

## Chapter 9 synchronicity

Journal entry

Wednesday, November 20, 2002

Crack! I'm awakened from a deep sleep by what sounds like someone quickly and forcefully smacking their hand down on the armrest to the left of me. Adrenaline racing, I don't know what to expect.

Time passes.  
Nothing happens.

I'm half-awake now, glancing around the room. Quite frankly, I'm not used to wakeful interaction while on the Night Shift. When I close my eyes, I'm hoping for either communication or a return to sleep. In complete contrast to my feelings earlier, an overwhelming sense of trust descends upon me. I feel totally safe.

My eyes are closed, but I can see through my eyelids as if they are open. Uncertain if this is just an image made up in my mind or if it's really happening, I open my eyes for a moment. Yup—it's out there. I close my eyes again and scan the room. An intense, phosphorescent glow begins to shape itself into a web of cells, each filled with multiple hieroglyphs. I feel as if I'm seeing a plane of existence sandwiched between realities.

The web grows until it completely surrounds me. I see it as if from the inside of a filmy bubble. I ask if I might get a closer look, and immediately it moves closer, allowing me to get a clearer view of the symbols held within the cells of the web.

Each cell contains multiple linear stick figures that remind me of petroglyphs—simple eye, human, and animal forms. The human figures are all turned right, facing the animals. The eyes number between two and six for each cell. Somehow I know that each cell represents a community of interplanetary species and the notion of universal co-existence.

I hear a very loud and persistent message: "We're here, everywhere, all the time." And the name of the experience comes to me like a passing sigh: "Synchronicity."

The waking experience I describe in my journal was a symbolic visit and a collective message from many benevolent presences in the universe. They didn't tell me where they were from specifically, but I got the feeling they were from disparate locations and dimensions.

Each eye in the painting represents an entity. The human figures are, well, humans, and the animals are representatives of the natural world in which we live. In each cell of the web, the figure faces the animal, symbolizing our relationship to the natural world. The web, meanwhile, represents co-existence, which joins us to all that is. We are not alone.

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The beings (and I count my guides among them) that exist in other realms are forms of interplanetary or inter-dimensional life.

We are all part of a larger cosmic community, the web of creation that runs throughout the universe and through all things. Whoever the entities are, they are here right now. “We’re here, everywhere, all the time,” they said, and I felt their presence as surely as I would feel yours if I were talking to you. I knew that this was a long-time relationship. These were not new arrivals—they were beings that had been with humankind since the beginning of our time on this planet.

Why doesn’t everyone see these beings? Are they deliberately hiding? Not at all! A lot of folks see them, children especially, because they’ve shown themselves and communicated with us down through the ages. Each age interprets their appearance according to the beliefs of the time—as angels, apparitions, the voices of the gods pouring into the willing ear, spirit guides, or ETs. Take your pick.

Sometimes we’re taught not to look by the powers that be who say that inter-dimensional beings do not exist. When we dismiss from our minds the possibility of otherworldly entities living among us, we are closing ourselves off from direct channels of communication. Our beliefs influence and alter our perceptions, so they can close our psychic eyes and ears as well as open them.

The universe finds many ways to interact with us. Synchronicity is another way for Source to communicate or to send us a message. I think it works somewhat like the inner workings of an infinite cosmic clock. Uncountable gears of action, intent, time, and space work together in a multi-dimensional framework. Every gear is notched into another. The movement of the tiniest gear will eventually affect the largest. Every once in awhile, the cuckoo bird pops out for a brief song and voilà! Synchronistic events occur.

Synchronicity sometimes seems magical. A table you need shows up in the back alley. A friend talks about something you have been thinking about, though you haven’t mentioned it to her. A song comes on the radio that answers a question you have been pondering. Events converge with thoughts. Sometimes the most insignificant things gain meaning when synchronicities occur. Their existence seems to support the idea that there are no meaningless coincidences, only meaningful ones.

Synchronicity makes you pay attention.

Synchronicity may seem arranged, as if someone has been watching and waiting for the right moment to bring elements of thought and event together. But it isn’t set up. We call events into being, beckoning them in with thought and imagination, and Source responds. When they happen, synchronicities remind us of our magic, our ability to manifest, and our connection with invisible worlds.

I think of synchronicities as breadcrumbs my guides throw in my path. They lead me on from one step to another. I see them best when I’m open and aware—in the moment—

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and allow myself to be led. When I'm in the flow of life when I'm not struggling, synchronicity happens more frequently. Or perhaps I allow myself to notice it more.

However it works, synchronicity reassures and delights me. To some degree, it also strikes me with a kind of awe. When synchronicity is a really striking event, something momentous, I think of all the thousands of tiny things that happened to lead to the moment—the seemingly unrelated things that brought those elements or lives together in that place at that time.

