

Cosmic Perspectives



Who can say what the Phoenix experiences at its demise? Even if this magnificent bird were given to speech, where would it find words adequate to the task? Death explored from the vantage point of the ego is such a scary prospect. Who among us, when the last moment comes, will rise eagerly to welcome and embrace the Grim Reaper or whatever other image our culture has imprinted into our psyches?

Our egoic self is not equipped to deal with death. The very thought of it is too . . . final. We are here for a while, make a few awkward markings in the sands, and then we're not here and life, whatever it is, is over. We're not even allowed to die with dignity, in full recognition of ourselves as infinite beings. Even those pretending to have spiritual awareness do little better than cast us into an envisaged heaven, surrounded by ascended masters, angels, attended by a retinue of deceased friends, family, and adoring pets.

Imagine projecting any of the common euphemisms for death onto one of humanity's beloved religious leaders. Jesus—or Buddha or Muhammad or Krishna—didn't die; he just

assumed room temperature
improved the gene pool
won the Darwin award

became living impaired
cashed in his chips
went to take a dirt nap
kicked the bucket
moved into upper management
began push'n up the daisies
shuffled off this mortal coil
went to sleep with the fishes
went to meet his maker
began hangin' with St. Peter
bought the farm
went to play rummy with Jimmy Hoffa
bit the big one

These colloquialisms aren't meant to be sacrilegious. They're just eloquent declarations of ignorance, expressed comically to assuage fear. Larry's death was considerably grander, far more magnificent than any of these flippant clichés. When one dies and comes face to face with All That Is, the thought of "sharing a cold one" hardly comes to mind.

There is no worldly comfort to be taken from Larry's experience, no promise of being taken into the Light, surrounded by the heavenly host, and provided with gossamer robes, six vestal virgins, and the key to the Eternal City. He simply fractured into 1,548,008,755,920 fractals which in turn disintegrated into immeasurable wave beams of immaculate light that ultimately consumed itself in Pure Unconditional Love. In short, he returned home.

Eons passed. Galaxies were birthed, spreading gangly limbs ever outward in far-flung spirals of light, sensing, probing, learning—ever learning. Then they, like the Phoenix, knowing the proper moment had come, retreated once more, back into the

darkness of their cores, reinstating vast portions of Creation to utter silence. The bee returned once again to the hive, having visited many, many flowers. And so the Universe took yet another great breath as time twisted inward upon itself and space ceased to have dimension.

Zeus sat stock still that night watching the ultimate initiation of his beloved master. His highly sensitized empathic abilities allowed him to join Larry for the first few steps of the journey. After that, he could only wait. The last of the magnificent light show had disappeared behind the darkened peaks of the San Jacinto Mountains, and the only glow to be seen came from the hundreds of thousands of lights illuminating the Coachella Valley below and the knowing twinkle of the stars overhead. Larry's earlier thoughts proved prophetic: from where he had stood on the top of Inspiration Peak, he was indeed able to see the entire Universe.

There has been mention of a strange phenomenon in which people who have completed the task for which they came to Earth die consciously and leave their body in the care of another soul. These new arrivals—usually more evolved beings on a specific mission—are called walk-ins. They assume the departed entity's entire history, including family, friends, work, commitments, and everything else making up the complex mosaic of a human life. It takes a while, but eventually these elevated beings adjust to the Grand Experiment and bring a greater level of compassion, awareness, and love to this planet.

Like all concepts passed through the strainer's twenty-six holes, this explanation of walk-ins suffers much from the process. In the world of illusion, speech is conjugated into pronouns of separation. He is not she, we are not they, and certainly you are not I. The heart says, "We are all one"; the mind says, "Fiddlesticks!" The mind would argue that if one soul departs

and another soul enters, there are clearly two souls. “Not so fast,” says the heart. “If it is true that we are all one, then both souls must be the same.” What a tangled mess! If only the brain/mind and heart/mind could see that, wondrously, they are two sides of the same coin!

Creation is not a constant. It is made up of Consciousness and thought held together by agreement—a current ebbing and flowing in endlessly varying cycles. The illusion, as we experience it, is similarly constructed. All matter and energy flicker in particle/waves oscillating at dazzling speed back and forth across the threshold of manifestation. Our thoughts are frames on a strip of motion picture film blended by the light of our Consciousness to create the streaming illusion of reality. In this respect, we do not actually exist. We are simply projections of our own thoughts, butterflies dreaming we are human beings.

Our lives flicker with every breath. We die thirty-four thousand times each day during the fleeting interval at the peak of each inhalation and exhalation. We die for an instant each time we sneeze, cough, yawn, or sigh. In French, orgasm is called *la petite mort*—the little death—honoring the process through which mind and body surrender completely to the ecstasy of sensation. Every night when we sleep we sit on the bank of the Great River, watching our Consciousness flow into the Eternal Sea. Each morning when we awake we are renewed, having integrated and processed the harvest of the previous day. We are not the same.

And so it was that whoever or whatever returned to inhabit Larry’s mind/body/emotion/spirit earthly form was certainly not the same aspect of Consciousness that had climbed the four-hundred-foot rise a short while earlier. Both he and Zeus knew words were totally irrelevant and inappropriate. It is said, “Before enlightenment, chop wood, carry water; after

enlightenment, chop wood, carry water.” The new Larry simply turned on his flashlight and once again followed his beloved dog, retracing their steps down the mountain to the only car left in the parking lot.