

The Seeker Harmonic

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The seeker puts a wish “out there” and the universe scurries to help.

It works too. Except for the exceptions.

I did my master’s thesis on cross-cultural communication while hitchhiking through Mexico, Central and South America. It was an audacious undertaking that began with a Broadway quality song-and-dance sales pitch to my grad school department head.

I produced a lame excuse for a thesis that still makes me cringe to think about. But that was the 70s, when touchy-feely worked. Fueled only by intuition, whim, and a wisdom-seeker’s vague and dippy sonar, I ping-ponged between cities and countries.

But I felt like I had the world at my command.

For example, one morning I sent a thought Godward...

Hi, it’s me again, the seeker. Today I wanna meet someone who will make me forget all about my inability to find love that doesn’t turn to ashes.

I set my determination, announced it into the oncoming breeze, then rolled up my tent and tattered map, and stepped into the sunshine to see what would become of me.

That afternoon, on a promenade in downtown La Paz, Bolivia, I saw a man painting beautiful pictures on plates, holding brushes between his toes. He had no arms. He did this patiently, asking no favors, and with evident joy. I was instantly judged in the presence of someone who had smashed a hole in the fabric of what’s possible, and was creating beauty and love out of thin air. The problem was not that love fades. The problem was my vast ignorance of what is love.

Every day was like that during that magical summer. It seemed like any type of person I wanted to meet, and everything I needed to learn, was placed right under my nose with a neon arrow pointing at it. Nobody (including me) ever has the continual good fortune I experienced for two months. I wondered aloud, sitting on a hill above Lake Titicaca, “Somebody’s taking care of me. So who?” I missed going into Chile by one day, during a revolution when my fellow hippie backpackers were being rounded up and detained. Quite a few people disappeared.

Whether you’re a seeker of the Nobel Prize for Belly Dancing or “LIFE’S BIG HAIRY ANSWER,” the molecules of existence really do try to help us.

That was then of course, the mystical 70s. But now, in the early twenty-first century, I feel the mojo returning again. The air thickens, it’s happening, and even as it thrills me, I fasten my seatbelt.

Hence, my theory...

My theory, lightly held, is that there exists in space, harmonic zones which the earth passes through periodically. Within this "Harmonic Zone of Good Stuff," reside all the creative ideas and essential understandings. As we pass through these zones, the things we need to know scroll across our radar, and the whole world seems to be in a creative revolution. Our part of the bargain is to keep our eyes open.

Not too ago, I was riding my bicycle around the forgotten tidewater towns of Southern Maryland, some of them so small, and interwoven into the ecosystem with such frailty, that they would totally disappear with one bad crop.

I found a riveted steel "Bonnie and Clyde bridge" built across a stagnant mosquito larva stream in the early 1930s.



A Bonnie and Clyde bridge. It's called the "Crybaby Bridge," because some people hear the ghost of a baby crying here.

This twisted little bridge, held together by rust, poison ivy and wasps, is lonelier than black widow love. It became my "chill spot" for several seasons.

The piddling little stream has been much bigger and smaller in its day. At some point, flood waters ran wildhair and shirttail crazy through here. The middle of the bridge looks like it was hit with swift water bearing a tree shaped like God's fist, propelled by anger left over from trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored. I felt as if the Civil War, which passed through these parts, was not enough to exhaust God's rage and He... She... still

felt a need to punch holes in the drywall. The place is lousy with history.

The rural winding roads are pinned to the earth by mobile homes set here and there on cinder blocks. The mailboxes mostly bear the same family name. These people go way back. As I pedal toward the bridge through a community I call Dueling Banjos, I see a woman standing by her mailbox in front of a newly built home. I'm peddling at a strolling pace, so we nod. On impulse I stop to exchange greetings and a few comments on the local history, about which she knows a lot. She's a professor of African-American Studies at a university.

From out of left field, I ask her, "Do you know anything about the New Orleans slave markets in the mid-1800s?"

Her jaw drops and she stares at me, looks me up and down before replying, "Why do you ask that?"

"Something I'm working on. Some writing."

Her words come out slowly, "My dissertation dealt with that." And she still wants to know, "What made you ask me that?"

Better to be thought a lunatic than a stalker, so I give her the elevator speech version of my theory about there being only six degrees of separation between everything. I leave out the Harmonic Zone of Good Stuff, because even I know that's crazy. Not only does she understand completely, but she's a fellow practitioner of whatever this seeker harmonic thing is. The link between the seeker and what is sought is of course, intuition.

That's why, when Lassie comes running into the kitchen barking, Mom's sensitivity puts it all together in seconds.

"Arf, arf, arf, whine, arf!"

"What is it Lassie? What's wrong?"

"Arf! Arf!"

“What’s that? Little Timmy fell into the well? The one in the south forty or the one in Miller’s field?”

“Arfity, scratch, whine.”



Lassie’s thinking... “Note to self:

“If I had known this would be my job description...”

“Miller’s field.” Turning to the living room, “Paul, Little Timmy’s fallen into the damn well again. Miller’s field. Crap, that’s the second time in a week!”

Paul runs in, “Okay, Ruth, I’ll take Lassie and the pickup truck, and that rope ladder you knitted. Meanwhile, you stand in the barnyard wringing your hands in your apron, and gaze in our general direction while the theme

music builds.”

Lassie’s mom knows that emotional support and her hand wringing are important to stimulate the universal seeker harmonic. Little Timmy, as the water climbs up to his chin, would insist that timing is everything.

Also important is luck. What if Lassie’s mom had been unable to speak Dog?

A few quick thoughts in conclusion.

What about the evil seeker? Hitler was a world domination guy, putting out cruel, loathing requests to his inner demons, and we all know how that turned out. He destroyed a lot of good people, and with them, all their plans and seeks.

So please use your super powers for good.

Important safety tip: Even the seeker harmonic has to be looked at with skepticism. Being selfless and saintly is not enough, and sometimes your best intentions are mocked. They just are. There’s a glitch in the software driven by random fortune or destiny, or whatever. Either way, you can still end up exactly where you don’t want to be. Nothing is promised. Life is unfair. Manure happens.

Another scenario is that sometimes, in that particularly quirky sarcasm that haunts the seeker, you will find what you need instead of what you want. I nearly always hate it when that happens. And I mean totally hate it.

The only thing you can control for certain is how much love you are willing to give.

When your world comes apart like a newspaper in the rain, all you have left is love. I know that sounds like a country-western lyric, but there it is.

Here’s the bottom line for me: I have one life to live on one planet. Therefore, I will do the best I can. The seeker harmonic is an inexact science. Nevertheless, I have found it to be the only adventure worth the pain. I will continue to be a seeker, first for love, then for truth. I will try to have the best luck I can get, and I will last as long as I last.