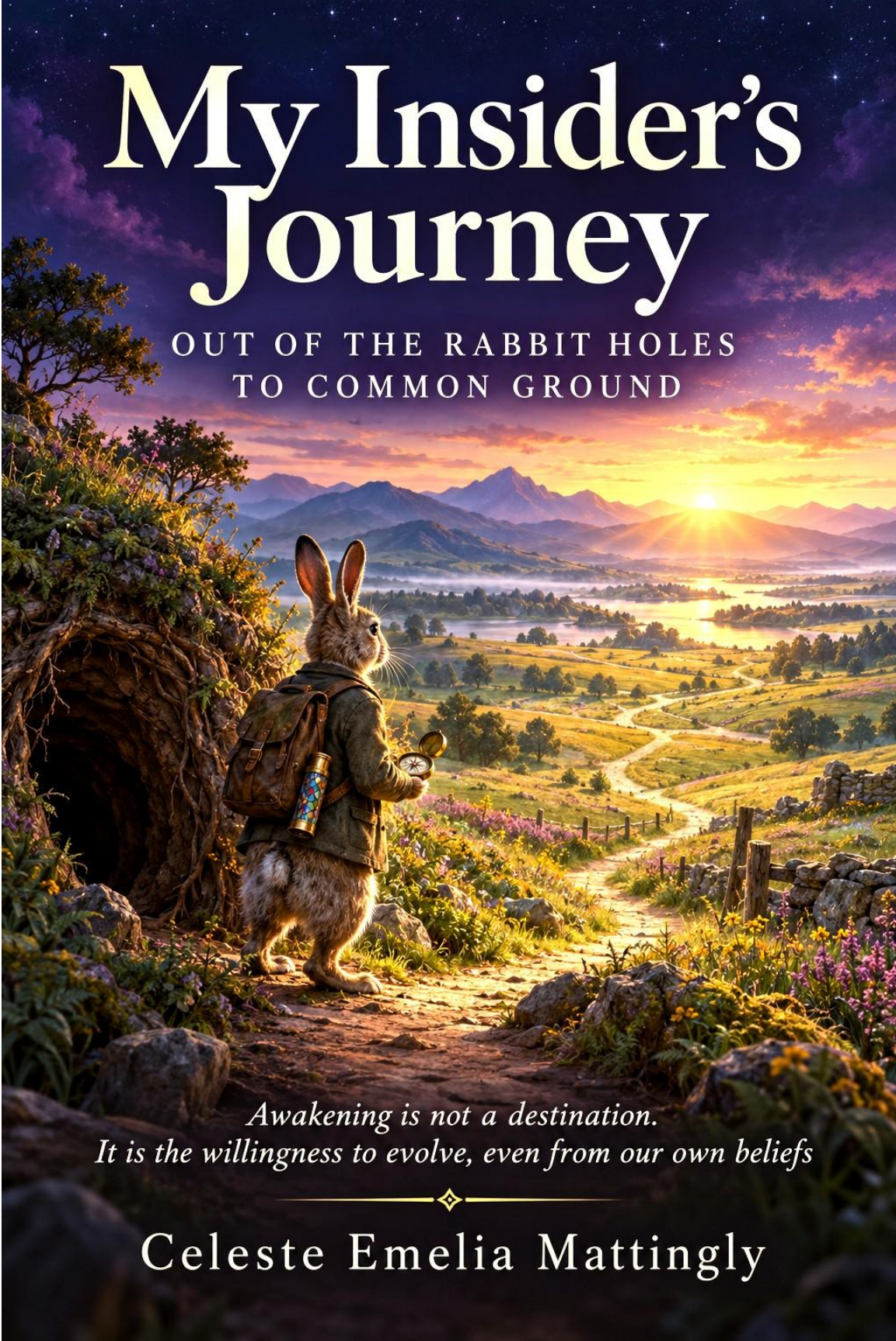


A detailed illustration of a rabbit explorer standing on a dirt path, looking out over a vast, scenic landscape at sunrise. The rabbit is wearing a brown jacket and a backpack, holding a compass. The landscape features rolling hills, a winding river, and distant mountains under a sky with a vibrant orange and yellow sunrise. The scene is framed by a dark, starry sky at the top.

