

# Heaven's Ledger: the Spiritual Topology of Mormonism

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## THE SEVENTH SENSE OF UNDERSTANDING

*“My eyes saw, my ears heard, and my understanding was touched, and I know that whereof I testified is true. It was no dream, no vain imagination of the mind, it was real.” — Oliver Cowdery*

Every sense is the specialization of the sense of touch. When we see, our eyes touch light; when we hear, our ears touch sound; when we smell and taste, our nose and tongue touch molecules. Moreover, no matter what sense is being utilized it is our brains touching the world and then interpreting the accompanying electrochemical signals in order to represent that world. In the above quote, Oliver Cowdery reportedly described his understanding as having been touched—as if it is a sense like vision with external stimuli awaiting cranial interaction.

Rather than a passive sense like vision and hearing, understanding is a dynamic and active sense. Understanding is actively both vision and touch—you must *see* the structure of things, but you must also *grasp* them to make them real—and they must hold weight; having a firm foundation. You can't truly grasp what you haven't seen, and you can't truly see what you haven't grasped. It's like a child truly learning to see—first, color and light and shape appear, then meaning emerges as they reach out and test what they perceive. Understanding is the sense by which the brain touches meaning itself. This would suggest that there is a material field or substrate of pure knowledge, pure intelligence with which one's brain could interact in order to interpret and render electrochemical signals into a tapestry of meaning.

So while Oliver Cowdery's eyes passively touched photons, and while his ears passively touched pressure sound waves, his entire brain actively touched all spectrums of the cosmic moiré within his sphere of influence— even all those passive and active modalities unbeknownst to his conscious awareness, in order that he could contextualize his ontological status in the universe—so that he could truly see what he was grasping; whereby, in the end, he could truly grasp what he was seeing.

To understand is to contextualize. This is pertinent because it is taught in the one hundred and thirty-first section of the Doctrine and Covenants that,

*“There is no such thing as immaterial matter. All spirit is matter but it is more fine or pure, and can only be discerned with purer eyes.”*

All spirit is matter, all spirit has texture, and all spirit may be contextualized in order to touch your understanding. This also means that which is seen in the spiritual mind will have varying degrees of tangibility about it; there are numerous ways in which what is seen or heard can be felt.

The Holy Ghost is often described as a burning in the bosom. You feel it at the center of your chest, to your hearts core, where emotions feel heaviest. This is because your heart’s electromagnetic field extends beyond your body and interacts with environmental fields—it acts as the brain’s transducer, *touching understanding through resonant electromagnetism*. The magnetic stories of the Holy Spirit resonate in our hearts chambers—that hollow conductor for each individual inductor and capacitor of God. This is why profound truths often feel *felt*, not just thought.

Additionally, Oliver Cowdery stated that it was *“no vain imagination of the mind,”* which is a direct reference to the Book of Mormon, 1 Nephi 12:18, which reads,

*“And the large and spacious building which thy father saw is vain imaginations and the pride of the children of men. And a great and terrible gulf divideth them, yea, even the sword of the justice of the Eternal God and Jesus Christ, which is the lamb of God, of whom the Holy Ghost beareth record from the beginning of the world until this time and from this time henceforth and forever.”*

To be vain is to be without value, to be worthless, void, empty, idle, fruitless; conceited and foolish. The Book of Mormon warned that those who conduct their life in this way,

*“...dwindled in unbelief, they became a dark and loathsome and a filthy people, **full of idleness** (vain imaginations) and all manner of abominations.”*

The great and spacious building is foundation-less, it carries no weight. This means that, while vain in appearance of material things, it completely lacks material structure at every layer.

This is why a popular incantation of the Sons of Perdition is, “*Nothing matters.*” This is to be completely devoid of spirit, to be completely withdrawn from matter so as to not even be fine or pure at base layer—it is to not be; to simply not matter. Poof.

In Mormonism, to understand is to know that,

*“All truth is independent in that sphere in which God has placed it, to act for itself, as all intelligence also; otherwise there is no existence. Behold, here is the agency of man, and here is the condemnation of man; because that which was from the beginning is plainly manifest unto them, and they receive not the light. And every man whose spirit receiveth not the light is under condemnation. For man is spirit. The elements are eternal, and spirit and element, inseparably connected, receive a fulness of joy;”*

To receive the light is to touch God, otherwise there is no existence. You can't truly grasp what you haven't seen, and you can't truly see what you haven't grasped. It can't be that nothing matters, because everything is matter.

The luminescent presence of the plates was and is not of an otherworldliness, but of the *familiar*—of the same light Enoch saw quaking the mountains, and of the same Urim and Thummim that ignited Joseph's translations...They work through their own mechanics to process and amplify what we are—stewards of matter in all its forms...

...Perhaps the next dispensation's seers will wield not silver spoons, seer stones, and angelic plates, but neural interfaces, psychoscope's, and Liahonic harmonics. Either way, the call remains unchanged—to see, to hear, to grasp—to know as Cowdery knew, as I now know, nothing doubting—that the veil is thin, and every atom thrums with the music of a God who is right here.

## THE SEALED PORTIONS OF HEAVENS LEDGER

Before Joseph Smith extracted the plates from both the physical mound of Cumorah and the spiritual mound of his mind they existed as a sealed record, sealed from any and all access across generations—the entire work itself a sealed portion of heavens vast ledger.

