

Early Morning Vision & Revelation, Shabat, Hol HaMoed Pesah 2013

by Ariel Bar Tzadok

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In visions of the early morning, before the rising of the sun, my heart was troubled within me and I inquired of Heaven, why things are the way they are.

As is my way, I pondered, and as I was drifting away, suddenly before me, I saw a man digging with a shovel in what seemed to be hard dirt.

I heard a voice asking him, *“what are you doing?”* He said, he was digging.

The voice then asked, *“why?”* He responded to make bricks.

The voice asked, *“what are the bricks for?”* He said to build a house.

There was a pause as the digger continued, then the voice asked him, *“why do with your hands that which you can do with your mind?”*

The digger responded, *“my mind cannot make bricks, only my hands can make bricks.”*

Again, there was a pause, when the voice said, *“this does not have to be so, come let me show you.”*

Then, I saw myself in what appeared to be deep outer space. All was black except for the multitude of stars shining around me. Then I realized, I don't know how, that these weren't stars, and this was not space.

The lights were souls, and I was in the well of souls. Strangely, as I looked at the lights, each looking like a star, they were vibrating, hovering and moving, yet, no two approached each other. They seemed to be keeping their distances one from the other, and as they did so they were growing further and further apart. There was no harmony among them, and nothing that could be joined was being joined. I could sense that this was wrong and not the way things should be.

Suddenly, I could see the lights being drawn down to Earth and becoming the souls of human beings being born. I saw the people being born, growing up and learning the hard and harsh lesson to live and work together in communities. I saw them working together building homes, building communities, and taming the Earth, transforming it into a paradise.

Then, they all just left their mortal coils behind, and ascended back above into the well of souls. But now, there was a great difference. Now the lights were joining together. Each light was a sub-atomic particle and they were forming together to make atoms, and atoms were forming molecules, and molecules were forming cells. Life and form was being created, formed and made. And instead of it being created by hand, as it was on Earth, it was now being created in thought. And I understood!

I then could see the meaning and purpose of life, and why we come down to this Earth in the first place.

In the beginning, we are all light, yet, as particles we exist separately and have not yet learned how to work together as a composite whole. We come here to learn this. Then, as we pass off this mortal coil, we can come together again, and unite to build above, in similar fashion to how we built below.

Then suddenly I again saw the digger. This time, he had no shovel. Instead he just said the word, “*house*,” and I could see the lights in his mind begin to merge together and form a house. The house came forth fully built out of his mind with a glittering glow to it. He then opened his hands to receive it. As it reached his hands, the glow ceased, and the house became solid. He then placed the house on the ground, went inside and dwelled in it.

Again, without need of words, I understood.

When there is unity in the individual mind, then the individual mind seeks to merge into the collective mind. When the two are merged as one, the individual finds that he has not been absorbed but instead absorbs. There no longer is conflict between the one and the other. All is one.

When all is one, then all is mind. When all is mind then all creation will be acts of thought, not acts of hands. In that time, one will build with the mind and receive with the hands.

This is the lesson that we come to Earth to learn.

Then I understood the verse that says, “*behold how good and pleasant it is for brothers to dwell in unity*” (Ps. 133:1).

Then I understood Ezekiel's vision of the valley of dry bones (Ezek. 37, the Haftarah for Shabat Hol HaMoed Pesah, today).

Suddenly, I was back in my body, in my office, in the silence of the morning, and I knew. I understood the message that I received, and knew that I was meant to pass it on to you.

Yet, in bitterness I cried out in my heart saying, why should I share the vision of Heaven, when none have the willingness to see it, to know it, or the understand it.

The voice calmly said to me, *“there are those that see, there are those that understand, this is for them. As for the others, the path before them is still long and arduous. We will work for all because that it why we are here.”*

“You suffer for them and because of them, but YHWH is with you, and though the path be hard, your footing will be assured. As it is with you, so will it be with those with whom your lights shine together.”

“Give thanks to YHWH, for what is real is not what you think. Think YHWH and live for light, create unity and live by it.”

Then I awoke with the usual start. It seemed like hours had passed, yet, as I looked at the clock what had just transpired lasted only for a very few minutes.

This caused me to feel a deep sensation that my words cannot describe. Yet, as I looked at the clock I could see that the moment had arrived for the morning Shema. My day was starting and my responsibilities lay before me.