

Rainbow Revelation

10th – 16th October 2020

	Rocks		Sphinxes
Grey	James	5♣	<i>Alev</i>
	Lee	2♣	<i>Meher</i>
	Karen	5♣	<i>Miffey</i>
	Lynne	3	
Burning Red	Debra	2	<i>Alev</i>
	Susan	2	<i>Belinda</i> <i>Meher</i> <i>Sangama</i>
Lavender	Elise	3X	<i>Alev</i> <i>Debra</i> <i>Elise 3X</i> <i>Janice</i> <i>Meher</i> <i>Thusitha</i>

Sector 49: Papua New Guinea, Mariana Is, Caroline Is,
Northern tip of Australia

Guardians: Kovida

Sector
Information:

Contemplation	None		<i>Adam</i> <i>Dheeren</i> <i>Grahi</i>
Fountain Blue	Brady*	4	<i>Adam</i> <i>Anudeva</i> <i>Claire S</i> <i>Grahi</i>

Italic Indicates Sphinx or Liquid Rock

‘X’ indicates Sphinx Rock, * Not updated in last 6 months

Grey Synchronicity: the Hidden Harmony is better than the Obvious

Energies of Liberation: Grey

Continued from last week

From the Purple Haze, the Magus asked the Purple Goddess what essence was the most essential to manifest.

“Recognition of the synchronicity and harmony of all that exists,” she replied.

“Synchronicity is the signpost to Harmony. To see the Hidden Harmony is grace,” she said.

* * *

K came from a land of blue skies and green fields, of trickling streams and buttercup-covered meadows. He did not like this land of **Grey**, he reflected as he sat in the waiting area listening for his number to be called. This world had its own language, its own rules – numerous assorted rules, half of which never made any sense.

It moved like a clunking machine, bewildering and stirring. He may never get it right, get all the pieces of papers that they required. The Grey land was like stepping outside the green fields into a fog – a fog that was choking and seemingly endless.

He leaned over to a grey-skinned man sitting next to him. “Do they take long?”

The man smiled at K’s innocence. “They never go away,” the man said. “They are always here and always watching.” He pointed to the camera that hung on the roof above them. “Their world is not our world. It seems to move in a different time-zone. But you’re ok, as long as you remember that they are always right. But they are not going anywhere.”

A chill spread through K’s body.

“Once you see this man, they will send you to another – for another piece of paper, another form to fill.” said the grey-faced man. “It is worse since they computerized everything. They tried to make it more efficient, but now there are checks and double-checks – this office, that office – and then double-checks again.”

“Triple checks?” suggested K.

“If you get away with triple-checks you’re lucky,” said the man.

“What are *you* waiting for?” asked K.

“It has been so long,” said the grey man forlornly, “I have forgotten. And then they castigate you for having forgotten.”

“But forgotten what?”

“They will remind you – and then you forget again, because there are so many pieces of paper to be filed, so many rules and deadlines. And then there’s lunch ...”

“Lunch?”

“The dreaded lunch break ...” said the man. “The office shuts on the hour for lunch.” He pointed to the slow-churning large clock on the far wall which dominated the waiting-room. “If they do not see you before lunch, you have to go away, come back and wait again.”

“This afternoon?”

“Perhaps this afternoon.” The grey man considered the question carefully. “Or perhaps tomorrow. And then the office will be shut tomorrow – for some holiday or such – and so tomorrow never comes.”

“I thought I could do it all online,” said K.

“But then you never understand the forms. Then you always get it wrong.” The man shrugged. “It’s just the way it is.”

“You have been through this process before?”

“Of course. But the process never ends,” said the man with an air of finality.

K sat back and studied the stained ceiling. Beneath it stood the commanding clock, its black fingers inching their way towards lunchtime. A grey, heavy weight seized his soul. Was this it then? Condemned to a life of waiting, of strange language and things that did not exist except in the mind of the bureaucrats? And you were expected to know it all?

He had been waiting for so long he barely remembered what he was applying for. But he had to keep his brain switched on. Maybe the man would come – or he wouldn’t. The clock struggled to reach that 1 o’clock mark. He didn’t think he would be seen today. He was wading through the fog and that fog was endless.

Men and women were gathering all around them like grey ghosts. It was like prison – all these captives in thrall to G.B.: the Great Bureaucracy. Computers had made it worse; it was *more* easy to invent new rules, *more* easy for them to rustle up new terms and conditions. They expected you to live your life in the small print – as if there were no other life left to be lived. Maybe there wasn’t.

People around him – the ghosts – were coughing nervously, reminiscent of a death-rattle. They must know the 1 o’clock rule and were watching the hideous clock, which loomed over them like a slave-master.

K wished for liberation. Was the whole of the rest of his life going to be this way, virtually trapped inside this prison while great wheels grinded in offices below? Maybe this was Hell – not burning hellfire at all, but the slow, limp grind of bureaucracy?

K picked up a pamphlet on the vacant seat next to him. It seemed to have come from nowhere, just landed there. “**How to use the Grey Ray**” it said on the cover.

He had all of his papers arranged in a file beside him, so he had nothing else to do. He opened the booklet and read. He hoped it would not be long and tedious. The other guide-books here were long and tedious and he thought he could never escape it.

Recognition of the synchronicity and harmony of all that exists.

Synchronicity is the signpost to Harmony. To see the Hidden Harmony is grace.

Another language. So what synchronicity was there here? he wondered. Sitting interminably waiting ... all very fine, but nonsense.

He read on. The book glowed and seemed to speak to him:

You may think this is nonsense. But if you penetrate it, understand it, many blessings will come your way.

