



BLUE SKY RANCH

# META — JOURNAL

WINTER 2007 ~ THE OUTSIDE EDGE OF YOUR PROJECTION

Your journey inward begins  
at the outside edge of your projection.



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## BLUE SKY RANCH COMMUNITY

The Meta-Journal is published by the Blue Sky Ranch community, a group of individuals dedicated to making a difference in their own lives and in the future of the world.

*For more information on our programs, please visit our web site at [www.blueskyranch.org](http://www.blueskyranch.org).*

## THE EDGE OF YOUR PROJECTION

By Ingrid Coffin

**Your journey inward begins  
at the outside edge of your projection.**



*This Meta-Thoughts® quote has really stirred up some interest. Where does the edge of your projection stop and you start? And why does your journey inward begin there? Here is what Meta-Thoughts® author, Ingrid Coffin, has to say:*

Making changes might seem like a simple thing to do but anyone who has tried it will tell you that it is not. Your relationship with yourself has solidified over many years. Your mind has held your identity in the same position for a long time. Your personality has been consistent since it developed when you were a small child. In other words, you are sort of set in stone. Change seems threatening. So, when you make the statement that you are going to create change, you meet with resistance.

This Meta-Thoughts® quote focuses upon one way you can initiate your change process. All of your life you have maintained a certain persona. Your friends (and enemies) have learned to relate to you as this person. They have years of experience with you. They know what to expect from you. They have decided that they like you based upon your projected persona and they reflect that persona back to you. You have sort

of an unspoken agreement designed to help you both feel safe through consistency. You can count on one another.

Being unaware of your decision to change, your friends still think of you as the same person they have known 'forever'. You are caught between your desire to show yourself in a certain way and their desire to see you that way.

This is the scenario that gave me the idea for this Meta-Thought®. Your journey inward begins at the outside edge of your projection. If you want to change, it is easiest to begin the change where you start to interface with the world around you – at the edge of who you show yourself to be. This can be accomplished by altering your responses to others, through a change in your appearance and by exhibiting different preferences, i.e., attending a different type of event, reading a magazine that you normally would not read, sharing a new kind of music. Changing your appearance through clothing style, hair color or body language immediately sends the message that something is different with you. Eliminate “I never” and “I always” from your dialogue with yourself. You will be amazed how people around you pick up your intention.

Once you have fractured the projected old you, the new you will begin to receive support from the people in your life. They will project your NEW persona back to you. Is today YOUR day... the day you decide to make some changes in your life?

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## A LITTLE ROUGH AROUND THE EDGES

By Carey Nash



I was invited to lunch at a coworker's house earlier this week. Her husband is a biologist and quite famous in certain circles, having just published a book on a very specific local plant. A few of us at lunch expressed interest in seeing his latest presentation and he was gracious enough to indulge us. It was magnificent. The music was choreographed with great thought and artistic sensibility to accompany the wide array of photographs from local hills to trails and creek beds.

Our presenter, however, must have had an overbearing older sibling growing up, because he seemed very timid, mostly mumbling through the speech. Of course, the projector was sitting on a card table and the images were being shown on a screen hastily set up in the dining room—he was obviously out of his element.

I had pulled my chair over to the far side of the dining table, rather close to the left edge of the screen. From that vantage point, I could see that portions of the photographs fell off the side of the screen and onto the wall behind it. It was a shame really; there were some spectacular sites just at the edge of his projection—a hummingbird with its wings translucent in flight, a praying mantis camouflaged in meditation on a dew-covered leaf, a small child running off the film chasing a butterfly or a fairy or a dragon. And here I was by happenstance, just left of center, and privy to these otherwise unseen mysteries.

It got me thinking about what mysteries I may have let fall off my screen. Was I always showing the big picture in its entirety or was I allowing the mysteries to go by the wayside? There are things in my life that are on the fringe of who I am on a daily basis. But these aspects of myself are integral to who I feel I am and, more importantly, who I feel I want to become. But yet,

there they are, on the dark wall behind my presentation. It's now time for them to take center stage. It's time for me to clean up the edges of the show.

A wise friend always told me that to know what people *really* believe, you just have to look at what manifests in their life. If they claim to be a person of love and kindness, then why do they disparage their less-affluent neighbor? Who they are claiming to be to the world may be at odds with the rough edges they truly display.

Where are your rough edges?

