

Recognising



# The Universal Force

(or whatever you want to call it)

~ the next and most urgently needed phase in human development ~



*Can Nature show us the way?*

*Nick Addey*

A white outline of a five-pointed star, positioned below the author's name. The star is simple and has a slightly irregular, hand-drawn appearance.

## ~ Preface ~

The sea squirt had done nothing in four days. Collected from the shoreline and deposited in my saltwater aquarium it sits there, anchored to its small stone, motionless, like a lump of lumpy jelly, translucent and, to some eyes, quite stunningly boring.

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I'm sitting beside the open fire with two friends. We are discussing the stars and my recent revelation; that the night sky is full of wonderful pictures. Betwixt us lies the large, plastic covered sheet of black paper that I'd painstakingly Tipex-ed with several hundred white dots of various sizes. A spark arcs out of the fire...

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That night, as I lay in bed, mind turbulent, I posed a question:  
'Is this just for me, or should I stir things up?'

That question was long forgotten by 4pm - the time the post arrived - the following afternoon. By 4.05pm the hairs on the back of my neck were, I guess, standing up like spruce trees and a serious tingle had me tingling all over:

In the postbox was a small cardboard box, the type that was used for sending floppy disks. The UK stamp disclosed the country of origin but the postmark was smudged; the address was typed. No clues and I wasn't expecting anything. I opened it up...

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## ~ Introduction ~

What follows is an account of how I came to recognise something that I now refer to as the Universal Force. *Universal* because it is in everything; is everywhere; is for everyone, and *Force* because it actually does things. No doubt you've come across it already, though maybe you've yet to recognise it for what it is - it took me quite a while. Hopefully this will help.

I make no claims to understand the Universal Force and I can't say much about it except that the Universal Force is likely to present itself uniquely, tailor-made for each and every one of us. What happens when it does? Individually that surely depends, but for me there were moments of wonder (*'What the heck?!'*); years of trying to work with what I had learned; and latterly a realisation that I am 'heading home', a home of which I was previously unaware. I can't define it, locate it, know it or even guess at it; the path to its door is all very uncertain and I doubt there are any short-cuts, but I'm aware that it is there...and that is where I am heading.

Why try to connect with this Universal Force? Aside from the personal experience I have a feeling that if we are to stand any chance of working our way out of the terrible mess that we have put both ourselves and the Planet in then it would be exceedingly beneficial to align ourselves with something that might be prepared to help.

For me the Universal Force became apparent when I started working on a theory that the Bible stories were not what we have been led to believe they are; not the word of God, but simply stories, compiled by storytellers from an 'image bank' of star pictures in the night sky. The fact that the Universal Force chose to introduced itself during such a project, I feel, is highly significant; a truly supernatural force calling the usurper's bluff.

Various religions have highjacked spirituality/super-nature (or whatever you want to call it) in the name of one god or another but none come close to uniting the peoples of the world with either themselves or with planet Earth... and it's getting nastier by the day. Not only do these religions fail to unite people they also alienate those who might be seeking to connect with something outside themselves, yet cannot bring themselves to believe in the God stories.

I suspect that if we are to make any significant progress in an harmonious direction then we have to remove human influence from any talk of super-nature. For me the knowledge that the Universal Force exists suggests that it may well be the root of all religions; i.e. that there is a something,

way bigger and far beyond ourselves, which is quite prepared to interact with us.

Religions, or rather those humans who promoted them, have used this basic human knowledge for their own ends, bloodily building empires on thin air. In recognising the Universal Force for what it is we can do away with the myths that religions are built on and start to communicate one-to-one with something that takes no sides and needs no belief, no worship, no indoctrination, no interpretation, no fighting, no cash. Nothing, in fact, other than our careful observation and whatever springs from that.

Judging by my experiences, the most pertinent of which are related here, it would appear that the Universal Force is upping the ante ~ the game is on.

