

**A Tiber Talks
Vision Quest Tale
by
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EPISODE TWO

**TIBER TALKS
CREATIVITY**



It had been over a week since Travis had met Tiber on the top of a lakeside cliff. Tiber had introduced Travis into the world of Spirit at that time. Travis was sure that he would lose the enthusiasm he had felt over that meeting by now, but it was almost all that he could think of. He still had another week left of vacation time with his Grandparents, and was getting a bit sad to think that he would have to leave soon to go back home and start school again. He loved his grandparents, and he loved this cabin and the lake it was on, and now that he had found this spiritual guide, this place had taken on greater significance and enjoyment for him.

He decided that he would take the kayak out on the lake for a serene ride to enjoy the tranquil waters that were typical early in the morning. He took his time and paddled out to the middle of the lake, and then laid his paddle on his lap as he enjoyed the atmosphere that he could never exactly find anywhere else. It was a combination of the lake's overall nature, the feeling of nostalgia that had formed by his numerous summers here with his grandparents and sometimes his parents as well, and the feeling that he belonged here and always had. He looked at the far-away banks of the lake and into the sky, which was a brilliant blue with just a few pure white puffs of cotton-like clouds.

He saw a red-shouldered hawk soaring overhead. Its reddish-brown feathers glowed as the rising morning sunlight reflected off of them. The bird flew in elliptical patterns. But it always managed to swoop directly over Travis as if to see what he was all about.

After several visits overhead, the hawk descended, and landed on the other seat behind Travis. Travis turned around and saw the hawk rock his head back and forth and then up and down. Then its form shimmered, and turned into a cloudy mist and then replaced that with another golden, and misty shape. That soon became a human being that Travis knew was his new friend and teacher. As the form solidified into a fit middle-aged man in a red bathing suit, the kayak started to rock and roll, and Travis had to hold onto both sides of the boat to stabilize it. Travis hollered at the man and shouted. "How are you making this kayak rock Tiber? Your spirit form couldn't weigh more than a single piece of down from a baby duck's back."

Tiber laughed and said, "I don't even weigh that much Travis, but I'm a great teacher, and I can make you do the rocking, and then be certain that I am the one doing it. I'm good at this. Don't you think so?"

Travis smiled back at Tiber while he turned around to face him and responded. "Sure enough, Tiber! You are good at making me do something I didn't want to do, but how did you accomplish that?"

"That's going to be explained in a future lesson, my friend. The lesson for today is going to be on Creativity. I am going to encourage you to be even more creative than you are now, and before you say you are not, you are a creative person."

"Well, listen, Tiber. I have never considered myself as being particularly creative. I am more into sports or hiking nature trails, climbing mountains, or chasing after a girl or two. Hardy creative endeavors, it would seem to me."

"They could be considered creative things to accomplish, but not exactly what I want you to do in the long run, Travis. The excuse of not being a creative soul is one I hear way too much from you Earthlings. Everyone here in this Obstructed Universe of yours is creative. You have to be to exist here. Some are extremely creative such as Leonardo Da Vinci and Albert Einstein, and others are like you. Not so much! But even the likes of you can be quite creative if you put your mind and Spirit to it, and that is what we are going to talk about today."

"OK! Go for it, Tiber."

Tiber began, "The first thing for you to consider Travis is what it means to be creative. Creation itself is a process when you tap into the flow of universal harmony, extract the elements you need, and then integrate its rearrangement into a new form of particularization. The rearrangement depends upon the innate creative Imagination possessed by that entity. The endurance of the result is dependent on the dynamics with which the creative intelligence works. These dynamics, in turn, depend upon the degree of spiritual development, and aspiration to which their originator has attained."

"What the F—k Tiber? What language are you speaking? I didn't understand any of that."

"Oh! Sorry, Travis. I thought I was speaking to someone who was on my level of comprehension. Let's see if we can dial that comprehension down a bit for you. What's that term you all use now? LOL?"

