

The Lateral Lattice of Hearts

A story about healing
by Rolf A. F. Witzsche

Based on a remarkable, true event.

A story about spiritual healing from a novel by Rolf A. F. Witzsche.

Although the story is completely fictional, it is based on a real event of healing. It was written years before the movie **What the Bleep Do We Know** popularized the discovery that our thought processes affect not only the world around us, but more so our body and with it the very experiences in our life in the form of our happiness, beauty, creativity, strength, joy, and also our physical health.

While spiritual healing has a long history that takes us back to the earliest forms of Shamanism and to a large store of spiritual healing produced in later epochs by Christ Jesus and in more modern times by Mary Baker Eddy's discovery of what she called "the divine Principle of scientific mental healing," the healing process that this story is focused on is of a slightly different nature. It appears to reflect the two renaissance principles that the author's series of novels, **The Lodging for the Rose** is centered on, the Principle of Universal Love, and the Principle of the Universal Brotherhood of All Mankind.

In this sense the story, **The Lateral Lattice of Hearts** is much more spiritual than psychosomatic healing or quantum theory. I like to define spirituality as a human quality that transcends the intellectualism of science, a quality that appears less 'tangible' perhaps, like love, truth, and principle that one cannot measure and quantize, but which is so profound that if it were withdrawn civilization would collapse as we see this already happening.

In the story, both love and truth unfold as principle, and therefore as universal principle. The universality of principle is an aspect that society is inclined to deny. We make exceptions, especially in respect to truth and love, and with it we narrow our horizons and our experiences. It appears that healing results when this sad trend is reversed.

The story *The Lateral Lattice of Hearts* is a chapter of the novel, [Discovering Love](#), the first episode of the series, [The Lodging for the Rose](#), by Rolf A. F. Witzsche.

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The Lateral Lattice of Hearts.

I was tremendously grateful for those few hours that I had been privileged to share with Helen. I had gained a glimpse of a world I hadn't known to exist. I only hoped that some of it would remain with me. Being with her had started like a dream that seemed beautifully unrelated to this world. Now it came to light as an image of the real world with a bright promise.

When I awoke that morning the room was filled with sunshine. I saw her face gently illuminated by the glow of the morning sun.

"You are an angel," I said to her.

"No I am a healer," she corrected me. "Learning to love, means learning to heal." She suggested that the greatest damage that the distortion of Christianity has caused remains virtually unknown today. "It has taken away our capacity for healing."

Since I didn't respond, she explained what she meant. She explained that the original Christian ideal of love was a lateral love, born out of a deeply conscious self-love. Jesus called himself both the son of man, and the Son of God. He brought the entire interrelationship onto a laterally interconnected basis. On this platform, healing was possible and became natural. But this threatened the imperial model of interrelationships, which is inherently a vertical model. Consequently Rome fought the Christians. Eventually it was deemed wiser by the Romans to pervert Christianity and turn it into a tool for imperial goals. This was achieved by perverting the lateral model of love into a vertical, hierarchical model. God was put into the infinite sky, humanity down into the dirt of the Earth, and the Christ was put on a pedestal into the middle as an intermediary. This model served the empire well. The church, controlled by the oligarchs, became the intermediary.

Helen explained that this vertical model totally disabled the healing process. She said that this model still rules today. Before Rome collapsed, a portion of the Roman Empire split itself off and became the Byzantine Empire that dominated the Middle East and Russia, while on the European soil, the so-called Holy Roman Empire emerged. The Renaissance defeated some of that perversion, but too much of it had remained.

"Why does it destroy the process of healing?" I asked perplexed.

"I challenge you to answer that question yourself," she said and grinned. "Think of the difference between the vertical model that prevents healing, and the lateral model, where we all exist on the same level side by side, which furnishes healing. Think of the birds of prey and their effect."

"You spoke of love as a process of self-love," I answered her cautiously. "You spoke of a love for our humanity by which we are laterally connected to one-another. You referred to this

structure as a sphere of sovereign individuals bound together by a universal truth, a truth that envelops us all in love. But, what has this got to do with healing?"

"The vertical model prevents all that," said Helen, "because it causes isolation." She confided to me, that as a child, she had been taught to look up to God in prayer and pray for his love for her. She suggested to me that this type of hierarchical model for identifying ourselves isolates us from our humanity and from one-another. It isolates. It doesn't heal anything.

Moments later she described to me what it means to heal. She described it by her own experience in helping to heal a friend. Her friend had been in hospital undergoing extensive surgery. She told me that twenty minutes after the procedure had been scheduled to start, she had felt a sickening feeling.

She said that she had focused on that person and become sensitive to his needs. She said that she had sensed an urgent need for help. She said that together with that feeling, images came to mind of the truth about our humanity. She said that she saw images of a wide array of human hearts, all connected horizontally with one-another, standing side by side in a lateral relationship. She said that she saw a vast network of hearts bound to each other in this lateral lattice of our human world, sharing and supporting one-another physically, with each heart contributing some of its strength in support of the strength of her friend's heart during his operation. There appeared to have been a need for some extra strength. She said that she saw images of a universal flow of support that reflected the lateral flow of our love for our universal humanity. She said that she clung to this image until the mental atmosphere became quiet again and a sense of peace returned. Soon, however, the awareness of a crisis reasserted itself.

She told me that this process repeated itself two more times. At three different points, altogether, she had become aware of a need for help, and three times her response was the same and with equal clarity, with images of what she had felt to be the universal truth drawn from her own experiences. She explained that this image of a lateral lattice of interconnected human hearts was not a dream image, conjured up in the intensity of the moment. She said it reflects a profound perception of a reality that she has long understood and learned to love as the reality of her being and that of the whole of the human universe.

She said that after two-and-a-half-hours of these repeating cycles of supporting realizations founded on an underlying discovered truth, the need for that process suddenly stopped. "The mind became very quiet," she said. "Even though the surgery wasn't supposed to be finished for another hour, the mental atmosphere became totally still. A great peace came over me. Evidently, the point of crisis had passed."

She told me that her friend looked wonderful when she came to visit him into the hospital that afternoon. She saw a glowing face, a brightly radiant expression. She said that what she saw surprised her for a moment, because it was so radically inconsistent with someone coming out of surgery just hours before.

"That is what love is," she said to me. "Love is really a scientific process. It unfolds as healing."

"A scientific process?" I said astounded.

"Of course it is," Helen replied. She explained that healing involves nothing more than an

intensified form of the same scientific process that we are engaged in all the time.

She explained that normally, when we explore complex issues in our mind, or even lesser issues, our thinking processes involve a linguistic dialog with ourselves. We speak to ourselves in our mind. We construct ideas based on what we know, and we explain them to ourselves, pro or con, in a linguistic dialog that is focused on what we recognize as truth. "But in the intensity of a crisis where immediate healing is required, the linguistic process is too slow and too shallow," said Helen. "In critical situations, where healing is required urgently, we reach deeper into consciousness for everything that we acknowledge and understand as the truth. We bring all of that together at once, which results into a visual construct. We see the functioning of the construct. The linguistic dialog still happens in the background, but the whole realization of everything that one knows to be true, becomes ever more focused on exploring and verifying in a visual construct what comprises the absolute that we recognize, acknowledge, and understand."

She explained that normally a spiritual healer sends her love in the form of one's personal light and personal energy to help someone in need. She said to me, "I was able to go beyond that. I knew that our common humanity unites us all into a single comprehensive bond. Thus, I was able to draw on the light that constantly flows from each one of humanity and the universe that we all share, and focus that light and its energy to where it was urgently needed."

Helen began to laugh. "In a way, I was able to send my friend the light of the world, focused to support my friend's critical need of that moment. That's what lateral love is, Peter. That is how it functions. Healing is a part of this process. And, Peter, it is a beautiful process."

Helen added that sometimes in the process of healing, the truth that we know inspires us to take some direct action in support of one-another. This may be seen as a kind of visual process in which we become more directly involved. She said that this process takes us miles further than the simple process that we had committed ourselves to go in the case of our combined effort in helping her pianist friend in his time of great need.

She explained to me while we were getting dressed, that she had also sensed such a need for help when she observed me in the pub being lectured by the professor who knows nothing about love. "I am not in the habit of running after men in the middle of the night," she added and laughed. "I just sensed that a healing needed to be accomplished. I also realized that I could play a role in bringing it about. That's what I acted on."

"Yes, there was a need for healing, of my distorted sense of love," I agreed. I couldn't say more. The right words didn't come to mind. A hug seemed not enough, but it had to do. But then again, perhaps it was enough. Or was it?

"There is something more that I must do for you now," Helen said smiling. "I must complete the healing that you require, because learning to love involves an active process of healing."

She stopped getting dressed and sat down on the bed.

"You mean healing me?" I asked. "Am I still in need of healing? I thought I was healed of the problem. I've got no more love pains. I am totally satisfied."

"No, you are not," Helen countered me gently. "You still don't know what love is."

I shook my head and smiled.

"Please sit down and let me prove it to you," she said gently. "Let me prove it to you with a

paradox."

"With a paradox?" I repeated and sat down, somewhat astonished. "OK, what's the paradox?"

"You met Erica and fell in love her," she said. "I believe you really loved her and still do. That's obvious by the way you talked about her. Would you agree that what you feel for her is a deep seated love?"

I nodded.

"After that you met me, and I believe you fell in love with me likewise. It's plain to see that you did. Am I right?"

"Of course you are right," I said with a smile and leaned over to her. "I am in love with you. But what's the paradox?"