## ~ Chapter 1 ~

### What's in a name?

I live near Schull (pronounced Skull and spelt thus on the O.S. maps), a small ex-fishing village in County Cork, down in the south west corner of Ireland. Schull has a population of about 800 folk and many are 'blow-ins' like me, each seeking a place to escape to from their various rat-race lifestyles. I escaped from the UK in 1990 and snuggled down into my allotted part of Paradise.

Curiously, and intriguingly (as you may come to realise) Schull has something that no other village, town nor city in the whole of southern Ireland has; a fifty-seater Planetarium.

I won't go into the details of how I came to Ireland save to say the choice was made for me, presumably by the Universal Force, long before I was ever aware of it.

The move was easy. I learned later that if a decision *has* to be made it will be easy to make.

At the age of 30 I knew I needed two things from Life; nature en masse - with the peace and mental tranquility that it brings - and blackness at night. Nothing else was of consequence. My mind had to be free from artificial noise and free to enjoy the night. I had to live as close to natural as possible. This I knew from the innermost quarters of my knowing.

I lived on a shoestring. I gave up the car; never had a T.V.; cycled everywhere; grew vegetables and waited... and watched... and read and

listened... and waited. I kept my doors open. I was seeking something without consciously admitting it, at least initially.

I kept keeping my doors open and eventually in walked Georg. And Nigel. Opposite ends of the spectrum though both had balding heads and bushy beards; one in the style of a professor, the other a replica of an Old Testament prophet. Perfect casting.

Nigel introduced himself as a born again Christian yet seemed to have little time for most other Christians, or most other people, come to that, but he was a god-send at times. We had many a jolly jaunt, on all manner of useful quests. He certainly seemed to be in touch with something outside himself, but if the God he professed to be akin to thought Nigel would be a good ambassador then He was gravely mistaken. I would prefer to dance with the Devil than spend eternity with the Nige, but we had great fun and I learned a lot.

Georg was a both a thinker and an extraordinary artist. When I first met him he was paying great attention to the standing stones, stone circles, ring forts and rock art for which West Cork is famous. We had many a fabulous outing, cycling the back roads and boreens, in search of such attractions. We had great fun for many years and it was Georg who, unwittingly, ignited the fire...

## ~ Chapter 2 ~

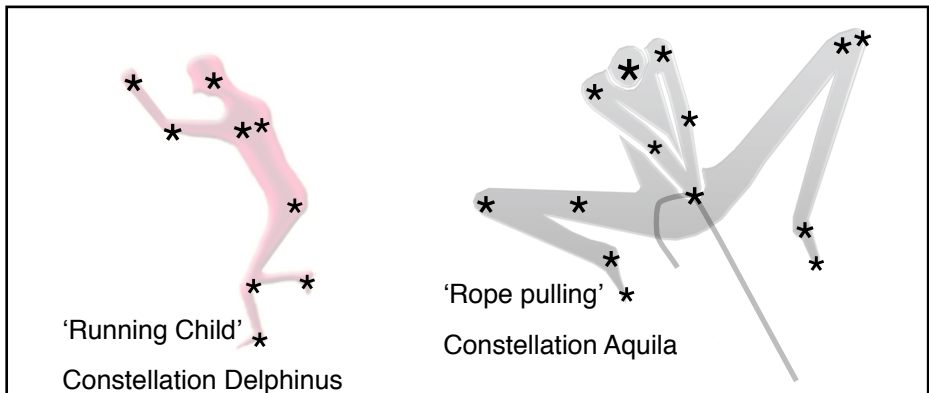
### The beginning

One day I happened to drop into Georg's tiny tin house, an hour and a half's cycle ride away. It must have been a nice day but the only thing I remember was him showing me a page in the Collins Gem 'Night Sky' book; *'This is the story of Adam and Eve'* he said. Now, my life didn't change in that instant, not really my thing at the time, stars and Bible stories. It took a three day flu, two weeks later, for ideas to start formatting themselves in my brain and thus, amid the hot sweats and cold of a clammy bed, it began. Relentlessly. Stories in the stars. Mythological star stories. Mythological, arty pictures amid the constellations. Mythological stories from pictures in the stars. Got it!

