

The Great Chain of Belonging

Midsummer was just upon us as I stepped out onto my back porch just before the astronomical twilight of June 24, 2022. It was a nice sixty-nine degrees with impeccably clear skies, and a wind was steadily building out of the southeast from the apparent no-wind which had been its present absence not moments before. I had found myself, as I often had, in a painsomniatic induced episode of existential wonder. I have never been able to sleep much. I have been this way since I was a young Latter-day Saint, though in my younger days it wasn't always due to the midnight pangs and flares of already chronic pain. When I wasn't stuck in a recurring dream of either my probable future or an intradimensional light show put on by angels playing with nodes of transvisible light, I was just awake, for hours on end. When I was awake I was often sneaking out into my parents backyard, or to wander the front street so that I could stare into the night sky—typically seeking out Kolob and ponderizing theories about black holes, and any and all of their potential cosmic relation to the nature of Intelligence and the infinite atonement. I often wondered these things while peering through the telescope that Grandpa Lampros let me borrow.

Back then I wanted to grow up to be an Astronomer, but an Astronomer informed by both modern-day science and Joseph Smith's Latter-day cosmology and cosmogony. Twenty-some-odd years later and I'm no Astronomer, but I'm still fascinated by the Great Chain of Belonging¹ formed and informed by Joseph Smith, and I definitely have not stopped looking into the night sky inquisitively with awe and wonder.

I took a seat on the old patio loveseat, which I was now calling the old loveseat because of its imperfect reliability—an aesthetic accompanying this night as a whole. I had decided to just let Bao Bun, the new puppy, use its legs for teething rather than fight him about it. What's a piece of outdoor furniture worth in comparison to a cute and fluffy, weird little mind that doesn't understand the value of an outdoor sitting spot for humans? Chew away little dude. I looked up through and past the limbs of my friend Willow the globe willow and off into the darkness of space. I have found that in many cases when one focuses on a dark patch in the night sky the stars in the entire field of view shine brighter in an instant. Serendipitously, this is the same method one would use to make all the other lights around them shine a bit brighter in an instant as well—shadows be damned. Only, in lieu of looking out to find a voided patch of the cosmos one looks back at the void where a head should be, where it turns out there is no blank patch at all, but instead it is where all lights shine; a place void of nothing in its space—knowing there is no space in which there is no kingdom—all Space filled to the brim with both a visible and transvisible view.

¹ Brown, Samuel., *'The Early Mormon Chain of Belonging.'* Dialogue: A Journal of Mormon Thought, 44, no. 1 (Spring 2011) online at https://www.dialoguejournal.com/wp-content/uploads/sbi/articles/Dialogue_V44N01_313.pdf

After some time taking it all in, spending moments with Polaris, Cassiopeia, Capella and Jupiter, I readjusted myself to sit lotus position, my Siberian Husky and Alaskan Malamute like sentinels on either side, then I inhaled 25mg of N,N-Dimethyltryptamine.

I arrived immediately. Without delay the night sky and all of its constellations were resting ever-so close, a bright new cloud, a crystalline pool of light, the entire galaxy dangling just above my pocket-neighborhood. A single-engine plane entered the scene from behind Dubhe, soon passing over Phecda, as if traveling through the cup of the big dipper at some new dimensional angle. The plane, and subsequently *the plane*, emit trails of illustrative transvisible veilbows made of a vast array of brilliant and an heretofore unknown harmony of colors which ~~reigned~~ rained down upon the scene until the airplane was gone, leaving me to the ~~rain~~ reign of the halcyon hum and deep drone of the alleged darkness of space, lit up by the harmonizing Glockenspiel song of the stars now amidst me. In a sense I almost felt like the synthesis of Joseph Smith describing inhabiting divine kingdoms, where—

“All harmonize like the parts of a tune”²

—and what Pyramus said as he was dying,

“My soul is in the sky”³

Not only was my soul completely here, but I had stepped outside of myself and could see all around me, one star among the constellations—forming new constellations—I felt that my soul was undoubtedly at home in Utah, knowing that every object through the immensity of space was not distant from me, but rather they were right here with me, and that in an interwoven dance of cosmic proportions, defeating all quantum theory in a moment, I was at home with them in the very outer reaches of space.

I don’t know how much time passed, or if time was existent at all, but as I meditated on the view, and on the spaces between the stars in particular, I began to see long strands, some sort of threading which grew out of each star, and which shot out into the far, deep, dark pockets of the cosmos. It was reminiscent of a web I had seen being built between the stars during a medical cannabis infused meditation in the Uinta mountains, and which reminded me of what was reported to have been said by Lovisa Mack Smith when she was on her near-death bed, which was that,

“There was nothing more than a spider’s web between her and Christ.”⁴

² A letter from Joseph Smith to W.W. Phelps, <http://mldb.byu.edu/jsmith1.htm>

³ Shakespeare, William, ‘*A Midsummer Night’s Dream*,’ Act V, Scene I

⁴ Smith, J., Skousen, R., & Jensen, R. S. (2021). *The Joseph Smith Papers*. Church Historian’s Press. p.12 bk. 1., <https://www.josephsmithpapers.org/paper-summary/lucy-mack-smith-history-1844-1845/12>

Many of the stars appeared connected by the same strand, some stars had multiple. I appeared to have a strand or two, a corridor of illuminence stretching from this No-face, 1st person singular present tense perspective here, with one thread bending through the sky off to the north, while the other one shot out into the No-distance of space and straight on 'til the morning of June 25th.