My Insider's Journey

OUT OF THE RABBIT HOLES
TO COMMON GROUND

*Awakening is not a destination.
It is the willingness to evolve, even from our own beliefs*

—◆—
Celeste Emelia Mattingly

MY INSIDER'S JOURNEY

OUT OF THE RABBIT HOLES TO COMMON GROUND

Originally written as the epilogue to *Kaleidoscope for Be~coming*, these pages share my insider's journey through the rabbit holes—a journey that began with curiosity, hope, and a longing to understand more of life's mysteries. Along the way, I discovered how easily beliefs that promise liberation can become difficult to question—even our own. I offer this reflection as an invitation to look again, reconsider, and find common ground without surrendering wonder, while participating more consciously in who we are be~coming.

My Insider's Journey

OUT OF THE RABBIT HOLES TO COMMON GROUND

Awakening is not a destination.

It is the willingness to evolve, even from our own beliefs.

Not long ago, I believed my awakening was complete. It seemed I had found my tribe and was ‘in with the in-crowd.’ I accepted everything I saw, heard, and learned on social media and the internet as absolute truth. It began around 2012 and intensified over the next three years, progressively gripping my psyche and ultimately shaking the very ground of my being. Each video and news post reshuffled the fragments of my understanding like pieces in a tumbling, shattered kaleidoscope. What I hadn’t yet seen was that much of what I was absorbing had been seeded in a digital culture steeped in lulz, where distortion, disinformation, and deception were often packaged as entertainment, mockery, or viral spectacle. The sacred language of awakening had become entangled with the online world’s shadow play, where sincere seekers like me were unwittingly lulled and lulz-ed into confusion, division, and spiritual sleep.

I learned a hard lesson: awakening alone is not enough. Without spiritual discernment, ethical clarity, relational responsibility, and psychological literacy—especially the courage to work on our shadows—awakening can become a trap, a spiritual bypass. Only when these are integrated can we reach embodied sovereignty, which reflects the more profound truth of what awakening is for.

Since my twenties, I have studied philosophers such as Krishnamurti, Gurdjieff, and Ouspensky, teachers of Oneness, awakening, and right living. I have explored the world’s spiritual traditions and shaped my worldview around the ideals of love, compassion, enlightenment, and the essential rights to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. My lifelong journey has been one of inquiry, meditation, and teaching, and of encouraging independent thinking and questioning authority—not only to elevate individual consciousness but also to stand for collective rights: women’s rights, civil rights, voting rights, reproductive rights, free-speech rights, LGBTQ+ rights, and human rights in all their expressions.

Yet despite all that, I never fully believed my understanding of the world was the only truth or the right way. I prided myself on being open-minded and thought I had escaped the illusion of righteous certainty until I descended into the rabbit holes of conspiracy theories. I did not know then that I was being pulled into a vortex where authoritarian worldviews were co-opting spiritual sovereignty and where Christian nationalist and anti-government narratives were hijacking the language of healing. My capacity for discernment was imperceptibly eroded and replaced by the seductive certainty of absolutism and the intoxicating lure of being right.

James Twyman, author of the 2025 release *I Don't Know, Maybe, I Love You*, calls this phenomenon “the pandemic of being right”: the self-aggrandizing compulsion to win the argument, dominate the conversation, and secure one’s place as the arbiter of truth. Ironically, I have learned that pursuing rights for all can derail when the ego fixates on being right.

At first, my descent into the rabbit holes felt familiar, affirming, and validating my lifelong patterns of seeking meaning and enlightenment, asking questions, and journeying across the vast expanses of shared inquiry and common truth. I noticed no shifts in the *landscape* of my beliefs or perspectives. After all, we were walking on familiar ground. I was doing what I always had—and still do—exploring everything from the cosmos's vast intelligence to the delicate dances of subatomic light.