One problem; I knew nothing about the stars nor did I know much mythology. Of course, this turned out for the best as I could approach both with un-tutored eyes.

Right from the outset it was obvious to me that the pictures in the stars would have to be realistic. The fancy artwork showing constellation characters (as depicted in books and horoscopes) could never work in the night sky. Our ancestors surely developed a technique for making pictures in the stars and it was this technique that I, too, needed to develop.

Actually, it was relatively easy. Anyone can do it, given clear night skies and a clear idea of what defines any given object. Defining points do just what they say, they define what it is you are looking at. A human, for example, needs a head (one star, preferably a bright one), two shoulders (two stars, preferably fainter than the head, located in the appropriate position) and limbs, defined by, but not necessarily including; elbows, hands, bum, knees and feet. The position of these stars determines what the human is doing. Here are two human figures in different poses:



The spark landed on the star map and melted a small hole in the plastic sheet. 'A sign! A sign!' we cried, echoing a classic Monty Python scene, and then promptly forgot about it.

Four days later I am doing something rather unexpected. I'm in Schull chatting away the night with another couple of friends. At some point, in the early hours, one of us goes outside and notices a lunar eclipse underway. Some while after that I'm cycling home, the eclipse reaching its zenith behind me. I begin to think that the area in which it is occurring is approximately the same area as where the spark landed on my star map. So I take as accurate a bearing as I can using the visible stars and hurry home.

The following day I make the call; 'Derek, you remember that spark the other evening? Well, it landed in exactly the same place as the eclipse last night. Exactly the same place.' Goosebumps.

Later the same day I'm chatting to an astrologer friend and she referred to the eclipse as 'a sparky little transit'. Goosebumps.

Again, within a few days of this and with the spark episode still rattling around in my brain, I reply to an advert posted by a woman named Michelle;

'Hi, is that Michelle?'

'Yes, but my friends call me Spark.' Goosebumps.

Hello, I thought, is the world trying to tell me something?

## ~ Chapter 3 ~

### The Universal Force lends a hand

The beauty of not having learned the constellations in an academic way meant that I was free of any unnatural boundaries. When I looked at the stars I didn't see Perseus or Cassiopeia (I didn't know of them), I saw figures and fish. In Cassiopeia it is easy to see a figure rejoicing or recoiling, while in Perseus there is a very fine leaping salmon. On a dark night you can even see the waterfall up which it is leaping, namely the Milky Way.

About this time I bought a book of Irish mythology and within those pages I came across a description of a fisherman, a king, who rejoices when he lands a salmon. Ah-ha, I thought, I'm starting to see how this might work.

The episode with the spark had opened my mind to the possibility of external help. At first I referred to this help as 'The Arrangers' for that is what appeared to happen - arrangements were made - and it was by such an arrangement that I came to understand the nature of the Star of Bethlehem.

My friend Georg passed on to me a book (which he'd found in a second hand bookshop in Skibbereen) of a classic English mythological story. I'd never heard of '*Sir Gawain and the Green Knight*' but within those pages was the unmistakable description of an image of a star; disguised, of course, for to talk of such matters might have been deemed heretical in those ancient times.

Importantly, to a star-picture hunter, the Sir Gawain story, like the Nativity, starts at Christmas thus determining the night sky in which the relevant pictures can be found. *Moby-Dick* is another such story (the *Pequod* setting sail on Christmas day) and it was while working on this curious tale that the Universal Force gave me another nudge, for I was lacking the Carpenter of said book as well as the carpenter of the Nativity (Jesus).

