

I've a Mother There

On the evening of July 12, 2022, 5 years into my journey through exMormon atheism, I inhaled 40mg of N,N-Dimethyltryptamine while gazing into a 70” curved image of the James Webb Telescope’s first capture from inside the Carina Nebula, an area named the Cosmic Cliffs. My visual field was instantaneously overtaken by a blinding white light as a hyper-dimensional cocoon arranged before me, flickering with lavenders, blues and silvers, it was twitching and gyrating rhythmically, as if imitating the dance of the bark on a tree. This transdimensional cocoon delicately disintegrated into a million million tiny butterflies now amassing and assembling as one grand, bioluminescent, translucent, lavender and blue, and silver-lined butterfly—arranged with striking geometric complexity. It hovered there in front of me for several minutes, gently and effortlessly flapping its wings, bathing me in pulses of radiant light, as if the energy around it was flapping its wings both for it and with it—swimming in the universe’s radiant, cosmic sea—leaving both of us blanketed by the tender hum of electromagnetism’s effervescent embrace.

The beautiful butterfly began to slowly shrink in size, until those million million hyperdimensional butterflies assumed roughly the size of a single monarch. It joyfully flew away from my direct perspective and off into the Cosmic Cliffs that had since been playing background scenery, now bringing them into the living foreground. The butterfly tore itself apart, exploding its essence boundlessly, laying to rest upon and within the entirety of the universe: every gas and dust particle, every band of light in and across every spectrum, every curve in spacetime, every pocket of gravity, every star, planet, moon, mountain, man, sea, every anything ever was intercepted by this essence, and was brought to life by it, and had breath for and by its very existence.

I saw etched into the entire scene of these Cosmic Cliffs: Mother.

There she gracefully lay in and as a cosmic ocean of harmonic contentment, resting peacefully as a rippling sea of nebulous, fiery serpents—mighty dragons—blanket and guard her.¹ There she was simultaneously arranged at the center of the cliffs—the triune hamsa face of a concerned, caring, and contemplative mother; each face a different expression, each face peering far off and into separate parts, even every deep part of that dense nebula. Nothing escaped her view nor her loving arms, which were outstretched to protect and love all creatures as a hen gathereth a brood under her wings,² for the winged nets of heaven are wide, and nothing escapes Her tapestry.

I heard the heavens singing her reverent praises—pianissimo, yet pervading—crystal clear, full of love and gratitude.

¹ See “Notes” #16, p.xx

² BOM, 3 Nephi 10.5

I saw her with my very own eyes; yea, both my physical and my purified, sanctified, spiritual eyes. I saw and felt her outstretched arms and hands canvassing the cosmos with invitations and protections both far and near, I saw her resting, I saw her losing sleep, I saw her caring and concerned and contemplative, beautiful, luminous face, and as the heavens rearranged their tune I knew that as long as we are here in a universe penetrated by her evergreen embrace, we can truly know that *Love is Spoken Here*; and so I heard the angels sing; and so I too knew—

I can often feel the Savior near
When love is spoken here.³

Gradually, white and blue light overwhelmed the scene before itself being consumed by a familiar darkness. I suddenly found myself back in my office chair, still staring into those same Cosmic Cliffs as displayed on the screen before me, except now they were set far away, at an unfathomable distance, as I realized I had just returned from traveling there.

I treat this encounter with the Divine with deep reverence, and know that it was, for me, a personal blessing, as well as a testament to my relationship with the feminine of the universe, with Mother, the Sound and Song of Glory; and so I leave it at this; with a testimony that, I know that We[a]ve a Mother there.

Excerpt from:

“Harmonic Theism:
Symphony No. I

Creatio ex Concordia
and the Divine Arrangement of Worlds”

³ *Children's Songbook*, “Love is Spoken Here”