"We have a profound paradox to resolve," she answered and smiled. "We have two examples of love here. In one instance a deep love unfolded on a platform that is totally devoid of sexual intimacy. And in the other instance your love unfolded on a platform that was extensively interwoven with sexual intimacies. It is plain to see that sex plays a role in your love for me. This means that you have embraced two apparently opposite platforms of love, both of which are totally valid. They are both valid according to the evidence that you just confirmed, but they are opposites of each other in a respect that is important to you. They are both valid, but they are opposites. How is this possible? That's a paradox, right? So where does the truth lie that unites opposites? What truth unites those opposites, Peter?"

I shrugged my shoulders. "I can't answer that, Helen. I am not as far advanced as a scientist, than you are? Maybe there exists no clear answer. Maybe sometime in the far future some saint will be able to figure that one out."

"No Peter, you are wrong on all counts," she said gently and continued to smile, "because the problem has already been solved 5000 years ago in the cradles of civilization and in all the brightest periods after that."

She told me that her 'friend' Nicholas of Cusa, one of the founders of the Golden Renaissance, had understood how to unite opposites. He had applied it to the challenge of uniting religions, a seemingly hopeless task. She said that Nicholas had developed a rather unique approach. He had created a story that he used to illustrate the solution. The story had been widely circulated. "Let me tell you about that story," said Helen.

She explained that once upon a time the sages of the seventeen religions of the world came together for the same kind of problem, which they couldn't resolve. So they asked God, the divine wisdom, for guidance.

"Why is it that we are so divided and fight against each other in your name," they said. "Why is it that we denounce and even kill one-another in your service?"

"Oh, you should know the answer yourself," the Divine Word replied. "You are all wise men, you should be able to understand that there is only one truth. What else could there be, but One Truth?"

They replied, "Yes, we can understand that. But why do we fight each other over that Truth?"

Helen turned to me. "How should the divine word have answered that question?"

"Maybe the answer should have been that they were all mistaken," I suggested.

"You are getting close," said Helen. She continued, "I would have asked all the sages of the religions of the world to travel to the nearest seashore and have each one pick up a grain of sand. I would then have told them that each one of them had taken a single grain of sand and magnified it into something very big, and made a religion of it, and gave it a name."

"So tell me Peter, what would you suggest I should then tell the sages, that they must do to resolve their problem?" she asked me.

Ah, here something clicked in my mind. "Of course, the answer must be that they must drop their single grain of sand and embrace the whole seashore, the beach, the ocean, and all the gains of sand. The answer must be that they embrace a higher idea, a higher concept. This way they don't have to fight each other anymore. But neither will they have to go back to their people and tell them that what they had fought each other for in the past had been invalid. The good they found before, is still valid. They should be able to see that. Only now, this good exists in the much larger context of a greater and higher idea that is reflected in all good, that unites all diversities. Would you have said something similar to them, Helen?" I asked.

Helen nodded. She told me that in Nicholas' story the divine word had answered the sages that they had made one fundamental error. They had mistaken the words of the prophets for the divine word of truth. They had created many prophets and many traditions and given them names. The Divine Word explained to them that the real truth is obviously something far greater. It is something that they must open themselves up to. They must allow themselves to be "snatched up" to, as it were, to the higher standard of that one universal truth that can have no name or combines all names.

"That's how we must look at love," said Helen. "If we do that, love pains become an impossibility. All the questions about sex, marriage, traditions, doctrines, etc., are no longer determining factors when the focus begins to shift towards embracing the entire seashore as a higher idea, instead of just a few gains of sand, or just one single grain."

She referred to my love for Erica, and now to my love for her too, as but grains of sand. She said that she herself, was constantly aiming to look up from the sand and embrace the entire seashore which opens up to us such a rich world, a world of truth and love that we may never be able to fully embrace it. She told me that she had been lonely for most of her life until this new perception dawned. She explained that out of this perception the principle of the lateral lattice began to develop in which we are all invariably linked by the threads of our humanity. She told me that this development changed her life. She said that from this moment on her life became ever more 'explosive' with new horizons coming into view, and new aspects of love, and new people to share her love with. She said it was amazing how rich life had become.

"This image of the lateral lattice has no room for vertical domination, or a reaching down to lift somebody up. Nor is there any room in it for division and isolation, such as religious division, political division, or sexual division. The very concept of sexual division becomes totally invalid on this platform. It can't exist in any shape or form. There is no such thing as sexual division in the realm where love is universal principle. No principle supports this notion of division and isolation. There can be no division in love, because love, which is rooted within, cannot lose its object. It begins with us and encircles the universe. It exists, because we exist. The lateral lattice is a lattice of love in which we are bound as one by our love and the threads of our humanity."

"When I asked you to tell me what you desired most in your life," she said a while later after thinking about it, "you couldn't answer me. I was tempted to ask what you felt is your greatest need as human beings. It would have been unfair to ask that. I think our greatest need as human beings is not to be loved, but to love, and most of all to love ourselves as the most precious gem in the universe. That takes us way beyond what Cusa saw. In ancient days a man named John once contemplated what the world would be like at the end of all evil, meaning a world in which all human needs and hopes and wishes are fulfilled. One of the images that he saw that of a woman clothed with the sun, the moon under her feet, and on her head a crown of twelve stars. We are not there yet. But what precisely did John see? How do we see ourselves in this sense? What do we see ourselves presently 'clothed with' in real terms?"

I hesitated answering.

"Surely, you can answer that," she said and smiled.

"To be honest, I feel often quite naked," I said. "What I surround myself with doesn't amount to much in global terms. It's all so inconsequential. Even my job is. I have become a pawn in a game that someone else is playing. Sometimes I am ashamed of myself to be living that way. I can see in myself what the ancient writer saw who created the Adam and Eve mythology. I use a different fig leave of course. I wear a pinstriped suite, but I feel just as naked. I fully agree with the writer of that ancient mythology. That nakedness is a terrible position to be in. I only disagree with the ending. I would have written the ending differently. I don't think God would have said, you disgust me, get out of my sight, get out of my garden, and get out of my paradise. That wouldn't have been necessary. Adam had already kicked himself out at this point. Yes, I suppose, my greatest need is to find a way to reverse all that and get back in."

"You are getting warm," said Helen. "But is your pin-striped fig leave all that you surround yourself with? What about all those mortal measurements, the kind of measurements that kill your soul, that murder your humanity? Don't we all have mile long lists of complaints about our society, our world, and ourselves? We wrap these around ourselves constantly. They become a barrier. They isolate us. By being clothed in these 'garments' we effectively place ourselves outside the universal lateral lattice. We isolate ourselves from the reality of our being. We find ourselves alone. Do you want to know how to get back in to the garden of the lateral lattice that humanity has largely expelled itself from? The answer is simple, Peter. Shed all the other garments and clothe yourself with the sun. Begin to love in the realm of universal principles, which are exceedingly rich. That means loving yourself. Love your humanity in all its brightness. If you can't love yourself, how can you love anyone else? But if you truly love yourself you automatically love the whole of humanity. There is only one humanity in the world and we're all a part of it; and one universal Soul that comes to light in every one of us. To love yourself, therefore, is the most natural thing, and it is universal love. Any other form of love, which is not rooted in our universal Soul has no validity. It is a badly written play as you have pointed out yourself; a play that doesn't work. The universal lateral lattice of love that defines the reality of our being is the most correctly written image that I know. In it we are all clothed with the sun of our self-love of what we are as human beings. We should find ourselves in that lattice and not try to live outside of it."

"That is our greatest need?" I said with a note of astonishment in my voice. "You are right,

but I would have never recognized that before now, even if you had told me the answer."

"Don't feel too badly. You are not alone in this," she said. "The whole of humanity is far from recognizing its most urgent need, much less has begun to take steps in fulfilling this need. That man John, in ancient times, seems to have felt that it is inevitable that some day we begin to take these footsteps. If we do, we will have dominion, but not over one-another as the imperial masters now seek, but over the Earth and all that surrounds it, and the stars in our crown will indeed be stars of our rejoicing."

"Ah, I see. Here in this room, the sunrise has already begun," I said to her.

She paused. She looked startled. Then she began to laugh. "I had asked you what you desired most in your life," she said. "You couldn't answer me. You were honest, because the core of the answer, the lateral lattice, was still unknown to you. You were searching for its substance and its reality, but you couldn't define it. In a lateral relationship we are all at one with another. You were trying to find yourself in that lateral lattice, because you could feel its essence, but you couldn't put your finger on it."

"But this was yesterday," I said emphatically. "When the first atomic bomb was dropped the world was changed for all times to come. The knowledge to build these bombs won't go away, and we will find a way to live with that knowledge securely without blowing ourselves up. In the same sense, when you recognized the principle of the lateral lattice that defines the reality of our being, the world was changed once again. That knowledge, too, will remain forever, Helen. The door to that New World has been opened. The sunrise has begun. Or maybe just the dawn has begun, but don't you see, the full sunshine is now inevitable?"

"Inevitable, its is," she said slowly, pausing between the phrases. "Begun, it has not. Universal love isn't that easy to define. I created a model to define it, but the model needs to be translated into life. Love connects us with one-another by the strands of our humanity. It seems that we need to see this element of our being coming to light in our life. That won't be easy. Self-love is hard. It won't be easy to shed our fig leaf and whatever else we wrap ourselves up with, and to envelop ourselves instead with the sun of our love for ourselves, and to let this sunshine envelop everyone else too. The model is simple, but to translate it into life is not. Nor can one take sex out of it, which is deeply rooted in our humanity. But have we indeed begun to take those first steps? The days and years ahead will answer that question. By all that I have seen, universal love is a challenging and scary thing in the real world. It is a new country for all of us, as you said yesterday. Sure it is one that we need to become familiar with. I even think that this is what we all wish for the most in our life. At least I do. But are we willing to take the footsteps? Just look at sex in terms of universal love and the social scene becomes immensely complex. I agree, the door is open, but have we taken any decisive footsteps yet?"

