

# How to Be a Sage of Synchronicity

Synchronicities are meaningful coincidences. Swiss psychiatrist Carl Jung was perhaps the best known theorist of synchronicity. For Jung, the cosmos was not the great machine of the modern science, but more of an intelligent, organic entity. The following extract, taken from my book [\*Discover Your Soul Template\*](#), describes one of my most profound experiences of synchronicity, and how it helped transform me. In fact, I originally entitled the book *Sage of Synchronicity* (the publisher insisted upon the change), because a central theme is about aligning life with the greater intelligence of the cosmos...

A serendipitous cosmos is a playful, childlike one, and an adventurous and joyful approach to life encourages synchronicity. A key point is bringing the mind fully into the present moment. In the joyful state of complete presence, it is as if the cosmos comes alive. The deeper meaning and purpose of things becomes known even as they unfold, as if your psyche and the cosmic mind are in open dialogue.

Synchronicity weaves together your vision, your mind, and the world. The messages are often profound. But sometimes they are a bit blunt, and the implicit meaning of the coincidence may be something that we'd prefer not to know!

One night more than a decade ago I had a dream that the police were on the lookout for Jack the Ripper. He was lurking about, but he was being rather stealthy in his ways. I awoke with the dream fresh in my mind. The dream contained a sense of guilt, of shame, like there was something bad – about me!

It wasn't the kind of storyline that makes for a good start to your day. Still, it seemed to fit in with some of the self-

analysis I'd been doing on myself, related to my issues with women. Was there a part of me that contained the rapacious rage of Jack the Ripper? It wasn't something I cared to dwell on. I shuddered and pushed the dream aside.

Later, I jumped in my car and drove towards the international boys' school where I was working. As I was on the road I pulled up behind another vehicle. My eyes were suddenly drawn to a sticker on the back of the car in front of me. It read "Jack's Back!" (an advertisement for whiskey). A shiver went down my spine. At school I entered my first class, a vibrant lot of rambunctious fourteen year olds. The previous day I had asked them to write the opening line of a mystery story. The first thing I was going to do was get some students to read that sentence aloud to the class. The boys shuffled in and I readied myself for the first task of the day. For me, this was in part, intuitive. I stood before the boys, looked around the class and sensed where the energy was coming from. This was a process I had learned from my spiritual teachers. When my eyes came to rest on James, a jovial, freckle-faced fellow, I got the deep knowing that I was looking for.

"James, can you read us what you have written?"

James stood up happily and began to read. However he had done much more than what I had asked. He had not only written the opening sentence, but had also gone on and written the entire story. And he continued reading beyond the first sentence. I decided to go with the flow and let him continue.

James began to tell the story of a woman who had been brutally murdered and raped. My ears picked up. This was a bit too much of a coincidence to ignore. The story continued. The police went on a hunt for the man responsible. They found him and tried to arrest him, but he fought back.

"The man turned and faced them like a wild animal," James spoke out. "The policeman fired, and the man fell to the

ground screaming. As he fell silent and death overtook him, a dark and horrible shadow rose out of the dead man's body. It was the spirit of Jack the Ripper!"

I gulped. "OK, thanks for that James," I said. "That was great." But I could not help myself. "James, where did you get the idea for that story?"

"I dunno", he chirped back with typical teenage nonchalance.

Now skeptical readers might think I am not telling the truth in what I just wrote. Maybe I collapsed some things which happened at different times into one anecdote. But I have not. Those synchronous events – the Jack the Ripper dream, the "Jack's Back" sticker, and James' Jack the Ripper story all happened within the space of about two to three hours.

Note though, that the final part emerged from my allowing the process to unfold in a way I had not expected, by releasing control and permitting [Integrated Intelligence](#) to take over. I chose James out of the thirty boys who were present because that is where the energy led me. And if I had told James to stop reading after the first sentence (as I had initially instructed), the synchronicity would not have reached its crescendo.

That synchronicity invited me to face something within myself, the part that had been deeply hurt by certain female figures from my childhood. It was related to sexual energy and what it means to be male. The universe spoke. It had something unpleasant to tell me, but I put aside my ego, my fear of my shadow side. I listened and later took the necessary action I was being 'asked' to take, by engaging in some deep healing work on the issue.

This was very much part of my calling. At the beginning of my spiritual journey years before, I had asked Spirit that I might learn to love. A very simple request, but one which I felt was the essence of my life's journey. At the time I put

out that request I did not realise that this would require years of inner work. For years later Spirit was continuing to answer the call through the medium of a freckle-faced schoolboy. James did not say it, but his words contained the energy of a hidden meaning; love requires that we allow the light to penetrate our darkness, right to the core.

If I had of known what was required for a guy like me to learn about love, I would have changed my cosmic order and put in a request for pizza instead. Spirit is a bit sneaky at times. It only gives us as much knowledge as we can handle at any given time.

Once you begin to work with Spirit, Spirit begins to work with you. The world is not a giant machine as western science would have us believe. In a sense the universe is more like a great mind weaving an enigmatic tale, with you as a player in the story.



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