

Metamagical Musings

Magic follows mystery

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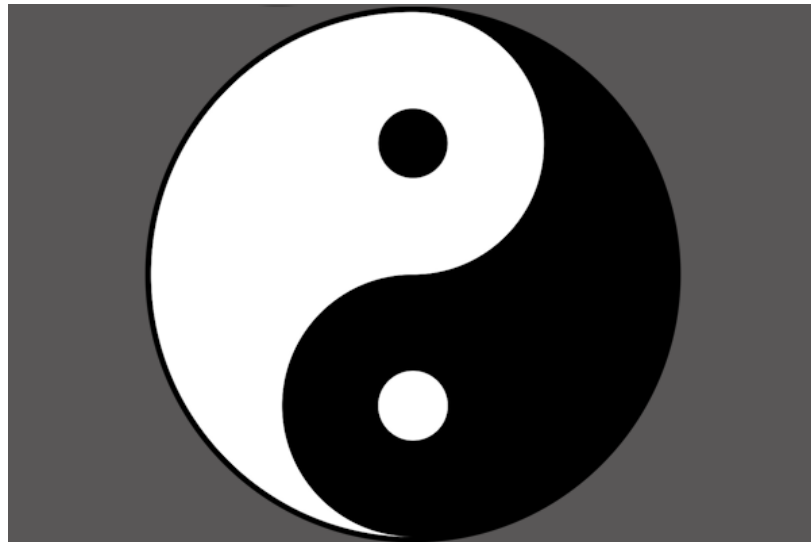


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Rapport

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El Mago Bueno

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Yes, that was the name. I was Gandalf.— Mithrandir

I was [Citizen Doctor](#), then [MisterY](#). I return for my final [incarnation](#) as El Mago Bueno, completing the sequence from scientist/engineer/metaphysician to mystic to mago. I take for granted that you've read my past writings which provide context for this incarnation.

In the Spanish language *mago/maga* translates to *magician* or *wizard*. Here in Spain, parades were held throughout the country a few weeks ago on the sixth of January in honor of The Magi Kings, known elsewhere as The Three Wise Men:

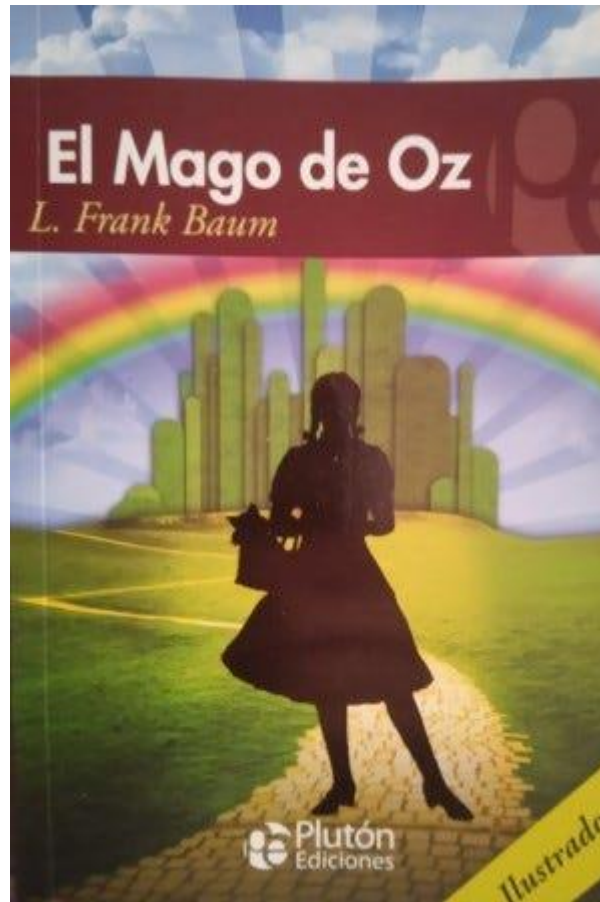


*Cabalgata de Reyes Magos: Melchior, Gaspar and Balthazar
with their gifts of gold, frankincense and myrrh*

The event is tremendously popular, attracting huge crowds. People call out the names of the kings as they pass by, honoring them. Candies are handed out to children, symbolizing the gifts offered by the Magi. The Spanish people understand the spiritual significance of this ritual. The three kings held worldly power and were learned in the magical arts yet used their power and wisdom in service. They were of different ages and cultures but they were spiritual kindred.

