

Eva Kroth

THE BLACK LIGHT OF THE SUN

I see the light of the sun. The seven spectral colors of the sunlight glow and reflect in me. I am a prism of sunlight. I am solid, liquid, and gaseous. The solid is like a solid prism and I cannot see the refraction of the light inside me. The water in me separates the sunlight like a glass prism. The gaseous parts in me refract the light of the sun into waves with black lines.

Waves and rays, known and unknown, touch me and vibrate within me. They reflect through me toward the sun and into the universe. Apart from the visible light, there are light waves that we cannot see but are able to measure: electromagnetic waves, UV light, and gamma rays. Now, is light matter or non-matter? I am aware of several theories: Light is matter. It is particles that we can measure, ionized radiation. Does light consist only of waves that we can discern by their frequencies? Is light spatial? Do we only recognize light by the resonant body that captures it?

Is the space between the stars empty or is it filled with invisible matter? I see a line: it is the dividing line between matter and non-matter. We draw this line based on our current knowledge. That is how we shape our reality.

I see the line. It is not definitive. It is based on a collective decision determining our lives. It changes continuously because of growing knowledge and awareness. Light vibrates between matter and non-matter.

Our eyes see the seven spectral colors of light. We see the darkness as the other side of light. Our awareness limits which waves we perceive. An infinite number of waves and rays from the vastness of the universe vibrate toward us and convey information that we are not yet able to decode. We do not know their origin or the consciousness of their spirit. We live in our bodies, on Earth, within our solar system, in our galaxy. Those are the boundaries of our awareness. At present, the sun is the center of our life. We are able to see and comprehend its light.

We can reflect its light because we are prisms. Transformed by us, its light returns to the universe. We do not absorb the light – we transform it. Much of our awareness will become light once we can open to as-yet unknown information from the universe. We are currently a conscious prism of the sun and for the sun.

The Earth also receives and transforms the sun's light and the light from us and from all creatures on Earth. In this way, messages of life on Earth can be carried to all of the suns in our solar system and into the central sun of the Milky Way. From there, the messages vibrate toward all the galaxies of the universe.

I now see the black lines in the light of the sun. All kinds of light or waves have this black part in their spectrum. It is the unknown in them, the unknown of their origin and their meaning. This black part contains everything that is unknown to us and unexplored by us.

In this blackness, many secrets are hidden which forever will remain inexplicable, no matter how much science decodes of our lives or how much our awareness expands.

The border between recognized matter and the secret behind it is fluid. It changes every day. Just as we expand our awareness every day by living and learning about ourselves.

In our quest for the truth of matter we will always get lost because the truth and the origin of life are as changeable as we are. And just as we constantly change, so too does the truth change with us. The times and events carry on changing us. We will never be able to control the truth about matter.

Now I open up to the blackness. I walk toward the

sun. The light gets brighter and brighter, it becomes brilliantly white and radiant, and I cannot see anything anymore. I step into a wall as I might step into a sound barrier. I am in the blackness. I am within the secret that contains everything. It is the secret of infinity. It is magnificent.

I am in the black light of the sun. I am melding with the secret. I am entering the space of the origin of shape and matter, the space of omniscience. Everything is contained in it. It is the other side of everything.

I am in the infinite space.

I glance into an infinity that contains nothing in any shape, and yet everything is present. Nothing has a shape, nothing is material, there are no limits, no space filled with matter and non-matter, no wave, no radiation. And yet, everything is there, as a notion, as energy on an infinite scale.

My imagination fails to comprehend so much power and beauty. I feel that I can only perceive a fraction of it because nothing and no one, including my consciousness, even if it were free and unlimited, can endure this power. It is like standing on the edge of something and only guessing what lies hidden beyond.

The space is not empty. It is infinite.

Nothing can be seen or felt. No wave meets matter or reflects it back. Nothing can move because there is

nothing there. Pure energy. Pure spirit. Everything exists like a mirrored world without matter, an infinite world as a mirror of reality – as real as our world and yet unreal. Everything is present, every possible galaxy, every possible development, every possible form of matter, every creature, every age. It is an infinite sea of possibilities. They are all there and yet incomprehensible with our human notion of time and space. It is an infinite sea of creative energy and power without matter.

I cannot see or feel anything. I cannot see any color or any state – nothing.

And yet I know that everything is present, everything in an infinite power. This power is also inside me. I recognize that I must consciously separate from this infinite power. Otherwise I will not be able to live.

