

Multi-dimensional Life



Moyra Caldecott

MULTI-DIMENSIONAL LIFE

MOYRA CALDECOTT

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Introduction

We live in a multi-dimensional Universe subject to multi-dimensional Time, and to try to record one day of one's life comprehensively is almost impossible.

I can say I was born on 1 June 1927, but what does that mean? Not only is the date subject to question because of the arbitrary nature of our dating system and the changes it has undergone through history, but what forces and events since the beginning of the Universe went into the drawing together of that particular sperm and that particular egg to bring me to birth on that day? In writing an autobiography should I therefore start only with my most recent ancestors? But several books could be written about one event alone in the lives of my paternal grandparents. What made them leave a comfortable life in Victorian England to emigrate to the wilds of Southern Africa in 1880? What hardships did they endure landing a few months after the bloody battle with the Zulus at Rorkes Drift? But even if I could write adequately about this one event, it would only be one thread in a complex weave of events, relationships, joys, fears, loves and hates that made up their day-to-day lives, and subsequently influenced me in my own reaction to the world.

In my novel, *The Tower and the Emerald* (chapter 9) I tried to express something of the complexity of every given moment. The heroine, Viviane, is being guided by a Celtic monk towards enlightenment. She is sitting quietly, watching a river.

She listened to the birds... noted the sparkle of the water as it hurried over and between the rocks... the green of the bushes that hung over the far bank, some of them trailing branches in the water, continually buffeted...

Then she began to listen to the water...

She began to forget herself and hear only water sounds... complex... beautiful... a hundred different harmonies within the same song. The water spoke, liquid-tongued, lightly lilting each tale a hundred different ways...

She could have listened forever... but Brendan's voice was calling her... cutting through...

'What have you learned?' he asked as she joined him.

'I have learned that there are many ways to tell everything that is to be told, and that man's language is clumsy and inadequate. It can tell only one tale at a time, and that tale only one way at a time.'

In this book I refer to the numinous incidents in my life several times, coming at them from different angles, illuminating them in different ways as I learn more through my progression as a writer.

The universe is not only made of matter, subject to the laws of physics, but is infinitely more subtle and complex, some levels of which we cannot even guess at, but which we know are in operation because we feel the effects. Consciousness is one of the most mysterious and powerful forces within it. Even if we distinguish between the three best known types of consciousness — the “sub-conscious” psychologists are so interested in; the “ordinary” consciousness we use to deal with the physical universe in our day to day lives; and the “Higher” Consciousness that we slip into in those moments of enlightenment when we seem to know more than we possibly can — we have not distinguished all the other levels and gradations of consciousness in existence... the consciousness of animals, insects, trees, plants, angels and all the denizens of the Otherworld, let alone the consciousness of the Mystery behind it all we call “God”.

It is not an aberration that most of the world’s teeming millions believe in some religion or other. It is a universal acknowledgement, however badly expressed, that we believe the universe is not only made of matter. Elaborate systems of gods and goddesses, angels, archangels, powers, thrones, devils and demons, saints and bodhisattvas are named and worshipped in an attempt to make sense of the feeling we have that there is more to the universe than the physical. There has to be more. Our experience tells us so. Our consciousness tells us so. But we cannot prove it with the limited criteria science has arbitrarily laid down for us. Nor can we prove it if our spiritual life hardens into dogma and from there into deceit.

We must always remember each event of our lives is not only taking place on the stage we see before us, but is part of a much greater drama we know very little about.

And Time? What makes us think there is only one type of time marching inexorably from the past, through the present, to the future, measured by reference to the relationship of earth and sun? I believe Time and reality are multi-dimensional and it is an impoverished life indeed lived only in one time and in only one reality.

Linear time is the one with which we are most familiar. Measuring this type of time has given our lives order and predictability. We mark birthdays and anniversaries. We make appointments. But it has constricted us and adds to our stresses and anxieties. Everything has to be fitted into the straight jacket of minutes and hours, weeks and months. And not everything can. Our bodies are subject to a more individual orchestration of time. Women talk of the biological clock when they realise they are getting too old to bear children, yet the menopause happens at different times to different women. One man of seventy climbs the Himalayas. Another of the same “clock” age can barely walk or remember. One child reaches puberty earlier or later than another.

