

How I Discovered that I Am Not a Body

By Jan Hart O'Kelley and Bigger Me

Reprinted from *Miracles Magazine*

I started to run for "home" in this amazing cosmic game of Hide-and-Seek when I investigated the model of the senses that schoolbooks teach. I'd like to share with you what I discovered.

Science describes the sense of sight, for example, as light waves entering lenses in front of the face, traveling as impulses through bio-wires to a reception center in the occipital lobe of the brain, and assembling a "picture" there that we look at and presumably understand.

Let's say I'm seeing a bouquet of flowers. The physicists tell us that, if we were to look more closely, we'd see nothing but teeny sub-atomic particles whirring zizzy-fast around in relatively vast empty spaces. No color, no romance. In fact, they tell us (these physicists who seem to be looking for God) that there isn't even any real matter involved. ... that what they sometimes call particles can just as well be understood as variations in energy patterns. Whew! That's a long way from what I see as a tulip!

Now suppose I approach this vase of floral abundance and inhale deeply. Yes! They smell like roses and delphiniums and lilies-of-the-valley. I've got a match (scent agrees with sight). Must be reality here!

Let me test this with my sense of touch. Oh, the silky, satiny feel of the petals ... and OUCH! The thorns! The various sense-impressions made on the inside of my skull out of these particular energy-waves certainly all unequivocally say "flowers."

But I'm catching on. Every sense plays its role, and every role is coordinated with every other, but still the show is under my hairdo. The brain is some kind of virtual-reality machine, and I'm sitting here watching the show.

But what about this? My hand, reaching out. If the roses are energy patterns that my brain interprets as real things, isn't my hand also an object on the screen of my virtual-reality projector?

No, it couldn't be, I protest. *I feel my hand from the inside. It feels different from your hand in a special way.* But then I realize there is no doubt that there is a certain area of my brain whose job it is to manufacture this particular experience. My separate body is just a special case of make-believe.

Well, then, what about the brain itself? I have never seen my own brain, but I believe what people say ... that it is there, inside my head, doing these jobs for me. If the roses and my hand are experiences woven out of empty space and energy, *then so is my brain!!* (Suddenly I feel like the guy whose head is so far up his butt he disappears.)

OK, I say (sensing the jig is almost up), who is it watching this illusory computer making up a version of reality? And here is where I discovered Bigger Me, watching the play. Directing the play, actually. Like a little kid crouched down to play with the tiny figures in a dollhouse, Bigger Me seems to identify with one figure at a time (at the moment it's the one alternately scratching her head, trying to wake up, and typing on this made-up computer keyboard). With time suddenly disappearing the way it is, it is growing more and more apparent that Bigger Me identifies all the time with all of the figures ... it's only from the dolls' point of view that they are separate.

We'll talk about that more when we take a look at The Phenomenal Aspen Grove in the next article. For now, just take a deep breath, get quiet, and see if you can catch a glimpse of You watching you. It's OK, you won't disappear.

Jan teaches the Course daily at The Little Garden in central Tucson.