

The Cult of Misunderstanding

The signature of evil is that it cannot act here without the assistance of living beings. The rewards of matter are its tools.

The charismatic cult leader promises relief from pain and rewards of pleasure. Cults begin in the light and end in the dark. It is never a pretty picture. Free Will is never honored. False prophets serving false gods victimize those who unknowingly relinquish their ability of critical thinking to abstract idealism. No one ever “joins” a cult. What they join is a community of like-minded others play a script covertly designed to enprison them. We choose to interpret external stimuli through the lens of personal dogmatic belief, in what we believe will rescue us from hardship and pain. The dark hides within the light.

In my lifelong quest to learn who I am I have passed through numerous portals skirting the edges of cultic communities. The wisdom I gleaned from transversing a dark path is the recognition of its signature.

Intellectual understanding, by itself, does not gift one with the gift of experiencing. True dat. Although I have never officially joined a cult, I have communed with their leaders and followers for the purpose of discerning vague truths from my ownership of personal higher power. I have, to this day, never experienced a group or leader who was not selling the glamour of an abstract reality.

Human emotion and its personality seeks expression in this physical world. The deceptiveness of this expression wraps itself around “belief” and dogmas imagined to raise us to revelation of special knowledge offered solely by the belief. The zealot is comforted by his fanatical adherence to religious or spiritual dogma, but uncomfortable with his humanity. Cults count on this dichotomy. The addiction to blaming and raging at one’s past, coupled with tunnel-visioned placation of free will and elated delusion, release neurotransmitters specific to the signature of the delusion a supporting the true believer’s dogma. The emotional body wraps the personality in a fog of deception, body slamming the soul and silencing its input into consciousness.

In my understanding the soul is a master on its own plane, the Soul plane above the Astral and Mental planes. The seven Astral levels are the 7 Heavens, although the first two are purgatorial nightmares. Throughout many lifetimes the soul attends vaguely to the person until enough enlightenment has been earned over these incarnations, to allow a conscious journey Home. At that point of evolution, the soul peeks through the emotional personality, bleeding knowledge, altruism and true service into the disciple. A critical point on the evolutionary map occurs when the soul has reached through the veil of maya, enough at least to offer glimpses into the polarity of force v s power. The blatant forcefulness of ego commences to overwhelm common courtesy and common sense. The probationary disciple begins to feel true power and translates it as a personal

accomplishment. How then to douse the fire of zeal, the waters of emotional drama and the earthy demands of the physical body?

St. Benedict addresses this in his rules for community. Written in the 6th century, it addresses the challenge of being fully human in communion with God within the interface of community life.

The journey is arduous. Sometimes the body must die to “ save the soul”. But the vulnerability of the spiritual seeker demands that he follow the rules he believes will lead him Home. Brilliant scholars have addresses the issues of cultic groups, whereas I choose to focus only on what I have personally observed.

Dissociation from the cultural norm is often a precursor to the misunderstanding of one’s human nature. Alienation, whether self-imposed or externally pressed upon the personality, plants the seeds of unworthiness and doubt about the ability to fit into desired groups and systems.

The doubter asks self “If I cannot feel that I am human then am I a really person? If I do not connect to the norm then perhaps I am special in some way.” The separation from the Sons Of Man purifies and devolves into an isolated delusion of other-ness. The gentle social need to commune with others is present only in the presence of the peculiar group of other dissociates, some believing they are aliens, faeries, angels in human form, superheroes or reincarnated ascended masters. The list is creative and directly related to fiction of the times. Zombies, werewolves, vampires and mythological creatures share the glammers of this population.

Why is it so difficult to be human? Are we so distant from God and distinct from each other that we choose to glamorize the inhuman and vilify the person? Deception wants us to confuse accuracy with memory. Memory researchers speak of this effect with folks who endured trauma and created imperfect memories to explain what happened. When we can forgive others for their humanity we will grow into forgiving ourselves for our faults, and our faults are what those who claim to be other-than-human cannot accept about themselves. When we are blaming others we insist that we are sure they are wrong. Cognitive dissonance is a healthy response to doubt of self, as it can disrupt false beliefs and discordant notes within the symphony of human experience.

Our journey inward necessitates journeying outwardly with our fellow man. To see God, look into the eyes of another. We are one human family, divinely inspired to mistake our illusions for truth, until we can experience the Christ with others as ourselves.

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