I am told that over a period of seven years all the cells in our bodies die and are replaced. This means that as I am now, not a single physical cell in my body is the same as any I had when I left my mother’s womb. Yet why am I convinced I am the same person? I feel there *must* be more to me than the cells in my body!

Memory is also not restricted by linear time. In memory an event that took hours or years can be re-experienced in the mind in a flash. It has a continuing dynamic, continually upgrading as new experiences occur, changing and moulding according to new understandings and new needs. It cannot be understood only as a chemical or electrical discharge in the brain because it is too creative. I feel it is other than purely physical reality.

In most of my novels I presuppose reincarnation not as a certainty but as a possibility, even a probability. Like three-dimensional chess this adds an exciting complexity to our experience of Time.

In my novel *The Ghost of Akhenaten* (chapter 1) Mary Brown comments on a picture of the universe taken by the cameras on board the Hubble telescope, suggesting another way we might get the impression we have lived before.

‘We are just part of the choreography of that universe,’ she says. ‘We are, it is true, hurtling through space on the surface of a very small planet, but our consciousness is free of time and space. You can experience ancient Egypt as though it is present in your life now because you can see the bigger picture where everything that has ever happened still exists in some form. You are in a sense seeing two stars separated by millions of light years, simultaneously...’

Linear Time has no place in memory, nor has it in dreams.

Scientists tell us dreams occur in the few seconds when we are not fully asleep, or about to wake. And yet we have

long and complex adventures in our dreams that seem to take hours, days and sometimes even years.

But our “subconscious” and our “Higher” Consciousness operate in our dreams. Things lurk in the subconscious for years, flowing like underground rivers in a complex cavern system. Some are temporarily blocked, only later to have their channels opened, while streams from other sources flow through and join at different places.

Our normal everyday consciousness is like water in a bucket on a conveyor belt of Linear Time — limited and constrained — neither aware of the dark streams that run through the subconscious, nor the great shining expanse of the ocean of the Higher Consciousness.

On the night of 19 January 2001, I was having a bad dream about searching and searching for the way home and at every point finding the way blocked or leading nowhere. I was getting frantic when my husband, Oliver, who died in 1989, appeared and said “Don’t worry. You are not lost. You just don’t know the way.”

Our dreams are an extension of our lives into another kind of reality and time. Not only do we collect the flotsam and jetsam of the day and examine it from a new angle, but I am convinced we receive messages from other worlds, other realities.

Centuries ago the writings of Virgil were used as a form of divination. The seeker after wisdom would open the text at random and interpret what was written there as a personal message. I use whatever method I can to access the infinite, whether it be dream, or far-memory or opening a book at random...

One day in 1993, some years after my husband Oliver's death, I was feeling particularly nostalgic for him. I was in a second-hand bookshop in Queen's Square, Bath, where he and I had had a happy time some years before.

I was sitting down while my friend was looking for a book. I was tired and didn't want to get up. But across the room a book seemed to be 'calling' me. I couldn't see its title and at last, impatiently, I rose, crossed the room and took it off the shelf. Its title was *Hudibras*. 'What a coincidence', I thought, because I was at that time writing a novel about King Bladud (*The Winged Man*) whose father was called *Hudibras*. I bought the book and walked out of the shop.

Later, sitting on a bench beside Bath Abbey, I opened the book to the title page and realised it was not about the ancient legendary King Hudibras at all, but was a book about Oliver Cromwell and the civil war in England by Samuel Butler, published in 1744. Meditatively I let the book fall open and my eye caught the words:

The news of Oliver's death being brought to those who were met to pray for him, Mr Peter Skerry stood up, and desired them not to be troubled: 'For (he said) this is good news... for being ascended into heaven ... He will there intercede for us and be mindful of us on all occasions...'

It couldn't have been more appropriate for me to get this message at this time! I pondered how many time-lines had crossed to give me that message. The bookshop was one I had been to with Oliver years before when we were still living in London, only passing through Bath. I thought the

book was about Hudibras, an ancient British king from the seventh or eighth century BC, about whom I was at that time writing, but it was about Oliver Cromwell millennia later and centuries before my own Oliver's death. I was sitting outside Bath Abbey built in the thirteenth century, before the time of Oliver Cromwell, but on the site of a place sacred to the ancient people of Britain, possibly a temple built by King Bladud (the son of Hudibras). I was poised at the moment of opening the book in a timeless place raised on a cat's cradle of time lines from different eras. Samuel Butler who wrote those words in the early eighteenth century could have had no idea what special message it would have for me, a woman in the late twentieth century. Good writing is always thus free from linear time — appropriate to every questing soul.