"How then do you define sex in this complexity?" I asked perplexed.

She smiled. Ah, but instantly her smile became a grin. "Sex can't be exempted from what we must envelop with the sunshine of our self-love. But how to do it? Take away the fig leaf. Bring in the sunshine! That is so easily said. On the universal platform that poses huge challenges. In the lattice, I suppose, sex is defined as the universal kiss, the inevitable kiss, the kiss that extends its threads of love to bring light to humanity. That kiss is both universally real and infinite in its individual forms of expressions, but it never falls below the level of being the

universal kiss. I think that if we see sex in any other context we are reading a defective script. That wide sense of universality also brings your love for Erica and for me onto the same level, and all the other loves too, that will ever unfold in your life. The individual aspects are unimportant. The principle is important. The unfolding sparks of it must be seen in every possible way, as boundless in their form as all the grains of sand on the seashores. And so they will be, but their principle will always be the universal kiss that is rooted in our Soul. With that we embrace one-another. That alone is important. The universal kiss is the measure of our sunshine. Any other measurement is really irrelevant."

She leaned back onto her bed. "You say that sex is important to you, and that you could have bought it from a prostitute, but didn't, because that would not have been enough. Indeed many people do go this route. The prostitute exploits a need that is as old as society is. She exploits a need which society refuses to even acknowledge, and therefore refuses to fulfill. She exploits this unfulfilled need. She fulfills it to earn an income. However, the exploitation of the need doesn't fulfill the need. Thus, the process doesn't help anyone. It can't help a person to locate itself in the lateral lattice and experience the light and warmth of it. You can't buy the universal kiss. But this doesn't mean that I, for one, or you, can't be sensitive to the need that we all share, and recognize it, and help fulfill it as much as you and I are able. I find my own needs fulfilled on this basis. I have many friends. We support one-another as best as we can. Nor does that stop when it comes to sex or to money, or a lot of other things. The universal kiss has countless expressions. I can only say that I've been truly blessed. Universal love is the richest thing that one can bring into one's life. At least, this has been my experience."

"Is that the star on the eastern sky that the Wisemen had seen in days of old?" I said and began to smile. "They followed it to the manger of Jesus. They had seen something in the direction of the sunrise, but they didn't know how to define it. Still, what came out of it changed the world. History itself would later be measured against this event. A new image of the dignity of mankind was put on the table. The brightest image of universal love, I would say, was this star that illumined mankind."

"It was the beginning of the universal kiss," said Helen. "Except, humanity didn't see it as that and made a terrible mess of it. It became privatized and drawn into the imperial domain. Still, the little that remained sparked the Renaissance fourteen centuries later."

"And the sunshine of this first universal kiss started with a profound manifestation of healing, as it did again in your case?" I said to her, and added a kiss of my own.

She nodded and smiled. "Don't belittle what has happened," she said. "I believe the process of healing that I became drawn into hasn't stopped since that very day," she said. "To the contrary. That universal kiss became brighter and more universal, as you have already experienced yourself."

I nodded in agreement with a smile. I let the smile suffice to be representative of the universal kiss. I was going to say, thank you, but she spoke first.

"It is important that we enrich one-another's existence with the substance of our humanity," she added a while later. "That is what is what is most important for all of us. That is also what binds you so closely to Erica, and what binds us together right here. The proof lies in one simple answer: Has anything happened between us that we must be ashamed for, in front of any other human being? Has anything happened that had been in any way degrading? I'm

sure you agree that the answer is no, on both counts. But you may also agree that you would be glad to proclaim it from the rooftops with joy, telling the world what has happened here, if anyone would listen and could understand. This means that something rich has unfolded here that has enriched our life. Maybe that defines the nature of the universal kiss. That's the process that I see unfolding in the lateral lattice in which we are all enveloped with on another by the sunshine of our love that enriches all and the universe."

I nodded with a great big smile.

"And that perception too, is only the beginning," Helen continued. "The lateral lattice of our universal humanity is also one of universal economic development. I call this aspect our universal joy. It is impossible, for instance, to starve Africa to death or kill its population with diseases as your American government aims to do in order to preserve the continent's natural resources for itself. It will never work that way. That kind of process will destroy the whole of humanity. Humanity is one. There is either universal self-development promoted throughout the world, or humanity disintegrates into nothing on a universal scale. This has already begun. Mankind is allowing an oligarchy to destroy its very existence. This phenomenon tells me that humanity is dying inwardly. The fire of our joy has gone out. There is no movement happening anymore on the entire global front for economic development. The wind has died down. Our humanity has become stale. This disease is what we must heal."

"Thanks for the healing," I replied.

"No Peter, the healing process has just begun. It may never be fully complete. The lateral lattice of our universal humanity also represents something else. It represents science. Science is a universal human dimension. It is our universal power. We need scientific development, because we are human beings. Not a single human being is isolated from this need. We need scientific development in religion, art, music, culture, technologies, on the whole front of our existence. Nor can we isolate certain aspects of it. We cannot focus on science as a utility to generate technologies that we need. That happens secondarily. We have to embrace science for its own sake, because we are human beings, and scientific development is a part of the human dimension. It is a part of our humanity. It is our power. Unfortunately, we allow this element also to be annihilated by the same oligarchy that has lost sight of its humanity eons ago and is now determined to destroy the whole of humanity as well."

"Wow!" That was all I could utter in reply. "But where does one begin? Which is the most important of the three?"

"None is unimportant," Helen replied. "There is no such thing as, most important. The universal kiss is our peace; universal economic development is our joy; universal science is our power. These three elements, peace, joy, and power, are the outcome of our universal love for ourselves, for our humanity, and for all humanity. You cannot remove one element without losing the whole. Our love is for all three, Peter, or else it is fake. A rainbow includes all colors. Can you reasonably ask which of these is most important? They are all important, or else there would be no white light. This means that we must move forward on all fronts. In science we can never assume that we have reached a point where we cannot move further. There is no end to the infinite. No boundary exists where development ends. This is true also for economic development and social development. Today, we see sex with newer eyes. We see it as the universal kiss. But what does that mean? What visual image do we create for it?"

This image can only be created in life, and I know from experience that it becomes always brighter as we move forward and develop the principle that it reflects."

I embraced her and kissed her. It seemed hardly possible to take it all in as we sat there on the bed in the morning sunshine, in our underwear, exploring the scientific foundation for our universal love of humanity.

"So you see, the seashore is vastly greater and more profound than any grains of sand," she said. She said this after our kiss, with a great big smile. "And that is how vast, wide, profound and beautiful we should see our humanity and our love for it," she added moments later, "don't you agree? In this manner we will embrace infinity as an aspect of ourselves, and we do it just for the joy of being alive and for the power of it. Then love becomes much more than we ever gave it credit. It becomes our universal kiss indeed. It enriches our life and the world for the sheer joy of it, as we enrich another's existence."

She paused and looked at me, waiting for my comment. "That is how we elevate civilization, brighten the world, and uplift society," she added moments later. "The point is that far too few people understand what love is, and you my friend are not there yet, either. Even I hadn't reached this point for a long time. All that changed only when I discovered the lateral lattice. I always thought that two people being intimately in love with one-another is the ultimate. Now that comes to light as akin to poverty. It's too narrow; too shallow; it's minuscule. In fact, it isn't love at all. Love can exist only as universal love. It unfolds in the lateral lattice, and can only be found there. My friend Carl Gauss called this the complex domain. Love can only be found there."

"Don't say this too loud," I interrupted her. "They'll lock you up for it."

"You are right. Saying this makes me a dangerous person," she said and grinned. "If what I say were understood, that would take all the dreamers' dreams away. They might even kill me for it. Still, the fact remains, love can only exist as universal love. It can only exist inside the lateral lattice. Outside of it, love has no object. It is a fantasy. Love can only be correctly understood in the complex domain, in the form of universal love. It is impossible for one to perceive of it in any other way. Gauss understood something of that."

"Now wait a minute!" I said and raised my hand. "Are you talking about Carl Friedrich Gauss, the great mathematician from the 1800s? I never knew he was an expert on love."

"I didn't say that he was," Helen countered me. "I only said that he was an expert on the complex domain. He was its champion. He understood that the most horrendous problems, those that appear totally impossible to solve in the Aristotelian way of looking at it, can be resolved very simply in the complex domain. Love falls into this category. We haven't understood it for centuries, Peter. In fact, we have moved further and further away from love, rather than closer to it. The last century, therefore, has been a century of war. Nor has anyone got a solution at hand to get us out of this ever growing dilemma, especially now that we have a world that is bristling with nuclear weapons. We've been struggling with this problem for fifty years without any solution in sight. And when you talk about love as a solution, people just laugh at you. They try to look for solutions outside of the complex domain of universal love where no solutions can be found. But in Carl Gauss' type of a complex domain, where love comes to light visually as a profound universal principle, there is not only a solution possible, that solution is also extremely simple. The most impossible problem, from an

Aristotelian standpoint, has a simple solution in the complex domain. That's essentially what Carl said. That's what Carl proved. That's what made him famous."

"Are you talking about your lateral lattice as existing in the complex domain?" I asked.

Helen nodded. "Actually, that idea didn't come for Carl. That's my adaptation of his method of seeing in the complex domain. Carl did something much more spectacular than I have."

"Like what, Helen?"

Helen grinned. "Picture this. It is the year 1799. Carl is 21, barely past his teens. He wants to do research at a particular university that has the kind of library and other facilities that he needs. To be able to get in, he is required to submit a doctoral thesis to the evaluation committee. Guess what he gave them?"

