

The Chance Story

I guess I can share some background on Chance. I understood that religion was essentially a personal relationship between one and one's concept of The Greater Creative Power, but I was interested particularly with going back to try to pick up the threads of religious thought that resulted in this. Of course Merlin Stone's book *When God Was a Woman* and Karen Armstrong's *A History of God* were great reads and good background, and there were other descriptive materials as well. What eventually resulted were my occasional experiences, dreams, meditations and visualizations in being in past societal situations where it seemed possible to see how religion was dealt with by people on a daily basis.

One time I returned from wandering down the streets of Tyre or Ninevah with what seemed to be a ball of energy attached to my clothing at about the level of my right hip. I noticed it when I tried to put my hand in my pocket. There was a resistance. I couldn't see anything, but I could feel the shape about the size of a volleyball. Since I didn't sense anything harmful, I just decided to remain open to a possible interesting experience. Perhaps because of my acceptance, I later got a visualization of some brown, clay tablets with cuneiform writing on them. Although I had no idea what they meant, it seemed to me obvious that the energy was a communication, the energy of emotion created by words. Oliver Wendell Holmes, an associate justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, once wrote that a word was

the skin of a living thought. With that in mind, I intuited that what had to happen was that I should somehow turn the energy of the sphere into present day language. The best I could do was to adopt the thought process of my acceptance of that idea . . . and wait.

I went to bed that night and turned out the light. As I lay there, I got the title line. Although I was excited when I wrote it down, I was also a little dismayed by the thought that what I had was some pagan ritual. The rest of the piece then came through, and when I had translated it and arranged it as well as I could, I was pleasantly surprised by the result. The last two lines were particularly moving. But I had never read it out loud until Barclay Braden gave me that opportunity at an IONS meeting. I thank her for that, because, on my way home that evening, I realized something that I had completely overlooked. There were many gods available to the ancients. As I went over the poem in my mind I suddenly realized that it was, in effect, the elements of a complete, five-point, Ernest Holmes, Science of Mind Treatment. There was the Recognition and Unification, the Realization, the Thanksgiving and Release by one person to their own personal God.

I think that's pretty neat.

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