

SPIRITUAL JOYS

By Ida Craddock

An experience of sex union in which the controlled orgasm and sustained thrill by both husband and wife are passed through with the Central Force of the Universe, the Impulsive Power of Primordial Matter, as the third partner, is an experience never to be forgotten; an experience which, once had, will be longed for again.

"O to realize space!
The plenteousness of all, that there are no bounds,
To emerge and be of the sky, of the sun and moon and
Flying' clouds, as one with them!"

So panted Walt Whitman. What he yearned for in those lines may at times be realized by the husband and wife who have learned how to enter into the self-controlled and ecstatic triune sex partnership with the Impulsive Power of Primordial Matter. I say 'at times', for, as I have already stated, no two such unions with the Infinite Force are exactly alike; and the sexual thrills of delight which permeate one's entire being during such a union, physically, mentally and spiritually, how all at the moment, and again alternating with one another in successive vibrations of rapture, are never satiating.

It does not get to be an old story; there is a new delight at each union, and a wider apprehension of the pervasiveness of God's presence. Sometimes, indeed, it is as though 'space' and 'the plenteousness of all that there are no bounds', for whose realization Walt Whitman so passionately longed, had begun to be understood. Again --- And now I must speak rather in the figurative terms of the mystic, for it is well-nigh impossible to express subjective experiences accurately in spoken language ---- it is as though the Great Power Of All There Is held one by a firm, tender hand, detained in a secret forms are seen, and where, for some organizations, fragments of soul-stirring melodies rise and fall upon the inner ear, and where, for some other organizations, rhythmical waves of poetic measure may pulsate to and fro until, in ever wider and wider area, fragments of these, also, sweep up through the subliminal consciousness to the very threshold of the intellectual consciousness itself, and part of a poem is thus projected from the Infinite Heart of the Universe into the heart of the individual. And again it may be as though one were privileged to see into Chaos as the formative period of the world began. Strange blendings of colors surge to and fro, without order or place; or purposeless vibrations of sound are heard; or vague shapes flit about one, now separate, now blending like storm clouds. Then suddenly, as the individual exerts his or her spiritual self-control, these indistinct and purposeless shapes and colors and sounds begin to crystallize into that which is definite; and the trained mystic gets a glimpse in a way not to be expressed in words, of how the Purposive Center of All Thought-Force in the universe originally worked a Cosmos out of Chaos. Or, again, the onrush of sex passion in this triune partnership appear to the inner senses as the rapids of Niagara, into which no untrained neophyte may dare to enter, for he will be swept onward to destruction. But the husband and wife who have known the bliss of the controlled orgasm and sustained thrill in partnership with the most high, tremble on the verge of these mystic rapids but for a moment, and then enter, to find themselves, as it were, at the very Heart of those forces which first sent the nebulous, unformed mass of our solar universe whirling into space. They are in Chaos, but a Chaos which is being evolved into a Cosmos. They struggle in the foaming rapids of sexual

creative passion, they and God all one together; the impetuous current seems momentarily about to sweep them from their feet, and they breast the waves in a delicious, thrilling agony; yet all the while they know themselves to be so firmly God-centered that sway to and fro in the whirl of sex passion as they may, to be swept to destruction will not happen. Suddenly, as an especially high and impetuous wave of passion is met and surmounted with the most intensely voluptuous thrill yet experienced in this triune partnership, they feel firm ground beneath their feet; they embrace themselves for a final dash through the lesser rapids, and emerge on the farther land, triumphant, serene, mutually uplifted; they climb with steady and tranquilized nerves the heights of affection and spirituality; and on that high plateau they walk in the lovelight of the Divine, blended soul and body in a wedded union whose happiness can never be expressed in words.

Sometimes during such a triune partnership or at its close God is sensed as we were wont, when very, very small children to sense our mother --- a powerful, mysterious being of loftier stature than ourselves, in trailing robe, to whom we looked up with awe and to whom we clung as our protector; a being whose presence radiated a comforting soul's warmth, whose voice vibrated firmly, yet was tender with love; and nevertheless a vaguely understood and somewhat feared personality after all.

The closer one gets to God in triune sex union, the more awful and glorious and majestic appears the Divine Impulsive Force of the Universe, and yet the more unspeakably tender.

At times it is as though one stood beside the Engineer who, with hand on throttle, guides the rushing, mighty train of Universal Nature, and one feels an inexpressible thrill of delight at being so close to the Heart Of All There Is.

And forever through and through these strange mystic experiences, be it remembered, bodily sexual desire and bodily sexual bliss rise and fall like the surging waves of the ocean.

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