I shrugged my shoulders.

"Gauss submitted the long outstanding proof of The Fundamental Theorem of Algebra," said Helen. "The Flemish mathematician Albert Gerard proposed in 1629 that equations with the degree n must have n solutions. That was a revolutionary concept, Peter. More than hundred years later the famous French mathematician, D'Alembert, tried to prove it, but he failed. Nobody had been able to prove it for hundred-seventy years, not even the most famous mathematicians of this time, like Leonhard Euler or Joseph Lagrange. Then, along comes this young chap, barely past his teens. He not only proved what no one had been able to prove for almost two centuries, but he rebuked in his paper all of his leaned colleges as a bunch of fools who tried to solve that puzzle outside of the complex domain where no solution of it is possible. His thesis hit like a bombshell, of course. It changed the course of mathematics. Not only did he prove that a solution is possible in the complex domain. He showed that the solution is simple. Apparently it was so simple for him that he developed a couple more methods of proving the theorem. He stunned the world with it."

"What a showoff!" I commented.

"That's not a good comment," Helen scolded me. She waved a finger at me as I had said something naughty. "I tell you what a showoff is," she said. "When Tchaikovsky wrote his first violin concerto, every violinist said, 'I can't play this! Nobody can play this.' Eventually someone did play it. But he didn't just play it. To proof to the audience how good a violinist he is, he inserted a showoff piece of his own, like an intermission between the movements of the concerto. But that wasn't enough for him. He played it with the violin held behind his back. After that intermission stunt, he continued on with the concerto."

"Yes, I agree, that's what I too would call a showoff," I said.

"My friend Carl Gauss wasn't like that," said Helen. "I think he developed all the other proofs, probably because those extra solutions virtually popped into view as this happens so often in the complex domain. He was probably exited about the fact that more than one solution was possible to prove the underlying principle that no one had been able to prove before. He probably just said in essence, eh look here, just look at that, doesn't all of that fit together? So he wasn't a showoff then. He was merely working in the complex domain where things are simple."

"That doesn't make any sense, Helen," I protested. "Working in the complex domain shouldn't be simple."

"That's just the beauty of it, Peter. If you don't believe me, let me prove it," said Helen, grinning again. "Or better yet, you can prove it for yourself."

"How can I prove what I don't believe is true?" I asked.

"You can do it the way Socrates proved it, working with a slave boy," said Helen and went to the kitchen for a piece of paper and pencil. She called me to come to the dining room table where she handed me a pad and a pen. She went back to put the kettle on for coffee.

"Plato wrote about such a complex problem in the Meno dialogs," she said from the kitchen. "He wrote that Socrates wanted to prove to his friend Menon that any human being can understand complex problems without prior intellectual training. Menon called on a slave boy. Socrates asked him to double the area of a square. It sounds simple, right, but it isn't. Still, he recognized the solution, because any human being has the capacity to work in the complex domain. Socrates gave the slave boy a few hints. He told him to use the original square as a building block and build from it a big square that is four times as large, made up of four squares. Then he suggested to the boy that he simply divide every one of the four squares in half along the diagonal, and to do it in such a way that all the diagonals together form another square. Then he asked the boy to count the triangles inside the bigger square. Low and behold, the boy realized that there were twice as many triangles inside the bigger square than were contained in the original square. With that the boy's mission was accomplished. He had doubled the square.

"Helen, that's simple," I agreed, "but what does it prove? He made a big square, four times as big, and divided it in half, whereby he created a square double in size than the original square. What's so complicated about that? Anyone could have done it." I handed the paper and the pencil back to her, saying that I didn't need to draw it out. I told her that I could see the solution in my mind. I also suggested that this doesn't prove anything.

"The solution is simple only in the complex domain," said Helen. "In the complex domain one can actually see the principle that is involved," she said. "I gave you the same hints that Socrates gave. I invited you to enter the complex domain. There the solution was easy, wasn't it? Outside of the complex domain, doubling a square is an extremely challenging problem, Peter. In fact, the problem cannot be solved outside of the complex domain."

"You can't be serious," I said. "Just go out on the street and ask. I bet that almost anyone will come up with the same solution."

"This is one bet I am sure you will lose," she said and began to laugh. "In fact you have already lost. My friend the concert pianist reacted just like you did. So he and I did exactly what you just proposed. We set up a table in front of the railway station, right at the main gate. We put a sign on it which advertised that we would give a hundred marks to whoever could double the area of a square. People lined up at our table from ten in the morning to four in the afternoon. Nobody was able to do it. A lot of people argued with us. A professor wrote down a formula, something like " $a^2 \times 2 = X$." He wanted his 100 marks for that. It took us half an hour to convince him that he merely stated the problem, but not the solution. No one came up with the solution that day. We kept the hundred marks and treated ourselves to a wonderful dinner that evening.

"The next day we published the solution in the paper. Only one person wrote us back. He commented that we did what Carl Gauss had done in 1799 by shifting the problem into the

complex domain where the solution is not only possible, but is easy. He even suggested that humanity may some day solve its nuclear weapons crisis in the same way, for which apparently no solution exists in the Aristotelian way of thinking that has become the standard around the world."

"That man may be right," I said quietly to Helen. "If we were to shift the nuclear weapons problem onto the level of your lateral lattice, the platform for universal love, the solution would be easy. Unfortunately it isn't as simple as that. Doubling a square is one thing, but implementing the Principle of Universal Love, even in conjunction with the lateral lattice as a model, is quite a different ball of wax."

"No Peter, there is no difference between the two," Helen protested. "The difference is only in the limitation that you place on yourself. There is no real difference. You can prove this too, to yourself. Whenever a more perplexing problem confronts you in the complex domain, all you have to do is build on the principle that you already know and discover new principles, and build on those. That's all you need to do. Let me challenge you to prove the Pythagorean Theorem on this basis. You can do this Peter. Just give yourself a chance. The theorem states that for any right triangle, the sum of A-square and B-square equals C-square."

I threw my hands into air after puzzling this thing out for fifteen minutes. "I give up Helen!" I said. "Do you want me to prove to you that even in the complex domain things can become too difficult? If that's what you want, you just proved it. What you ask seems impossible, as impossible as solving the nuclear weapons crisis, even in the complex domain. I'm not a mathematics genius, as you should know. I'm just a diplomat. I'm not like your friend Carl Gauss."

"Are you telling me that you cannot understand what the Pythagoreans all understood 2,500 years ago?" Helen replied. She had fun mocking me. "Remember Peter, you are limited only by the limits you place on yourself. The problem that I propose to you is simple to resolve in the complex domain. The principle for the solution is as easily to recognize as the Principle of Universal Love in the lateral lattice. In your case, all you have to do is build on the principle that the slave boy understood in the Meno dialog, to discover a solution for proving the Pythagorean Theorem. Just reshape the four squares that the slave boy had dealt with, into four rectangles, and divide those in half with the same diagonal. You can do it in same manner as did the slave boy, so that the diagonals together form a new square. This new square is C-square. You'll discover that you have as many triangles inside the new square, as you have outside of it, just as the slave boy had discovered. However, in order to make an outside structure twice as big as the inside structure, as in the Meno dialog, you have to add the equivalent of the area in the middle of C-square that is not covered by the triangles. You sort of add it to the outside of the larger area. With this done, you have the solution right in front of your eyes." She handed the pad and pen back to me again.

"Go ahead and draw it out," she said.

It took me just a few minutes to prove that she was right. "I don't know what to say," I replied, totally perplexed. "You are right! Building on the Meno principle makes it possible to prove the Pythagorean Theorem. I can place two A-squares and two B-squares into the larger area that we made deliberately twice as big as the C-square. The two B-squares overlap a bit, but the overlapping area is equal to the area that we had to add to the larger area in order to

make it double the size of C-square. You are a genius Helen. It all fits. It really is that simple. It's a beautifully simple solution. You used the Meno principle to prove Pythagoras. I must admit, I was wrong, Helen, this isn't a perplexing problem at all on this basis. Do you really think that our nuclear weapons problem can be solved just as easily? It probably can't. It can't be as simple as proving Pythagoras."

Helen shook her head. "You are wrong about two things," she said. "The problem that you just solved wasn't an easy problem. In fact, it is an extremely perplexing problem. A friend of mine showed me a book that suggests that over the last 2,500 years only forty-three different methods have been devised to prove the theorem. Most of these involve some extremely convoluted reasoning. You may surprised to know that not one of the official solutions is as simple and as plain as the one you just developed yourself without any special skills whatsoever, by simply visualizing the problem in the complex domain where you can see the principles that are involved. It was easy for you to develop the solution, because you have looked for a solution in the complex domain like my friend Gauss had done. So, it was easy for you. Outside of the complex domain, however, no one has yet discovered this simple solution. It hadn't been discovered until just recently when I made the discovery myself. It seems that this simple solution hasn't been discovered for the last 2,500 years since Pythagoras stated the problem. It certainly wasn't listed in the math book. If this is the case, what do you think that our chances are that we will find the solution to the problem of nuclear war in the complex domain? I think our chances are excellent, because the solution is apparently just as simple. Doesn't the Principle of Universal Love offer such a solution that is not only possible in the complex domain, but is inevitable when the lateral lattice becomes understood for what it represents? Of course, outside of the complex domain there is no solution possible for the nuclear weapons crisis."

I nodded quietly, being almost afraid to say it out loud that she seemed to be right. "You may be right Helen," I almost whispered so as not to break the spell. "Your solution to nuclear war appears even simpler than proving Pythagoras."