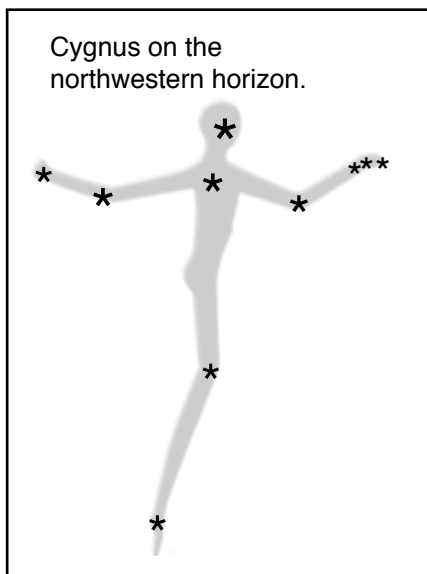
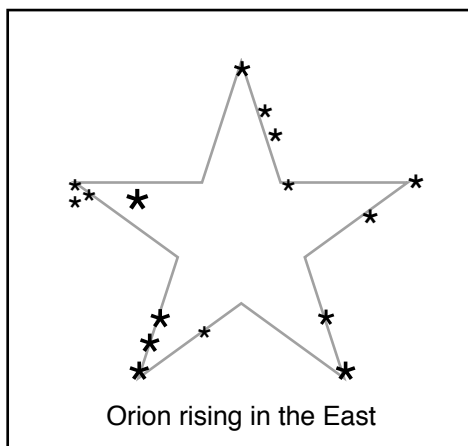
I'd been searching for this carpenter image for several years without success and I badly needed it for a particular presentation. Then one cloudy night I happened to go outside for some reason. The sky was overcast but a small hole appeared revealing an even smaller group of three faint stars. Bingo! Unmistakably an elbow (at Star's left tip) and at last I was on my way to understanding how the Carpenter '*symmetrically supplies the constellation*'.<sup>1</sup>

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<sup>1</sup> From the '*Carpenter*' chapter in Herman Melville's book '*Moby-Dick*'.



While the Star (as *the constellation* - Orion rising in the East) heralds the birth of the Jesus story, the image behind his traditional demise occurs in the northwest, as Cygnus sinks towards the horizon.



*Tea is being taken out on the lawn. Two Austrian visitors are chatting to me about living in Ireland. As we chat I become aware of swans, several swans. They are forcing themselves into my consciousness by flying round and round the house. This is very unusual. It had never happened before (and it has never happened since). Curious.*

*Some hours later I'm reflecting on the previous night's star-watching and the rather special image that I had found. There is a constellation that goes by the familiar name of The Northern Cross and it had been sitting above the northwestern horizon. As I regarded it, asking myself why on earth it should deserve such a name for it has no cross-like characteristics, it dawned on me that I was not, in fact, looking at a cross, but at a figure of someone on a cross - a very familiar figure to anyone who has spent too long in Christendom. The goosebumps occurred when I put two and two together, for The Northern Cross has another name; Cygnus, the Swan.*

Seeking the star pictures behind a storyteller's words is quite a challenge, especially when starting from scratch. I spent years honing my stargazing skills on Irish mythological stories and as my appreciation of the complexity of these works grew so did my certainty that these stories could only be the work of monks. The reasons for this are as follows: a) some stories parody the Bible stories and this would require intimate knowledge of the Bible plus the ability to read it in Latin or Greek. b) reworking the Biblical stories would require intimate knowledge of the stars and a means to work at night without fear of drawing attention, i.e. somewhere remote and secure. c) the stories were spread far and wide. d) the monks, being above suspicion, were free, able and encouraged to travel.

No way to prove this subversive activity, you'd think... yet...

*My visitor left behind a book for me to read 'How the Irish saved civilisation'. I have to confess I found it only mildly interesting until I came to the poem. Then my eyes lit up, for here was the little bit of nonsense that made perfect sense to me:*

*I and Pangur Ban my cat  
T'is a like task we are at:  
Hunting mice is his delight,  
Hunting words I sit all night.*

*~ the words of a 9th century monk-poet concealing his true vocation in an illuminated manuscript. I know this occupation, for that is exactly what I do: I hunt words in the stars. What picture entitled a storyteller to use such-and-such a word? It is a fascinating quest.*

*Three days after reading the poem I'm kayaking in Schull harbour. A visiting yacht motors in and its very unusual name, complete with looping feline logo, immediately catches my eye. I can't help grinning like a Cheshire cat, for the yacht's name is 'Pangur Ban'.*

