

The BIG Fakeout

The Illusion of Limits

Hunt Henion, PhD



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for a BETTER Perspective!

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Edited by Veda Henion

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Introduction

You need to claim the events of your life to make yourself yours. When you truly possess all you have been and done, which may take time, you are fierce with reality.

–Flonda Scott Maxwell

As I've stumbled through life, I've been faked-out at probably every major turn, and tripped over every major stumbling block. Suddenly, this stumbling, falling, crawling journey has run me head-on into a fierce realization: These fake-outs weren't mere incidental inconveniences. I now know them to be the strands out of which the tapestry of life is woven and key in motivating us to our highest potential.

Life's little fake-outs are but fragments of the big illusion under which we all live. Our limited perceptions, misguided missions, and all the wrong ideas, which somehow get stuck in our heads are actually our Holy Grail on our quest to test our limits. Ancient wisdom, known to all the amused bystanders who carefully stay out of harm's way on "the other side of the veil," but forgotten to almost everyone living within the earthly arena, is that nothing here is what it seems. When the divine path winds all the way down to the physical realm, it rarely leads where we expect it to go, and life simply becomes a process of elimination as

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our hopes and goals get refined, and we get increasingly resourceful. We realize what doesn't work anymore, or maybe what never worked, and move on one step at a time.

Saviors have demonstrated how the twin virtues of detachment and love can take some of the wrinkles out of this process. However, in the end, the game plan's the same. We each agree to play a particular part, oblivious to other perspectives, in order to learn a particular lesson. Our higher self sits in a safe place, far away from the consequences of this fake-out world, and puts those lessons together lifetime after lifetime. We check in with that divine self between adventures, but generally never see that compiled picture of ourselves until after we've left our little, fragmented lives.

Everyday fake-outs are simply the map to our spiritual education this side of Eden. Following this map is a journey of hope and disappointment, love and loss, life and death. Where the road leads is always a mystery. It may take us across the mined battlefield. Or, when life is good, we're presented with surprises and choices all wrapped up like pretty little presents on Christmas.

Through trial and error, we unwearingly unwrap the ones that look best and play with our new toys. Sometimes we get hurt. Sometimes we hurt others, or destroy the house! Whatever happens, we're blessed with the tormenting enlightenment of hindsight and a good guess about what to do differently next time.

That's the divine plan and one of our holiest of trinities: We're faked-out. We make mistakes. Then (hallelujah!), we learn and evolve.

Like ocean currents, order persists despite what's happening on the surface. What we perceive as the order may change from time to time, usually just when we feel we have a grasp on things. Still, beneath the surface, there's a beauty we usually can't even imagine. It's a strange and wondrous world where some sort of divine order constantly recreates itself out of the chaos of human error, ignorance and weakness.

I beg the weaver of the dualistic world's pardon as I step out of my contracted envelope of ignorance long enough to observe this ancient, secret plan. It's with great respect for the plan behind the sacred rite of falling victim to fake-outs that I admit that finding myself misled is getting a little old, and a new thought is emerging. The deluded and conflict ridden path of physical attachments has led me to an appreciation

of peace and the simple joys of life. Also, from where I sit precariously perched out of harms way for now, I can see that I'm part of something bigger and much grander than the irritating, sometimes devastating, fake-outs at hand.

As I sift through the rubble where I've played and worked, I find that all the really important blessings in my life came about as incidental byproducts of what I thought I was doing. I'd continuously make mistakes, but somehow the universe healed them, so the wrong direction became the right one. I now know that some of those wrong turns were actually part of my prelife contract. Others weren't, but they still helped built my motivation for success and stimulate my creative approach to the constantly changing illusion of limitation.

Success over our challenges is often slippery to hang onto. However, no matter how "bad" things sometimes turn out, blessings have always been born from my disappointments. Disappointments have been plentiful, so I've been very blessed! I don't know exactly what they all are yet, but when I watch carefully, I can see them twinkle on the dark horizon. When I listen carefully, I can hear their music over the background noise of my crashing hopes. I've also watched over the years with amazement as these blessings have matured and blossomed with multifaceted personal benefits, even as the disappointments that gave them birth have died.

That's why I'm digging up all my old stuff and chronicling the discoveries like an archeologist going through ruins. Bear with me as I pick through the trash of my life looking for buried treasures. We'll sit in the dirt, discuss the finds, and maybe together, we can decipher which way is up in this upside-down world!



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Blind is Beautiful

It oftentimes befalls that a father hath a child...devoid of all perfection, and yet the love that he bears him is such as it casts a mask over his eyes, which hinders his discerning of the faults and...makes him rather deem them discretions and beauty...

