

A Witness, “Nothing Doubting”

On January 9, 2024 I consumed 2 grams of a psilocybe cubensis strain known as Bluey Vuitton. During the peak of the experience I decided to do a series of steam sauna meditations and ice plunges. Following a second ice plunge, this time in the 1AM snow, I completed the circuit with another forty-five minute sauna meditation. I remember seeing the complete life cycle of a hyper-detailed dandelion. It emerged on the surface of my Liahonic Lens—er—my mind’s eye, blossoming out of the darkness and overtaking my visual field as pure radiant white light, inevitably scattering away like celestial fireflies, planting seeds into, and etching beauty onto the winds of my memories.

The scene reassembled itself into an icy-blue hexaflake, shimmering like a blazing star with the same fires of vibrant light witnessed in diamonds. I was spontaneously inclined to begin humming, and began doing so immediately. It was such a warm and welcoming sensation, I couldn’t help but continue. I eventually reached an upper register, holding it for some time, and just as suddenly as I had began humming, I ceased.

As I was humming I had been observing how the geometric patterns I witnessed were responding to the changes in sound. Upon ceasing, a new ray of light was birthed before me. It was that same blazing hexaflake seen earlier, except it had outgrown its Euclidian frame and had blossomed anew into a hyperbolic geometric plane, becoming a never-ending, ever-rotating golden flower. This radiant and white-golden chrysanthemum was simultaneously aiming right for me and careening away as if the most captivating, iridescent, hyper-dimensional fractal freeway that I wished I could glide on eternally; it was truly a sea of glass like unto crystal.

The sauna ended, but when I opened my eyes I continued seeing that oceanic and luminescent lambada. I stumbled out the door as my regular vision slowly outcompeted the geometric heads-up-display to that veiled reality. I grabbed my towel, and as I began drying off I looked over at a large sketch of Joseph Smith I had been working on. His eyes, and the one hundred and fifty or so ocean of eyes in the sky beside him, they were all-eyes-on-me even though I had not organized them to be looking in that direction. As I approached them, they followed me. I leaned forward and began toweling my hair when after a few seconds I heard a voice clearly say my name, “Christopher.” I looked up and around the room, but I didn’t see anyone, nor was I expecting anyone since it was two in the morning. I looked back at my artwork and froze in place staring at Joseph. After an unknown amount of time I found myself chuckling with a huge smile and a bubble of joy, simultaneously realizing, and guffawing a bit more, that I had just been standing there in a towel for who knows how long, beginning to shiver from the cold.

As I pressed my face into the towel to dry it off I could once again see beautiful geometric rhythms pulsating in the darkness; in the same color and light quality as that golden flower, but more faint or faded away into the background—having returned to its Euclidian space. I saw new sets of red-orange and gold pulsating triangles and squares overlaying one another. Suddenly, an incredible warmth surged through me from the base of the spine and upward to the cranium as a bright light pierced the upper left

corner of the darker, bordering abyss of my toweled and shuttered eyes. I heard a light tearing noise, like a rushing of water, as a welcoming hand pierced through the veil, reached down to the center of my field of view, and pulled back another veil, a concealed lid—a covering with the appearance of sackcloth, yet more silken, watery. This mysterious removal revealed a previously hidden container, and inside of it I saw a set of self-illuminating golden-brown plates etched with a black-electrum writing of some futhark variety. This was all set at a distance of approximately two feet. Out of sheer shock I removed my face from the towel abruptly, which made it feel as if I had leapt back into my body. The first thing I saw was my artwork, only now all of those eyes were focused on the bottom left corner, where I had recently, and as a last-minute thought, added in a set of plates hiding in a hole in the ground.

And because of the knowledge of this man he could not be kept from beholding within the veil; and he saw the finger of Jesus, which, when he saw, he fell with fear; for he knew that it was the finger of the Lord; and he had faith no longer, for he knew, nothing doubting.