Many cultures used the world of star pictures simply for entertainment, weaving wondrous stories of heroes and villains, epic journeys with

monsters and damsels in distress. It is not hard to picture storytelling competitions with Bards jousting for verbal and optical supremacy as they whirl their audiences through the pictures of a starlit sky. These starry pictures would be well known, as familiar to folk as their own faces, so a Bard's skill lay in combining them in ever cleverer ways:

*'And out of the smoke locusts came forth... and the likenesses of the locusts resembled horses prepared for battle; and upon their heads what seemed to be crowns of gold, and their faces were as men's faces, but they had hair as women's hair... And the sound of their wings as the sound of chariots of many horses running into battle.'*

The weirder the wording the easier it can be to find the images. In the above passage from the New Testament book of Revelation the description is simply a list of star pictures you can find in and around Ursa Major. Nothing sinister, nothing end-of-the-worldly, just human imagination playing with patterns in the stars to create a fantastic story.

Maybe... maybe not...for there is a curiosity that needs addressing and it is this: in the New Testament story Jesus is taken to a place called Golgotha for his execution by impalement (not crucifixion; ref. original Greek text and star pictures). Golgotha is not a place on Earth but an area of stars which today goes by the name of Cygnus. Within Cygnus can be found the image (a skull) behind the meaning of the word Golgotha - *'Place of the Skull'* - and in Schull/Skull there is, as mentioned before, a fifty-seater Planetarium which, at any time of day or night, rain or shine, can show this execution once again.

Could the two Skulls, with regard Jesus's executions - 2000 years apart - simply be a coincidence, or do I detect the influence of the Universal Force? If so, how long a game is it playing!?

*The two girls, their parents and me were sitting around the dining table having lunch. The elder girl was looking at the aquarium. "What" she asked "does a sea squirt do?" A fair enough question considering it had done absolutely nothing since I put it there four days ago. "Well," I said "it puffs itself up..." as I said this I raised my elbows, chicken-style... "and squirts..." At the precise instant I 'squirted' so did the sea squirt. Jaws dropped. Goosebumps.*

One tends to look even more closely at everything that transpires when nature starts behaving in very specific ways around you... and the more you look the more you see. Coincidences that would, in the past, be remarked upon but then forgotten, start to take on a new significance. If a spark can hit a target... if a sea squirt can squirt on cue... if swans can fly round and round and round and round. What, then, is also possible?

A steady stream of such events hints strongly at powers beyond our understanding, as advertised by the various religions. These religions, though, endeavour to impose their own interpretations and sets of rules on something that, I suspect, should be unique to each and every one of us and which cannot be second-guessed or governed.

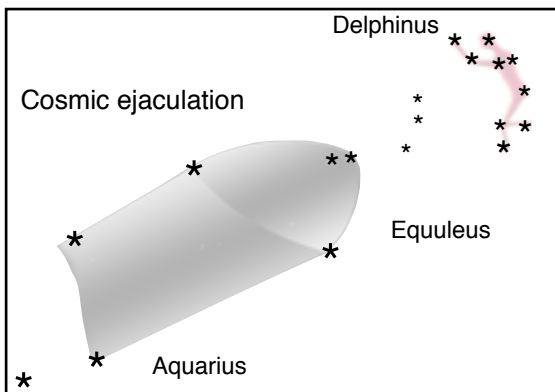
## ~ Chapter 4 ~

### Unofficial history

As my quest to find and understand the pictures of the night unfolded, so I became aware of what I term Unofficial History. I'd never recognised it before but Unofficial History is everywhere, and I mean *everywhere*, throughout all of human culture. The cat Pangur Ban is a purrrfect example, for the poet-monk tells us what we really need to know; that the night is full of words and that he (and his kind presumably) were seeking them.