People will often let their generous spirits fall by the wayside out of the fear that they may go lacking. People sometimes get their feelings hurt by the comment of a rude stranger and then decide that even their friends may not be trustworthy. Misfortunes, both real and perceived, batter our egos like meteorites leaving craters in the moon. We're gun shy, and rightfully so. But that doesn't mean that we have to remain in those patterns. It doesn't mean that we have to set our projector up on a rickety card table and present ourselves on an old screen that someone happened to pull out of a closet when we're asked to.

With some intention, we can decide where, when, and how we can best present ourselves. We can look at each frame one-by-one to see what stays and what goes. And this includes the whole package: self-image, self-worth, relationships, ideologies, karma. There are parts that always need tightening up. There are parts that no longer serve us and can just be tossed. There are parts we *tell* people we believe, but we know those things aren't parts of our lives...at least right now.

There are so many things left just on the edge of my life while I struggle with maintaining everything in the foreground. But a lot of that foreground seems obsolete when I finally notice it's been running on my screen for so many years. But there, just off screen, there's a gem I hadn't noticed before. There's a hummingbird that needs to be brought front and center. Now all I need is to change the focus on the projector and add the right music for the choreography.



## THE MISTS OF CHAMPLAIN

By Cristina Smith



It was a misty moisty morning in early fall. I had just pulled my car onto the ferry to cross Lake Champlain to Burlington, VT. A few moments after getting under way, I was standing at the prow of the ferry. All of the other passengers were huddled in their vehicles with their heaters on. But I couldn't resist the pull of the mist. I had to be outside, wrapped in my warmest jacket, hat and gloves.

The ship moved into the mist and everything around me disappeared. I was in a cloud, alone with the sea spray and ocean perfume enveloping me—breathing in the exquisite experience. In that moment, I was transported from normal reality into a place that was not quite of this world. It was a place of communion with the Divine.

Departing from the ferry to begin the next adventure, I realized I was a different person than when I drove onto the boat. The subtle alchemical shift of an up-close-and-personal mystical experience expanded the edge of my projection to new vistas of perception. I may not go back to Lake

Champlain anytime soon, but the impact of the voyage of that crossing will stay with me for the rest of this lifetime, and perhaps into the next.

That day and others like it have taught me that mysticism is an intimate experience of the Divine. When that intimate moment occurs, it doesn't look like much of anything from the outside. It happens in the inner world, beyond the edge of your projection on this physical plane.

There are plenty of time-tested techniques like meditation and yoga that are practices worth investing time and effort in to prepare us for this intimacy and to court the experience. It takes the heightened awareness that these techniques cultivate to be able to catch the moment, see it as a portal of opportunity and then to have the courage to open up and take it. After all, it would have been much warmer and more comfortable to sit in the car with the heater on, but I would have completely missed that magnificent mystical moment.



## LIFE AS A COLORING BOOK

By Debbie Clark



When we are born we arrive with a coloring book, a box of crayons and a special pair of glasses. Somewhere between our first breath and our last, we embark on the School of Life and we live out our story. Each day, whether we are aware of it or not, we color in our book, recording within its pages our unique imprint and perceptions of the world. How we color each page remains our choice and becomes evidence of our perception and knowledge of life. As in any school of higher learning, the School of Life includes the typical classes.

From the freshmen perspective, we are filled with wonder, excitement and enthusiasm. We see the world through fresh eyes. Our bodies overflow with energy and we tear open our coloring books with reckless abandon. As freshmen, we choose colors that immediately catch our eye. We make our mark proudly and strongly on the page. We are bold. We do not hesitate.

As sophomores, we begin to question—"so perhaps there is something more". We are imprinted by feedback outside ourselves. We learn about rules, behavior and expectations, all of which teach us how to swim through a sea of

do's and don'ts. We are encouraged to color within the lines and even told the appropriate crayons to use for every object and occasion. We become observers. We learn how to behave. As sophomores we become more tentative and less bold.

We become juniors by longing for more from life than a mere sophomore existence. We miss the reckless abandon of freshman life and begin to individuate. We enter the process of, "It's just that you and I don't see the world the same way". We observe differences and see separation between ourselves and others. We are distracted by the behavior of others and vulnerable to their interpretation of us. We want to fit in, so we begin peering over their shoulders and copying how they color in their book. In this process of learning we become critical and adept at seeing what is not right with the world. As juniors we color our book differently. Our focus shifts from our own creations to our interpretation of other's behavior and assessments of our work. Here we can lose touch with what truly excites and inspires us.