These strands I was seeing, I knew they were—they are the umbilical cords of each solar system. They are cosmically synonymous with the silver cord heard described in out-of-body experiences—which I was experiencing now, and have since found to be a common enough occurrence for me while mingling with DMT—making me wonder how stimulated my anterior precuneus has been.⁵ The threads had a presence—an energy. In some sense I knew it was matter in one of its many arrays, in one of its formless forms. I had no doubt that these threads were the matter connecting us all, not simply for connecting the stars—because I had threads as well, and I was in the sky, a Light among Lights. I knew this place. I knew this Space—which was not distant from me at all.

The stars, seeming to teleport to me, didn't have to come careening forward because each object was actually already here, and I didn't need to go anywhere, I just needed to relax into a radial-segmental two-way seeing of the nature of things. The familiarity that accompanied this timeless rendezvous with a milky cloud of stars was unspeakably uncanny. I knew I was meant to be right where I was, whether it be in Utah, or in this layer of reality that feels more home than any concept of home of which we humans have contrived since we first started ambling with the fires of self-report all about this gorgeous rock.

The song of the stars and the whirl of the galaxy began fading, but we began to regret the passing of our beautiful time together, none of us wanted to part ways—so much so that these stars began pouring light-filled messages of belonging and returning into my centerless Center as they gently sailed back on their luminous cosmic waters and into the apparent distance of the night sky. This would be the first time I desired to extend my own DMT state—which I would do so successfully soon enough.



When I started utilizing DMT I was initially struck, and still often am, by both the physical and flowing nature of the very molecular and particulate space, as well as the overwhelming feeling of familiarity of having been there; not a mere linguistic notion of feelings familiar, but an actual hair-raising, soul-lightening, anxiety-eradicating iridule of knowing: *this is the place*. I knew these experiences involved some synthesis of the spirit world spoken of by various religions, as well as the plane of dark matter discussed in physics, but it would be quite some time before I really put thought into these strands that I had been seeing connecting all celestial bodies.

⁵ Summers, Juana., Hamilton, Jon., 'Scientists have found part of the brain that triggers out-of-body experiences,' NPR, Short Wave, Science., 3 July 2023., online at <https://www.npr.org/transcripts/1185864132>

On June 29, 2023 NASA announced that the,

“. . . James Webb Space Telescope has made a groundbreaking discovery, identifying the earliest strands of the cosmic web, a vast interconnected network of galaxies and voids in the universe. Astronomers have found a thread-like arrangement of 10 galaxies that existed a mere 830 million years after the big bang, providing valuable insights into the evolution of cosmic structures. This remarkable finding has the potential to reshape our understanding of the early universe and its formation processes.”⁶

This particular galactic filament is 3 million light-years long and is, “anchored by a very distant and luminous quasar, a galaxy with an active, super massive black hole at its core.”

Where could we possibly go with that? One could argue, that if this were the quasar anchoring our own galaxy, then 3 million light-years away there is our Father, a luminous Light of Truth, and at his very core, at our very core, is the Dark Gravity of the governing actions of Mother springing forth the ten thousand things into being; into the eternal becomings of matter reorganized. I would also argue, for my fellow exMormons who still seek a Mother in Heaven, that this is among the reasons why they haven’t, can’t, and do not speak of a heavenly mother; whether its tied up in the ignorance or the fear of the situation or not, the gravity of the myriad realizations are crushing—like unto a supermassive blackhole. Not to mention that if there are supermassive black holes at core, why then good-ol’ regular black holes? Multiple mothers? Multiple threads of being and becoming springing forth from the exact same Light of Truth cosmically interweaving, quantumly entangling, phenomenologically binding across modalities, and eternally sealing all of our fates together in a great chain of belonging at a wondrous cosmic ward party set atop the cosmological polytope dance floor of Indra’s Net, lit up by the disco ball of Wolfram’s Ruliad, all while staring into the timeless time of our white ~~philosopher’s~~~~sorcerer’s~~[new name] stone, the master amplituhedron, the Urim and Thummim, the Liahona of all Intelligence? Dare I say. . .

⁶ NASA, ‘Webb Telescope Discovers 830-Million-Year-Old Galactic Filament,’ 29 June 2023, online at <https://www.jameswebbdiscovery.com/discoveries/webb-telescope-discovers-830-million-year-old-galactic-filament#>