Tiber then cleared his voice and started over. "The fact is, Creation is a construct or idea of Supreme Consciousness that exists in a complete state of being and flows through the reality of All That Is. If you are intent on creating something, such as a work of art, a blockbusting idea, a beautiful relationship, or the perfect apple pie, you go about doing it in the same manner." Tiber then rested.

Travis responded. "I guess that is a little better, but not much. Are you saying that the solution to any attempt to be creative is to somehow pull that solution from a stream of Creativity that God or a Supreme Consciousness, as you like to call It has originated?"

"Yes, yes, my very sharp student! It's exactly that, and you said it better than me, I believe. Essentially, Supreme Consciousness originated a virtual river of pure Creativity that anyone can use to solve any creative goal. The Creator conjured it up, and its essence can be modified in an infinite number of ways by any would-be creator in this Realm to help in structuring their desired specific Creation. As you can see, I am getting simpler and simpler in my explanations and descriptions."

"I believe you are Tiber, but what does that do to the substance of what you are saying. Does talking simpler change the reality of what you say?"

"Of course it does, dummy, but essentially the lesson is still getting to you. I can describe a perfect girlfriend to you by detailing in proper English the way she looks, how she is talking, how she walks, and the way she thinks. I can also detail her hairstyle and color, fingernail and toenail polish, and, oh yes, her breast and bootie measurements. Or I can keep it simple and tell you that she is a nice pretty girl and go no further. We are talking about the same girl, but the fuller and more accurate description adds a lot about how you will envision and understand her. Which description do you want? Got it?"

"OK, I got it. How come you weren't this much of a smart ass when I met you on the cliff the other day Tiber?"

"I didn't need to be. You were this nice kid who listened carefully and didn't challenge everything I had to say to you. I don't know what happened to you in just a few days. I guess it must be true what they say about teenagers and their hormones overriding their good sense."

Travis just managed a mild grunt in response to Tiber, but considered how much he enjoyed being taught by this discarnate teacher. But then, like any good

student, he quickly decided on another question. "How do you access this River of Creative Rewards?"

"Oh Travis, that is a very nice description for the Stream. It's not an entirely accurate one, but good enough for us amateurs. Let's say that you access it by wanting to jump right into the flow, but not by forcing yourself onto it. Using your Willpower to do something, including attempting to immerse yourself into, as you call it, the River of Creative Rewards can be so pushy, so to speak, that it keeps you out of accessing it as you should. Perhaps we can simplify it by considering that it is always better to ask to do something instead of elbowing your way to where you want to go. Here again, this is not an entirely accurate description, but following your request to dumb things down, it will work for us at the moment. Supreme Consciousness has never been fond of obnoxious souls. It is best to remember that"

"I think, Tiber, that I will ignore your feeble attempts at putting your student into his place and continue being serious in the face of professorial flippancy. So, to go on, I think I understand from what you just said that anyone struggling to get into the Stream of Creativity should relax, ask Supreme Consciousness if you can jump into the Stream and then wait to see what sticks."

"I like the way you think, my lad, even if I'm not fond of your attitude. But I'll still consider giving you a formula that will work pretty well to access the Creative Force. I call it the Four Crowns of Creative Endeavors. You can try to remember these four terms that I call the IWEB.

"The first Crown is Imagination, for without having it you would never know when or how to start the creative process.

"The second crown is Willpower, which when used wisely sends you into the direction you need to go to accomplish or obtain something.

The third Crown is Effort, and this is perhaps the hardest of the four crowns. It would help if you used Effort as hard and as prolonged as necessary to cause your creations to manifest themselves.

And the fourth and final Crown is Belief. Quite often, the soul wants to conjure up a creation but aborts the Effort before it is ready to manifest because they lack the impetus to keep it going or do not believe in it enough. Without Belief in what you are trying to accomplish, it is pretty hard to reach your goals."

"That is an awesome suggestion, professor. The term IWEB is cool too. Does the formula work on everything relevant to Creativity?"

"Sure! At least when you are looking at it from a general perspective. Like anything else, when you start to perform an autopsy on something, it gets more complicated, and then numerous parts start to emerge that require different explanations. But let's not start hanging all of those things off our fishing poles as if they were bait. More subjects are not necessary to explore at this time."

