

You Snooze, You Lose

It's time to wake up. It's time to cast the covers off of your heads, rouse yourselves from sleep and wipe the crud out of the corner of your eyes, stretch out your hands, stand in the shape of a cross and AWAKEN! Do you want to experience gnosis, to know your role in the process of the redemption of the World of Forms? Do you want to understand the everlasting glory of the Limitless Light? Then WAKE UP!

Friends, it's long past time for the destruction of your spiritual snooze buttons. I know how it is; I've been there myself. You hear the Call, the alarm goes off, and it's the TRUMPETS OF GOD calling you to arise, awaken, be resurrected in the Glory of Gnosis! Those trumpets are LOUD, they're BEAUTIFUL, they're telling you: HEY! HEY! WAKE UP! WAKE UP! THE WORLD IS WONDERFUL! YOU ARE A PART OF GOD! YOUR FELLOW HUMANS LOVE YOU AND NEED YOUR LOVE AND YOUR COMPASSION! WAKE UP AND COME ON, WE ALL LIVE IN A THEME PARK AND IT'S TIME TO GO FOR A RIDE ON THE BEST ROLLER COASTER EVER!

And what do you do? You roll over. "Sounds great," you reply. "Give me five more minutes." And you hit that snooze button and close your eyes once again.

Five minutes later the trumpets sound once again. **HEY! HEY! WAKE UP! WAKE UP! IT'S TIME TO GO TO WORK! IT'S TIME TO MAKE YOUR WAY TO GNOSIS AND JOIN YOUR FELLOW SUPERFRIENDS AND HELP SAVE THE WORLD FROM THE FORCES OF DARKNESS! YOU'RE IMPORTANT! YOU'RE NECESSARY! PEOPLE ARE DEPENDING ON YOU! COME ON, GET OUT OF BED!**

And what do you do? You roll over. "I'm there," you reply. "Give me five more minutes." And you hit that snooze button and close your eyes once again.

Friends, you can keep hitting that snooze button as much as you want. The Universe can wait; it has all the time in the world. You can stay there in bed, snug and content, dreaming your little dreams and snoring in that cute and endearing way you do when you've had a bit too much to drink the night before, slapping that damned alarm clock every time it starts to scream at you. But, here's the thing: ***YOU'RE THE ONE WHO SET THE ALARM IN THE FIRST PLACE.***

The minute you chose to walk down the Path to gnosis, the very second you were hit by that revelation that this is your Way, this is the job for you, this is what you were sent here to accomplish, you set that clock. You said, "Beautiful Sophia, when I hear that clarion call, I will arise from sleep and throw off the covers and wipe my eyes clean and take a cold shower and face the day with a smile on my face and joy in my heart! I will take you by the hand and walk with you across the lands and will stay awake with you and help you to save the world."

Then when that alarm blasts into your ear? "I'll do it, Sophia. Just give me five more minutes of sleep."

You can keep hitting that snooze button for as long as you like, but look, the Demiurge and his Archons want you to stay asleep. It's as simple as that. They want you to live your life in fear, to suck the divinity right out of your soul, to cast you into a pit of fire for disobeying their odious rules. They want you to hate other people, need you to look down upon your fellow humans, all of whom are trapped, held in place in this realm of imperfection. The only way they can do this is by tucking you in, nighty-night, pleasant dreams, you've got a nice little button on your alarm clock so you can sleep in as late as you want, we've got everything under control.

Friends, the Logos and Sophia want you to be saved. It's as simple as that. They're working non-stop, outside of the realm of the clock, diving back and forth from the World of Forms into the Aeons of the Pleroma, standing right next to your bed and shaking you by the shoulders like little kids on Christmas morning and saying "Come on! Get up! We've got presents to open, presents for YOU!"

They need you, we need you, everyone needs you to stop hitting that snooze button and get the hell out of bed. Your friends and family need you to wake up. Your co-workers need you to wake up. The employees at your local grocery store need you to wake up. The people you drive by in your car every day, the ones whose faces you can't even see, they need you to wake up. The people in the buildings you pass every day, they need you to wake up. The people you see on television, they need you to wake up. The people you'll never meet, never see nor hear nor speak with, they need you to wake up.

So I implore you: grab yourself a hold of the flathead screwdriver of the Lord! Jam it underneath that snooze button and give it a twist! Pop that sucker right out of its casing and get rid of it! Throw it away! Flush it down the toilet! Bury it six feet deep in your backyard! Get a new alarm clock! Do SOMETHING, so that when that alarm goes off, that alarm that YOU SET starts ringing and your hand moves over to the nightstand feeling around for the button so you can have five more minutes, you won't find a thing!

You'll be sound asleep, rolling left and right because you're having those nightmares again, the ones where you're naked, taking a test in a hijacked plane that's plummeting towards a tsunami, when you'll be jolted out of your dark fantasies.

HEY! HEY! WAKE UP! WAKE UP! THE WORLD IS WONDERFUL! YOU ARE A PART OF GOD! YOUR FELLOW HUMANS LOVE YOU AND NEED YOUR LOVE AND YOUR COMPASSION! WAKE UP AND COME ON, WE ALL LIVE IN A THEME PARK AND IT'S TIME TO GO FOR A RIDE ON THE BEST ROLLER COASTER EVER!

You'll stretch out your hand to hit the snooze button, one last time, you promise, but instead your hand will be grasped by the lily-soft palm of Sophia, our divine Mother and protector. "Come on," she'll say. "We have things to do." Rising to your feet, you'll finally follow her out the door and into the morning sun.

- Eleleth