me. She is
147 forgiveness. She is hope. She is all the goodness of the world. She is my holy spirit.

148 I am in a state of relinquishment now. My mind is clear and waiting for input. Time
149 is irrelevant. The duration is uncountable. It could be milliseconds, it could be eons. And
150 in the distance, I hear a harp. It echoes as though bouncing off canyon walls. It is the place
151 I love the most, and it brings me joy to have this as my last view if I don't make it. I see a
152 pink glow spiraling like a galaxy. It is her energy. I recognize my subconscious, and I
153 realize that I stumbled upon the answer. So long as I felt my own desires were more

154 important than hers, I drowned her existence out. But her desire is to be part of me, and
155 that is what I was drowning out. Now that I am weak, she can prevail. My giving up
156 allows her to be strong, strong enough to find me.

157 As she nears, I notice that she spins. Her sound is that of a well oiled machine, low
158 and whirring. She is now spiraling around me, but the grid is spinning in the wrong
159 direction. I become dizzy and realize it is not the grid that is moving, but rather I am also
160 spiraling. I am spinning in one direction and she is spinning in the opposite direction. We
161 are opposites, and we are attracting each other. Our heartbeats pin point us, and our
162 tornadoes draw us close. We are two forces finding each other, within each others
163 magnetic field. We will bond, of that there is no doubt. I can feel the warmth now, like a
164 fire on a cold winter night. The pink heat glows and makes a halo. Her heartbeat becomes
165 louder. But I still don't move of my own will. I stay open, accepting of this gift. She
166 continues to grow larger and hotter as she nears me. And as she begins to connect with
167 me, her spiral arms reach out to touch me, to feel me, to know it is really me. And when
168 she touches me, I hear a new, separate heartbeat, separate but within me, a continuous
169 part of me. She is so close I can see nothing else but this bright light. It is all around me.
170 And then she envelops me and I am in the center of her spiral. And I am encased in a fluid
171 filled bubble, and we wave our way through space, a fluid filled space, containing all the
172 stars at once. As she merges with me, our spins neutralize each other and we become one
173 ball of light, alternating pink and blue, hot and cool, so beautiful, and we evolve into a
174 kaleidoscope of color. I experience absolute peace and perfect balance. I no longer know if
175 I am my conscious or my subconscious. I only know we are one again. I am not afraid of
176 these unusual circumstances. Instead, I feel warm and safe. I am like an embryo inside of
177 an egg. And I hear three strong heartbeats. I don't want to leave. I want to stay inside this
178 wonderful place. It is light and peaceful and calm. But I can't, because it vanishes as I feel
179 the waves lapping up onto the beach and against my body.

180 The surf pushes me and then pulls me. I taste the salty foam. The breeze blows and
181 dries the salt on my body. The salt of the earth has returned and filled the sea. My
182 subconscious has returned and filled me. It was what I had asked for. It is what I had
183 begged for. It was all I wanted in this universe. I gave up everything for it. I preferred
184 nothing above it, not material objects nor even my own will or thoughts. And though I
185 gave up everything, I am whole again, and more than whole. A third heartbeat is within

186 me. I first heard it when my subconscious touched me with its spiraly arm there, in the
187 grid of love surrounded by God particles. God gave it mass, and my subconscious
188 imparted it with its mind, one full only of love and a desire for peace.

189 I sit up. I touch my belly. It feels warm. It is a remembrance of the quantum field,
190 something part me and part God particle. And it grows within me, like the particles that
191 reach the earth and become part of man and woman. There are three lives within me, the
192 mother, the child, and the spirit, all separate, but continuous within my body, a paradox.
193 But this child isn't like the children of the Earth. This child is balanced and complete,
194 without needs that tempt the rest of us. Everything is already within it. It can do all by
195 asking of itself. It has already lived a full life and more. It has the wisdom of all the
196 ancients. He is finished. That makes it greater than the noblest of earthly kings, but
197 without sin, and with all the goodness in the universe. He will be the king of hearts. But he
198 must grow now, not in a physical human sense, but in a universal cosmic sense, to share
199 all the love in the universe with all living beings near and far. He will be capable of
200 linking two worlds. He can gather particles of love from God and multiply them and
201 shower them onto each and every living thing, as ubiquitous as the oxygen we breath. My
202 womb gives him the humanity he would otherwise not experience. But human form
203 would limit him. His home will be in the grid of love because he will never be born of this
204 world. Like the greatest human ever to inhabit the earth, this boy too is a lamb that will be
205 slaughtered.

206 He will reside and mature in that field of love and wait for me to follow him. There
207 are more things we don't understand than those we do understand. And because of this,
208 reality can be more unbelievable than fantasy. He experienced the greatest of penalties
209 while being the most innocent. It was a thing of destiny and placed him among the stars to
210 continue God's work on Earth. Humans were approaching a stage where they could
211 accept peace. The time was approaching when it would be right for him to visit the earth.
212 As before, he would not be recognized, as humans would be expecting someone
213 completely different. Emotions are force carriers and interact with anything that passes
214 through their quantum field, transferring whatever emotion they hold, giving it mass and
215 ever more mass. Thus, fear, anger, and suffering can only produce greater fear, anger and
216 suffering. It is only peace that begets greater peace. There will not be a violent end-time,
217 but rather a blanketing of peace like the sowing of seeds in the spring, love blooms in the

218 summer, and hearts are ripe for harvesting in the fall. The harvest is placed in the grid of
219 love as a force carried by a boson, a God particle. It will be bestowed on particles that pass
220 through, and will be given mass as they continue on their way. If you take away the fear,
221 the anger, and the suffering from humans, love is the remainder. Love is the strongest and
222 can smother the other emotions. Anger and fear melt, but love does not. Fear arises out of
223 insecurity and ignorance, which is the conscious will taking command. The subconscious
224 only goes where invited. It will serve, but not command. But it is much more enduring
225 than our conscious wills.

226 I am remembering a story from long ago, the very first story my subconscious gave
227 me, where a little boy saw me in a white dress in a meadow, and he thought I was an
228 angel. I did not know who that child was, but I knew that he embodied all the goodness of
229 the world. And I followed him. I looked only upon him. All the other faces were shrouded
230 in a mist. I could make out no details except him. I was not afraid when I was in his
231 presence. I felt warm and safe. And he led me. And I was happy to follow. That boy is with
232 me now and forever more. And he will love the world and the people in the world, but he
233 will never be of the world. He was made of the union between the conscious and the
234 subconscious by God, a union of humanity, energy, and pure love, and those are the forces
235 bestowed upon me by the God particles and who now rule equally and peacefully within
236 me, the same forces that will be brought upon to rule the world and all things in the
237 universe. Time does not end. There are only separate eras in a time-space continuum that
238 goes on forever, separate but continuous. We are all innocent, and we shall all go to the
239 same place, this grid of love that surrounds us. I experienced the serenity of peace inside
240 the spiraling sphere, and there are no human words to describe it because no human has
241 felt exactly what I felt there.

242 But of all the human words that can attempt to describe it, the greatest of these is
243 love. Thank you for listening and good night.

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