As seniors, we begin "seeing the inner world" and explore the Art of Projection. The uncomfortable nature of our junior life compels us to find solutions. We are challenged to look deeply into the mirror and see our true reflection hiding beyond the surface of things. We begin to question, "Am I looking at you or am I really looking at me?" As seniors, when we color a person in our book with dark crayons, we search inside ourselves, to uncover a similar darkness hidden within. It is here we unlock our true bold strokes and stride. Through exploring the Art of Projection we learn that we change the world by changing ourselves. When we recognize a behavior that causes us emotional indigestion, we go inward on a search to find that quality

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## LIFE AS A COLORING BOOK... CONTINUED



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buried in ourselves. Sometimes our stubborn nature does not want to believe that the very behavior we abhor in others resides inside us. It can take some time to find, however the prize is worth the search, for by healing the apparition in ourselves we are freed from the other person's hold over us.

As **masters**, we return once again to simple truths with **fresh** knowledge. We rekindle the joy of our own bold mark. We see no separation between ourselves and others and become intoxicated by the present. We create our **masterpiece** with energy and zeal. Nothing can stop our unfolding gift to the world and so we **color** with rich hues and warm tones. We give our gifts freely and our creations move the world.

What is truly liberating about the School of Life is that we move fluidly through the different classes every day. Each moment brings us valuable opportunities and lessons as we switch quickly from one experience to the next. There are moments when we react as **freshmen** and our forceful motion innocently hurts others or our bold

voice cuts through a stuck situation. In **sophomore** mode, we can become lethargic by misperceiving that we have no voice or we may choose instead to lend a hand to a fellow student discovering the order of life. The **junior** perspective causes us to choose to sit in judgment or use keen observation to sharpen our skills. As **seniors** we can dig deep inside ourselves and create meaningful change in our relationships. From the viewpoint of a **master**, we are grateful for the pristine moments when the world opens up and we grasp a fleeting glimpse of the riveting vastness of the human experience. Here we seek as Danna Faulds so aptly wrote, "The still point where the words 'you' and 'I' lose meaning, where we meet and merge as one."

It's rewarding to sit down with your **coloring** book, put on your special glasses, and review the pages you've **colored** throughout the years. Inside you will find your unique mark and the profound messages you have learned along the way. Your book will direct you into new ways of creating your world with more **colorful** license and ✨ flair.



Meta-Thoughts® by Ingrid Coffin  
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## APPROACHING NIRVIKALPA

By RJ Palmer



I was trained as a healer of souls, a “cure of souls,” a designation offered me while in religious vocation. The injunction given: physician heal thyself is here most apropos, as the only thing knowable is MY perception of the world. Here I am confronted with an interesting dilemma.

Montaigne writes: “The object that we love seems all the more beautiful ... and uglier the one we loath.” Of course this is often the same object separated only by moments of time. It appears as Henry Tomlinson said: “We see things not as they are but as we are.”

“Humans can only perceive a fraction of ‘What Is Going On’ around us ... What we can describe is not what we sensed. What we infer, assume, conclude is not what we described,” writes Steve Stockdale. Everything we sense becomes then a projection in the form of inference, assumption or conclusion. No wonder it is said this world is an illusion.

I long to behold what Liebnez wrote, that “We might get to know the beauty of the universe in each soul, if we could unfold all that is enfolded in

it.” Yet, “... each distinct perception of the soul includes an infinite number of confused perceptions.” Defying our perception perhaps, Tibetan Tantrics speak of the innate goodness of the “indestructible drop”—the immortal soul. They also speak of obscurations of emotions, spurred by incessant thoughts. These obscurations are illusion and the very cause of our ignorance and misperception.

Like the Egyptians, the Tibetans say we have two souls or “drops”— somewhat like we have two brains—a right and left hemisphere connected by the corpus collasum, described by Julian Jaynes as the “Bicameral Mind.” To align eastern teachings with modern psychology we could speak of the spiritual “Self” as being “right brained,” creative intuitive, feeling oriented. This is a tiny “drop” in the abode of the heart, which the Yogis call the “atman” or Divine reflection within us.

The second soul-drop surrounds the first like an aura. It is predominantly “left brained,” rational, descriptive, symbolic and memory oriented. At death this “binary soul” separates and the different journeys of the two halves encompass the phenomenon of near death experience and the varied ideas of the after-life within religions.