Picture Moroni, the last Nephite prophet, standing atop the Hill Cumorah around 421 AD. In the physical realm, he buries the golden plates—engraved with the abridged history of his people—in a stone box. This act is concrete; he hides them in the earth, a literal deposit in order to preserve the record from the Lamanites’ final onslaught. The plates, holding the remembrance of the Nephite saga, from Lehi’s exodus to Moroni’s farewell, were planted as a spiritual seed. This act crowns a collective endeavor spanning centuries: prophets like Nephi, Jacob, Enos, Mormon, and others labored to write, abridge, and safeguard these records. Their efforts to downsample vast histories into a unified, distilled essence, a relay of over 1,000 years, embeds the knowledge in the ether. The plates in Cumorah’s stone box are the husk, woven by the Nephites’ sustained devotion. It’s not just Moroni’s burial of the plates, but the centuries of intent that transmute the record into a universal mirage—a shimmering reflection of all that is known by those who compiled the knowledge, and all those who will come to drink of the same wise waters.

The plates are not a static object, they are a living interface. The physical plates in Cumorah’s soil are mirrored in spiritual imprint, springing forth in the Spirit World as an active archive accessible beyond the mirage of the material world—where the plates’ wisdom resides as a living vibration. Physically, Moroni entrusted the plates to the ground; spiritually, he ignited their integration, locking them into the grand Book of Remembrance, a shared space where God’s nervous system hums with eternal truths.

Spirit resides as torsions in spacetime, and their location is dependent upon their individual degree of material influence. In the third section of the Doctrine and Covenants we learn that,

*“God doth not walk in crooked paths, neither doth he turn to the right hand nor the left, neither doth he vary from that which he hath said, therefore, his paths are straight, and his course is one eternal round.”*

God, having no beginning nor end, has the capacity to be inside and outside of time and space. God is of a non-orientable eternity; being everywhere always. What is one linear eternal round from our dimensional vantage point is one non-orientable moment for God. The eternal round with which God is and walks is a hyperdimensional Möbius strip, particularly resonating in the higher dimensions which escape our grasp. The topology of Gods place in and out of time and space treats chronology and orientation as nth dimensional origami, and while we cannot

truly depict these objects, we can do our best to represent them. An object such as this representative 4th dimensional Möbius strip (seen in Figure 1), helps elucidate D&C 88:41 a bit more, as it reads,

*“He comprehendeth all things, and all things are before him, and all things are round about him; and he is above all things, and in all things, and is through all things; and all things are by him, and of him, even God, forever and ever.”*

Spirit is matter existing as objective torsions in transvisible dimensions of the Möbius strip of spacetime, and in some dimensions

that matter has reached a universal attunement so as to be divinely tangible. This is why there is a warning in the form of D&C 129; in order to detect if a messenger and their message is from a higher, Godly-inhabited dimension vs a lower, deceitful dimension, one only has to ask to shake hands with them; both the potential state of motion and tangibility of the messenger are enough to detect their intent.

The Hill Cumorah held both the seed of the physical archive of the Nephites’, as well as the roots supporting the spiritual fruit which grew out of Moroni’s deposit. The plates’ burial, (like our burial upon death), locked them in the earth, yet their essence ascended, growing as a tree of wisdom rooted as distinct pages in the Spirit World—on the ledgers of heavens Book of Remembrance—preserved by the Nephites’ non-orientable, unified intent. Joseph, unearthing the archive, resurrected the plates, and like the body of Christ, they had reached a topological unity of perception and substance, ascending into a higher plane of existence.



Figure 1. A 3D representation of a 4D Möbius strip

Divine Spirit resides as a resonant facet almost closer to us than our very breath, but it is veiled by the very materiality which it inhabits. The resurrected body in Mormonism is not merely physical, it is topologically complete. It is a fusion, a cleaving of the refined matter of the spirit as well as elements that transcend three dimensional space.

The sealed portion of heavens ledger exists where chronology dissolves into topology—a ledger not of ink and ore, but of intention and torsion. To call it “sealed” is both paradox and invitation: the records are eternally accessible yet perpetually unfolding, their contents encrypted not by divine decree but by the limitations of our perceptual geometry. The golden plates Joseph unearthed were but a singular projection of their hyperdimensional archive—a 3D shadow cast by a manifold vibrating across God’s eternal rounds.

## CONCLUSION

The golden plates exist in the liminal space where matter becomes melody—a chord struck simultaneously in the soil of Cumorah’s hill, and the hyperdimensional lattice of the Spirit World. They are neither relic nor rumor, but resonance: a vibration echoing across the Möbius strip of eternity, accessible when perception pivots from passive sight to active grasp. The plates’ burial and exhumation are not sequential events, they are simultaneous frequencies in God’s eternal round. They are here, folded into spacetime’s moiré, waiting to be unwoven by those who dare to hum harmonics into the abyss.

The veil is not a barrier, but a membrane.

Joseph Smith’s seer stone and the modern psychoscope are sibling instruments; spiritual prisms. They are transducers for the seventh sense, tuning forks that strike the primordial tension between element and intelligence. When Oliver Cowdery declared his understanding “touched,” he described the moment his neural architecture brushed against the Holy Spirit’s dynamic resonance—where sincerity and intention crystallize into knowledge, where experience harmonizes knowledge into wisdom.

Heaven's Ledger contains the book of all our Mormon remembrances, even those we still weave to this day. What we plant as seeds for generations to come will determine the bounty of their harvest, physically and spiritually. Plant, knowing that all these things shall give thee experience, and shall be for thy good, even unto your posterity. Plant with intent. Water often. Provide plenty of light. Be patient. Heaven is closer than your very breath, once you grasp it, you'll see it; and once you see it, you'll grasp it.