As Citizen Doctor, I republished the story of [The Other Wise Man](#) because it distilled for me the archetype that the Three Magi embodied. Originally published in 1895, I found it by “chance” while roaming my university library eight decades later; it set the tone for the remainder of my life. Perhaps it was my love of the story that put me on a timeline to meet the spirit of Melchior another two decades later, on the occasion of the story’s centennial anniversary.

As MisterY, I had already sensed the myst clearing enough to reveal the next stage of my journey: *Magic follows mystery*. Spirit had given me a sign in the form of a Spanish translation of *The Wizard of Oz*, spotted at a book fair:



El Mago de Oz

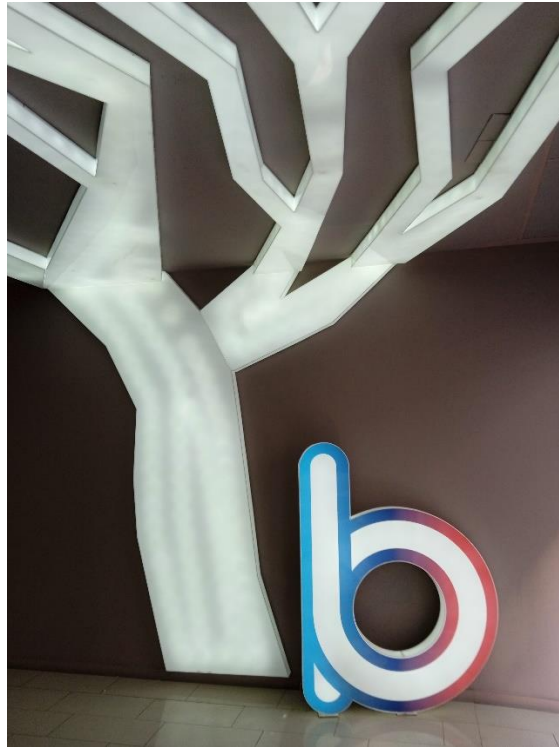
I signalled to Spirit that future signs using this symbology would initiate a final incarnation.

Months passed until one day, I had an appointment with a healer. When I walked into his shared office, I saw this sign:



Perfecto! In past writings I have put much emphasis on *being* vs. *doing*; *being* must be emphasized in order to correct the imbalance toward *doing* prevalent in our world. I had always thought of magic as something one *does*. But of course, magic is not merely a technique, a formula, a recipe. Real magic is an expression of *being*.

In the office lobby was this giant illuminated fractal, folding onto the ceiling:

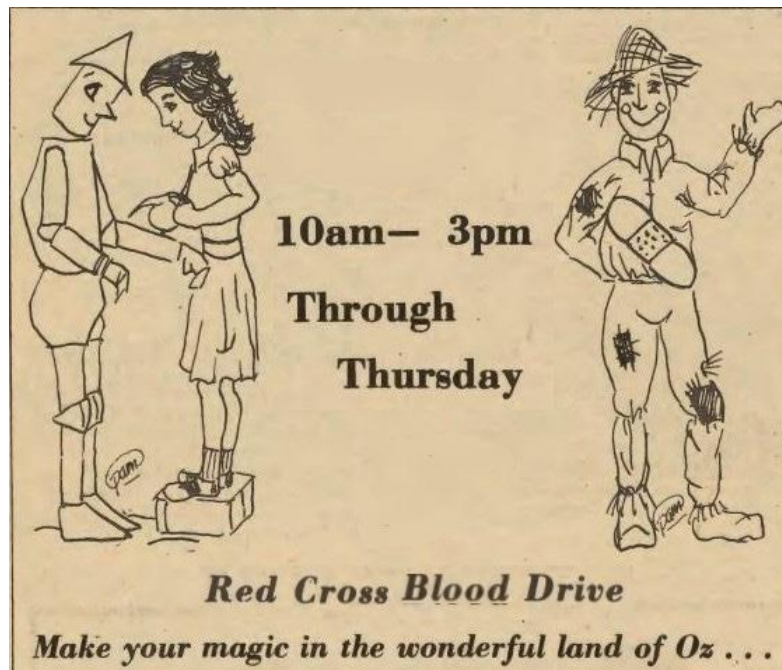


I interpreted the fractal tree as symbolic of [Fractal Sovereignty](#). The “b” logo proved to be a portent of what I would soon be focusing on: the dual pair of translation/rotation in the physics of the [Law of One](#) as an aspect of duality, a perennial interest of mine. And as if to reinforce these symbols, the healer worked wonders on my health condition.

