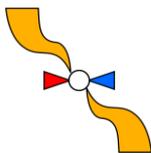


## 257 AD

<b>bncdoc.id</b>	BMY
<b>bncdoc.author</b>	Davidson, John
<b>bncdoc.year</b>	1991
<b>bncdoc.title</b>	Natural creation & the formative mind.
<b>bncdoc.info</b>	Natural creation & the formative mind. Sample containing about 40903 words from a book (domain: belief and thought)
<b>Text availability</b>	Worldwide rights cleared
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<b>David Lee's classification</b>	W_religion

<p>&lt;257/c&gt;</p>  <p>Key:  <a href="#">Footprint</a>  <a href="#">ConEn1</a>  <a href="#">Footprint</a>  <a href="#">ConEn2</a>  <a href="#">Footprint</a>  <a href="#">ConEn3</a></p>	<p>before the journey is complete. There is little doubt that breeding is their intent as they head out to sea, for their gonads have become fully developed. But what becomes of them is a mystery, for none has ever been found, even in deep Atlantic. On the face of it, it would seem that the eels could breed in many alternative places, well within their reach. But the migratory instinct and the geographical pattern seems so deeply etched into their inward mental fabric that their pre-programmed habit rules the day. Maybe, like the lemmings, the pattern dates back to an era when their goal was closer and the swim was not so long. The Sargasso Sea is also said to have been the site of the ancient lost island of Atlantis where the eels could have once again found fresh water and been able to feed after spawning in the nearby sea. For now it seems that even the eels from America spawn, and then die, in the Sargasso Sea. But, like the lemmings, how does such a geographical knowledge become an inherited ancestral heritage? And then - as the aeons pass and the continents, oceans, mountain ranges and terrain all drift - why are not so many more migratory creatures found to be wildly adrift in their navigation? The problem is easily stated: the instinctive mental fabric of a creature is related in specific detail to its environment. No creature learns its innate skills. The swallow building nests of mud, the archer fish shooting down flies by spitting water distances of up to fifteen feet - every creature, without exception, has such intriguing inborn capabilities, if we study them. And just as modern science has no answer to the riddles of human brain and mind function, so too is there no satisfactory answer to the way in which a creature's brain, body and instinct are put together. Biological science can not tell us of the mind of a creature any more than it can understand the nature and functioning of our human minds. Behaviour and DNA are uncomfortable partners, for mind functions can not be so readily consigned to a molecular coding. This is riddle enough. But many migratory creatures have such precise geographical instincts that one wonders just how so detailed a knowledge of local terrain can be transmitted from one generation to another without the involvement of any learning process. Wafting vague answers about DNA are totally inadequate in the face of such mysteries. Are we saying that route maps can be encoded into the DNA of just one germ cell? How? DNA structure and mental abilities are two radically different things. Mind is not to be found in molecules any more than</p> <p><b>the works of Shakespeare</b></p> <p>were to be found in <a href="#">his</a> genes. The only conceivable answer is that there is more to life than molecules; that behind the sensory level of experience, we are dealing with a complex and dynamic tapestry of Mind energy. And that within that Mind - of which all individual minds are a part - there are 'laws', processes and relationships, the ramifications of which we have barely glimpsed. Outwardly, we see only the effects, the image on the screen, of this vast sea of Mind. The patterns and rhythms of the sensory realm are only reflections of more fundamental attributes of Mind. Even the cycles of this world are also of the greater Mind. If therefore, there were cycles within the greater Mind itself, geared towards a regulation and administration</p>
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	<p>of life upon our planet, then we can begin to see how enigmas such as apparent geographical inheritance can be understood. And how, as the continents and oceans shift and slide, so too are creaturely minds and instincts automatically adapted, for they are all linked to that same sea of shifting Mind. So could there be, in the Mind itself, an autumn when old habits are shed and a springtime when old growth is renewed and new shoots flourish? Just as we have the ebb and flow of seasons, each with its own appointed purpose; just as the rest of night follows the activity of day, so too could there be vast seasons of the Mind, spanning aeons, which hold the world in balance, removing dead wood, and vitalizing and renewing harmony between all forms? This is an interesting subject, tackled more fully in Natural Creation ... Or Natural Selection?, but is introduced in the next short chapter where we take a brief diversion to present something of the vast integrated cycles by which life is maintained upon our planet. <b>CYCLES AND SEASONS NATURAL CYCLES</b> Time is a window through which we spy the world, And being engrossed in our present moments, we fail to grasp the significance of the time behind and the time ahead. We live in the moment and the greater cycles of nature span periods too vast for us to contemplate. Yet they are as important to life here as night and day, as winter and summer, as birth and death. But how do we get some feel for spans of time stretching into millions of years? It is difficult enough to envisage our own advent and demise. If time were as a looped conveyor belt, endlessly revolving, with past, present and future all existing simultaneously, our constrained human view would be of just one thin sliver across this belt. How then could we</p>
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