There is a well known saying that History is written by the winners, but this is only partly true. More correct would be to state that 'Official History' is written by the winners. The losers (in this case all those who opposed the New Religion) scattered jigsaw puzzle pieces of Unofficial History wherever they could; amongst tall tales, nonsense verses, language, expressions, diet, gestures, art, anywhere where it could be secreted away, yet hidden in plain sight. Consider the traditional blessing of travellers 'God's speed'. Is it

what it seems? If you know star pictures then the answer is clear for a dramatic 'God's peed' images can be found in the stars. Here we find a combination of the running child (speed) and pee, which justifies and clarifies the expression. This is the childish version, the X-rated



picture is of a cosmic ejaculation, complete with seed turning human, thus setting up the Father figure of Heaven (or the King of France with his son, Le Dauphin, the Dolphin. Delphinus means Dolphin).

Imagine the situation: a new religion is foisted on the populous. It is unpopular because: it demands 10% tax; it speaks in Latin, a language no one can understand; it tolerates no dissent and horrifically destroys those who stand against it; it confiscates property and outcasts those it disapproves of; it demands conformity and adherence. Supported by the state it imposes laws inhibiting free speech. It makes a few people very rich and very powerful.

And the rest? The other 98% of the population, what of them? No voice, no weapons, no recourse to justice, the stink of burning flesh in their nostrils.<sup>2</sup> What can they do? Hate, surely, for many. Others plan to get even, even if it means waiting a thousand, two thousand years (hopefully not more). Others are more devious *'if you can't beat them, join them'* and work from the inside, a 5<sup>th</sup> column, deep in enemy territory waiting, planning, plotting; sowing the seeds of knowledge that will one day sprout, when the time is right, and expose the Official History for what it is - a thin veneer obscuring a terrifying, Church and State imposed, reality.

The jigsaw puzzle of Unofficial History has many pieces of different shapes and sizes, all jumbled up so that it is unrecognisable until pieced together. The wonderful Terry Pratchett summed this up to perfection:

*"People remember badly. But societies remember well, the swarm remembers, encoding the information to slip past the censors of the mind, passing it on from grandmother to grandchild in little bits of nonsense they won't bother to forget. Sometimes the truth keeps itself alive in devious ways despite the best efforts of the official keepers of information."*

The little bits of nonsense include, among other things, nursery rhymes. People have tried to give earthly meanings to these enchantingly peculiar verses from childhood, but their origins are in the stars. Indeed, our most famous rhymes are tools for learning star pictures. *The Lion and the Unicorn* will teach you the winter constellations of Canis Major, Orion, Auriga, Ursa Major, Cygnus and Draco, while *Jack and Jill* will, in the summer, go over the hill of the Milky Way, passing through Perseus, Cassiopeia, Cygnus, Auriga, Delphinus, Scutum and Sagittarius.

This works as well today as it did when the rhymes were first created, so learning the stars is a cinch for anyone who knows a nursery rhyme.

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<sup>2</sup> Check out the Amersham Martyrs' story.

*'Jack Sprat<sup>3</sup> could eat no fat,'* neither could the God of Isaiah 1:11. *'And so, betwixt them both, you see...'* you see is not a throw away line, it is telling you to look, in this case at star pictures involving Perseus and Cassiopeia. Likewise, in Orion, the *Three Blind Mice; see how they run, see how they run;* both rhymes mimicking the words oft used in the Bible: *'Lo! and behold',* or *'Look!'*

*'It's raining, it's pouring, the old man is snoring.'* Naturally, for Noah, he of the Flood, is about as old as it gets and his name translates as 'Rest'. The Unicorns (two by two of them) have missed the boat and can still be seen frolicking in a cosmic wave as Noah's Ark departs from Ursa Major, where the *'stern-eyed cow'* from Irish mythology is watching one of them being beaten... by a lion. And so it goes, on and on and round and round, hidden links to common roots ~ the forgotten pictures of the night sky ~ all pointing in the same direction: all showing unequivocally that the Bible stems from exactly the same source as all other fantasy - the human mind.