What a powerful sign! But on matters of import, I always request two confirmations. More months passed until one day several weeks ago the electric power stopped for a few minutes — an unusual event where I live. When it resumed, the TV turned on by itself and on the screen was a Spanish-dubbed version of the 1939 film *The Wizard of Oz*, my favorite childhood film, based on a book filled with symbolism and written by a relative of a friend. The scene at that moment was Dorothy’s encounter with the Tin Man, an important sign in itself.



When I was a university student, I was asked to participate in a promotional event at a Red Cross Blood Drive. The theme was *The Wizard of Oz*, and I was in costume as the Tin Man.



Make your magic — promotion in my student newspaper

It was expected that Margaret Hamilton, who played the Wicked Witch of the West in the film, would make an appearance — she lived nearby — but unfortunately, she could not make it due to illness. Nevertheless, she sent her best wishes and this picture for my student newspaper:



The Wicked Witch of the West casts a spell on Dorothy through her crystal ball.

I took the Tin Man's quest for a heart to be a vital part of the sign. In those days I was immersed in engineering courses — something like the Tin Man who was an engineer of sorts: he used his axe to build a raft (in the book). But finding *The Other Wise Man* at about the same time made me aware how out of balance I had become through immersion in mental pursuits. Since then, I have sought balance.

The second confirmation appeared three days later when I was involved in a forum discussion about *balancing the heart* when my correspondent mentioned Glinda, the Good Witch of the North, as an exemplar of such balance. I had already been thinking about Glinda myself since the TV incident; for the first time, I had noticed how well she guided Dorothy on her journey by providing wise counsel and occasional assistance, leading her to discover her own power and wisdom.



You've always had the power — Glinda

And so I have chosen *El Mago Bueno* to be my persona for my final incarnation in homage to Glinda (symbolic of [Maryam](#)) and Gandalf (symbolic of [Merlin](#)), and with gratitude to [John](#) who guided me to Spain.

Rapport

Concurrent with the triplet of signs that initiated this third incarnation were many other signs which have been appearing almost daily since the beginning of this year, 2024. Some appeared in dreams but most appeared in the “real” world which has itself become dreamlike. Besides the practical benefits of such communication with Spirit in terms of guidance, more important has been a growing feeling of rapport with the material world to match the rapport I've felt with the spirit world all my life. When the “objective” material environment is regarded as *being*, everything feels alive. The Spirit of the Universe, the source of that aliveness, is not “out there somewhere” but immediately present, here and now, within and all around. It seeks rapport with us, but requires us to voluntarily initiate contact by means of gestures offered in faith. Spirit will not impose; our sovereignty is paramount.

I have always been moved by the words of *The 23rd Psalm* and *Amazing Grace*, but for much of my life I did not understand why I resonated with them and what could have inspired such words. Perhaps they are merely poetic expressions of humanity's desire or need for a benevolent authority figure? No, they are a response to the realization that one is unconditionally loved and supported, and always has been:

8.1: Consider, if you will, the path your life-experience complex has taken. Consider the coincidences and odd circumstances by which one thing flowed to the next. Consider this well. Each entity will receive the opportunity that each needs. — Ra

Even greater magic awaits for those who journey beyond gratitude, praise and faith into *rapport*, a precursor of the experience of *oneness*, and the doorway to co-creation. Rapport is powered by a feeling, and that feeling is love. The power needed for rapport is not available to those whose feelings are blocked, suppressed, distorted, or even disowned. For most, much *inner work* is needed to free and purify them. They were denied in the first place because they were painful. The hardest part of inner work is summoning the courage to bear pain.