I joined Facebook groups with thousands of followers. We dove into studies of physics and photons alike, searching for truths hidden among the stars and in the silent spaces between them. We consulted the elders' wisdom and studied everything we could about Shamanism, soul-retrieval, shape-shifting, and alternate realities. While studying extraterrestrials and the galaxies they may inhabit, we tried to make contact. We longed for Disclosure, hoping national and global governments would finally reveal alien life. In our meditations, we called for contact. We practiced extrasensory perception, mediumship, channeling, and telekinesis, and even experimented with levitation. We wiped the psychic sleep from our eyes as we sought to see a brave new multidimensional universe. We stretched the limits of what we believed possible, reaching for what lay beyond the veil.

The teachers and influencers we followed on Facebook, as well as those in the 4chan, Anonymous, and YouTube circles, discussed spiritual truths, including sovereignty, human autonomy, ascension, divine love, auras, the Merkabah, and sacred light. The energy they generated felt urgent, electric, and alive, promising that hidden knowledge would finally be revealed. We shared memes, messages, channelings, and forecasts, all declaring that humanity’s liberation from the evils of the Illuminati and the Deep State was at hand. We rallied against fluoride in our water, Big Pharma, vaccines causing autism, chemtrails, cell towers, and the FDA’s war on the nutritional supplement industry. We were disillusioned with the government and ready for change, a change we hoped would come from above in a loving, caring manner.

We held fast to the promise that reality itself would be upended and that what we believed to be true would be exposed as false. We grew increasingly outraged by ‘big government’ and clamored for the day when corrupt leaders (nationally and globally) would be brought to justice. We were sure the global elite’s hoarded gold would be released any day and that ordinary people’s debts would be forgiven, ushering in a Golden Age for all humanity. We prepared diligently, believing that the National Economic Security and Recovery Act (NESARA) and the Global Economic Security and Recovery Act (GESARA) would soon free humanity.

Some nights we sat at our computers, waiting for private Facebook messages with the secret instructions to cash in our trillion-dollar Zim notes. We were ‘in’ with the ‘in-crowd.’ We spoke of the Chrisification of our species, the thinning veil between realms, parallel realities, the collapse of timelines, and the great awakening of humanity. I was surrounded by others who identified as

Lightworkers, Earthkeepers, Starseeds, and Truth-seekers. And through it all, we were certain: *we were the Awakened Ones. We were on the right track, on the right side of history.*

One of the spiritual teachers I followed around 2017 was a gifted author. He wrote his newsletters from his ET contact ranch in the country's northwest corner; they were eloquent and inspiring. His focus was on human sovereignty and autonomy from oppression by so-called 'dark forces.' I had never attended his workshops in person, but I longed to.

That all changed with one newsletter! I will never forget my gut-wrenching, visceral reaction when he asked his thousands of followers to donate to a man who had just announced his presidential run. I was in shock, not merely because this teacher chose to endorse him, but because he was endorsing a specific political figure at all! I wrote to him, reaching out sincerely, hoping the spiritual leader I admired would explain. I never received a reply. I was left alone to wrestle with the painful realization that he was now promoting a man who, to me, appeared to have lost his moral compass. However, back then, my disillusionment with the political establishment's treatment of Bernie Sanders had cracked the door open, letting torrents of mistrust flood my being. So, I kept following along, watching provocative YouTube videos, reading newsletters, and scrolling through social media posts. I now understand that this information originated in digital ecosystems such as 4chan and 8chan, which were initially created for laugh-out-loud or "lulz" amusement and entertainment. I didn't know then that lulz had lulled many of us out of awakening and back into degenerative sleep, the unconscious trance that left us vulnerable to manipulation, disinformation, and spiritual amnesia.

It took me a long time to accept that the language of revolution I had willingly immersed myself in for years no longer promoted peace and love.

It was being weaponized to justify humanity's basest nature. I grew increasingly confused, unable to understand how political figures I once admired from afar were now being demonized while those I found abhorrent were being glorified. It became even more baffling that colleagues in the holistic and metaphysical communities were nodding in agreement with tropes about the dangers of immigrants and the idea that education and being 'woke' are dirty words. I struggled to self-soothe, reminding myself of two spiritual adages that have guided me through many challenges: "Negativity must surface for purification" and "Reality is not always what it appears to be."

