



A Personal Disclosure

"There are more things in Heaven and Earth, Horatio, than are dreamt of in your philosophy."

— William Shakespeare, *Hamlet*

As I sit down to write these words, the film *Disclosure Day* has just opened, while the American government has begun releasing files relating to UAPs (Unidentified Anomalous Phenomena). Announcements on the steps of the US Congress have generated headlines that, whether one believes them or not, are difficult to dismiss entirely.

People are arguing about extraterrestrials, secret programmes, project blue beam, whistle-blowers, deception, revelation and the future of humanity.

I find myself thinking about a different kind of disclosure.

A personal one.

Not a revelation about what may be happening in the skies above us, but about a mystery that has accompanied me throughout much of my life.



Disclosure One: The Book That Would Not Leave Me Alone

I was compelled to write this article!

I am in the middle of writing a book. I spent the entire afternoon writing about Janus the God, the Muses and thresholds. I wrote about how my own writing approach has a strikingly similar feel to how muse inspired ancient writers described their efforts at creation – a mix of inspiration and compulsion built on a living relationship not individual effort alone.

And now I am writing this article, not out of a genuine desire to personally communicate something important, but because something important wanted to be shared with the watching world.

But back to the book I was also writing today. Or perhaps more accurately, the book that is currently writing itself through me. Well, that is how it feels from within my experience.



That isn't automatic writing. My participation is essential. Every sentence passes through the filters of judgement, discernment and revision. Yet the experience often feels less like invention and more like discovery. The words arrive as I type. The path reveals itself one step at a time.

Today I spent more than eight hours writing sections that emerged from two words scribbled on a bedside notepad just before sleep. Those two words reorganised entire sections of the manuscript today.

The curious thing is that as I acknowledged the Muses and even dedicated the book to them, the creative floodgates seemed to open.

The book would not let me go. This afternoon I wrote almost continuously for hours – before the book – or the Muses released me to let me go for a walk.

As I returned and made myself a drink – the compulsion to write returned – this time an article about my experience of working with something that seems to exist beyond my usual reference point of self, and that is now this piece of writing here – written almost continuously from start to finish, typed faster than I could think, like a stream of consciousness needing to be downloaded. Make of that what you will

Disclosure Two: The Daemon

This isn't the first time this has happened

Recently I encountered a book by Bernardo Kastrup in which he describes his relationship with what he calls his daemon: an aspect of being that feels intimately connected to him and yet somehow larger than his ordinary sense of self. This daemon carries with it a sense of his personal destiny, a pressure to take his ordained place in the world and play the role set out for him: it isn't as rigid as fate, but it carries direction, intention and significance. Socrates wrote about something similar.

I recognised the description immediately. Something like that has appeared repeatedly throughout my own life.

When I was a teenager, paralysed by uncertainty about my future, I was about to fall asleep and was hovering in that liminal zone of being half-awake when I sat up in bed fully aware, with a sentence delivered into consciousness with extraordinary clarity:

"You will go to Manchester and study Optometry."

The certainty was unlike anything I had experienced before or since. It didn't have the space for argument or dissent. It wasn't quite an order, but it did feel ordained. It felt as if everything in me had aligned with source and I had no doubt at all.

I obeyed.

That decision became one of the foundations of my life.

The same voice has appeared at several major crossroads.

Not often. But unmistakably.

A snap decision to move to London with a friend as my life in Birmingham fell apart.

A move into a spiritual community straight after a retreat without going via home.

There were no obstacles – only inconveniences that seemed to melt away in the face of conviction.



Disclosure Three: Ganesha

As a young adult I was deeply sceptical of spirituality. I took the intellectual high-ground and looked down at such a primitive position to take.

Then, while flying to Kathmandu during a period of profound transition, I read about Ganesha, the elephant-headed Hindu deity associated with gateways, thresholds, obstacles and new beginnings.

Half joking and half sincere, I invited Ganesha to "*hit me with it.*"

He did.

What followed transformed the direction of my life.

Doors began opening internally and externally. A spiritual journey unfolded that continues to this day. And Ganesha is always present in my awareness, sometimes faintly in the background and sometimes foregrounded when I have prolonged exchanges with him on those occasions when I recognise his influence in how my life is unfolding. I only find one response: gratitude.

Disclosure Four: The Hand on the Tiller

The same pattern appeared during the writing of my first book, *The Space Between Us*.

Once the initial resistance gave way, the book seemed to know where it was going before I did. There was a sense of being guided by a larger coherence. I would wake up knowing what needed to be added, changed, moved around or completely rewritten. And I knew when it was finished. When what had arrived was complete.

The same thing happened later through the creation of *Between-Us Groups* which my friend Anne and I formed after publication of the book.

Again and again, we found ourselves taking risks that made little sense from the perspective of certainty, yet somehow felt deeply aligned, guided, supported and at the same time impelled.

Disclosure Five: The Universe Is Stranger Than I Thought

I have never seen a grey alien. I have never experienced an abduction. I have no dramatic paranormal story to tell.

Yet I have become increasingly convinced that reality is far stranger, deeper and more intelligent than my younger self would ever have imagined.

Again and again, I have encountered moments in which something larger than my ordinary sense of self appeared to be participating in the patterns of my life.

I refuse to speculate. I feel no need to capture or define it. When it happens, it is the most natural thing in the world. There is always a mild curiosity, but the experience comes with such a high degree of positivity I embrace it as it is. Trying to pin it down would be like trying to catch the wind in a butterfly net.



Disclosure Six: The Interventions

It might feel the most natural thing in the world, but at the same time, when it happens—during those discrete moments when it feels as though an intervention is occurring—it carries a particular quality of heightened awareness. A degree of intensity. A knowing that isn't conceptual but almost organic, like being plugged into the mains.

For the duration of the experience, it seems more real than my everyday, run-of-the-mill existence. It carries a sense of pressure, direction and inevitability. A rightness that comes with conviction and a corresponding drive to act upon it.

And then it recedes. Life returns to normal. Dinner still needs cooking. The washing up still needs doing. The world continues much as before.

But something has shifted.

The world is subtly different.

And so am I.

Disclosure Seven: The Threshold

If there is one other thing all these experiences have in common, it is this:

They all required risk.

Every major turning point involved stepping beyond certainty.

Every doorway appeared only after I was willing to move without knowing.

Perhaps that is why I find the current disclosure conversations so fascinating.

Not because I know what is being disclosed.

But because I recognise the territory.

The territory of uncertainty.

The territory of mystery.

The territory of standing at a threshold and sensing that reality may be larger than the stories we currently tell about it.

I do not know whether extraterrestrials are visiting Earth or not. But I do know that mystery is present and it isn't something to be afraid of – it is part of the structure of the universe we inhabit as curious beings.

It has been turning up at the major crossroads of my life for decades.

Sometimes as a voice.

Sometimes as Ganesha.

Sometimes as a daemon.



Sometimes as a future home that somehow feels familiar before I have ever lived there.
And recently as a group of Greek goddesses who seem determined to finish a book.

Confession

I write this not to convince, not to debate, and not to open myself to either praise or ridicule.

I simply felt the need to contribute my experience to the unfolding story.

Much as Augustine did in his Confessions, I am not attempting to prove anything. I am simply describing what happened as it happened, as honestly as I can recall it.

What any of it means, I leave entirely to the reader.