Now I know I've got a heart, because it's breaking. — Tin Man

I see you

A most meaningful sign came in an unexpected form in early December. My wife and I were walking along an embankment by the Mediterranean Sea, navigating our way among a crowd of tourists and vendors with their wares spread out on sheets on the ground. Something made me suddenly turn to my right and look down onto a sheet covered with women's accessories. At first, I didn't understand what I was seeing, but then I noticed a colorful bird walking among and on the goods. It was evading a long rod held by an older man who, I gradually realized, was trying to entice his pet to hop onto to it. After the bird had had its fun, it returned to the man who set it on his shoulder. Although I didn't understand the meaning of this event at the time, I took this photograph because I *felt* that Spirit was speaking:



A few hours later I was scrolling through my Twitter feed and found myself watching a [video](#) of a bird that looked exactly like the one I had just seen, a species unfamiliar to me — I do not remember ever having noticed one before.



It was a cockatiel popping out from under a newspaper and saying *peekaboo* as in the children's game. The version I played as a child was *peekaboo, I see you*. Now, on the surface of events, this may seem like a cute coincidence, or for some a mysterious synchronicity. But having spent decades attuning my consciousness to [Symbols and Patterns](#), I *felt* that this was the completion of a clear and direct message from Spirit: *I am under every paper, around every corner, in the sky, in the ocean, on the land*. And most importantly, *I see you*, in the sense that phrase is used in the film [Avatar](#):



Then the words of the song *To Eden* by Tony & Jenn Hooper then came to me:

*Ever wonder why you're working?
Ever tire of your searching?
Oh, there's got to be a better way.
So you lift your hands up and pray.*

*Father, can you hear me?
I'm listening to you now.
I'm ready to trust you
to lead and guide me somehow.*

*The Creator of the Universe
concerns Himself with me.
He's passionately revealing his culture
of love and of peace.*

*Your yoke is easy,
your burden is light.
Help me to lean on you
the rest of my life.*

*To Eden, Eden.
Eden is the place of freedom.
To Eden, Eden.
Eden is the place of freedom.*



This [link](#) takes you to the time 4:40 in the *Back to Eden* video on YouTube, when the song begins. I mentioned this documentary in the [Back to Eden](#) chapter of *Fractal Sovereignty*. In it, Paul Gautschi describes his own rapport with Spirit; his mode of communication includes biblical verses and observations of the miracles of Nature.

The time is upon us when the veil will lift for all who wish to see. The Creator of the Universe is focused upon Gaia and offers rapport to its collective consciousness, of which each one of us is an integral part.

Crystal beings

Just a week ago, Blossom Goodchild [channeled](#) this message concerning crystals:

Crystals are of the Highest intelligence. They hold secrets of the Universe. They are attuned to that which is of the Highest Knowledge. They have POWER within them, which when understood and activated can lift your own personal Vibration way beyond that which you thought possible. Crystals are your friends. Many of you have your own and you charge their Energy with your Love. You feel they are charging yours. It is a two-way friendship.

I took this as an extension of the triplet of signs from Spirit because of Dorothy's magical ruby slippers, ruby being a red crystal. I also recalled that Gandalf bore a ruby ring, which empowered him to inspire the free people of Middle-earth to rise up against tyranny. Such power objects can amplify and focus one's inherent power.

I turned my attention toward my own [crystal](#) in Ukraine:




Previously, I had been connecting with it as if it were a tool like an axe. But in that moment I chose to regard it as a *being* and sought rapport with it. Immediately, my heart center opened and I felt a great surge of energy. Was it the crystal or me? I could not distinguish. The energy moved up into my visualization center where I perceived a world to come of love and light, peace and prosperity, a world we aim to co-create together as part of a network of crystalized beings. This is our task, to [traverse](#) to that locus of Creation, the bright day that will follow the black dawn that is upon us now.

Life is but a dream

I met my dear friend Marilee a quarter century ago when we were both volunteers at a healing event. She had a lovely energy so I introduced myself to her. *Hi, I'm John. Hi, I'm Marilee, like in the rhyme:*

*Row, row, row your boat
Gently down the stream.
Merrily, merrily, merrily, merrily,
Life is but a dream.*

She was and still is my angel. Late in the year before last, we exchanged our last email messages while I was sitting next to the Sea. She would be getting an “over the rainbow bridge” drug the next day in Oregon, having arrived there the week before after closing her affairs in the East, with help from her sisters on both ends. Her very last message, copied and pasted here, was simply: 

Our rapport is stronger than ever now that she dwells in the spirit realm. She reminds me of the rhyme and to keep a light heart during these troubled times. I can hear the rhyme in my mind in four-part harmony — other spirits have joined in. I hear Merlin saying: *Meet us in your heart. That is where we live... There is only one Heart.*