Things continued to shift into darker, more divisive threads. What began as messages aligned with my highest values—a spiritual movement promoting love and prosperity for all humanity—began to twist and distort. The language became peppered with 'us versus them' and 'good versus evil' rhetoric. My world was becoming a hall of distorted fun-house mirrors, each reflection more extreme than the last. 4chan morphed into the Anonymous Facebook group, which in turn became Anon. Anon morphed into "Q," and "Q" morphed into Q-Anon. No one knew who was behind these influencers. "Q" dominated the online scene, and slogans like "All for one, and one for all" began appearing everywhere alongside the red caps of the MAGAsphere.

Sacred language was being used to justify division. The messages of love and liberation were becoming laced with fear, distrust, and outrage. The concept I once held so dear, 'awakening,' was now despised. Education and science were being derailed by dehumanization, disinformation, mockery, derision, and a dark, hypnotic trance. I didn't have words for it back then, but I now understand it as cognitive dissonance. Everything felt like a riddle I was trying to solve, and the world I knew was starting to look more like a lie. At the same time, the stories I encountered on Facebook and YouTube, through spiritual and conspiracy communities, seemed to offer answers. These conspiracy theories masqueraded as answers to hidden truths and were amplified in echo chambers, accompanied by the exhilarating, intoxicating thrill of righteousness.

Sadly, I barely recognized what was happening. I hardly noticed that my heart was tuning to the vibrations of fear disguised as truth. It was confusing, and over time it became deeply frightening. It wasn't just my beliefs that were shifting. My frequency was, too. My nervous system was being rewired for urgency, as if in a continual, low-grade trauma response. Fight, flight, or fawn became familiar undertones in my psyche.

Slowly, painfully, and contrary to the conspiratorial teachings, I realized I hadn't escaped the so-called Matrix; I had simply entered a different room within it, with larger, increasingly frightening distortions. Coming out of the rabbit hole was not a clean break. It unfolded as a series of reckonings. It hurt to realize I had absorbed beliefs shaped by the shadow play of digital manipulation, where distortion and deception masqueraded as truth, or worse, were presented as entertainment for those who delight in chaos. I began listening to my soul's warning signs, honing in on the uneasy static humming beneath the surface of my rabbit-hole righteousness. I started to accept that not all awakenings are genuine,

including my own, and that not all truths align with my values and morals. Looking back, I now call it a ‘hijacking.’ I wasn’t the only one; it became the hijacking of a massive sector of spiritual, holistic, and metaphysical communities. As humbling as it was, that realization cracked open the doorway back to discernment.

I have only recently learned that beginning around 2010, a reactionary intellectual movement was taking root on the internet. Initially, it was based on the writings of Curtis Yarvin (also known as Mencius Moldbug) and philosopher Nick Land. They openly reject Enlightenment values, such as equality, liberty, reason, critical thinking, and self-determination. They began calling for the end of democratic principles and a return to monarchy or CEO-style governance. They are especially adept at disguising their authoritarian, often racist, and bordering on fascist discourses with academic language, digital irony, and anti-mainstream narratives that subversively appeal to the metaphysical and spiritual community. I (we) did not know they were using our language and heartfelt passion to subvert democracy and begin the installation of authoritarian rule by a technocratic elite. They cloaked their power worship and authoritarian nostalgia as edgy intellectual contrarianism and tailored their nihilistic, techno-futuristic, and apocalyptic Dark Enlightenment teachings to appear like philosophy. They built a considerable following among Silicon Valley influencers who could help hijack vast online metaphysical, spiritual, and holistic communities. As we were gathering online for global peace meditations, they were trolling with reactionary politics through memes, irony, and obscure references (perhaps they were “Q”) to mask authoritarianism as intellectual rebellion.

