

FOUR SOLAR X-CLASS FLARES IN A ROW! May 15, 2013

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Readers, I was ready to move on to other topics, but at 9:25 PM EDT last evening (May 14, 2013) we had the fourth X-Class solar flare in two days, this one a X1.2 flare, all from the same solar region, sunspot 1748. And this sunspot region has now turned the corner from the other side of the Sun (as it rotates) and is now facing Earth. Scientists predict a moderate chance of having more such flares on May 15, 16, and 17, so this may not be over yet.

I should mention that scientists have long speculated that at some point the Sun will emit a solar flare so large that it fries all of the electronics on Earth, sending us instantly back into the 15th Century. They say it 'will' happen, but it may be 10,000 years from now or it may be tomorrow. No one knows.

Regardless, my interest has always been in the inner, psychological, and creative aspects of these intense solar phenomena. I have already written most of what you need to know these last several days, and there are two free e-books (and videos) on the topic here for those who want more in-depth discussion:

<http://dharmagrooves.com/#&panel1-1>

I will just continue on with this theme, so please bear with me or do other things. This is a very rare and strong time, so letting our attention rest on this solar influx (not to mention the eclipses) is warranted. In other words, I am back to trying to point out to readers how to detect change within the self, when that vantage point is what is changing. It is the Heisenberg principle all over again.

The self (our self) is tireless and elastic in the extreme. It bobs, weaves, and bends over backward to avoid the tides of change, willing to do almost anything rather than to give up ground or admit a mistake. When it comes to matters of our self, most of us are perfect conservatives. The self does not like to be embarrassed, upset, or disturbed. But then, that self is not the real us, but only something we created or at least have allowed to happen. And as I have pointed out here endlessly, we identify with the self at our peril.

Our self is that secret garden of likes and dislikes that we tend or feed, the desires of all of our attachments, like that plant in the movie "Little Shop of Horrors," whose refrain is always "Feed me!"

Solar flare activity is not kind to directionality (linear thinking), but tends to level our little sand castles so that we have to start over. It does this by simply pulling the rug of enthusiasm (or spirit and direction) right out from under us, leaving us wondering why we ever thought whatever-we-are-doing would work in the first place.

For me it takes time for the dust to settle after an influx of solar change, time until some form of directionality can reestablish itself and send me off on yet another mission. I certainly fall for the "Man on a Mission" scenario every time. I have got to be going somewhere or I feel naked and empty. These four giant flares have managed to level most of my directions.

And with heavy solar change I always have to eat a lot, if only to weigh me down, like the deep-sea diver uses weights to reach the ocean floor. I need to be grounded. And I do a lot of sitting still at these times too, sitting still and searching (waiting) in my mind for direction(s) to appear. And I mean real still. Solar change kind of truncates direction, leaving me with no compass. And it takes time for the self to reestablish connections, much less accumulate something that amounts to a life direction. In the meantime, I wait.

In the beginning I used to be a little terrified when I lost my sense of direction, of where I am going under a solar storm like we are having now. I would look around and do what I could to reestablish my last known direction and take it up again. Yet often I just would draw a blank. But over time I have come to appreciate having this self I am stuck on kind of vacated, including whatever train of thought I was on, leaving me silent and somewhat alone in my universe.

And these are very large gaps that come with flares, not just moments or hours, but hours and days when I have little to no clue where I am going. I have learned not to attempt to force direction, but to just let go as much as possible and allow myself (and its direction) to kind of fall into place in as natural a way as I can.

There is no question that the self will reconfigure as quickly as it is able and, once established, it will be as airtight as it was before, but perhaps in a somewhat altered configuration. Desperately forcing (panicking) the self to come back together quickly does not benefit us. The more we can let go and allow the self to organically come back together, the more comfortable will our grip on life be going forward.

So what's to be done?

Most of all we have to eventually get to know the self, and here the old phrase "familiarity breeds contempt" is useful. Well, contempt doesn't help, but a couple of wry smiles are allowed. As we get over worshiping ourselves, and constantly distracted and entertained by ourselves, and begin to develop a sense of humor about all of this, the self becomes less dense or opaque and gradually becomes more transparent. We begin to see through it, like through a windowpane, and what is beyond the self is the awareness of the true nature of the mind.

