

## The Story

...Before us there remains only a small fraction of the great amount of time that has passed and is now behind us. As these last days play out and the boundaries between worlds become more porous, we need to be available... “Why would I want this?” you might ask. “Why want more?” Because we are more... The psychic antennae of many are being aroused by these possibilities. There has long been a yearning to resolve life’s mysteries that live in many of us. This is an opportunity, not a time to be feared. We must allow this wonder to play out openly before us. It is what we have longed for, what we have lived for and died for. So much More is becoming available; we must not withhold it from ourselves...

### The End of Darkness

The stars will again truly shine,  
instead of being out of reach in the distant sky.  
They will guide and warm us on the ground.  
Darkness will no longer all surround.  
A heartfelt cry of happiness,  
we will know  
we are being recovered,  
being found.  
This is the common refrain,  
“Awake-awake!  
It is late - it is late!”  
This is our chance to do it here,  
to do it now.  
There is much of life in our grasp,  
and it may never come this way again.  
“Get up - get up!  
Don’t get stuck – don’t get stuck!”

Why do so many undervalue their lives and this world to which we belong? I think many are disillusioned with what this world does with their existence. It grants them life by birth then seemingly takes it away with death. Neither are particularly enjoyable experiences, even if we have faith that there is More. For myself, even as a young farm boy, I could not accept that things that were alive should have to die... I had been unsuccessful in coaxing life back from death, so my new strategy was to attempt to protect it. In this case I was running ahead of the farm implements to preserve the lives of rabbits and pheasants. My zeal for protecting the most innocent of creatures had put me in harm’s way. And so it was on this summer day in 1951 that my life would be given some protection. From this miracle in the hayfield to others, a new worldview would be shared with me, which I now humbly share with you.

## Awakening

Then, another door opened for Mom. Another world signaled and beckoned her in. On this particular warm summer evening I was late in tending to my milking chore. Mom offered to come along into the meadow with a flashlight to assist in finding Blacky, our milker... Kneeling down beside her hindquarters, I began pulling upon her teats, listening to the sweet smelling nectar strike and foam against the stainless steel milking pail. In the next instant, the night sky lit up like the noon of day... What a punctuated presence! Something calming and definite was left with us; deep, deep within us. We knew we received it. We saw and felt an immense something, but we couldn't give definition to it...

As doors are opened and curtains lifted  
between world and realities,  
in time, meaning may be revealed to you.  
For now you must be there for it.  
Experience it,  
but  
do not turn from it!

## We Are Not Alone

Another important part of this existence experience is the connectedness we as individual beings have with the entire history of this world's journey. Many things of value and many beings have preceded us, and they still belong in one way or another to our common journey. In a mysterious sort of repository way these beings are still with us. We are now their eyes into the world. Our hopes are also their hopes. As we experience joy they also celebrate, and when we suffer they also have pain. We are not alone, and our presence here affects many others who have come before us...

So even while we are relatively new faces turned toward the sun, much of the wind that fills our sails is also ancient wind...

How did it become my conviction that no one and nothing that truly lives completely dies? How we come to be their hope and eyes into the world of earth was revealed to me over the course of my life.

Looking back, I know the composition of these friendly people to have been phantoms as regards standards of being in this world. At the time of my frozen state, I felt safe and comfortable in their realm. In fact, I didn't want to leave their company...

Boundaries, which have separated worlds and realities from one another, begin to break down. The curtain is being lifted... In particular, those who came before us are now being represented by our eyes and hopes and are knocking at the door...

Among others, these could include past family members or friends. We know they died, but here they are again! They may briefly appear as we walk, or whisper our name from an adjacent room. They may manifest themselves in our dreams too often to

be ignored. The fact that they have passed on may not mean that they are absolutely dead. In influential and perceptible ways they may still percolate into our lives. Their presence may startle us, but it should also gladden us. We may even know some of them by name...

## **Becoming Lost to Life**

Within the relative cultural standards of today many of us may think ourselves to be satisfied with our places in the general scheme of things. We may not be aware that a great struggle between a lasting sleep (Less) and a grand and staying living experience (More) hangs in the balance.

As will be made clear, whether we find ourselves supporting Less or More, there is a dynamic, almost magnetic-like pull intrinsic to either of these directions. If we are involved in becoming lost to life there is an unseen but pertinent force helping us move along in the wrong direction. If, on the other hand, we are coming down on the side of More, there is a compelling force that will excite and propel us toward a giving and lasting day...