It took me a while to admit it, but I now see that angelic guidance was offered alongside political propaganda. Whispers of freedom, autonomy, and ascension into a brave new world blurred into angry shouts of hatred toward the ‘others.’ Like many others, I was swept into the storm and, for a time, followed. I spent countless late nights diving down rabbit holes, desperate to understand what I was witnessing. I lingered in the digital halls of YouTubers, Anonymous, and Facebook groups where Lightworkers were psychically battling demons they believed were pedophilic Democrats, drinking children’s blood, and masterminding sinister plots like Pizzagate. I was confused and nearly paralyzed by what I was consuming. The pandemic made everything even worse. It was like throwing gasoline on an already gaslit community, as spiritual teachers continued to shame the vaxers and maskers as if we didn’t believe in our sovereignty.

In late 2021, I was fortunate to begin wrestling with the questions that shook me to my core.

In those trembling moments of disillusionment, I began to reclaim my sense of self, guided by discernment and even more questioning. Where did all these new beliefs come from? And most importantly, what could I be missing? I remembered the metaphysical teaching that we are co-creators of reality—that our focus, thoughts, and beliefs help shape the world we experience. So I asked myself: Could the world really be such a dark, ugly place? Or worse, was I, by giving these narratives my attention, contributing to a darker, uglier world? I kept hearing the phrase, “Whoever controls the narrative holds the power.” The unsettling realization that I was somehow contributing to an angry,

bitter, and dangerous world became another stepping stone out of this illusion, and the start of my slow climb out of those rabbit holes.

I kept searching and questioning: at sixty-something, how could I have been so naïve? I regretted the years I spent ignoring politics, believing presidents were merely figureheads. I regretted agreeing with my holistic and metaphysical cohorts that the news was too negative for my ‘spiritual ears.’ I regretted believing that ignorance was bliss and buying into a standard narrative that I needed to stay positive, no matter what.

As with all wake-up calls, my process was jarring, painful, and necessary. I had to cultivate the courage to become far more discerning. I stopped latching onto concepts as if they were, or still were, the end-all and be-all. I stopped insisting that my views were the right ones. I started watching the news on all the channels, including the international ones. I remembered one of my favorite AA slogans: “Take what you need and leave the rest.” In retrospect, I realize I was suffering trauma from the overload of information as the infodemic that would soon sweep the globe was beginning.

I searched Facebook and YouTube for spiritual teachers who stood up to the ever-growing ugliness. Instead, I found that social media algorithms rewarded teachers who promoted peace and love with more ‘likes’ and followers, but only when they joined echo chambers of conspiracy theories. I watched in horror as more and more spiritual teachers began co-signing hatred, racism, misogyny, and violence, while their followers grew in number.

I made a few posts online that drew a wave of animosity from the groups, and the leaders never responded to me directly. I was hurt and wanted to remain in the ‘in-crowd.’ In retrospect, it still shocks me that I almost gave in. I see how easily I could have stayed on the bandwagon; I had made many new friends, and we had so much in common—once. A few years later, after I bought my second Tachyon Chamber, I was tempted to get back on the bandwagon. I discovered that a group of conspiritualists had stopped coming to the meditation and healing chamber because I was not ‘one of them.’ They couldn’t accept that I could own two chambers and promote an advanced technology if I wasn’t locked into their narrative. I am grateful I held my head up high and found my footing on common ground with other spiritual truths.

I persevered, pursued my truths, and sought a way out of the rabbit hole by returning to my roots in psychology, spirituality, and philosophy. During the pandemic, I took online Ph.D. courses with Amit Goswami, a quantum physics teacher and prolific author. His book, *The Self-Aware Universe*, inspired me to study with him at his Center for Quantum Activism. I was relieved to find that he, too, holds fast to narratives of common ground, including his infamous Evolutionary Worldview, which is inherently anti-authoritarian.

I returned to my studies with Marianne Williamson, the author of *A Return to Love*, which is based on the teachings of *A Course in Miracles*. I discovered that she is one of the most outspoken spiritual teachers opposing authoritarianism. She advocates a spiritually oriented politics rooted in love, compassion, and spiritual integrity. She teaches that love is a powerful force for societal change, capable of addressing issues such as inequality, environmental degradation, and social injustice.

