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This time, my perspective gently shifted. The feeling of *me, myself* came into the foreground, becoming more, rather than less, distinct. I increasingly felt my *self* as a kind of energetic, aware presence. I could sense within me a fundamental intelligence and a capacity to know. The more I told myself that I was not there, the more certain I became that I definitely was there. I was absolutely present and aware.

I had been looking for an entity outside myself that I could pray to. But no, this presence was not coming from somewhere else. It was coming from me, from my own aware self. *I* was the aware being.

If I am the aware being, and the divine and I are not separate, then what exactly am I?