

A Written Experience of Union with Heaven –
A Book Report & Reading Experience

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I am writing several papers that I plan to present soon on the use of “entheogens” in Masonry and many rituals in the past. An entheogen is defined as a “a chemical substance, typically of plant origin, that is ingested to produce a non-ordinary state of consciousness for religious or spiritual purposes.” There are 5 classes of these that have been researched in various references: Ergot, LSD, Psychedelic mushrooms, Fly agaric mushrooms, and DMT. A summary of these is provided in ref. [1]. Did you know that the root of the acacia tree contains lots of DMT?

This first paper will describe the use and effects that have been found with what I think is the most interesting and the most important entheogen. It certainly has had a major impact on all of the world’s religions in recorded history.

I now introduce to you the book by Clark Heinrich (1995)] -

“Strange Fruit - Alchemy, Religion and Magical Foods: A Speculative History” [2]

This is a very important book that is very hard to find at a reasonable price - in that it presents a very interesting theory that explains the foundations of ALL of the world’s religions. It is a hard backed bound book that contains 212 pages containing 24 pages of vivid color photographs. I found a copy on the internet from a small book store in Jerusalem, Israel, that was willing to mail it to me.

There are a lot of instances where the findings of this book describe the basis for and the “secrets of” (1) early religions in India, (2) the Christian religion, (3) Rosicrucianism, and (4) Freemasonry.

In this presentation, I will read excerpts of the author’s written experience, where he was finally able to enter into “union with Heaven”.

I will not read all of the material that is written below.

I will present a more detailed summary of the material in this book in a future paper.

For the purposes of this limited paper - I will use: Fair Use with In Copyright - Educational Use Permitted. Readings here are taken from directly from the book.

So, sit back, relax, close your eyes, and receive this report as an important event...

To start – Let's use a Sufi exercise to see how close to Heaven you can get to right now. Uncross your legs, place your hands on your legs, and close your eyes. Now imagine the happiest time in your life. See the pictures, see the colors, feel the sounds. Feel that feeling. Now radiate that feeling out through your heart and into your feet. Feel the energy in your feet, and gradually flow that feeling up your legs, to your stomach, chest, arms, neck, head, and radiate it out upwards to G*d. Feel that flow. This is good for healing yourself, and it the closest feeling to G*d that you may get today. However... there is SO MUCH MORE available to you...

Chapter 14 Heaven and Hell (1, pp 191-196)

HEAVEN

My own experience with the capricious mushroom is long and varied, but I will briefly relate the two most impressive events, both of which occurred in 1977. My friend Michael and I had decided to give the mushroom a good test. After a few nauseating yet somehow uplifting experiences with fresh specimens we discovered that the mushroom should not be eaten raw; this was fortunate, since Michael seemed near death the first time he ate some and I became extremely nauseous every time I tried it. After harvesting and drying a sufficient quantity of specimens we embarked on what was to become a thirty-one-day trial period.

We ate mushrooms every day; usually not very many, but every day. We lost interest in food. We lost interest in work. We were rapidly losing interest in the whole world, and our wives were beginning to think of losing us, as in 'Leave'. I was reminded of the Siberian folk-tale related by Wasson, in which the men leave their wives during the mushroom season and go off to live with the 'Amanita girls'. Even so, we continued; the longer we persisted the more we felt divinely inspired to go on. If Soma really was the fly agaric [mushroom], and every day we were more convinced that it was, then a breakthrough experience might be just around the metaphysical corner. We weren't at all certain we wouldn't die trying, but in our growing dispassion we soon stopped worrying. After all, this was important research, science at its most basic and best. It would be a noble way to die, and as a bonus we would avoid old age. We considered it a fair trade-off. Yes, I have to say it, we felt we were on a mission from God. For thirty days we experienced in varying degrees many of the effects described in the present work. We felt immense energy, strength and spirituality, occasional sickness and frequent euphoria; but being taken up into the blissful light eluded us.