Rebirth, being the concern of the “indestructible drop,” we normally can not recall the history of our second soul-drop ... it appears to pass into what Jung called the collective consciousness; a psychic history of our species, and virus or meme like, compels us unconsciously through its force of symbolic association, which we likewise project outwardly onto our human affairs.

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## APPROACHING NIRVIKALPA...CONTINUED



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With each birth a new soul-aura is emanated by the “world soul,” surrounds the indestructible drop and again a learning phase begins. Yet the learning curve is colored by images latent within collective consciousness and the chronic moods of the indestructible drop. As with our collective and personal histories, it is these moods that mostly obscure the soul’s perception of itself and of reality. The native mood of the indestructible drop is Love and Joy, which is observed when the outer soul separates, [as in the moment of death or near death](#). Yet in identifying with its story and history it takes on a reactive emotional tone that appears in the bio-energy system as various forms of knots, ridges, shields, leakages and blocks. It is these moods, also referred to as tendencies, which the astrologer sees reflected in the stars and are the karmic seeds of our ongoing experience.

The existence of a second soul is not a difficulty in itself. The Taoist alchemists and practitioners of Highest Yoga Tantra seek erotically to birth a semi-immortal or Bliss body in which the indestructible drop in the ocean of being may dwell in the created realm—co-creating what the Kabbalists call the “world to come” (the Divine pattern that is life’s plan, instituted at the alpha and omega of time).

To find our soul is to know ourselves and heal our separation from the Divine presence—the communion of all souls and life—it is clear that we must remove not the outer soul but those projections that cover us like a veil and blind us. This leads to what in Sanskrit is called *nirvikalpa*. *Nir* means [not](#) or none. “*Vikalpa* is a notion conveyed by words, but of which there is no object corresponding to reality.” This is a good description for much of our mental life and the whole of projection. *Vikalpa* is the antithesis of clear direct perception.

As a “cure of souls,” I understand that the only thing needful of healing is MY response to life. I take as an article of faith that all souls are connected and I hold all souls perfect and blameless regardless of any immediate perception of them or reaction to them. If in recognizing my projections, I can dissolve them through compassionate and forgiving observation of my emotional responses to others, I may then heal what needs healing within and often without. I will no less attain to and remain increasingly in that right mindedness of love and joy, and this will purify karmic tendencies that bear fruit in further lives. This simple yet intricate process can often seem quite miraculous as its effects reverberate through the universe. So then, the cure of my own soul (Gr: *psuche* means both soul and life) opens awareness into the higher life (*zoe*) in which this mysterious connection with each other can be felt as an intimate communion and sacred presence. Faith becomes inspired gnosis and all things are released into the pristine clarity of limitless possibility, from which each moment is made anew.



**DIANA***By Keith Maguire*

Once again I am-  
 Waiting the waning hours of eve  
 In discourse to the passing moon  
 Whispering tales of my mind's fancy  
 As she passes, ghostly radiant  
 Over to where black touches black  
 On to another meeting somewhere  
 Where I have not been  
 Where I have not touched  
 And the people never stop  
 Whispering sweet tales to her  
 As she passes on, far above  
 This ghost of the sun  
 This fair white lady  
 Who keeps sleep from my eyes  
 Until the time comes  
 When I am no longer bound  
 And I can soar high with her once more  
 Gazing down upon those below  
 Who have yet to know  
 The gift of solace.

# BLUE SKY RANCH CALENDAR OF EVENTS

## Public Labyrinth Walks

February 16<sup>th</sup>

March 15<sup>th</sup>

April 19<sup>th</sup>

Event begins at 9:00am.  
Free (Donations accepted.)



**Jodie Forrest Astrology Intensive**  
**“Jupiter and Saturn ~ The Reach and the Grasp”**  
February 23—24, 2008

**Steven Forrest**  
**Astrological Apprenticeship Program**  
**“The Intentional Experience of Transits and Progressions”**  
May 1—4, 2008

All events require pre-registration. Visit us on the web for details at [www.blueskyranch.org](http://www.blueskyranch.org)



**INGRID COFFIN**  
**ASTROLOGER**  
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619-561-5436  
Indy333@earthlink.net

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**The Meta-Journal**  
Editor: Debbie Clark  
Associate Editor: Carey Nash  
Managing Editor: Cristina Smith  
Creative Editor: Paula Wansley  
Contact us at [blueskyranch2@earthlink.net](mailto:blueskyranch2@earthlink.net)  
[www.blueskyranch.org](http://www.blueskyranch.org)