"Thank God! Or perhaps I should say thank the Supreme Consciousness."

"About that, Travis. Perhaps you could drop using the 'the', when referring to Supreme Consciousness, which is too large a concept to be narrowed down to a singular object. Those of us not in the Obstructed Realms prefer to refer simply to Supreme Consciousness, but in actuality, Supreme Consciousness doesn't really care what we say, so perhaps you could ignore me this one time."

"Whatever, Tiber! But let's synopsise this matter of Creativity. If I want to create, let's say, to write a novel or something, and I want to be creative, I could follow certain steps using your IWEB formula. First, I have to use my Imagination to sort of picture what I want to create. Then I have to want it to happen and launch a modest Willpower effort to connect to the River of Creative Rewards, to use my designation, if you don't mind, and soak in it a bit. Following that, I must generate an Effort of some degree to make it manifest within my mind, and finally, I have to Believe that what I want to accomplish is doable. But how hard do I have to focus on this IWEB formula to make it work?"

"Not that hard, Travis! Focus is a good term to use, though. It pays to have a decent focus on what you want to attain, but don't allow the focus to become too intense, or it will tend to cause the creative impressions you are receiving to dissipate. If you were to talk to many creative writers, you would hear them say that they are most creative when relaxing and getting into what they might call the Zone. When that happens, they would swear that someone is telling them what to write. Some call it their Muse, and others say it's almost defined as automatic writing. What's happening is that the IWEB formula is working to perfection. The authors started the process by imagining what their storyline was generally going to be, and they willed their minds to start focusing a bit on that storyline or story bit. They expended a reasonable amount of energy to devote their precious time to writing or typing, thereby starting the process. And finally, they have trust in and

believe that the story will somehow flow from their minds. When they get relaxed into this formulae, it is amazing just how being in that Zone brings relief to that famous writers' block. Many souls are familiar with this Zone, whether athletes, warriors, scientists, artists, teachers, or simply one person falling in love with another person. Creativity is the stuff of life, Travis. Supreme Consciousness used it to conceive and establish all in both the Obstructed Universe and the Unobstructed Universe and devised your River of Creative Rewards to enable every new Consciousness to immerse themselves into it and evolve into a complete Consciousness at some point. It is wonderful, and it is limitless."

"I think that this has been a great lesson Tiber, but I get the impression that there is much more to learning about Creativity than what we have covered here. Am I right?"

"You are right, but you have enough personal input now to start the process, and what we have established here is a means to do that. You now also know that you are a creative being, and you can start the steps to expand on your knowledge of that fact. The more creative you are in the subject of your interests, the more creative you will influence others to be in theirs. It's a wonderful contagion that is easy to spread, and you may not even know that you are doing just that. And so I think, my favorite student, that I will call it a day and leave you to ponder upon these things. Our next lesson will cover the subject of Evolution. I think you will enjoy learning more about that, Travis."

"Thank you, Tiber. I enjoyed the lesson today and hope you didn't mind me being a total teenager and giving you a hard time."

Tiber just smiled as Tiber started to shimmer and glow and then turned back into the red-shouldered hawk. Then the hawk leaped off the seat and went airborne over the kayak and Travis, making the hair on his head fluff up a bit. It circled Travis a few times and then headed for the shoreline. All of a sudden a white blob descended from the sky and landed on the bow of the kayak with a splat. Travis could swear that he heard the hawk laugh.

Travis missed him already, but considered just how lucky he was to have such an interesting teacher as Tiber. He doubted that he could ever lose the knowledge of what he had learned today, and determined that he would become more creative in everything that he attempted to do from now on.

He lifted the paddle off of his lap and dipped it into the water. He then turned the kayak around and headed back to his grandparents' cabin. He wondered if he should ever tell them, or his parents, or any of his friends about Tiber, but then decided that he wouldn't do that unless asked. He was happy enough with the way things were going. No need to rock the boat again.