The thirty-first day was a full moon. We fasted all day and began nibbling on mushrooms early in the evening, Later I performed a traditional Vedic fire ceremony, putting a piece of a mushroom cap into the fire as I sang the ancient offertory mantras to

Agni, Soma, Rudra and Indra. Afterwards we drove to a nearby bluff and, consumed between us about ten dried caps of different sizes (I lost track of the exact number; bad science). We tore each cap in half so we would have the same experience, knowing we did that potency varied from cap to cap. At the time I wasn't aware that mature specimens develop more muscimol than immature specimens. The mushrooms we ate were the most mature that we had collected, saved for last because they were the least attractive and, we thought, the least potent; for this reason we ate more at one time than we had prior to this. They were indeed less virulent than immature mushrooms, but as we were about to find out, far more potent in the qualities for which we had been searching.

We were getting cold so we went to Michael's home and made a fire. Neither of us had urinated since before we started eating mushrooms. This was intentional, as we wanted to test the urine's effects, but now both of us were ready to burst. Michael got out two bowls and handed me one. We looked at each other, laughed nervously, and retired to opposite corners of the room where we filled our respective containers. I stress respective containers; even seminal research has its limits. We returned to the centre of the room and looked at the tinctured water we had wrought: it was glowing with a fiery orange cast. Since we were about to drink it we first smelled it to see what we were in for, and were surprised at its pleasant odour, or rather, its fragrance.

The phrase 'water into wine' redefined itself in my mind as we drank off what we were truly hoping would do something extraordinary to us; if it didn't we would be more embarrassed than disappointed. We might even be angry, but at least we would know where the phrase 'pissed off' originated.

Even before we drank we were feeling good. Very good. Extremely good. But within minutes after drinking something amazing started to happen. My body began to feel very light, as though I weighed almost nothing. It felt as if the molecules that comprised my body were separating and allowing air to pass through, or that I could feel the space between the atoms. I became aware of tremendous energy at my feet that rose up through my body in wave after wave. 'Feeling good' was rapidly changing into the most blissful feelings I had ever experienced. I looked at Michael and he was radiant, truly radiant. We started laughing and exclaiming in disbelief as the bliss kept increasing. My mind and entire body were in the throes of a kind of meta-orgasm that wouldn't stop - not that I wanted it to.

I picked up a Bible from the shelf, opened to the book of John and started reading aloud. What I had before considered beautiful but ridiculously partisan poetry, fiction really, was now revealed in a whole new light. It became for us a fly agaric initiation document, speaking the living truth directly to Michael and me through the mists of the centuries, uncovering layer after layer of meaning artfully hidden in the text. We understood it all; all the references, all the metaphors, all the hidden wisdom. We were

completely delirious, of course; but in our delirium we were being initiated into the ancient cult of the personified fly agaric. It was as though God had manifested from the

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book and was addressing us directly. And we couldn't have been happier.

I would read a passage and Michael would exclaim in joy and recognition as we both careened in excitement about the room. After a short while I became so engrossed in the text that I stopped reading aloud, but Michael, who wasn't looking at me, kept responding at the appropriate times. I silently read another line and watched him respond to it. When I realized what was happening I thought 'Michael' and he turned his grinning head and looked at me, and we experienced simultaneous amazement. At first we tested ourselves, still without speaking, by mentally requesting a gesture of some kind from the other. It worked. Then for the next short period of time we carried on the most unusual and effortless conversation of our lives, which wasn't a conversation at all, really; because regardless of whichever of us was having a thought it instantly became the thought of the other. It sounds confusing but it wasn't; far from it. As this was happening the bliss we were experiencing increased still more, which I hadn't thought was possible. Of course, it didn't matter what I thought: I was on a juggernaut, having the ride of my life.

At an unspoken signal we turned out the light and positioned ourselves on the floor at opposite ends of the room. I closed my eyes and became very still. The few thoughts that arose in my mind drifted through like enlightening holograms; I was thinking at the pre-verbal level. I was seeing. I had the subtle apprehension that only a few thoughts remained in my mind; these were in the process of passing through and, as it seemed, out of my mind, not to return or be replaced. The last picture to appear was that of a woman of the Middle East walking down an ancient road, carrying on her head an earthen jar filled with seeds: the seeds were leaking out of a hole in the bottom.