Medieval Christians under the guidance of Aquinas saw existence as a series of layers, almost like concentric spheres radiating from a central point — *“that point being Eternity conceived as an infinitely concentrated singularity”*. Present day scientists might claim this point as the point at which the Big Bang occurred which brought about the existence of the universe. (A mystical concept if ever I saw one!)

Eternity is not the same as Everlasting, but outside Time altogether. In it past, present and future are non-existent. We, as conscious spirit, have our essential being in that singularity. It thus may be possible in our lives, temporarily extended in Time and Space, to get a glimpse of what is in Eternity.

When my husband died I avoided asking him for help because I feared it would impede his progress in the Other World — might take him away from doing something else more important. And then I got a message ‘loud and clear’ reminding me that in the Other World there is no Time or Space. He does not have to come from somewhere else to attend to me — because he has never left, just changed.

Because we call it the other ‘world’ we think it is like this one — only insubstantial. Eternity, the After-life, has to be totally, unimaginably different. If we are to understand how God can be aware of every sparrow that falls, ‘He’ cannot be somewhere else looking on. He and the sparrow have to be simultaneously existent, outside Time and Space.

When people say they are living *only* in the present moment they are deceiving themselves. The present moment is made complex and magnificent by all the threads of multi-dimensional Time that are threaded through it. There is no *naked* present moment, except perhaps in Eternity.

One of the most important faculties of the human mind, *Imagination*, is the bridge between the Known and the Unknown. It flashes with images, metaphors and symbols that illuminate the deepest and the darkest secrets of Being.

Myths and legends are produced by the imagination when it is functioning at its most serious and profound level. The body is a finely tuned, immensely complex and efficient instrument, capable of experiencing much more than we commonly give it credit for — and one of its functions is at once to house the ‘growing point’ of the soul, and to protect it from the

damage it might suffer if it were exposed to too much transcendent experience, too soon. The imagination tests out the ground beyond ourselves and allows us to explore the way ahead in symbolic form before we have to encounter it in reality. The imagination gives us myths and legends — those marvellous, subtle, complex vehicles of esoteric teaching — to prepare us for our future. In seeking their meaning we are meant to find the meaning of ourselves. (*Crystal Legends*, Introduction).

The greatest of the themes pursued by the Imagination through Mythic Time is the significant Inner Journey — the Quest of the Soul for Itself. One step could take seventy years or a split second. The Quest can be started when one is five years old, or eighty. It has nothing to do with Linear Time, yet is expressed in terms we are familiar with from Linear Time.

It takes various forms, and often the goal is reached in pursuit of something else.

In the ancient Irish tale of the Journey of Maeldun — the hero sets off to seek revenge for the killing of his father. After years of extraordinary testing adventures in rough seas and on strange islands, he meets the man who killed his father only to find that he has forgiven him, and so outgrown his need for revenge.

I did not realise it at the time, but during the writing of my books I was on a Quest. By mapping it now I hope I might make others aware of the complexity of every given moment, and encourage them to look out for signs and wonders in their own lives.

About Moyra Caldecott

Moyra Caldecott was born in Pretoria, South Africa in 1927, and moved to London in 1951. She married Oliver Caldecott and raised three children. She has degrees in English and Philosophy and an M.A. in English Literature.

Moyra Caldecott has earned a reputation as a novelist who writes as vividly about the adventures and experiences to be encountered in the inner realms of the human consciousness as she does about those in the outer physical world. To Moyra, reality is multidimensional.

Books by Moyra Caldecott

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Child of the Dark Star

Hatshepsut: Daughter of Amun

Akhenaten: Son of the Sun

Tutankhamun and the Daughter of Ra

The Ghost of Akhenaten
The Winged Man
The Waters of Sul
The Green Lady and the King of Shadows

NON-FICTION/MYTHS AND LEGENDS

Crystal Legends
Three Celtic Tales
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AUTOBIOGRAPHY

Multi-Dimensional Life

BIOGRAPHY

Oliver Z. S. Caldecott

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