I also dusted off my copy of *The Hope: A Guide to Sacred Activism* and resumed reading and studying with its author, Andrew Harvey, the passionate founder of the Institute of Sacred Activism. In 2009, he wrote this piercingly poignant and timely sentence:

“At a time when the world needs to be informed about the true dimensions of the crisis we are living through and requires every available form of encouragement and inspiration.” p. 104

Together, on Zoom calls during and after the pandemic, we meditated, prayed, and had deep discussions about the battle for humanity’s soul. Andrew’s love for Hindu tradition deepened our understanding of the Hindu goddess Kālī. Her name means ‘she who is time and change’, and she is celebrated as the destroyer of egoic illusion. There is no doubt that those of us on this path of evolutionary transformation dance with her wild wisdom. It is no coincidence that her name resonates so closely with Kaleidoscope, a symbol of her essence: continually shattering and rearranging patterns into new visions of beauty and truth.

Needless to say, I remain profoundly relieved that spiritual leaders such as Andrew Harvey, Miguel Angel Vergara, and Marianne Williamson understand and affirm what I experienced viscerally: the internet's echo chambers hijacked spiritual, metaphysical, and holistic communities.

This process revealed the shadow side of my awakening. I was forced to accept how easily my desire for truth had been manipulated. I reminded myself how easily the ego (Edging God or Goodness Out) can wear the robes of enlightenment, declaring, ‘My way is the right way.’ I remembered how easily unhealed trauma can masquerade as intuition, and I identified old childhood wounds that left me vulnerable, tempting me to long for a daddy or a strongman. I remembered that when disconnected from empathy, coherence, and ethics, sovereignty becomes a fortress of disheartening isolation rather than a path to freedom. I prayed to awaken and truly integrate my fractured perspectives.

I recall a conversation with Miguel, grounded in ancient wisdom and fierce compassion, that became another turning point. It reminded me that communication is paramount to any healing process. It continues to remind me not to succumb to societal pressures or retreat in fear, but to stand in clarity, reclaim my sovereignty, and rededicate myself to the actual work of consciousness-raising. Miguel offered one of the most straightforward yet profound tools of discernment:

Consider the fruits of someone's words and actions. Are they spreading love or fear?

I renewed my memberships with the American Civil Liberties Union, Amnesty International, and the Southern Poverty Law Center. I also joined Faithful America, a non-denominational Christian group. It is the largest online grassroots organization dedicated to putting faith into action for love, compassion, and social justice. Coming to grips with the disconcerting rise of Christian Nationalism and authoritarianism in this country and around the globe has not been easy. It has required both courage and clarity. Organizations like these provide a vital counterforce to conspiracy rhetoric, reminding us that faith can be a tool for authentic liberation, not control, but rather for justice and judgment, and for unity, not division.

Today, I continue to resist the urge to prove I am right. I humbly admit when I am wrong, and if I don't believe I am wrong, I try to step aside, as in 'Tai Chi. I remind myself of A Course in Miracles' wisdom: Would you rather be happy or right? I strive to stand on common ground whenever possible. Common ground is the space where we meet in the middle, resist the pull of extremism, and hold space for complexity and opposites with compassion. There, righteous indignation gives way to heartfelt, compassionate communication.

Holding space for common ground is a skill social workers practice instinctively. Yet in our divisive climate, it has become an extraordinary challenge. Still, I refuse to give up. I remain committed to listening attentively to those whose views differ from mine. In conversations, I focus on what unites us and our shared values. If you raise an opposing view, I will ask you to explain it. I will dance with you in the land of opposites, for I have learned that this is how we evolve. Incorporating the Twelve Cs of the Evolutionary Trajectory will help us survive the chaos of our current political, economic, and environmental crises.

Disentangling the threads of fear versus trust—and intuition versus indoctrination—can feel disorienting and overwhelming for those struggling to find their way out of the rabbit holes of any extreme worldview. I hope this grimoire for revolution has led you to a more profound realization:

Awakening isn't about believing you've finally found "the truth," but about cultivating the humility and resilience to keep seeking with an open heart. It means being willing to face disillusionment and change our beliefs, even if what we uncover turns out to be unsettling.