I saw this because I had been troubling over the meaning of a saying attributed to Jesus in the Gospel of Thomas from the Nag Hammadi texts, one of many in which he is answering the question of the unenlightened everywhere, 'What is the kingdom of heaven like?' He explained that heaven is like the woman described above, who doesn't know her jar is leaking and continues to walk home. When she arrives at her home, she sets down the jar and it is empty. End of answer. [3]

One can see his audience scratching their heads at this 'description' of the heavenly kingdom, just as I did. But in the instant of revelation that was my thought I understood. The jar is like the head, filled with the seeds of thought and future actions. The woman's only concern is to get home. She is so one-pointed she doesn't even realize she is losing her cargo, and consequently the journey becomes easier the closer she gets to home, because her burden keeps lightening. She realizes it is empty at the same moment she arrives home, and this, says Jesus, is the kingdom of heaven. As Patanjali

said, stopping the flow of thoughts while still retaining awareness causes the individual soul to be absorbed momentarily into the light of the Godhead, and this is the sense in which the parable explained itself to me in that brief vision, The main method prescribed for attaining this state is one-pointed concentration, symbolized by the woman's single-mindedness.

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The final part of the seamless vision was that it was my last seed, and then there was nothing. Before another thought could arise in my mind, in the midst of a great darkness and a great silence, the heavens opened above my head. In an instant I was flooded with light from above, light of the utmost whiteness and splendour, that quickly dissolved everything in its glory. The bliss I had experienced prior to this new revelation now paled to insignificance in an immensity of light that was also the purest love. As the truth of the situation dawned on me the word 'FATHER' resounded in this heaven of light and I was taken up and absorbed by the unspeakable Godhead. No longer separate, there was neither an enjoyer nor a thing enjoyed; there was union.

This is a big claim to make, I know, and the reader may wish to add 'suffers from delusions of grandeur' to my other sins. Even if this experience existed nowhere but within my own mind and has no reality outside of it, still it remains the single most important event of my life. Nothing at all can be compared to it, just as Alphidius said; yet in assessing the validity of the experience I am forced to answer with a comparison: next to this state ordinary reality is like a bad imitation, a cheap parlour trick in a grimy hotel, an eternally baited trap for the mind and senses. The Gnostics had this much right: we're trapped in bodies and we can't see our way out. The day-to-day world we create with our perceptions has no independent reality; it's all done with mirrors.

I have no idea how long I was in that glorious state because time does not exist there, just as there is no 'there' there. I came back to my senses in the morning as I awoke to find myself flat on my back on the hard wood floor. In utter amazement I reviewed the events of the night just passed. Nearly as incredible as the experience I'd had was the fact that I was still on earth in a human body; even though I had experienced something for which countless others had spent their whole lives searching and not often finding, in my immaturity I felt cheated, What kind of God would lift a person to a state like that only to drop him right back into the dark and cruel world, without so much as a farewell? I resolved then and there to try again in several days, and this time I would hold on to the experience.

HELL

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And

Added from The Last Word, last chapter (p 197)

The cat is out of the bag. Pandora's box lies open. The cover has been blown off the ark of the covenant. Wisdom cries in the streets and shouts from the rooftops, once again trying to make herself heard above the din. Whoever has ears should listen. Whoever has a voice should consider speaking up, for the time of the end is near, as it always is in this brief life.

Let me testify in no uncertain terms: the kingdom of heaven is much closer, and far easier of access, than we have been led to believe. And it is worth the trip.

- Clark Heinrick

Books by Clark Heinrick

<http://www.egodeath.com/BooksByClarkHeinrich.htm>

References

[1] "The Use of Entheogens in Masonic and Other Ritual Ceremonies", Reference Paper by Patrick Bailey, Sept. 2024.

https://qscsricf.org/files/public-papers/Bailey_11.17.24_Reference_Paper.pdf

[2] "Strange Fruit - Alchemy, Religion and Magical Foods: A Speculative History", 212 pp, by Clark Heinrick (1994).

[3] https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Parable_of_the_empty_jar

The Parable of the Empty Jar (also known as the Parable of the Woman with a Jar), is found in the non-canonical Gospel of Thomas. It does not appear in any of the Canonical gospels of the New Testament.

The parable is attributed to Jesus and reads:

The kingdom of the father is like a certain woman who was carrying a jar full of meal. While she was walking on the road, still some distance from home, the handle of the jar broke and the meal emptied out behind her on the road. She did not realize it; she had noticed no accident. When she reached her house, she set the jar down and found it empty.