1. Use synchronicity to find the right person to assist you.

Tackling grey situations with the Grey Ray involves getting someone in-the-know who will do the legwork for you. Synchronicity will lead you to the right person to help. Each moment, each second, live fully alive, saying ‘yes’ to invitations where they feel right – and out of that aliveness, synchronicity and harmony will come.

You will meet the right people who are used to dealing with bureaucratic or tax affairs – or, strangely, who have an appetite for it! Don’t be afraid to pay them handsomely. It will be worth it in the end.

Life is full of moving currents and those currents will take you to those with whom you need to work on Grey affairs.

2. You cannot always see the synchronicity, especially of so-called ‘negative events’, but it is marvellous to be able to sense it, the silver-Grey thread of destiny and intuition at work, especially as one moves through worldly affairs.

Synchronicity is always there. An event can happen and it is brimming with synchronicity. A deep hidden harmony exists, yet the harmony cannot be seen for a long time, so be patient.

The hidden harmony moves like a river, underlying all you do. It will move through all your events in the Grey world – if you are patient enough, relaxed enough, to brave the fog. It requires time for *Contemplation*, which you will get from all your waiting in the offices.

*‘Reflecting quietly
Amidst the turbulence
Of everyday existence,
Understanding the currents
Moving in your life.
Watchfulness,
The middle way.’*

K felt very cynical about all this. He felt like he was in a slow-grinding machine, not in a harmony whose currents moved like a river. A number was called out – 27. He routinely glanced at his ticket. Only 5 more to go before it was his turn. He read on:

3. The *Grey* gods are always helping you, because they love you. If you can move with the grace of *Grey*, intuitive and beautiful, that is good. Being in a panic facing bureaucracy – that is ok too! But better to be calm by being immersed in the Grey Ray. Your Light will calm and affect those around you.

So when my number is called, am I to radiate Light? thought K. He looked down at himself. No Light here, he thought, only physical discomfort. Another number was called.

4. *Grey* is a subtle colour, but it has threads of silver – threads of silver destiny. Threads too of laughing glee. You may think that *Grey* is sombre. Yes, it requires a centring and grounded-ness, but *Grey* also laughs. Bureaucracy, the *Grey* world, is full of the biggest joke. Despite all the greyness, the fog, despite the forms, the relentless cranking of computer chains, we are still alive!

Another number was called. 29.

5. The Divine Accountants are always in operation, trying to make your life more financially abundant. Whatever errors you make, they are there to save you! Better still, let the Grey Ray immerse you and they will be with you, and you won't make any mistakes at all!

6. The Grey Ray can always move with you. Open to it when you need it. If you are vibrant within yourself and positive, the Existence will always move with you. Your turn will come. Your number will be called. Most importantly, the bureaucrats are not your enemy – they are your friends in the Great Embrace of Existence.

“Oh yeh,” said K aloud to the grey-faced man next to him. “What a load of old foo-ey. That's all right until they bang on your door in the middle of the night and take you away.”

The grey-faced man leaned over. “Has that ever happened to you?” he asked.

“Not recently,” said K laconically.

“What's that book?” asked the man.

“Gibberish,” said K scathingly. Another number was called – 30. The man took the booklet and glanced through it.

7. Life is full of mysterious currents. “*Recognition of the synchronicity and harmony of all that exists,*” may not come easily at the time.

As Heraclitus says: ‘*The hidden harmony is better than the obvious.*’

“Well, that's nice to know,” said the grey-faced man sarcastically.

Another number was called. 31. K grew flustered. He was next after this one. His heart started palpitating.

“They’re only human, even with their computers,” said the grey-faced man encouragingly. “Grunting humans, like us all ...”

K’s number was called. He was sweating. What the hell, he thought as he stood up. I’ll just try out this ‘Grey Ray’ and see what happens. It can’t hurt, can it? He saw a woman with a glorious mane of silver-grey hair sitting by the doors. She glanced up at him as he trudged past. Did he imagine it, or did she just wink at him? Wow, that was a breath of hot energy, he thought to himself, suddenly standing a few millimetres taller and straighter. He felt a subtle shiver down his spine, as a sparkling sense of Grey descended on him – not a fog or a mist but something much lighter, calming and quietly watchful.

He went through the door, files in his hand, into the inner enclave of the offices. He looked around for someone to talk to. *Nobody was there!* Where were they? How could he ‘affect them with Light’ when they weren’t there?

He was facing a desk, with a computer monitor. The monitor spoke with a mechanized female voice: “Please sit down, Mister K.”

K sat down on the nearest chair.

“Why have you come?” she asked.

K was scared. The machine before him had a menacing air.

“I brought my papers,” said K.

“Please give me your papers,” said the female voice. “My name is Tinatron. Please call me Tina. Please call me Tina. Please call me Tina”

K grimaced. ‘Tina’ had got stuck on a loop. A bit like them all in here. He looked around for help, but no help came.

And maybe no help would ever come ... and this grey room was his prison cell.

Grey Ray indeed! He waited longer. He grubbed around in his shoulder-bag for his phone and glared at the time. Well gone one.

The minutes hung heavy in his heart. Suddenly, another door opened from behind Tinatron’s desk. A bald-headed man shuffled in, carrying a sheaf of files. “Tina on the blink again?” he chuckled ruefully. He sat down near Tinatron, stared at its computer screen and jabbed furiously at the keyboard.

K sat clutching his folder full of filled in forms. He took a deep breath and remembered the woman’s glimmering grey mane of hair and the wink she gave him.

The printer whirled, spitting out a sheet of paper. The official looked up. He was still grinning. K squirmed uncomfortably.

The bald-headed man broke out into irrepressible giggling. “Tina always makes it hard! Oh, just give me your papers and I’ll stamp them quickly. Time for lunch after all!”

Beloved ones, the waves.