

# The Fourth Book of the Dead Called the Book of Ul'Qudoos

## Presentation Materials



### Verse One Commentary -

*I am beyond any description, and imagination, any wonder. I am beyond any expansion of consciousness. And beyond any depths to which the innermost reveries of consciousness could wander. I am so free from qualities and characteristics that no man can understand or conceive of my reality.*

From the outset, it must be acknowledged that this verse is extraordinarily challenging to comment on, because the text itself tells us that no commentary is possible! This commentator suspects that some angel is having a bit of fun playing with him by continuing to have such passages placed on his table, but let us “go with the flow” anyway, and start from the position that this is a scripture that forces us to acknowledge that we “don’t know anything,” and that we’re stuck with it!

We can agree that “not knowing” is usually, *if not always*, a precursor to new learning, that a state of receptivity is essential to understanding. We have also discovered in previous studies that thoughts, feelings, and explanations are all constructs projected by our own consciousness, that we see the world not as it is, *but as we are*. Which is to say, as Michael Neill so succinctly says it, the mind is less like a camera and a lot more like a projector. If we put out thoughts of separation, comparison, and fragmentation (which attractions and repulsions always do), we experience something in return that has nothing to do with the reality this verse directs us to. This is why prayers for a Mercedes Benz or a Widescreen TV elicit no response—because such thoughts have nothing to do with the Space to which this verse refers. It guides us to a place to which we actively acquiesce, a taste of which is sometimes granted to us in prayer or meditation, where we surrender to what some call the Void, others call the Plenum, Pure Essence, or the Essential Self, and still others call God, in this case one of the 99 Names of God not hidden from humans called Ul'Qudoos—the Pure, the Holy, the Divine, the Purifier.

So we arrive at the understanding that “not knowing” is just letting go of what is not real. Perhaps if we travel lighter, we will find ourselves climbing higher. In'Shallah.

### Verse Two Commentary –

*And this is because man looks to himself and to his own qualities to measure my reality according to his own reality.*

Which very much refers to the previous verse

I am beyond any description, any imagination, any wonder. I am beyond any expansion of consciousness. And beyond any depths to which the innermost reveries of consciousness could wander. I am so free from qualities and characteristics that no man can understand or conceive of my reality.

### Verse Four Commentary –

*But this is not the perfection or the reality of quddoos the most most holy. And it is nothing but the idea of man's own perfection projected into the spiritual skies of heaven.*

Everything revolves around man himself/herself, a baby cries- what does the man feel about that? The sound of the dishwasher - what does the man feel about that? Mother and child holding hands - what does man feel about that? The bird in the sky - what does the man feel about that?

Man does not just observe without including his own beliefs and ideas, man always reflects back to his center. This subjectivity blinds the man from the true quddoos and brings interference and a vile and changes the reality to what the man is ready and able to grasp, good, bad or indifferent. The idea of man's own perfection is nothing but an "idea".

With gratitude,

### Verse Eleven Commentary –

*And you shall look around and recognize the transit world. And the world of matter will be all in an uproar. And the apparitions and phenomena you shall now see before you shall all be individual appearances of the primary elements of consciousness. And they shall be called Guides.*

For me the transit space is disheartening, it leaves me with a feeling of emptiness and deep sadness. I am here again and i don't know where to go and what to do. I try to remember my life as I still have faith memory of it, so many missed opportunities, so many leaps forward. Why am i here again and what's next? My physical body is getting chills as i type and I'm staring out the window focusing on a tree that's dieing rather the ones that are blossoming with flowers. Note to the present self, change your view just a few degree's.

Back to the transit world, yes my physical body is gone and I'm back to this space of transit and there are the guides. I remember traveling with them, one to my right and one to my left, it's all dark around us, there is a certain vibration to the three of us, but i seem to be the only one who is calling the shots. I kept changing places with them to see if I could feel better or see where we were going, but it never makes a difference. I am very concerned about where we were going; there is no place to stop, to ask questions or direction or to hide. Confusion, uneasiness and my heart being tore apart are my memories of the transit world and my guides just watched, i remember feeling betrayed by them and i remember feeling betrayed by my parents at a very young and tender age, when i asked God just to take me back.

Each time i think of the transit world, I'm brought back to the present moment and I can't help thinking, if i change the way I'm thinking here and now the transit world will be different for me next time around. Right now -- relax and be here, breath and let go and feel the joy, the love and the freedom that is rightfully yours and remember one thing, 'think it's possible'.

many blessings,

### Verse Eighteen Commentary -

*And if you become drawn to the soft white light of the world of the gods you shall be born into it. And though it seems more pleasing and less to fear it is an obstruction to liberation but not to awakening.*

The last line of this verse has always sparked curiosity in this observer, especially the last words where it is stated that the world of the gods is “an obstruction to liberation *but not to awakening.*” It seems that this is a window into a deeper understanding of not only this rather short Book, but of the entire text as well. Let’s see if we can open it up a little, and take a peek inside.

The world of the gods is called *deva-loka*, and according to Chogyam Trumpa, is “...the realm of pride. Pride in the sense of building one’s own centralized body, preserving one’s own health; in other words, *it is intoxication with the existence of ego (The Tibetan Book of the Dead, p. 10).*” This may be why the verse says “it seems more pleasing and less to fear,” but “is still an obstacle to liberation” because creatures born into this realm *still want something, still want to do or be or have something*, which sustains the ego and therefore prevents liberation, despite how nice the environment may be!

Pursuant to the task of understanding the caveat “...but not to awakening,” it seemed that asking for the insights of some of our fellow voyagers would be a wise thing to do, so Clearlight and Silverdale were both queried, and both contributed considerable insight into the meaning of this verse. Clearlight stated that while the locale may be more pleasing than in the other five worlds of the lower dimensions or the labyrinth, there is still enough friction *to allow the individual to realize that he or she is in the dream*, thereby allowing for awakening to continue, even though the bonds of ego have not yet been broken. Silverdale pointed out that the six lower worlds are different gradations of unconsciousness, and at the top of these worlds we find the world of the gods. It constitutes a space that we enter just before a “tipping point” is reached and our center of gravity at last moves from the biological machine to the Essential Self.

This can occur only when the conscious habits of self-observation and self-remembering have become dominant in the Essential Self, and the ES has become fully awake. Only by becoming fully awake can it die to its identification with the life of the machine. This final transfer of our center of gravity from machine to our Essence represents the culmination of a very long process, and some believe that the experience of the world of the gods is the immediate precursor to this transformation.

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“The whole world wants peace and the whole world prepares for war. Mankind is powerless against mankind. And the gods, as ever, show us the way of Fate.”

---- C.G. Jung----