I remind myself and those I work with that at any given time, any one of us can fall from grace, descend into a rabbit hole, or be hijacked by a worldly or otherworldly trickster. We must remember that even the most renowned gurus, teachers, and leaders have sometimes been overtaken or hijacked by the egoic 'monkey mind' that serves only itself, others be damned. Thus, we must be prepared to jump ship or sail a new course. In other words, remain mindful. Even the most well-intentioned spiritual and progressive narratives can be co-opted to advance agendas that no longer align with their original values.

As we've explored throughout this *grimoire*, the need for discernment has never been more critical. Here are some key takeaways for cultivating discernment in this age of disinformation.

1. **Examine the narrative through an evolutionary lens.** Does it align with the Twelve Cs of the Evolutionary Trajectory? Is it moving toward growth, coherence, and a “better and better” outcome for the whole?
2. **Consider the fruits of the narrative.** Does it promote what you value? Is it melioristic, seeking to improve life, or nihilistic and destructive? Do the messenger's words and deeds produce hope and love or discouragement and fear?
3. **Ask yourself: Is this narrative or belief system helping to create a world I want to live in?** Would I want future generations to inherit the reality this narrative is shaping?
4. **When in doubt, follow the money and the power.** For instance, a highly visible peace and freedom movement emerged as an unexpected driver of conspiracy narratives, led by a billionaire founder who claimed to promote global awakening.
5. **Resist the pull of extremism on either side.** Visit the rabbit holes, but don't live there! Stay informed without being overwhelmed; stay aware and discerning, and refuse to be seduced by the illusions of certainty or division, no matter how cleverly they're spun.
6. **“Take what you need and leave the rest”** is a gentle mantra of discernment, reminding us that we can draw wisdom from imperfect sources without swallowing everything whole. This phrase serves as a compass for recovering from extremist beliefs or for navigating spiritual teachings that are intertwined with misinformation. It encourages conscious selection and self-trust, allowing us to honor what resonates while letting go of what feels distorted, coercive, or untrue.
7. **“Don't throw out the baby with the bathwater.”** Discernment means preserving the ‘baby,’ i.e., what is accurate, true, helpful, or sacred, while responsibly discarding the ‘bathwater,’ such as deception, manipulation, or outdated beliefs.

I have learned a great deal from my false awakening, unraveling, and subsequent reweaving. Yet after all the discord and drama, the common ground remains much the same as when I began. I am still exploring everything from the vast intelligence of the cosmos to the delicate dances of subatomic light. I still dive into the mysteries of photons and physics, searching for truths hidden among the stars. I continue to study extraterrestrials and the galaxies they may inhabit, holding out hope for Disclosure, knowing it will stretch the limits of what I believe possible.

I still don't want fluoride in my water (thank goodness for filters), preservatives in my food, or chemicals in the land. But that doesn't mean every municipality should remove fluoride, or that all substances are inherently harmful. I remain critical of Big Pharma for its missteps and manipulations, but that doesn't mean I reject the wisdom of time-honored or necessary interventions. I love my nutritional supplements, so I oppose the FDA's war on the industry. I incorporate elements of both allopathic and holistic medicine, while leaning toward energetic and mind-body healing approaches, ever-reminding myself that on our journey to becoming

supernatural, we are developing the ability to rise above all forms of toxicity, whether physical, mental, or spiritual.

I have never been more disillusioned and more outraged by the government than I am today. Watching authoritarianism rise across the globe, in real time, is both chilling and infuriating. I refuse to be silent. I am advocating, louder than ever, for the very issues I once clamored for, demanding that corrupt leaders, both national and global, be exposed and fully held accountable for their crimes against humanity and the planet. I remind everyone: “There are no kings in 5D,” and “we rise by lifting each other.”