*As the box opened split seconds passed before I realised what I was looking at, and then a few minutes of more puzzlement before I made the connection to my question of the night before; 'Should I stir things up?'*

*Previously I had come to see, literally, that nature could act in a way which one might refer to as super-natural. In another epoch such happenings might have been deemed miraculous, but to me that suggests something outside nature and what I'd witnessed lay well within the bounds of nature, no laws were broken, just the timing and resonance were too precise to be ignored, but here was something even more curious. For inside the box was nothing but..... a teaspoon.*

*No explanation has ever come forward and I have to accept the message that the teaspoon brought... to stir things up. Ponder a little further and you might realise that the teaspoon had to have been posted a day or two before I even thought of the question.*

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<sup>3</sup> Jack Sprat is an old slang name for a dwarf. In many ancient cultures a dwarf was revered as a divine being. This is probably due to the fact that the largest complete human figure in the night sky is, ironically, a dwarf. And yes, a rather potent dwarf, at that.

## ~ Chapter 5 ~

*'Knowledge, may it be said, is higher than magic and is more to be sought.'*<sup>4</sup>

This is a fundamental truth; knowledge will always trump belief. What I have seen with my own eyes tells me that there are things that exist about which we have no knowledge, save that they exist... and that is enough for me.

I have been lucky in life. I was able to free up my mind by surrounding myself, for many years, with pure nature. I had no distracting relationships or situations and could focus on the search. I know most people will never have that chance, but I also know that the Universal Force has no limits. If you are reading this then that is all you need, for the Universal Force can work with anything, anywhere, any time. All that is required (I think) is that you are observant and trust your senses, though sometimes a spark might help...

... hence this little handbook.

Essentially the drift of my observations appears to be this:

- a) Forget religions, for they are all based on some or other fantasy star story. I can show: the Hindus their sacred cow (it's a Dexter); the Jihadi warriors their waiting virgins; the Jews their father Abraham plus his laughing son<sup>5</sup>; the Christians their very fishy Christ. It is all there to be seen when you know how to look.
- b) Belief isn't necessary, the Universal Force is visibly active.
- c) The Universal Force is open to everyone and everything.
- d) The Universal Force requires nothing from us (no adulation, no followers).
- e) The Universal Force is quite prepared to work with us.
- f) The Universal Force is unique to each individual.
- g) The only way to complete  $i=unity^*$  is for each individual to be their own unit: *'I am me'* and if enough 'me' is aligned with the Universal Force then things could get better.

(\*this was a typo but since it was rather appropriate I left it.)

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<sup>4</sup> My favourite quote from Irish mythology in *'The Boyhood of Fionn'*.

<sup>5</sup> Isaac translates as 'Laugh', which is another image found in Delphinus.

When I look at the world situation I am, quite honestly, in despair. For every glimmer of light there appears a blanket of darkness and, even though we know the consequences of environmental degradation we do little about it; the arms trade flourishes; many animals are on the brink of extinction.

I suspect we could turn it around by aligning with the Universal Force, but unless huge numbers of people do so the global effect will be negligible. In the world of spirit - for I suppose that is what it is - no one is going to do for us what we need to do for ourselves. There will never be any Great Redeemer, for that would spoil the plot and we'd never learn.

True learning, real knowledge, builds from within, accruing from our observations and interactions. The things we need to know we will find if we keep our eyes and minds open and follow our senses. This might take some practice.

*I chose Castle Island for the location of the shoot as there were plenty of fluffy white sheep and if one is going to be filmed talking about the Lamb of God you need fluffy white sheep in the background, obviously.*

Star watching and the Universal Force are, for me, inextricably linked. Many times I have been amazed at the synchronicity of events surrounding a new find in the stars. For example: a flash of lightning in a clear sky the instant I saw the impalement image for the first time; or the circular, swirling cloud that stopped in front of a circular pattern of stars, showing me where to look.

Such events mean little or nothing outside the moment, but inside that moment we catch a glimpse of the infinite. There was no such occurrence when I located the lost Lamb of God for the first time; the Lamb's big surprise was yet to come.