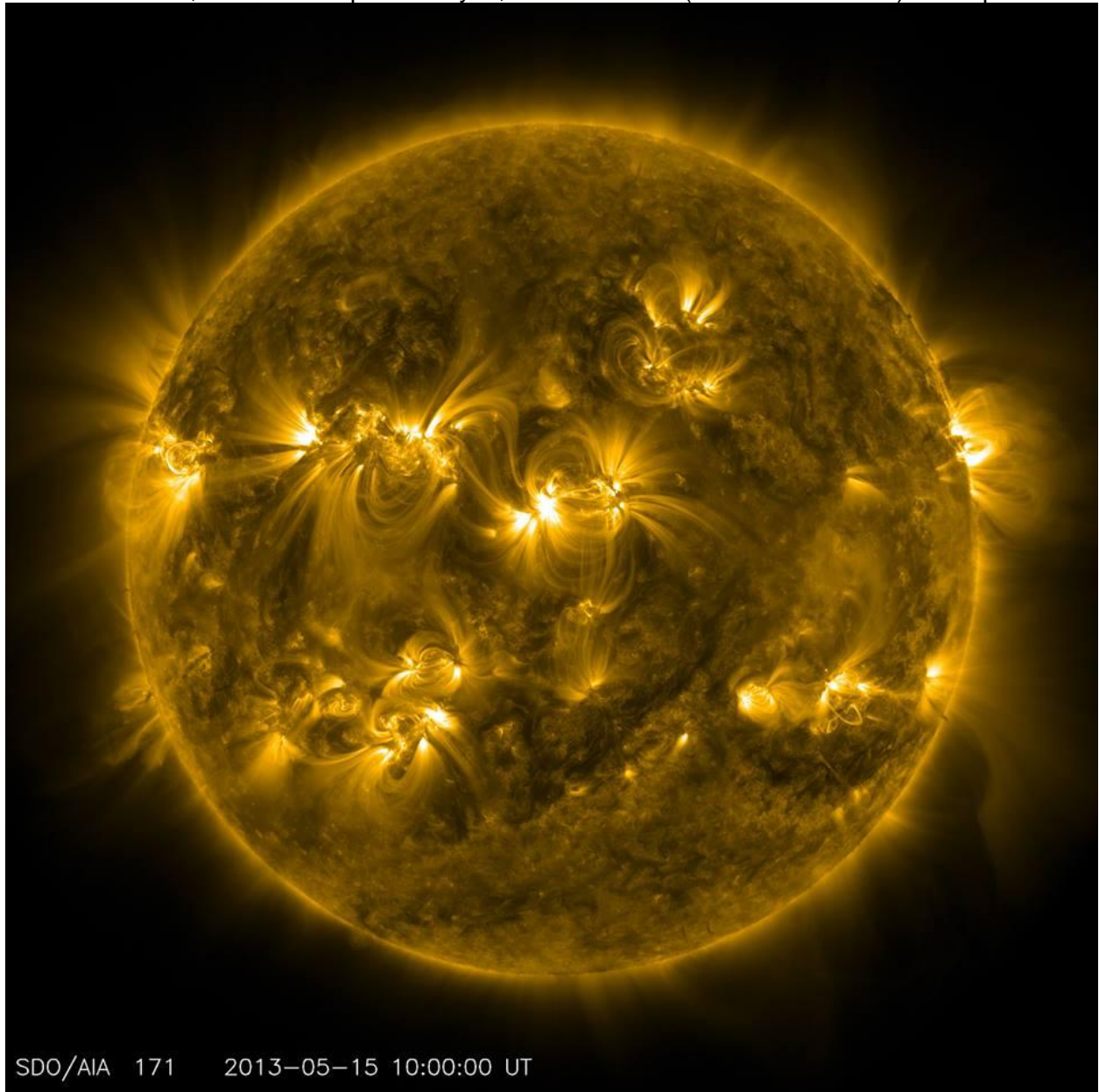
Like the old Zen drawings of the ox herder, after recognizing the self for what it is (our own pastime), the self is still with us. Nothing has changed, but something has changed, i.e. our own view and eventually our vantage point. As I keep harping, THIS is the transmigration of consciousness, as we tune out our preoccupation with our self, and find behind the beyond something much greater and more portable too, meaning: this awareness is what we will take with us when we die, not our self.

After we recognize what the self is all about, the self is still there, but it works for us now, not we for it. We begin to treat our self like we would treat the self of anyone else, with kindness and politeness. As I like to say, I turned my self out to pasture years ago, like an old cow and I let it graze. I no longer battle with it as much. Instead I have learned to almost be friendly, but its hold on my attention is gradually being loosened and I am free to begin to be aware of awareness itself... and to identify with that. It is a simple transfer of vantage point, a transfer of consciousness.

The self eventually becomes the tool that it is and no longer an obstacle. In time we learn to look through (or past) and behind the self to the overall awareness that embraces the self, which turns out to be who we really are anyway. These solar flare times are perfect for getting

insights into all of this.

To see the show, we have to open our eyes, which we tend (at times like these) to keep closed.



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