I remain at the threshold of comprehending this power because I am in a body with limited consciousness. My consciousness is hardly a match for this power. I feel that I am standing at the threshold and only dare one glance. I try to comprehend and to reduce it to words and definitions. I want to render what I am experiencing experienceable. But something inside me tells me that I am not separated from infinity. Nothing is separated from it. All that exists is present in infinity. Nothing is separate. But where is the path into matter?

Where is the beginning, the beginning of density?

The question itself is the beginning. It is the consciousness that separates itself from the sea of infinity. A tremendous tone is developing inside me, as tremendous as the waves of a gong, as vast as the waves of one thousand or even an infinite number of gongs. Vibrations develop and form waves of energy. Each question about all the existing forms of consciousness after the beginning of matter condenses into one vibrating tone. The vibration of the tone I am hearing is so enormous that I cannot bear it. My ears cannot bear it, no cell can bear it, everything inside me is about to burst like a delicate piece of crystal.

The vibration has the power and the strength to sweep away and destroy all existence. The vibration is infinite. It vibrates in the infinite universe and in my consciousness. I must separate and disassemble it in order to bear it; I must play with it. I must separate in order to be. We live. We have not lost infinity. We are mirrors of the spirit and infinite. In every darkening, in every second of our being, we are a mirror of the spirit in the density, never separate and in an infinite cycle with infinity.

My spirit is infinite. I detach myself from the sea of infinity. But only my consciousness gives me the illusion of a separation. I am a wave of sound that pervades everything, inside me and in the universe.

The tone of the gong is the tone of infinite consciousness. It vibrates into infinity. It vibrates back as if every sound vibrating away from me returned to me from eternity. It is what I can perceive from the infinity of spirit.

It is shaped spirit. It is all-consciousness. I split and separate. I separate the power of my consciousness into the creativity with which I shape the journey of my many lives. The tone vibrates in an exchange with the consciousness of all separate vibrations from infinity.

I separate the tone into seven colors, the seven spectral colors which together constitute white light, the light of the sun, the light of consciousness. In the colors of the light I will experience my spirit – as a wave, as a separation from the whole, as collective consciousness. I will assume a body that will give the spirit the scope to act. With the collective spirit of all consciousness I will develop a creative spiritual dance and realize ideas from the mirror image of the spirit.

I am creative, because I separate my consciousness from omniscience in an individual way. I forget that I am infinite and concentrate on the densification of my spirit. But I maintain the possibility to integrate my spirit with- in the densification every moment of my life.

I will be in a body and feel separate, isolated, and lonely. But my life will contain the possibility of integration.

My spirit will sense the isolation in the densification as pain and separation, but I will never be separate from the infinity inside me.

My spirit will condense to a self, separate from the collective. That is the path taken by each consciousness toward densification

My spirit will become unconscious as a counterpole of consciousness. That will make my spirit agile and maintain the yearning for the consciousness of unity.

My spirit will understand the densification as a darkening. It will evaluate this densification and darkening, declare it evil, and yearn for the light.

The darkness will take on shape and form. My spirit will lose itself in the darkness. It will give the sense of separation from the unity of spirit shape as darkness in life, as a loss of orientation, as isolation, as a hush, as a misting up, and as separation from all that is spiritual.

My spirit will become unconscious. It will solidify the tones or spectral colors of the sunlight into sparkling jewels. It does this unconsciously and not in the light of awareness. My spirit will be separated in the densification, as if darkened and unconscious.

But beyond the separation from infinity, the infinite power of the spirit will always flow toward me – not consciously, but existent nevertheless. This unconscious power is my life. It nourishes my life and all other lives

in all universes. It flows in us and makes us search for the unity that we have lost, so we can live.

It will be the task of my life to liberate my spirit from the notion that I am trapped in the material world, in the darkening, in evil, in disorientation, isolation, and silence.

I will recognize that I will always be in unison and exchange with the infinity of the spirit, because I am the mirror image of the infinite spirit and not separate from it.

Am I a mirror or am I real?

Is the world of the spirit a mirror or is it real?

I unite with my mirror image.

I become a spirit that mirrors itself in a body. I become a body in which a spirit is mirrored. The circle is closing. The stream of the cycle flows forever. As a spirit in the mirror and the mirror of a spirit, in every manifestation.

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Annette Charpentier,
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