In the third chapter of the Book of Ether it discusses how the brother of Jared molten out of rock sixteen small stones that were, "...white and clear, even as transparent as glass." In order to create stones of that quality it would not only take significant heat and energy, but would likely require specialized equipment, as well as controlled cooling processes aiding to achieve in the clear or transparent effect—which would additionally need to have been from stones free from impurities.

Knowing that the story of the brother of Jared is set upon the backdrop of an exodus helps us ground certain details. While they did remain stagnant in their preparations and prolong their settlement for a short time this amount of time still did not warrant or necessitate that the people build a temple in order to commune, but they may instead use mountaintops for divine encounters, guidance, and revelation. When the brother of Jared goes to molten the sixteen small stones it is said that he "went forth unto the mount, which they called the mount Shelem because of its exceeding heighth," so by this we may infer that the brother of Jared is entering the temple, not a kiln or furnace—though kiln or furnace it may still be.

In my experience I related that, "an incredible warmth surged through me from the base of the spine and upward to the cranium as a bright light pierced the upper left corner..." This surging of warmth and energy passing up through the spine in this manner is otherwise known as a Kundalini awakening, which is the term given to a spiritual experience described in yogic traditions. When the brother of Jared, Mahonri¹, saw the finger of the Lord he "fell down before the Lord, for he was struck with fear." Spontaneous movements, trembling, and falling, are all common responses to a Kundalini awakening moment.

¹ Gill, Matthew, translator. *The Chronicles of the Children of Araneck: A Historical and Spiritual Record of a Lost and Ancient British People. The Book of Araneck*, ch.2 v.4., 5th ed., Restored Branch of Jesus Christ, 2024.

In Carl Jung's commentary in *The Secret of the Golden Flower* he explains the ancient process,

According to the *Hui Ming Ching*, the ancient sages knew how to bridge the gap between consciousness and life because they cultivated both. In this way the...immortal body, is 'melted out', and in this way the great Tao is completed.²

Zen Master Brother of Jared had fashioned out of the bedrock of his family and friends, sixteen pure stones, captains capable of lighting and guiding the way through the deep, dark, oncoming abyss. In a vision, as the veil had been removed from his eyes in order that he could witness the works driven by the active hand of God, he did see the finger of the Lord enlighten each of them one by one, and as the finger of the Lord landed upon the final of the sixteen it activated the crown chakra (*a transparent stone free of impurities*) of the brother of Jared, causing him to fall to the earth and tremble with fear, having received not only a Kundalini awakening, but a refining of his white stone—his golden pill—imbued with enough spiritual light to influence every barge in the fleet, ensuring that their spirits not fail them on their journey forward. The brother of Jared not only helped light the barges through the touch of the hand of God, he utilized God's natural temple mount in order to illuminate, and *touch the Spirits* of his people.

As for me... I lost time after I heard no-one say my name, and upon returning with a joyful shiver and a warm, Kundalinic quiver, the hand of the Lord reached through the veil in order that I may witness the golden plates with my Edenic Eye, illuminating aspects of my Spirit long since shrouded, in order to help me on my upcoming exodus. To this I attest with full conviction.

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. It is interesting to note that in my vision, not only did the hand of the Lord break through from one layer of the veil, He pulled away another layer in order to reveal the plates; three distinct terrains of reality visibly operable in one instance.

² Jung, C. G., and Richard Wilhelm. *The Secret of the Golden Flower: A Chinese Book of Life*. p.98. Translated by Cary F. Baynes, Routledge & Kegan Paul, 1962.

Post Script

I have spent enough time speaking with individuals on either side of the aisle regarding the veracity of divine encounters had through exogenous means. It turns out, that it doesn't matter if it is someone who is religious or secular, either way they both have their own ways of saying, "it only happened because you were on a drug." For one side it is the mere explosions of neurochemistry interactions which caused a hallucination, for the other side it is the spirit of the devil masquerading in manipulation—for God needs no molecule for such encounters; or they wonder why God would appear to little old you; or they may not even believe God is open to revelation and encounters anymore to begin with. There are many variations on the theme for both parties, but it is all just to say, "you took a drug and saw a fake God, or hallucinated nonsense,"

But it matters not; we heed them not.