"This may be so," she said just as quietly. "Unfortunately, that's not the main issue. There may be hundreds more solutions possible for proving the Pythagorean Theorem. The important thing is not that the solution is simple. The important thing is that a solution is possible at all, and that there are as many solutions conceivable as we can imagine in the context of the Principle of Universal Love. Humanity has struggled with the nuclear war problem for over fifty years, with no solution in sight. It's like we've been beating our head against a wall. Nothing seems to work with any degree of certainty. All attempts so far seemed so futile. You probably felt as frustrated about it as I did, because outside of the complex domain there is no solution possible for this problem. So we go on and on, struggling and scheming, without ever getting anywhere. Outside of the complex domain people mess around blindfolded. They're looking for a solution where none can be found. They try this and try that. They take a stab in the dark. That's when accidents happen. That makes things very scary, Peter. In an environment where there is no clear solution in sight, everyone is liable to make mistakes and cause accidents. That's what happens when people are fumbling around. Governments are in a terrible predicament that can easily cause nuclear accidents to happen. Nor are they alone in reacting to the challenge. Frightened patriots can cause nuclear accidents

too, or hired terrorists, or greedy schemers. In real terms, nuclear war is always an accident. Nobody wants it. The whole nuclear environment is accident-prone. We've been messing around with threats and counter threats. There is no safety for anyone outside of the complex domain. Only when we as begin to live in the complex domain, in the lateral lattice that represents the Principle of Universal Love, will a solution become possible. That's the only platform where true security can be found. That should be obvious. Unfortunately it isn't yet."

I nodded. I fully agreed with her. I knew the statistics. We had built over 120,000 nuclear weapons since the mad race began that no one had been able to stop for half a century. Sure, some of those have been dismantled over the years, so that the world's arsenals of the 'active' warheads rarely exceeded 65,000. I told Helen about those frightful numbers and the futile attempts at disarmament that reduced that number to 50,000. "They shouldn't call this reduction 'disarmament,'" I said to her. "In real terms that may simply reflect the simple fact that there aren't enough worthwhile target in the world for which more bombs would be needed. The nuclear war planners probably have to look fairly hard to find 50,000 cities in the world for them to destroy, or military installations. If one missile with only sixteen warheads can destroy the US Pacific Northwest in one blow, one really has to work hard to find targets for 50,000 warheads."

"We can't talk about disarmament until the count is zero," said Helen. "That won't happened until it is acknowledged that owning a single nuclear bomb is already an infinite crime. That acknowledgment can only be made in the complex domain."

I almost laughed when she said this. "To anyone living in the Aristotelian world the Principle of Universal Love looks just as impossible to implement as does freeing the world of nuclear weapons," I countered her.

"That is true," said Helen quietly, "but only until humanity begins to understand the lateral lattice. Then things can change rapidly. The lattice is real. It is not a dream. Nor am I alone in thinking in this way in the complex domain. I have another friend who works with a similar lateral lattice. Her name is Mary. She developed a vast lateral lattice of interlinked ideas and concepts. She described her lattice structure as an exploration of the structures of truth, civilization, and our humanity. She sees her lattice as a pedagogical array of spiritual ideas and concepts which represent the complex domain in an area other than mathematics and geometry."

"You mean spiritual ideas like Love, Truth, or Soul?" I asked.

"Not precisely, Peter," said Helen. "She doesn't define these concepts directly. She defines them by their reflection in the world of our humanity. But you don't have to trouble yourself with any of that, Peter. The main thing is that you should realize is that there is such a thing as the complex domain where the solutions to the most impossibly seeming problems do unfold, and this rather simply. Once you begin to work in the complex domain, you will undoubtedly begin to make discoveries of your own, and you may even remember some of the discoveries that I have made. The most important step for you to take right now is to recognize the existence of the complex domain. If you do that; if you take that step; you will move forward. That is why I invited you."

"That is why you invited me?" I repeated.

"Sure, Peter. I told you that I would teach you what love is. That involves recognizing the

complex domain where love exists and is universal. That is also the key element that the old professor in the pub knows nothing about, or more correctly, refuses to open his eyes to. That is why he doesn't know what love is, and possibly never will. He looks for love in the simple domain, the small domain, the Aristotelian domain, where it cannot be found. Nor does he understand Gauss who pioneered the idea of the complex domain."

"I suppose the professor can't visualize the lateral lattice, then," I said sadly.

"He can't see it, Peter," said Helen. "And neither could I until it came to mind suddenly during that process of providing healing for my friend in crisis. Suddenly I could see before my eyes what I had looked for all my life. Of course I can't stop there. None of us can. We must take the process one step further. We must apply the complex domain of the lateral lattice to the healing of humanity and its nuclear weapons madness, and to other sundry problems of that sort. The principle that applies there is the same as the Principle of Universal Love, as is our visualization of it as a lateral lattice. Everything else is secondary."

Yes, Helen had been right, I could see that. There is no other solution possible, even to understanding what love is. I hadn't known what love is before I met Helen. "Indeed, how could I have?" I asked myself.

"Thanks Helen, for opening my eyes," I said quietly, almost speaking to myself. "And you say that all of this was known 5000 years ago?" I asked her out loud moments later as we continued getting dressed again.

She nodded. "Historical records from the four cradles of civilization: India, China, Egypt, and Mesopotamia indicate that there have always existed references to perceptions that border on the complex domain. According to a very early Hindu concept, the truth of the infinite and absolute can have no name, no attribute, no description, because, by adding attributes of any kind, the face of truth becomes narrowed to what the attributes impose, and thereby limited and distorted. Ultimately, this is true about love and sex too," she said. "It must never be given a name, or be seen with attributes attached. We must let it be. The lateral lattice isn't an attribute therefore, but the visualization of a principle that is still in the process of coming to light. The idea that I came up with, that this illustration represents our universal kiss, comes closest to meeting the underlying requirement of universal love in the complex domain as worlds upon worlds become defined by it. Those worlds give it meaning and define it in return."

Yes, I was able to agree with her on that too. It all made perfect sense and at the same time none at all. But it was beautiful; it was tangible; it was real; I had been touched by it for a brief span and given a new life by its touch.

"Do you think that the healing has really begun?" she asked. "No more love pains, right?" she said and smiled. "If this is so, rest assured my friend that you won't step back into that Old World that you've outgrown."

"Right," I answered and smiled back at her. "Except the start of this healing comes a whole bunch of years too late."

I told her about a New Year's party that I vaguely remembered when we were kids. After midnight, all the kids had been sent upstairs to bed. We were two boys and two girls, all in the early stages of discovering the dimensions of sex, love, loyalty and so forth. I had my heart set

on the younger cousin, but she had her eyes on my brother, while the older cousin had her heart set on me. We all had narrowly confined expectations that were contrary to one-another, which we stubbornly expected to have fulfilled. The end result was that nobody's hopes were fulfilled. All that we got, were tears and miserable memories. I suggested to Helen that my attitude should have been: "Oh Life, Truth, and Love, here I stand, snatch my little feet up to whatever wonders you have in store for me."

Helen laughed. She thought that was funny, but she agreed that the whole experience could have been rather wonderful if we had all been aware of her lateral lattice of hearts. Instead we were stuck with narrowly defined hopes, desires, and aspirations. We were looking for grains of sand instead of at the seashore. She suggested that outside the complex domain the mental focus is always hopelessly narrow and confined, and focused on getting and having, instead of on uplifting each other. "If one struggles honestly to uplift another," said Helen, "the scene suddenly widens to encompass infinite possibilities and countless shades of color. Also, don't ever think that a healing comes too late, Peter, if it is drawn from the complex domain. Can't we reach back into the past and uplift that too? The universal kiss doesn't have to have a physical dimension or a lock into time. Its universal principle is a part of our humanity that existed eons ago, just as it exists now."

"Isn't it amazing what a shift in focus can accomplish?" I replied.

"Not a shift in focus," Helen replied, "but a widening of it. That's what the seashore signifies. In the complex domain it becomes a reality. That's what the lateral lattice is all about. Its principle is universality. It embraces everything that is good and beautiful; all aspects of love and all shades of light. It does not take anything away. Do not invalidate anything that is good and beautiful, but reach out for the fullness of it. That puts us on track to universal love in your life. Don't be satisfied with anything less. Life is too precious. Universal love is a natural principle. All human beings whose humanity is still alive want to love one-another. It's in their soul, and they will respond to this natural principle if you give them a chance. That principle opens doors that would otherwise remain closed. Of course, that can also get you into deep trouble." She began to laugh as she said this.

"What do you mean, Helen? What kind of trouble?" I asked. "What's so funny about getting into trouble that you laugh about it?"

"Small-minded people can be terribly funny in their silly narrow way of thinking," she said. She told me a story, which she said really happened. One of her friends, a rather good-looking woman, had caught the eye of a man who fell deeply in love with her. "He said hello to her in public places. He even brought her flowers one day. He told her one day that the world is so much richer and brighter with her being a part of it that he just wanted to thank her for being in the world. However, one day her husband noticed their exchange of smiles and intervened. He stopped the man. He actually bumped into him, and told him off. 'Keep your eyes to yourself!' Since my friend's friend didn't understand what this outburst was all about, he apologized for bumping into him. Her husband consequently repeated the outburst. 'Keep your eyes to yourself!' My friend's friend shrugged his shoulders in response, still wondering what was up. At this point he was told in no uncertain terms, 'Keep your eyes off HER!' He just smiled in reply, finally realizing that it was probably her husband who addressed him. He simply shook his head in disbelief and walked away."

"How would you have responded?" Helen asked.

"If I had been a bystander I might have asked the man why he doesn't keep his private zoo locked up," I said and began to laugh. "Obviously, that's how the irate man regarding his wife. Of course, as the woman's friend I couldn't say that to her husband. Saying simply, aha, might have been my response too," I said to Helen. "But how would you have responded in such a situation?"