If we have chosen not to see or awaken to the More of our lives, the Less may be what we are getting. The process of subtraction may be underway and without some resistance or concern we may unknowingly become more and more lost to life...

There was a trip to the woodshed that I didn't see coming. There would be other visits to that palace of discipline, which would leave me hobbled and pained. There would be the time I drove Dad's new '57 Packard through the garage and there was an equally severe rendering of punishment when he saw me dropping matches into an underground gas tank. In these instances there was a very clear connection between what I had done and what Dad was now doing to me...

As we understand the bigger picture, the value of right thought and right action in our lives empowers us to avoid so many of the consequences of Less. This will be true from day one to the day we are said to die.

The advantages of seeing and awakening are many. When leaving here something will be next for us. We can decide, through living our lives, if it will be More or Less.

## **Seeing**

As I approached Fairyland, I noticed a colored glow emanating from her. Reds, blues, and yellows surrounded her. Stepping on her newly frozen surface, accompanied by the overhead sun, I was amazed and intrigued to see how the freshly formed ice was segmented and colored. Each segment was infused with a base color, and soft hues radiated outward... Gingerly, I drew a deep breath and waited for the meaning of all of this to reveal itself... A greater knowing told me to quietly study what I was seeing. A message or a map was before me!

As I gazed upon this unusual phenomenon I realized the patterns resembled the cryptic symbols I had seen during my studies of ancient civilizations. But who or what

sent this? What being slipped into its angelic slippers and infused these colors and these inscriptions into the ice?

Hours passed as I slowly slipped along the surface of the ice, partaking of the beauty and mystery frozen beneath me... Soon, a pinkish evening light filled the sky above Fairyland, and glancing at the horizon, I noted the sun slipping into its long wintertime sleep... What a mysterious and colorful experience this had been... But then I noticed that the multiple colors that were captured in the ice were rising like a vapor above the pond. Slowly, the colors seemed to coalesce and homogenize into the most wondrous blue-purple I may have ever perceived...

Life will call  
and we will answer.

### **Who Are We?**

I see a valued metaphor in this illustration for humankind's awakening and recovery. The interconnectedness of life is so necessary. There is a certain richness in the fabric of integrated and multiple life forms that may satisfy much of the need and warmth that's wanting among us. A monoculture of bottom-line type thinking and living diminishes our value and lacks the richness necessary to sustain this creation... But if we collectively agree to express the goodness of life, what a world it could be! Let us gather under the canopies of goodness and caring...

Together we will celebrate life with a renewed sense of trust, and in many ways we will add more life to it. From in us and around us we shall know life's secret of the bloom.

Thus we will know that  
we are the ones  
we are looking for.

As we begin to sense the wonder of it, we should not hesitate or wait any longer... we have the means and the support to do these things, to awaken and answer the call of life, and then, in return, to add more life to it.

### **What Time Is It?**

I gazed skyward, and accompanied by the persistent cry of the wild cat, I observed the unusual alignment of three of our planetary bodies. Standing there in my nakedness in the cold and splendor of night, I was struck by the symbolism of this conjunction. Warm tears trickled down my cheeks as the enormity of it all touched me deeply.

Three heavenly bodies, each with its own particular and separate orbit, had come together in a single alignment. How appropriate. How splendid. How peaceful. How inspiring. Why can't we as people, cultures, and countries find a way to line up with one

another over a common cause? Why can't we find something bigger than our individual belief systems, cultures, economies, and world-views to which we can all belong? What could we identify that would be so compelling that we can't help but respond and align ourselves to it? The creation, our earth, of course! There may be nothing with greater magnetism for bringing this human conjunction into focus. This could be our collective opportunity, and it may also be our collective imperative...

We've journeyed too long and given too much to leave it all behind. The common imperative is to utilize the waning light and limited time to hold onto what we've been given. We are called to enter a new and lasting day together. Otherwise, we may be experiencing the evening light of the late, great earth and the creation that has sent it forth.

Let us respond to the call of life, hear its signal, and come forth from our sleep. The message from my own inter-reality experiences, as well as that from others with edge or near death experiences, seems to carry the same message: what lies before us is potentially wondrous. We have all been sent back to be here now for this world. She is not a lame duck. Earth very much matters to this creation, and we must go on together into that day with a beginning but not an end.