

Postscript

THIS WRITING... has been in a constant state of preparation and refinement for the past 47 years.

IT IS STILL INCOMPLETE.

The nature of the Void commands the magical journey to higher knowledge.

Every answer leads to new questions ...that raise concepts so profound that exploration must continue – this is the natural law ...the *Inertia* of experience.

TAKE FROM THIS WRITING WHAT YOU WILL

The simplicity of existence can be realized in a single thought, but telling it in Human terms is not so easy. Weeks can be spent formulating the phraseology that would reduce even a tiny part of an idea from extreme complication to simple understanding. I can remember times while driving in my car, when just the right terminology hit me, but alas I could not write because I had to keep my eyes on the road and I had no tape recorder with me to tell it to and when I got home, the thought was still there ...but *those words, in the exact order that would have expressed that thought perfectly ...were gone.*

These fleeting expressions that come out of the blue therefore, are so very precious, and any author who writes within this field of Ontology, who achieves a simple understanding ...feels as if they have discovered a rare jewel. That is why such insights must be written down and made available to others, for once they are lost ...they are usually lost forever. This writing has been in preparation for almost half a century and I assure you that every phrase has been carefully chosen, reread and reformulated at least one thousand times ...and as I look back I know ...*that a thousand and one might have made it even better* ☺. Being Human though, and knowing that I have limited time in this life, I have decided to conclude this work as it is, and I now leave it to others to improve upon what I have written.

If you are now thinking about why I am right or why I am wrong, then the concepts contained within this writing are being acted upon, refined and improved ...and I have answered my calling.

**Love and Light to you,
Michael Spirit**