Most importantly, I firmly accept and understand that the change I seek must begin with me. No strongman, no alien savior, no external or even extraterrestrial force will come to rescue us. So I return again and again to the Holy Work of consciousness-raising. This work, which primarily resides in discernment, is not rooted in rigid judgment or fear-based skepticism but in the coherence, clarity, and inner alignment that stem from the Evolutionary Trajectory.

Discernment is a living, breathing practice: a way to stay grounded in values, anchored in compassion, and open to continual learning. In this way, we become active participants in unfolding a wiser, kinder, and more luminous world. The kaleidoscope turns, and with each shift, we are invited again to meet the unknown with courage, humility, and an unwavering commitment to staying awake and to keep Be~coming.

This Epilogue is meant to serve as a compass pointing forward. Though it carries the weight of regret, it is ultimately written as a reclamation for me and for all of us. I want readers to understand how deep the rabbit holes can go, how gripping the echo chambers are, and how hard it is to rise above them, find common ground, and remain steadfast.

This grimoire for revolution belongs to seekers, explorers, and the willing who bravely journey into the uncharted territory of higher consciousness. We are open to new ways of being, hungry for the next octave of spiritual growth and ascension. Yet this openness leaves us vulnerable. The paths that open us to Divine revelation also expose us to distortion, deception, and spiritual hijacking. It is easy to mistake a rabbit hole for truth, even for the brightest and most sincere.

But when we anchor ourselves in the principles of evolution, we reclaim the chance to stand on sacred common ground. We awaken again and again—not by clinging to the most dramatic, viral, or sensational story, but by softening into the most coherent one; not by needing to be right or to know it all, but by becoming someone who can live without the intoxicating need to be right or to know everything.

True awakening is not about certainty. It is about becoming someone who can hold uncertainty with grace. Most importantly, true awakening is not a solo endeavor but a call to sacred action. We will only rise or ascend by lifting each other. After all, we are One Body, and there is no ‘other’ in the fifth dimension. Therefore, lifting each other is our sacred duty. It is what we came here for—as Lightworkers in the metaphysical and holistic health communities—to birth the brave new world into the Divine utopia of our visions.

It is time for us to acknowledge that politics and spirituality are inextricably linked.

Every policy reflects a worldview. Every law is shaped by a story about what we believe it means to be human, and that story determines what humans deserve. Pretending our spiritual lives exist outside the structures of power, justice, and collective care is a luxury we can no longer afford. When we embody our awakening, our wokeness, we naturally become stewards of the world around us, not only in our solo meditations, expensive retreats, or even our community rituals, but also in how we vote, advocate, organize, and participate in the world.

Speak up and get involved—peacefully and joyfully. Find a cause that resonates without becoming emotionally infuriated. Cultivate hope for the future. Promote evolution. Be brave and discerning.

Know this: with every turn of the evolutionary kaleidoscope, we are both the pattern that appears in the lens and the hand that dares to turn it.

"The future belongs to those who give the next generation reason for hope."

— Pierre Teilhard de Chardin

An Invitation to Continue

Coming out of our rabbit holes does not mean we have finished asking questions. It means we are willing to carry our curiosity into a wider landscape—where wonder, discernment, and common ground can grow together.

If these pages resonate with you, I invite you to explore:

What's Up with Rabbit Holes?

An Insider's Guide to Investigating What We Believe, Why We Believe It, and What We Might Be Missing.

This companion book expands the investigation, exploring the psychological and social forces that shape our beliefs and offering tools for examining what we accept, defend, and pass along to others.

Kaleidoscope for Be~coming

The book from which this reflection emerged explores Celestial Psychology® and the Twelve+ Codes for Be~coming as guides for participating more consciously in our own development.

The Living Field Guide Series

These six companion guides offer reflections and practices for bringing the Twelve+ Codes into everyday life—helping us be~come better, brighter, and wiser, on purpose and with purpose.

For books, podcast conversations, articles, and newsletter updates, visit:

celestialempowerment.com

I am not asking you to believe what I believe. I am inviting you to investigate with me.

Celeste Emelia Mattingly, LCSW

Psychotherapist · Coach · Author