–Miguel de Cervantes in “Preface to the Reader”
regarding his creation of Don Quixote

Although the answers that have unfolded to me have been personally gratifying for the reassurance of order they’ve presented, I’ve often wished I could just believe what I was supposed to believe. The more I’ve learned during my life, the more I’ve felt alone. I thought truth would help me fit in better. Perhaps it might someday, but I haven’t even begun to see the end of that road yet.

And I set my mind to know wisdom and to know what is crazy and foolish. I saw that this also is like trying to catch the wind. Because in much wisdom there is much trouble. And he who gets much learning gets much sorrow.

–Ecclesiastes 1:17-18

There you have it! It's in THE book! So here we are, after being plunged into the darkness of the physical world, trying to make things better, what happens as we succeed? Destruction. Why? Maybe we were meant to operate in darkness until the conclusion/ evolution of this 3D world. Maybe we have to remove our attention from some things so we can put it more completely on more important things.

Look at what makes an athlete great: Focus—the exclusion of everything possible that doesn't add to the achieving of the goal. A good athlete will often be carefully oblivious to everything except the goal at hand until after a meet is over.

If you look at history, every time people accumulated a significant body of knowledge in one place, it was destroyed. The ancient Naacal records are only legendary now. The next greatest loss to the enlightenment of mankind was the Library of Alexandria, which was the object of attacks from 48 BC until 642 AD when it was finally leveled by the Muslims.

The esoteric secrets that were left were almost entirely lost due to the black plague that broke out in China in the early 1300s, and hit Europe in 1347, killing over 25 million people or about a third of the continent. The Catholic Church also systematically mopped up all the remnants of scientific and mystic enlightenment they could find for over 1000 years. From the time Theodosius declared Christianity the sole religion of the Roman Empire in 380 AD, until the inquisitions ended about 1700, all divergent thoughts, many of which were enlightened perspectives trying to poke through to public view, were labeled heresy and dealt with accordingly. The great strides of Galileo and others were stopped in their tracks. Such thinking just wasn't good for business. Combining the Church's objectives for empire with the political empire of the day, they exterminated anyone they could find who didn't tow the party line. Jews and Muslims were their primary targets. However, they also went after any "heretical propositions" they perceived with a vengeance. This included the Lutherans (the first Protestants) and what they called the alumbrados, which translates to "illuminated." This included the practitioners of any mystical or Gnostic forms of Christianity in the 15th and 16th centuries.

Even before the Inquisitions were official, The Church declared war on the Cathars. The Cathars didn't believe in the feudal hierarchy system. They really took to heart what Jesus said about treating the least among us as if they were him, and thus they believed in the equality of

all men, including surfs and the poor. Cathers were extremely charitable and peaceful, and they thought the symbol of the crucifix was gruesome and inappropriate, and didn't use it. Also, they were said to possess the "Book of Love," which was reportedly the teachings of Jesus given to "John the Divine," and accepted as truth by the Knights Templar as well as the Cathers. They resisted the fear the Catholic Church wanted to impose on their religion, and their Gnostic, altruistic beliefs weren't compatible with the mission of the Church. So, of course, they had to be eliminated.

In 1209, the Pope launched a crusade to permanently extinguish their influence. As the story goes, they were so moral and honorable that even some of the soldiers who were sent to butcher them were converted. However, in the end, like everyone else who dared to stand up to the Catholic empire in its formative years, the way of the Cathers was lost to the world.

Today, all examples of peaceful, caring civilizations have been eradicated to the point where we have no living examples of how to create a good, ethical, moral way of life. All those examples were killed off by those who built the foundation for our society today. All we have is our own personal experiences and recognition of what's right in a world where most everything is handled wrong.

Perhaps this is just a case of evil triumphing over good. That's how it's usually presented except by the powers that be. However, like everything else in this world, this evil carnage may not be entirely what it seems.

Look at it this way: First soul left the comfort and light of home for a dark world of illusion and fake-outs to take a look at what else there was. Then, whenever a significant amount of enlightenment began to accumulate, so this dark world no longer provided a strong contrast to the light and love of home, bam! We had war, suppression, and the lights go out again, so we could continue the original plan of testing and proving souls through the game of fake-out.

It's instinct to try to improve ourselves and the world. That's our job. However, it would appear that, up until now at least, the worldwide foundation of understanding has never really been strong enough to allow the light to shine through too brightly. Walking around in ignorance and blindness was the way our soul chose to: (1) Learn about what God isn't,