"No, you should ask me how I did respond when my friend told me about the incidence," said Helen and grinned. "I responded in the only manner I could. I healed the situation. I enveloped the man in love. I reached out to him. I uplifted him. I put him right smack into the middle of the lateral lattice where love is the natural background of our being. I realized that on this natural platform where his humanity is touched and enriched by all of us he would have to laugh at his own outbursts. And that is what he did, Peter. He laughed about it and apologized to his wife. He even suggested that she invite her friend for coffee to convey his apology to him. It took a couple of weeks for this to happen, Peter, but it happened."

Helen began to laugh again and added that he even apologized to her for thinking that she had been responsible for her friend to allow herself to be loved by another man. "So you see, it can become rather funny getting into trouble," she said. She added that her husband too, began to realize that the whole affair had been rather silly. "But the most profound outcome from all of this," said Helen, "was his changed attitude towards his wife. He began to recognize that the man who had fallen in love with his wife was totally right when he said to her that her very being in the world makes it a richer and brighter place. He was impressed by this honesty so much that it opened his own eyes and uplifted his attitude towards his wife onto the same level of appreciation and love. Helen said the he eventually even felt grateful that he wasn't the only man around who could see that wonderful reality as a truth. That changed their marriage. It uplifted it. It brightened it."

"Of course, the whole thing could also have ended in complete disaster," I interrupted her. "Husbands like that are probably rare."

"Maybe not," said Helen. "Maybe they shouldn't be rare." She gave me an example. "Suppose you meet a woman in the business world that you fall in love with. It could be that this person, in a bank for instant, treats you in a wonderful manner. Suppose you want to return the favor. Suppose you want to present this person a small gift to show your appreciation. That puts you into the shoes of my friend's friend. Could you really do this loving thing that is deeply anchored in your soul? In the conventional sphere you wouldn't be able to do anything like that. If you did, you would open up a great big can of worms related to the sexual barriers, marriage contracts, dating, gaining favors, property rights, that kind of stuff. What would the woman have to think of you and your intentions? Still, you want to be honest and say hello in a special way that reflects the love that you feel in your heart. And that is where you would probably go wrong. Would you put this person into a terrible bind if you presented to her your present? That is what this man may have realized who fell in love with my friend. If he had done what he intended to do, he would have moved her outside of the universal domain of the lateral lattice and isolated her in some fashion by drawing her into a special relationship with himself. So he couldn't do this, right? Knowing what you know now, you probably wouldn't respond that way either. You probably wouldn't respond at all. That's

also the situation that most people would find themselves in, under such circumstances. That's sad, isn't it, that such a tiny loving gesture isn't possible? How much love has been prevented from unfolding that could have brightened our world?"

"Except in your friend's case that tragedy was avoided," I interrupted her.

"When someone understands the principle of the complex domain, it becomes possible to accomplish what cannot be accomplished on a lower lever," said Helen. "Suddenly the door isn't closed anymore. It is not closed in the complex domain. So Peter, tell me, how would you go about fulfilling your dream, knowing what you know now, if you were the man who fell in love with my friend?"

"Hmmm, I suppose, if the lateral lattice defines the principle of our civilization I would have to bring my light into it to brighten the whole scene," I replied, "but how?" I shrugged my shoulders. "I can't imagine."

Helen nodded. "You could bring some flowers to the bank that she represents, to all of her friends there, and present the flowers to them together in appreciation of the service you have received by the bank that she represents, thereby including everyone. That would be honest, Peter, because such a person would have likely uplifted everyone in some fashion there, and your appreciation would acknowledge this. Wouldn't she be able to accept such a gift?"

"You're a genius!" I interrupted her. "That really would work, it would brighten her whole day and everyone else's too. Is that what really happened?"

Helen nodded. "I have been told that the man was scared stiff to do this, but he did it. I have been told that it brightened also his day just to be able to do this. That's probably an exaggeration, Peter, but it illustrates the process that unfolds in the lateral lattice by which we can uplift an entire nation, even humanity as a whole. This may be the only process available to us to avoid nuclear war. In real terms peace isn't a political issue, or a technological issue, or a military or ideological issue. It is an issue of our humanity and our universal love for one-another as human beings. Any other approach has no substance. But why shouldn't we be able to do this, and create brighter days for one-another?"

I nodded in agreement. I was tempted to add diplomacy to the list of processes without substance, which had become but another facet of imperial war-games.

"It isn't that the Principle of Universal Love needs to be invented first," said Helen, since I didn't say anything, but simply nodded. "We all have it within us to love. Universal love is in our heart and soul. You wouldn't be here if this weren't so. We want to love one-another. However, I am also saying that if we had been allowing ourselves to respond to its principle more freely, seeing that its is already lodged in our heart, and this on the platform of the lateral lattice, the tragedy of World War II might not have happened. In that case, Hitler might have never been allowed to think that the whole German nation is his private zoo to do with as he pleases. So, it's all a matter of recognizing the principles involved, Peter, and having the courage of standing up for the principle of our humanity and our civilization."

She paused to catch her breath and then continued. "If we do this we can start a New Renaissance in our time, Peter. With you being here with me, discovering new aspects about love, which you actually always knew, moves that process forward one more step. Then the past with all the tragedies that happened, is water down the creek. We cannot change what has been done, but we can change our response by changing ourselves, and with it the course of

the future. We can begin to discover the love that we already have and never realized, and discover its principles that all people are able to respond to, because that principle is also everyone's principle, a universal principle. Nothing in the world draws us more closely together into one family, the family of man, than this universal principle, the principle of our humanity, of our Soul and of our love. It may appear to you like a great task to create peace based on love, but I think we can do it. We must do it, and not only because the alternative is unthinkable, but mainly because there simply isn't anything more wonderful and profound in the world than to love."

I said yes and hugged her for this.

She gave me another example. She told me that she had been in Peru a couple of weeks earlier. A person from London, whom she had been in contact with for some time, had invited her for a month long tour of Peru.

"Lima, Lake Titicaca, Machu Picchu, Cuzco, Pucallpa?" I interrupted her. The names of these places sounded like music to me.

"Oh, you've been there too, have you?" she asked and began to smile.

"I have been there many times Helen, but only in my dreams," I replied. "That kind of traveling is way beyond my means on a junior diplomat's salary. By the time all the regular payments are made, there is so little left. Traveling is but a dream."

"I know what you mean," she said. "Still, you have missed a great opportunity to explore elements of love that are fast disappearing in our world that has become focused on getting and privatizing," said Helen. "It appears that Peru hasn't been as badly darkened yet as much of the western world has become. You'd love Peru."

She began to smile at the thought. "Peru is a beautiful country of steaming jungles, immensely high mountain ranges, deeply carved canyons, high river valleys, and rain forests reaching as high as 10,000 feet above sea level. There are desert-like coastal lowlands in front of the mountains that stretch endlessly for 1,400 miles along the coast. Since 8000 BC people have made a living in that area, farming, fishing, raising livestock, getting wool from the alpaca and guanaco. The most beautiful part of Peru, of course are its people that are touched by this vast and rough land. When people make a living in this overwhelming environment they do tend to become more supportive of one-another. They have to, just to survive. This, too, is an element of love, and a beautiful element it is. It is grand to be touched by it."

Helen laughed before she continued. "Did you know that there are nearly as many people living in Mexico City right now, as in all of Peru? The human presence is so slight in this vast land that the human being stands out more profoundly with a spiritual kind of beauty that one rarely finds in the crowded cities."

Helen told me that the sound of the panpipe draws together this vastly diverse land and its people, and echoes somewhat their common humanity. She said it was a treat to have been there, and this in more way than one. She spoke about the highland plains and Lake Titicaca with its floating villages of bundled reeds that support a water-born culture 12,000 feet above sea level. She supposed that the floating villages were once built to escape invaders.

She also spoke about Machu Picchu, the fabled city in the clouds, of the once great Inca Empire. When Europe began its Renaissance, the Andean civilization saw a similar development that gave it its greatest and possibly most benign empire ever. In the course of a

single century the Inca had managed to control and uplift much of the Andean region, some 2,500 miles in length, which lasted until the Inca fell to the Spanish invaders a few decades before Europe itself was plunged into eighty years of war. When Napoleon invaded Spain, Peru's struggle for independence from the Spaniards began. That struggle finally succeeded in the early 1820s, only to open the door to a string of civil wars, new anarchy, great suffering, economic degradation, followed by the War of the Pacific in 1879, and finally the rise of narco-terrorism in modern times. She said that in spite of all this endless trail of tragedy, love has remained a strong presence in their heart.

"The Andean people endured," said Helen. She began to smile once more, "Like the love in their heart, their Inca's legacy endured with them. It endured in works of silver, copper, gold, pottery, and especially textiles. Their beautiful creations are testaments of love. They are testaments of their humanity, of themselves, of their beautiful Soul. The Inca hand-weavings have never been surpassed to the present day, both in beauty and fineness. The Inca pioneered the fundamental technologies of modern textile manufacturing. They also had been builders and engineers; builders of roads, bridges, cities, temples, and fortifications. The Inca had also been fine craftsmen, especially in the art of stone construction."

Helen pointed out that all of this is still very much visible today. "I see in all of these beautiful creations a sense of love that must have existed there in spite of the harsh times that often had become a way of life."

Helen added, "Still, above all that soars the Condor, the great bird of the high Andes in which the people see an echo of their freedom and dominion, which they value in their hearts highly, but have seldom ever attained like most of us have socially. Nevertheless, they reach for it, and they somehow sense that there is a link in all that to universal love."

