

## Tennessee Seed Pearl: Part III

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The plants were left behind. They banded together and fixed their focus in the direction the animals went. The oos and ahs were palpable. They knew somehow what was going on and wanted a piece of the action, or to go where the animals went. But they were divided, lingering here or there unable to attach much sentiment to nomenclature. What shall we do? asked an asparagus to a reed, we are not really well without animals. The reed said, There is another space, a little backward, a little to the side, which is equivalent. It's the next dimension for plants.

How do you find the space? asked asparagus, I can go back and a little to the side. We all have to do it together. It's especially hard right now, because those of us who saw the animals go want to go that way, and the ones who didn't have no interest. We have to find someone over us who is not a plant but loves plants enough to help.

Asparagus said, You are probably talking about stones, rocks. I've heard there are rocks that just don't sit there being heavy and inert all the time, some can come forward, grasp the situation, show interest. Are there any plants that might know how to find a rock like this? asked reed. If we looked through the entire plant kingdom, scoured it from the biggest trees to the smallest bacteria, we would be very lucky to find the plant that knows a rock to come forward, said asparagus. Maybe if we turned the earth on its side, such a rock would fall out? replied reed. Then what would it fall on? Then both asparagus and reed scratched their heads. Let's sleep on it, they agreed.

Finding the rock that could talk to all the plants was difficult, because there was no difference between the rocks and the plants. They were one entity, as it were. So a third element had to be brought forward. But from where? Of course the universe is always watching and knows all. Even for the universe it was a difficult problem, because there was hardly any difference between the problem and the universe itself. Fairies knew this and tried to coax the problem to have colors or distortions the universe might know and respond to. The rocks themselves tried to puff themselves outward, even engaging more with the plants to demonstrate a change, which might be noticed. The universe, already sensing a need, tried harder. Out of nowhere came a smaller universe, something looking very much like a rock, and rolled onto the surface of the earth trying to see what happens. You see, it's not just that any rock can perform its function; it's that the role to play is within a rock's special aptitude. The small universe turned out to be the only thing that could find the special aptitude, so it rolled out down every valley, past every mountaintop, and to everyone's amazement found the rock under the sea! Now how to expect a rock that was under the sea to have a relation to the plants? Plants, however, grow under the sea and are called seaweed. The rock with plant empathy knew plants came out of the sea, and only those who knew this could respond to all plants. Now it was time for small universe to

be asked to connect to all the plants to enact a similar transformation as the animals going to the next dimension. Let's see what small universe does to convince rock to do this . . .

When small universe talked to rock, rock said it is necessary to understand rocks—they are not what people think. A rock is a kind of passage. The passage is here, but it only leads to another rock (which is a passage). This continues as it is forever. Of course, said rock, I have a reputation, but in order to do what you want, I have to go to the end of the passage. That “going through” is your answer, everything you want. And everything everyone wants. As far as the passage is concerned, the plants have already gone to the next dimension that is theirs. There is no inability to correct. There is nothing to have but what they have already, except knowing it. If you want me to help them know it, I must become a plant myself, which I can do, but I want to be a rock. I would like to sing in praise of rocks for all eternity or until there are no more rocks, for you know they are threatened and have been heated and cooled so many times. The remarkable thing is, there are still rocks. They remembered being rocks.

I'm like that. All this next-dimension stuff is not necessary for rocks (which are really passages). Think of how many rocks there are on earth! It is not necessary for us to know one another. We don't choose to think about ourselves or others. They don't name us rocks for nothing. Only if those plants could have confidence in themselves, like rocks. But I am not here to advise or change the way things are. There are rocks in the heavens. Priority is not here or there, but it is both here and there. I wish things were not named because of how they looked. It takes a rock to know.