Should you look up to the stars at a certain time of year you will see the Lamb in close proximity to the awesome image that is the Star of Bethlehem. The Lamb is a beautiful picture based around the Hyades star group, in the Taurus constellation. In this group you can also see two people having sex; it is a gloriously pornographic image. Now, the Lamb of God, aka Jesus, was sent to take away the sin of the world<sup>6</sup> and one of

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<sup>6</sup> John 1:29 in the New Testament



those sins occurred in the Old Testament city of Sodom (let the reader understand). This doggy-style position is adopted by the couple in the Hyades star group and, importantly for what follows, from these same sexed-up stars you can also form the head of the Lamb.

*The Universal Force's timing is always spot on and anything, it seems, can be arranged: sparks; sea squirts; clouds; swans; teaspoons; yachts; lightning ~ everything under the sun.*

*Most of this activity is for a selected audience, it happens so unexpectedly and is over so quickly that rarely does anyone else have a chance to appreciate it. If you try and tell people about it some might just think 'Yeah, right.' Others might like the story but it won't touch them personally; yet others will have stories of their own to recount.*

*However, it might so happen that on the odd occasion the Universal Force fancies a little publicity and thus sets itself up to deliver some subtle or not so subtle message to, potentially, the whole world.*

*I can't show you the arcing spark or the flying swans. You missed the squirting sea squirt, the flash of lightning and the swirling cloud, and you never heard my question that was answered by a teaspoon in the post...*

*... but it does seem that the Universal Force is happy for everyone to know that it stands behind me when I reveal the Lamb of God for what it really is, and what better way of outing the Lamb than with a shagging sheep?!*\*

\*YouTube video: 'Shagging Sheep and the Universal Force.'

(live links can be found in the online version at [www.NickAddey.com](http://www.NickAddey.com))

## ~ Chapter 6 ~

### ***'Pan is dead!'***<sup>7</sup>

Surprisingly - or not - no immortal has ever lived forever; every god/dog has its day and then their time is up. Quite what determines the timing of their demise I have no idea but Ra, Isis, Jupiter, Quetzalcoatl, Zeus, Athene, Pan and Thor, to name but a few, were all at least as powerful, in the human imagination, as the present incumbents are today. All had their stories, their followers, their temples and all existed solely because of Belief. Once the Belief goes then so does the god.

In the present era the fog (Fear Of God) has lifted - in much of the West, at least - and we are free to speak of long forbidden things. And, like a fog down here on the coast, once it starts to lift you know that sunshine is only moments away.

We are due for a change. Just as ice-ages have their epochs so do gods and if the Universal Force (or whatever you want to call it) really exists then it appears that now might be the time.

Unlike past and present gods the Universal Force has no story, nothing for we humans to gather together, argue and fight over. What it does have, though, is an infinite number of individual stories, ones like the shagging sheep and squirting sea squirt. Maybe it is time to start sharing such stories, for the more we tell the more we encourage others to recognise their own real-life 'miracle' stories. These stories-of-the-senses (as opposed to the non-sense stories of belief) can unite us, for although they are unique to each and everyone of us they are also common to all... and they are great FUN!!

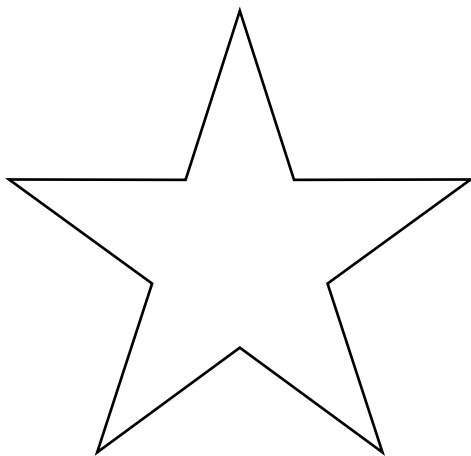
of course, we could just carry on as we are



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<sup>7</sup> Apparently the Greek god Pan is the only immortal in mythology to have died... *'Thamus, a sailor, heard a divine voice: "Thamus, are you there? When you reach Palodes take care to proclaim that the great god Pan is dead." Which Thamus did, and the news was greeted from shore with groans and laments.'*

...and that's all it takes to kill off a god, any god.



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