Helen pointed out that all human elements are elements of love, which is not a love for something greater and beyond, but a love for what they already are as human beings. "All these countless elements of love come together like the countless grains of sand on the seashore of truth," she added, "while they are mingling with the waters or are driven by the winds that are powered by the universe itself."

"Will we live long enough to embrace all aspects of love, and all the aspects of the universal kiss?" she asked. "Not by a long way," she said, answering the question herself. "It seems sufficient just to embrace the seashore and begin the healing," she added.

Helen grinned now. "So, what do you say? Was it right for me to invite you here?"

I grinned. It occurred to me that the kind of answer that was needed for such a question could only be conveyed with another kiss.

"You've been so wonderfully generous with me," I said after the kiss. "I'm lost for words to thank you, Helen."

"Generous?" she repeated. "You are wrong Peter. I have not been generous at all. In the land of universal love that concept is not valid."

"No, you have been most generous!" replied. "How could I deny that?"

"But you are denying it right now, Peter," she said with a gentle smile. "Universal love isn't something we create. It is a part of us. If we find ourselves in the lateral lattice where the strands of our love bind us all to one-another, we find these strands of universal love to be the principle of our being. We can't help that. We live as we are designed to live as human beings,

according to the universal Soul of our humanity. How can one speak of generosity then? Can love be something exceptional and not be universal? The concept of love as being something exceptional, has no place in the lateral lattice of hearts."

She explained that in this universal sense generosity is an invalid concept. "Of course we can deny ourselves in this regard," she said, "and place ourselves outside of that lattice. Naturally, this puts us into a poor and lonely place. I have a lot of experience with that. I have done that for a long time. Most people do that. This denial goes deep. Mostly, we aren't even aware of it. Only when we poke our head out of this sphere of poverty, into the real world, do we find love exceptional and life rich. That's when we find love generous."

Helen explained that the entire notion of love being something exceptional came to an end for her when she was forced to look at what is real, in order to support her friend that day in his time of great crisis in hospital.

"My support for that healing started a healing in myself," said Helen. I suddenly began to find myself, too, to be an integral part of that universal lateral lattice. Once I realized that, a lot of the concepts that I had submitted myself to no longer seemed valid. Generosity was one of them. The general concept means that I give something up that I value in order to enrich another person's life, which would make me generous in the common sense of the term. But that's not possible in the universal lattice, is it? The more we let our love unfold, the brighter it will be, and with it the light that lights our own day.

"Generosity doesn't apply here," Helen continued, "because the more we love, the richer we become. We don't sacrifice anything in the process of loving, except our stupidity and our narrow-minded mentality. We can only become richer by the process, never poorer. That's hard to believe, right? I would even say that ultimately, love isn't at all a personal thing. It is in our Soul. It is in everyone's Soul. It is a part of the principle of our being. We all want to be in that universal lateral lattice. We want to live as we are designed to live, and that is richer than what we are prepared to accept.

"Love alone, as universal love, may be termed generous. You've been touched by it to some degree, and you say wow! That is why you embraced Erica, and now me. You say, how generous, and you thank me. The truth is, you should thank Love, the Principle. And don't think for one minute that the unfolding of this Principle will ever stop. It won't stop. I speak from experience, Peter. I find that the process of becoming open to the wonders of Love has just begun."

"Ah, but if that is true what you say, then you are wrong," I countered her. "Generosity still applies, but it applies only to yourself. By being open to Love you are being generous with yourself. You give up your long-treasured barriers for something exceedingly wonderful."

"You are right," she said. "Love enables us to do this. Unfortunately, few people are generous with themselves in this regard."

"It's the Principle of Love then, which is enormously generous, isn't it?" I added.

"Love is the principle of the sun, Peter. Love is as generous as the sun with its sunshine. Still, I also sense that this isn't what you had in mind earlier. You came across as if you felt you had been treated exceptionally well. That's not a possibility. It only seems that way in comparison with the world that you had come from where the generosity of Love is rarely allowed to unfold."

"I suppose, what I really should have said to you, is, thanks Helen for being such a wonderful human being," I said and smiled at her. "I suppose that would have sufficed. In fact it would have said more."

"Of course that would not have been necessary, either," she said.

"I know," I replied and nodded. "A human being is wonderful by design, if only we would all allow ourselves to open our eyes to it. Am I right?"

"In that case, the fact doesn't need to be stated then, since it is understood," she said.

"I suppose, a simple thanks would have been enough," I added.

Helen just nodded and smiled. "The kiss would have sufficed," she said. "The kiss acknowledged loud and clear what is hard for us to put into words. What we shared last night was all an element of our universal kiss, was it not? It may well be that our kiss acknowledges more of the principle of our being than we comprehend, or make an effort to comprehend. The tragedy is that the Principle of Universal Love is also easily lost sight of, so that we let our lives become dark and poor again. The universal kiss is not automatically maintained. It demands a lot of honesty with oneself. Without that it becomes lost and drifts away with the wind."

That last comment seemed like puzzle to me. It seemed to make sense, but I couldn't figure out why.

By the time we were finished getting dressed that morning, in this science-fiction-type atmosphere, it was already past noon. "What happened to the time?" said Helen. "I have to be at the airport at four."

In order to save time we had lunch together on the way to getting the car, at what appeared to be the most prominent downtown restaurant of Leipzig, which she said was known for efficient service. On the way to the airport I commented on her going right to the very heart of the "communist" world, to Moscow. She began to laugh and waved her finger at me as a schoolteacher might at a slow learner.

"There is no such thing as a capitalist world or a communist world," she said, although with a smile. "There is only one world, a human world. The lateral lattice is where we come all together. If you look at it honestly, the communist ideals and the true capitalist ideals are all related to fulfilling the human needs. Sure we tie ourselves into knots over these issues in various ways. We do this in religion too. Sometimes these knots seem totally impossible to solve. But when we enter the complex domain of universal love and the universal welfare of society, suddenly the communist world and the capitalist world both disappear, and the human world comes to the foreground. That's like finding the solution to doubling the square, or solving the puzzle of the most complex knot. Until our world comes to light in the complex domain, the political problems will remain a mystery. Unfortunately people are not allowed to be thinking in the complex domain. We live in an Aristotelian and Euclidian world. You should have seen some of the childish attempts that were made at doubling the square at our table in front of the railway station. They approached the problem from every angle except the higher level standpoint that lies in complex domain where the solution is simple. Unfortunately, that is how people attempt to deal with communism and capitalism, or marriage, or religion, or nuclear war. You can't solve those 'knots' on the level at which your tied into 'knots.'

"So you say that you are not going to enter the heart of the communist world?" I asked.

"I am going to Russia," said Helen with a sense of pride. "I have been invited to help with a youth project. I'll be working with a lot of fine young people who tend to be more open-minded."

"Will you teach them about the complex domain and the lateral lattice?" I asked.

"Not teach, Peter. I will tell them about it. In the complex domain no teaching is needed. Of course you know all that. You proved this to yourself this morning. Are we not all human beings? Are we not all able to see with the mind's eye as Plato and Socrates suggest that we are?"

I had to agree that she was right.

On the way to the airport, we stopped briefly at the hospital where her pianist friend was recovering from his wounded fingers. He cried when he saw our offering of support. The thought of being able to continue his career as a musician by playing the violin, which had always been his love, brought a smile to his face among a shower of tears of emotions. He said something to the effect that he could never repay us for our gift that would now enable him to acquire a fine instrument. I suggested that a repayment wasn't needed. I suggested that he should invite us instead to his first virtuoso performance of the Mendelssohn concerto.

He protested that the Mendelssohn is too hard to play. Helen told him not to limit himself, then laughed and added that the Beethoven concerto would do just fine, or the Tchaikovsky concerto, and that he could play it wherever he liked, in Berlin, Amsterdam, Paris, Moscow, New York, wherever it would be most convenient. She said we would be there.

Unfortunately, we couldn't stay long.

When Helen and I said our good bye at the airport, I called her, "dearest," the way I had wished to address Erica before, and had failed. Now, finally, I said it. I said it out loud. It came out so naturally. But I wasn't prepared for the response I got.

She waved a finger at me again as though I had said something naughty. She smiled. "Dearest, is an impossibility," she said. "Dearest, violates the principle of the universality of love. In love we are all one. In the universal lateral lattice, the concept of someone being dearest is not valid. The concept has no foundation. It is not supported by the principle of our being. It exists outside of it. It exists in our fantasy-land. Dearest, is a hierarchical concept that is invalid in a lateral lattice. If you had called me, dear, that I could have accepted. But, dearest? The concept is a contradiction of the principle that it relates to. This makes it an impossibility," she said and grinned. "I also predict, Peter, that your love will expand if you're honest with yourself. It will envelop many women and men. That's inevitable if it reflects the principle of our being. I can also assure you that each love that unfolds in this manner, if you let it unfold, will be as grand as any other that you can remember, as our universal love must necessarily be. There won't be anyone dearest!"

"This means that I can't call my wife, dearest, ever again," I said astonished.

Helen nodded. "That is your wife's security," she said, "because you can't call or regard anyone else, dearest, either. Nor could you ever embrace your wife in any lesser way, or she you." Helen began to laugh. "Love can never be isolated, be privatized, or be something small. It can only be as full and as universal as the sunshine is bright. Shouldn't all love be like that?"

The fact is, universality is the principle of it."

"I think this is true," I said in reply. "The very fact that we spent last night together testifies to the fact that what you just said is true."

Helen nodded.

"I think I have taken a few steps forward," I said. "I guess the concept of, dearest, is really a denial of love."

