



Who's in Charge?

The Illusion of Choice

by Jill Mattson

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The Illusion of our Choices

People ingest sound like you eat food. We don't just consume with our mouths, but with all of our five senses. ***We turn into what we tune into.*** Music is energy, just like food. Before and after you listen to a song, you can look at all of the frequencies in your body and observe tiny changes after listening for just a few minutes.

After learning about BioAcoustics from pioneer Sharry Edwards, a whole new world opened up for me. I discovered that all of my favorite songs are in the key

signature of D. Who would think that the key signature in music is something that merits a thought? Yet, I feel great when I listen to music in just one key signature. My body releases endorphins when it hears what it needs for optimum functioning. I am not conscious of it, but my body is aware of the amount of a particular note within a song, aka a key signature. That is amazing.

My conscious mind is unaware that a key signature is a genuine reason for my musical preference. My conscious mind makes up stories as to why I like this song or the other. I believe in my rational mind, but the deeper reason is that I need a specific frequency or energy for health and well being. Yet my body knows what type of strength I need for health and that I can get that from a song with certain frequency combinations. Wow. Who is smarter than who?

I think music is entertainment, while my body knows that it is also energy, an energy that is useful energy for my physical, emotional, and mental functioning. My body knows that I am unaware and directs me with either pleasure or pain. Who is calling the shots?

How can something like my body, that I didn't even know was conscious, be more aware than I? As an example, I am developing arthritis, but the symptoms have not kicked in yet. I am unaware that I am developing arthritis, but my body is. My brain broadcasts tiny frequencies out of my ears called otoacoustic emissions. My body sends sound signals, with volumes too low to hear, telling my body what to produce to combat or overcome an issue, such as arthritis. Diagnosis and solution are in place, yet I remain blissfully ignorant.

My body is not me. It is the container for my soul. I co-inhabit with this beautiful gift from nature, my body, as long as I am alive. My body knows my consciousness intimately well – yet I am clueless about the awareness that my body has. Easily I think we are the same consciousness, and we are not.

In another example, my body knows when I can't handle any more bad news. It takes the negative emotional energy and stores it for a time when I can sort it through and hopefully release it. Meanwhile, I want to be a good person, so I tell myself and others that I had no problems forgiving this person or putting a bad experience behind me. Simultaneously, my body is dealing with all the pain from this situation that I can't handle. This negativity is making the body's job of

keeping me healthy harder. I am completely unaware that there is even negative energy that I have not addressed.

While I watch TV, my body is running my organs, circulatory system, digestive system metabolic process, and so much more. I am unaware.

The Russian biophysicist and molecular biologist Pjotr Garjajev discovered that DNA stores data like a computer's memory system. Not only that, but our genetic code uses grammar rules and syntax in a way that closely mirrors the human language! The structuring of DNA-alkaline pairs follows a "grammar" pattern. Are words verbalizations of our DNA? Does my body understand English?

The team discovered that spoken words could change living DNA. They transmitted information from one DNA to another: they transformed frog embryos into salamander embryos from sound alone. This is why affirmations and hypnosis are such a powerful influence on us. Our DNA responds to language. ⁱ Does my body listen in on my statements? When I say over and over that "I am sick and tired", does it deliver to me what I ordered?

It is finally dawning on me that my body is more conscious and aware than I am. My body understands things, more complex stuff than I know about. My body works for me all the time, tirelessly working to remain in perfect health. Yet, how eagerly I complain about being fat, my eyebrows are crooked, or ankles are fat. I don't even have kind things to say to this tireless and loving friend, that I never thank.

Now I am more aware. I know my body is conscious, separately from me. And I have no better friend in the whole wide world!

~Jill Mattson : <https://www.jillswingsoflight.com/>

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