Sometimes you meet someone whose personality and interests resonate so closely with your own essence that it seems that all the world conspired to make the meeting happen. Your lives converge like the ripples of two stones thrown into an ocean. This is synchronicity too. I recall being at an experiential workshop in Canada. In one exercise, I was paired with a man who had come all the way from Northern California to attend. He turned out to be an intuitive healer practicing through chiropractic work. In this particular part of the workshop, we were to look into our exercise-partner's eyes. Doug and I looked deeply at each other and I suddenly felt like an alien who, after years of aching loneliness, had met someone from the same home planet. Tears began to stream down his face and I could tell he felt the same. Our companion souls happened to have converged there, at that time, and happened to be paired for this profound exercise. The gears that were set in motion brought us together to give both of us the message that we are not alone in our strange world.

Synchronicity may, at times, feel like a kind of telepathy or clairvoyance—and it is. We think of someone we have not seen for years, the phone rings, and it is that very person. These events make sense if we consider that we are all part of the same vast consciousness.

The idea of telepathy makes some people uncomfortable. They imagine that if a telepath is nearby, their every thought is exposed, or that the telepath is probing their dirty laundry basket without permission. Nope. The thing about telepathy is that it thrives on respect—I don't go rushing pell-mell into your thoughts because it would be an invasion of your privacy.

Unfiltered telepathy may be experienced as a continual whispering sound, a kind of static, that can drive you batty if you don't learn to let your focus move away from it. I can't help but overhear some thoughts, however, because they are broadcast out into the environment. If the thought is passionate, it will increase in pitch, like a voice rising over the ambient background noise of a crowded room. Then it's hard not to hear it.

In some circumstances, people really welcome telepathy. If someone can't speak or find words to express themselves, telepathy can be a tremendous relief. Many people are conscious of a brief telepathy when they look into someone's eyes and know what they are thinking or feeling. It's often important that people feel understood beyond the limitations of what they can say about it.

Telepathy and empathy are closely allied. They both depend on the ability to put oneself aside, and, in a very true sense, to understand—to stand under—and allow another to come through. Both telepathy and empathy have their place in the toolbox of healing, and both can be useful in gaining a deeper understanding of a problem.

I once encountered a woman with Alzheimer's in the dreamtime. Even though it appeared to others that her mind was "gone," I could sense that she was in there somewhere. She was trapped in a body that had disconnected from her mind. She knew perfectly well what she wanted to say or do, but her body seemed to no longer know how to "decode" and act according to her thoughts. Imagine wanting to say potatoes, going to the part of your brain that stored the word for those small brown tubers, and coming across another word instead. You know it's wrong, but your mouth just won't say potato. This woman knew that she couldn't remember the names or uses of everyday objects—or how to perform the simplest of tasks. She was totally aware of the misfired signals and could see perfectly well how those around her pitied her.

"How do you remember what to make for dinner?" she asked. "Or remember your kids, who act like dogs that whine and push their empty bowls at you so you remember to feed them?" What a sad question! I could feel her isolated, frustrated, burdened sadness. Through telepathy, I was able to give her a hug and acknowledge the continued presence of her intelligence and perceptions.

We're in constant communication with other forms of consciousness, as they are with us. It is no more strange to sense thought (telepathy) than it is to sense emotion (empathy), and in fact it's an innate ability in humans. A mother senses that her child is in danger. People in love know each other's thoughts. When we focus on someone, especially when that focus is shaped by love, we tune ourselves into them. Imagine then what could happen to the human race if we felt this one-ness, this love and compassion for everybody?

Animals are in communication with us also. I remember as a girl walking with a friend in a grassy field about the size of a football stadium. I was telling her that we could talk to animals with our minds. "Well then," she said, pointing to the other end of the field, where a squirrel was rooting around in the grass. "Can you get that squirrel over there to come over here?" I hadn't tried anything like that before, but I sent out a request asking the squirrel if he would be willing to come over. He sat up and turned our way. Then he started to leap towards us, never stopping until he had one little paw on my shoe. He stopped then, sat up on his haunches, and looked straight up into my face. I looked back at him, thanked him, and sent him the message that he could go. He scampered off, and my friend's jaw dropped.

As much as we have taken on the hypnosis of separation, we cannot exist except in relationship with both natural and psychic worlds. We are part of something larger. We know this. We know that we are not the whole of things, but we know equally well that we are part of them. We belong to the whole, and it belongs to us.

Synchronicities remind us that our thoughts, the inhabitants of psychic life, are heard and responded to by their neighbors—the thoughts and emotions of other entities that exist in our universe. Starting with our interior world we participate in the creation of the outer world— what it is like, and what comes into being there. Matter depends on thought and emotion to give it form.

Knowing this can bring us to a greater mindfulness of the images and words that we project with our thoughts. They affect others and the environment in which we all live. If we knew each other's thoughts and sensed our communion with everything around us, we would find that synchronicity is not an anomaly, but a constant flowing together of thought and event that is occurring at every moment. We would find that meaningful coincidence is not the exception, but the rule. Most of all, we would truly know the magic of our thoughts and the extent of our mental communion with each other, the physical world, and the spirit and energy realms that are trying to talk to us.