"It is, but there could be an exception if you lift the concept into the complex domain," said Helen with a serious look in her face. "The term, dearest, doesn't have to signify a hierarchical condition. The hierarchical kind of, dearest, has no place in the lateral lattice. Nevertheless, the concept of, dearest, can signify an absolute condition, a universal condition that borders on the infinite. Shouldn't one be able to envelop humanity with the dearest and brightest love imaginable, as bright as the sun, the dearest concept ever beheld on the progression of our unfolding love? In this case the concept would apply to the lateral lattice and describe everyone. This is in fact necessary in order to describe a functioning where the flow of our love is the dearest concept imaginable. But this wasn't what you meant, was it? Still, I love you for having voiced your affection in that sweet way, even if what you said wasn't completely scientifically correct."

She concluded her acceptance of my gesture with a kiss and a hug, and then another kiss as we smiled at one-another totally satisfied that this had been a wonderful day.

In the final moments before parting we embraced one-another once more. She said something to the effect that I shouldn't be surprised if I find it difficult to think in absolute terms. She said that I, not being used to thinking in this manner, might find it difficult to remember many of the details that we had talked about. She said I shouldn't worry. The details are not important compared to the principles. She also said that she hoped she had helped me in a small way to turn my life around towards the Principle of Universal Love that is our link to the complex domain. She kissed me once more, hastily now, as the last boarding call for her flight was announced. In saying good bye, she added, "I love you dearest!" She said it while she stepped through the boarding gate.

"I love you and I kiss you!" I called out to her.

She looked back once more and waved, and grinned, before she disappeared out of sight, smiling.

I too, walked away smiling from this place of parting, for no parting had really taken place. I couldn't feel any sense of parting. The world didn't seem empty all of a sudden without her presence as it did after parting with Erica. There was no sadness in this parting. Her spirit was reflected everywhere. It was reflected in me, in the way I began to look at other people. The airport was crowded, but the crowd didn't bother me. It represented something rich.

I remembered a book of photographs that I had seen a long time ago, by a leading photojournalist. They were photographs of people in countless different situations. I had played a game with myself at this time, imagining the scenes without any people in them. The pictures suddenly seemed empty and void. I remembered this, because somehow the crowd seemed more precious now in the light that Helen had shed onto the whole of humanity with a sense of love I had never known before. This sense of universal love became an amazing presence that enveloped all, and me with them.

As I drove away from the airport however, the thought came like a dark shadow over me that much of this sun-filled world of wonders that I had experienced with both Erica and Helen would likely soon fade away. I realized that the scientific foundation for that sunshine had evidently not been developed in my own mind and been drawn out of my own heart and Soul. Even the Principle of Universal Love, that had been central to so much that Helen and I had talked about and I had experienced, would likely soon become an enigma again unless I were to find a way to rediscover this principle by my own footsteps and out of my own resources. For that, the promise seemed bright, because of what had happened. Thus I realized that Helen would always have a place in my heart as the bright star on the horizon of living love, which she said I too have the capacity to become, in the light that unfolds from our humanity that we all share. I realized that in my own work and honest struggles the sun-fill episode that we had shared so briefly would resurface again and again, and come to light forever new in the flow of that 'New Golden Renaissance' that now beckoned on the horizon.

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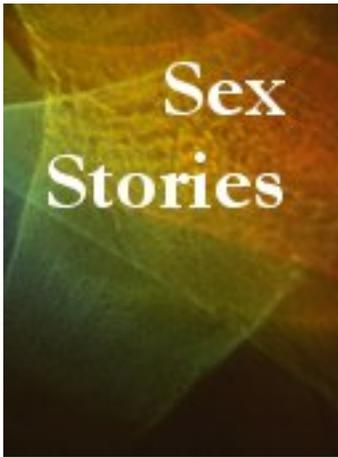
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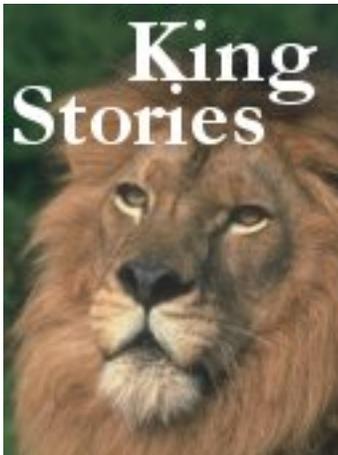
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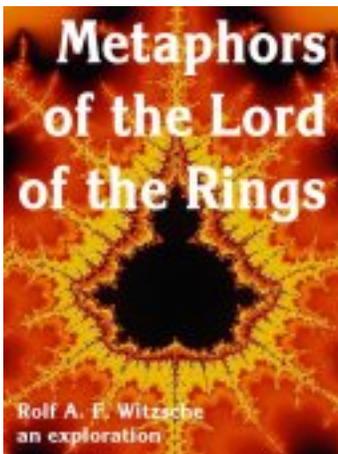
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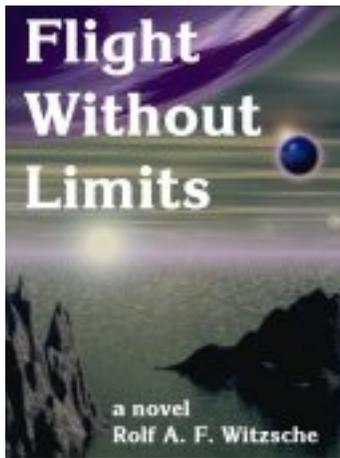
Political exploration



The Lord of the Rings' Metaphors

It is a rare thing in literature that one finds a tale written a long time ago that is reflected in the present to such an extent, that it seems the writer had created a script for the future and the future has obeyed. Such a thing can be said about the story of J.R.R. Tolkien's mythical tale, The Lord of the Rings.

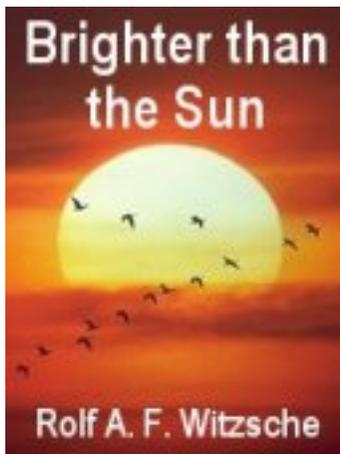
Novels



[Flight Without Limits](#)

(science fiction)

The novel is a science fiction work with a touch of reality. It is about a space voyage to Alpha Centauri, the nearest solar system to our own. But in metaphor, the novel is really about being able to move mentally without limits. Physically we may never be able to overcome all limits, but what would hinder us to break all limits mentally?

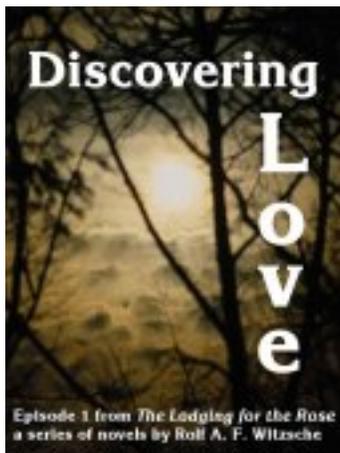


[Brighter than the Sun](#)

(playing with nuclear matches)

This novel has two opposite centers. One reflects the tragic domain of our nuclear armed world, and the second the domain of spiritual freedom where old axioms become discredited and fall away while love unfolds its universal face. Will the latter prevail?

The Lodging for the Rose a series of nine novels



* Episode 1 - [Discovering Love](#)

Here begins an epic story that spans eight novels. The subject is freedom powered by universal love, the largely unexplored 'country.' Few people have dared to cross its borders and travel its landscape.



* Episode 2A - [The Ice Age Challenge](#)

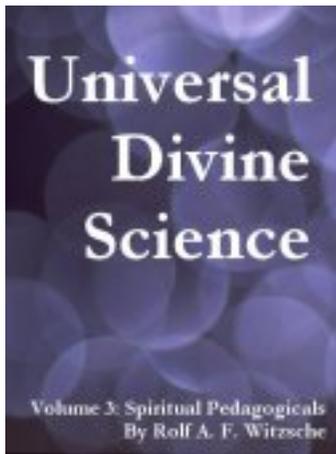
"The Ice Age Challenge" refers to the challenge that we face to create a new foundation for living when the coming Ice Age climate shuts down most of the world's agriculture. The resumption of the Ice Age could happen possibly 100 to 150 years from now. It may take that long to build the vast facilities that will be needed to feed the world from indoor agriculture. But is our love big enough that we can achieve the physically near impossible in order to assure a future for mankind beyond the space of our time? What limits would we put on the dimension of universal love? It appears we are in a triple race to meet all of these challenges. The big question is, do we have the skills to stay the course?



* Episode 2B - [Roses at Dawn in an Ice Age World](#)

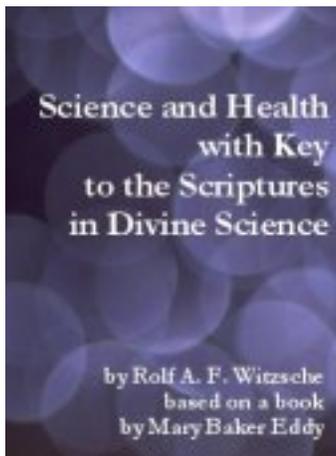
With the Ice Age resuming 100 to 150 years from now we are challenged to embrace the still rejected renaissance principle, the Principle of Universal Love, without which mankind may not survive. But will we be able to upgrade our human dimension sufficiently to accept the Principle of Universal Love and to reflect it in our daily living? God is Love, universal divine Principle. Do we dare to love universally in the social domain? Or do we pretend that the divine Principle of Universal Love doesn't apply there, especially when it comes to our personal loved ones and friends?

Spirituality and Healing - research,
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